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Harper's Bazar

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ATHENS, GA.

January
1929

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June 1929

96
48
no time

palm
beach
fashions

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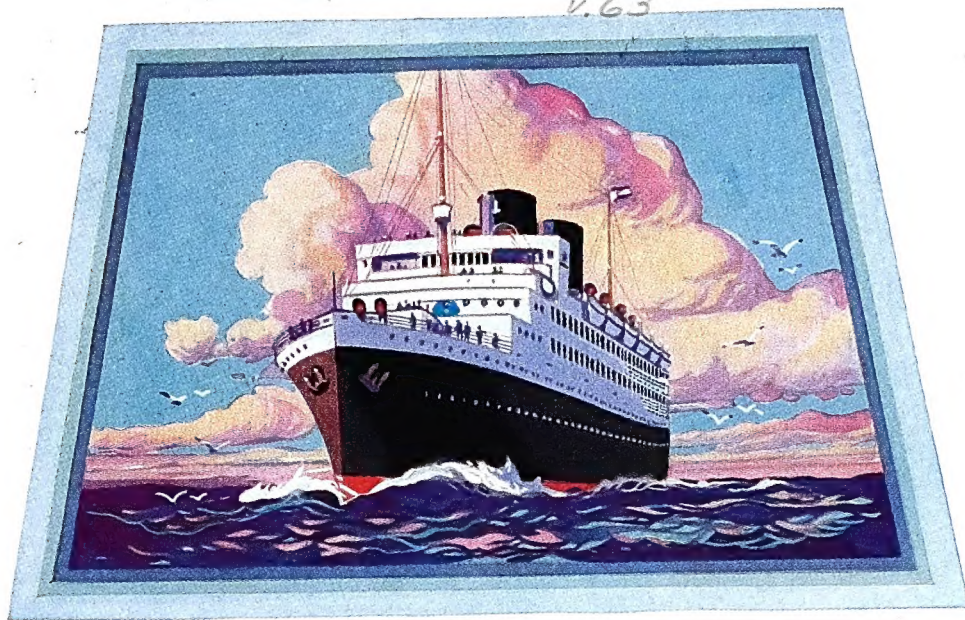
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CLYDE LINE *to HAVANA-MIAMI*

IF ever ships were fashioned for luxury-loving travelers, these sumptuous new Clyde Liners are the very ones to meet their ideal. Every detail of appointment and service is completely satisfying,—from the charmingly decorated private accommodations to the spacious and lovely public gathering places.

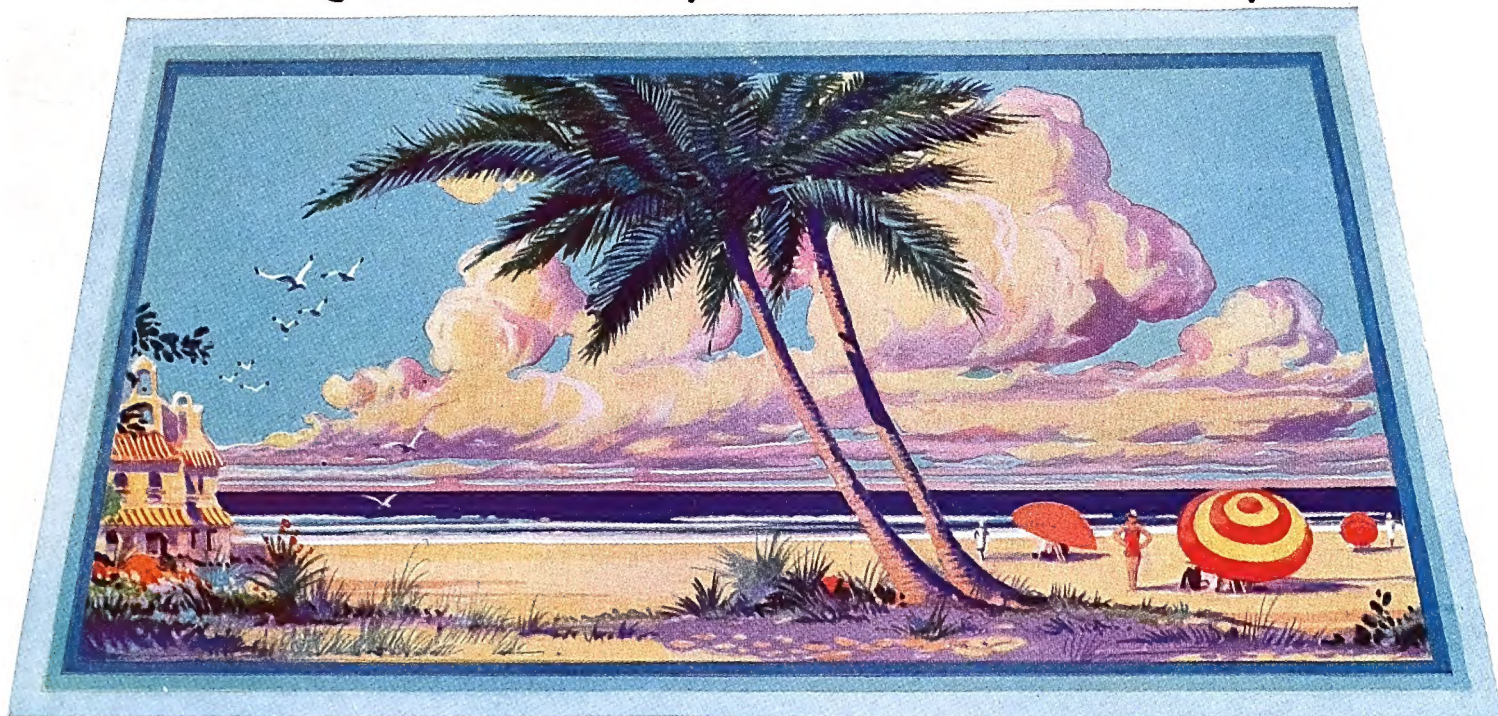
The thoughtfully planned comforts of the suites and staterooms (with private bath if desired) . . . the glass-enclosed and broad, open decks . . . social entertainments . . . deck sports . . . concerts . . . teas and dances . . . the tempting food . . . the interesting people . . . all that a

gorgeous new steamer can contribute to the romance and charm of a marvelous vacation trip! But you must take one of these super ships to really know how completely they fill the picture of a delightful life at sea.

Special Winter Service from New York to Havana during January, February and March—with a day's sightseeing at Miami, en route. Attractive all-expense tours including steamer accommodations, hotels and sightseeing trips.

Also regular sailings, New York to Jacksonville and Miami, calling at Charleston, S. C., with additional non-stop express service, New York direct to Miami.

New De Luxe Sister Ships Shawnee and Iroquois



Automobiles carried on all steamers.

For complete information apply to Clyde Line, 25 West 43rd St., or Pier 36, North River, New York, or any authorized Tourist Agent.



1

TIFFANY & Co.

JEWELERS SILVERSMITHS STATIONERS

SILVERWARE
*Noted for Quality
For Three Generations*

MAIL INQUIRIES RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION
FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK

HAF-HEEL*



HAF-HEEL* HOSIERY

THE STAR IN HOSIERY FASHION....

Kayser "Haf-Heel" Hosiery occupies the spot-light. Look around and see the number of smartly groomed feet that wear this hose. You will never mistake the clever Kayser version of the small, modern square heel.... graceful, subtle, yet adequate protection. The fine, even texture of the pure thread silk and the clear beauty of the colors combine to make Kayser "Haf-Heel" the outstanding hose in fashion.

Kayser

You may purchase Kayser Silk Products at all the better shops and at the Kayser Store, Fifth Avenue at 41st Street, opposite the Library.

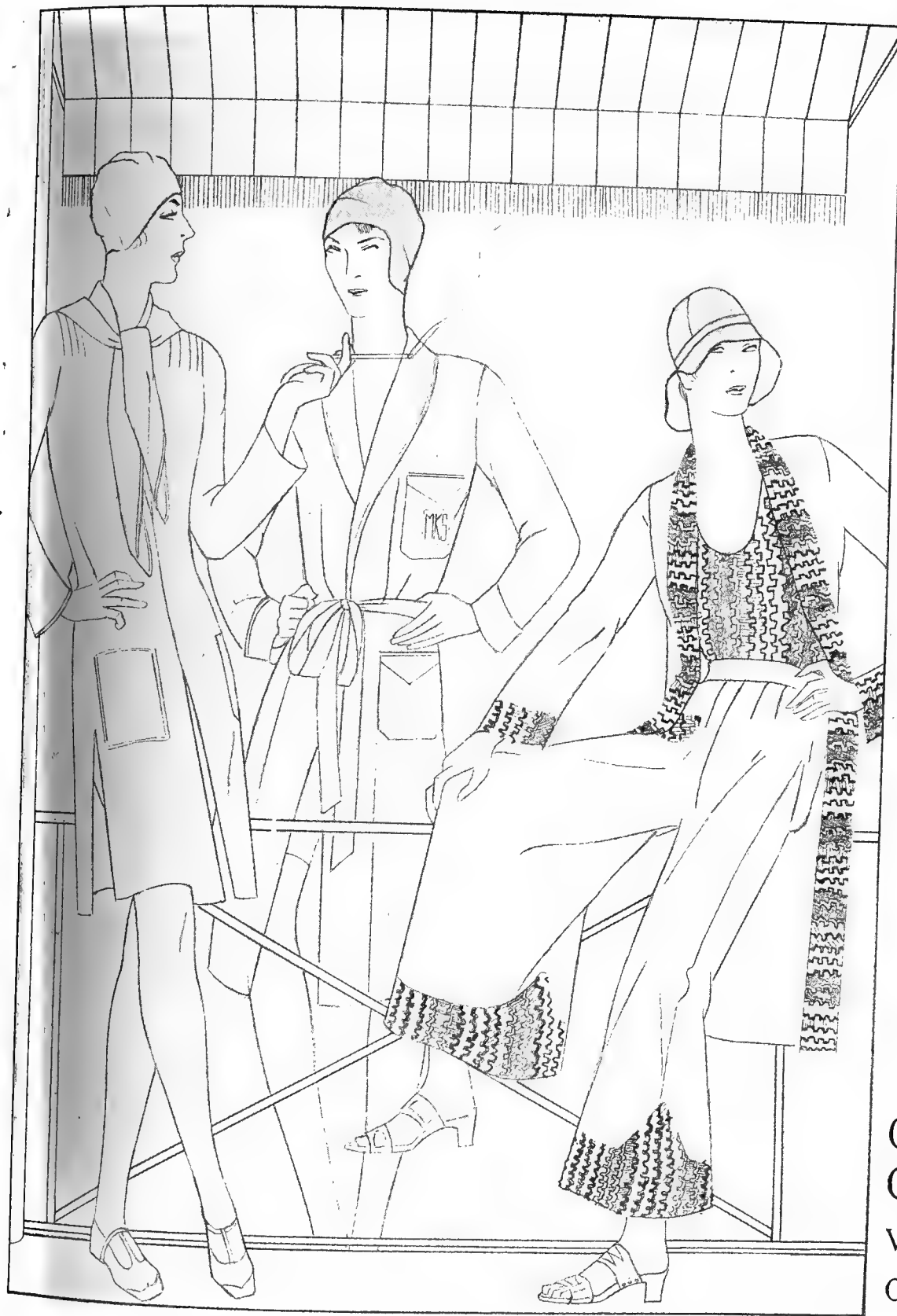
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Harper's Bazar
January, 1929

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Vol. LXIII
No. 1

UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA



Bathing Clothes in Tropical Contrast Colors with the Sun Tan of the Bathers

A casually knotted white scarf on a beach coat of red, blue or black silk crepe, gives that charming air of nonchalance which is inseparable from smartness 35.00

The beach topcoat is something quite new and to be correct must be made of oxford shirting in white or tropical colors with bright pipings and monogram design. 12.75

(These may be monogrammed to order at a slight extra cost)

The gay bands on these navy blue jersey pajamas look just as if they were hand-knitted and they match exactly the brilliant swimming suit. 39.50

THE BEACH AND BATHING SHOP—Fifth Floor

Franklin Simon & Co.

A Store of Individual Shops

FIFTH AVENUE, 37TH and 38TH STREETS
NEW YORK

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UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

Dorothy Gray



A TRIPLE WARNING

THERE are three places where nature sounds her warning in the combat with that harsh despoiler of loveliness, Neglect. The danger signs are a drooping underchin, a crêpiness of throat and a deepening of lines at the corners of the eyes and mouth.

Dorothy Gray discovered that Neglect will swiftly steal away a woman's youthful appearance, no matter how young she is in actual years. This is a needless tragedy.

If you would retain—or regain—the

youthful charm of a clear-cut chin-line and smooth, fresh skin, follow the simple scientific treatments which Dorothy Gray has evolved for your home use. The same exquisite preparations which have been so carefully developed for the Dorothy Gray salon treatments may be had at leading shops everywhere and the Dorothy Gray method which has met with such signal success is clearly explained in the booklet which this coupon brings you.

DOROTHY GRAY

683 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Salons in

CHICAGO

LOS ANGELES

SAN FRANCISCO

WASHINGTON

ATLANTIC CITY

© D. G. 1929

DOROTHY GRAY

H. B. 1-29

Six Eighty Three Fifth Avenue, New York

Please send me the new Dorothy Gray booklet, "Your Dowry of Beauty." I am particularly interested in:

☐ The Treatment for Lines and Wrinkles ☐ The Treatment for Double Chin ☐ The Treatment for Relaxed Muscles and Crêpy Throat.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____



BONWIT TELLER

FIFTH AVENUE AT 38TH STREET
NEW YORK

INDICATIVE OF THE SMARTNESS AND
ORIGINALITY OF OUR EVENING WRAPS
FOR SOUTHERN WEAR

For young matrons and smart women: a
jewel buckled velvet cape collar on a
slender sheer lame coat.

Women's and Young Matron's Wraps . . . Second Floor

For misses: new imported flowered taffeta
fashions this most effective wrap, with its
graceful back droop.

Misses' Wraps . . . Sizes 14x to 18 . . . Third Floor

GORDON HOSIERY MEETS

FASHION'S NEWEST DEMAND

The smart world proceeds to its winter playgrounds . . . and arrays itself against backgrounds of tropic moons and suns and seas . . . warm and vivid with color.

Gordon accepts Fashion's newest rule which says that every woman must match her hosiery to the tone of her skin, whether fair or brunette, whether suntanned or natural . . . considering always, of course, the harmony of her ensemble.

Gordon has created, therefore, a series of new colors which interprets this important trend for each type, in its varying degrees of natural color and of gradually deepening tan.

FOR THE FAIR-SKINNED WOMAN: "Champagne" to match her natural coloring; "Noon" to lend it warmth of tone; "Fair-tan" to match her suntan; and "Circe" for evening.

FOR THE WOMAN OF MEDIUM COMPLEXION: "Rachelle" to match her natural coloring; "Soudan" to lend it warmth of tone; "Blushtan" to match her suntan; and "Cymbeline" for evening.

FOR THE BRUNETTE: "Ormond" to match her natural coloring; "Coronado" to give it warmth of tone; "Pandora" to match her suntan; and "Casino" for evening.

Four very new deep suntan tones are "Alamo Tan" and "Sonora", with a golden cast; "Pocahontas", a coppery tone; and "Ramona", a daring adaptation for the suntan of brilliant complexions.



Gordon
HOSIERY

© S. D. CO. '29

FIFTH AVE.

B. ALTMAN & CO.

NEW YORK



The Sleeveless Frock with a Cardigan or Jumper

This important costume for tropic skies is featured in the Altman Sportswear Collection for Southern Resorts

Either Dress Illustrated

Of Silk, \$29

Of Pique or imported

dotted Linen, \$19.50

Cardigan in Wool Crepe, \$19.50

Cardigan in Jersey, \$16.50

Jersey Jumper, \$16.50

In White and Colours Complimentary to Sunburn

SPORTSWEAR—THIRD FLOOR



"cleone" pump

featuring "kangola"

... a smart new leather for classic
and high novelty footwear ...
presented by the best shops
and department stores.

LAIRD, SCHOBBER and COMPANY
Philadelphia



Sunburn or Pale-Face?

The smart world going south must choose between these two important modes - - -

For the former, which will, of course, be in the majority, we present the largest and most exclusive group of resort fashions ever assembled—

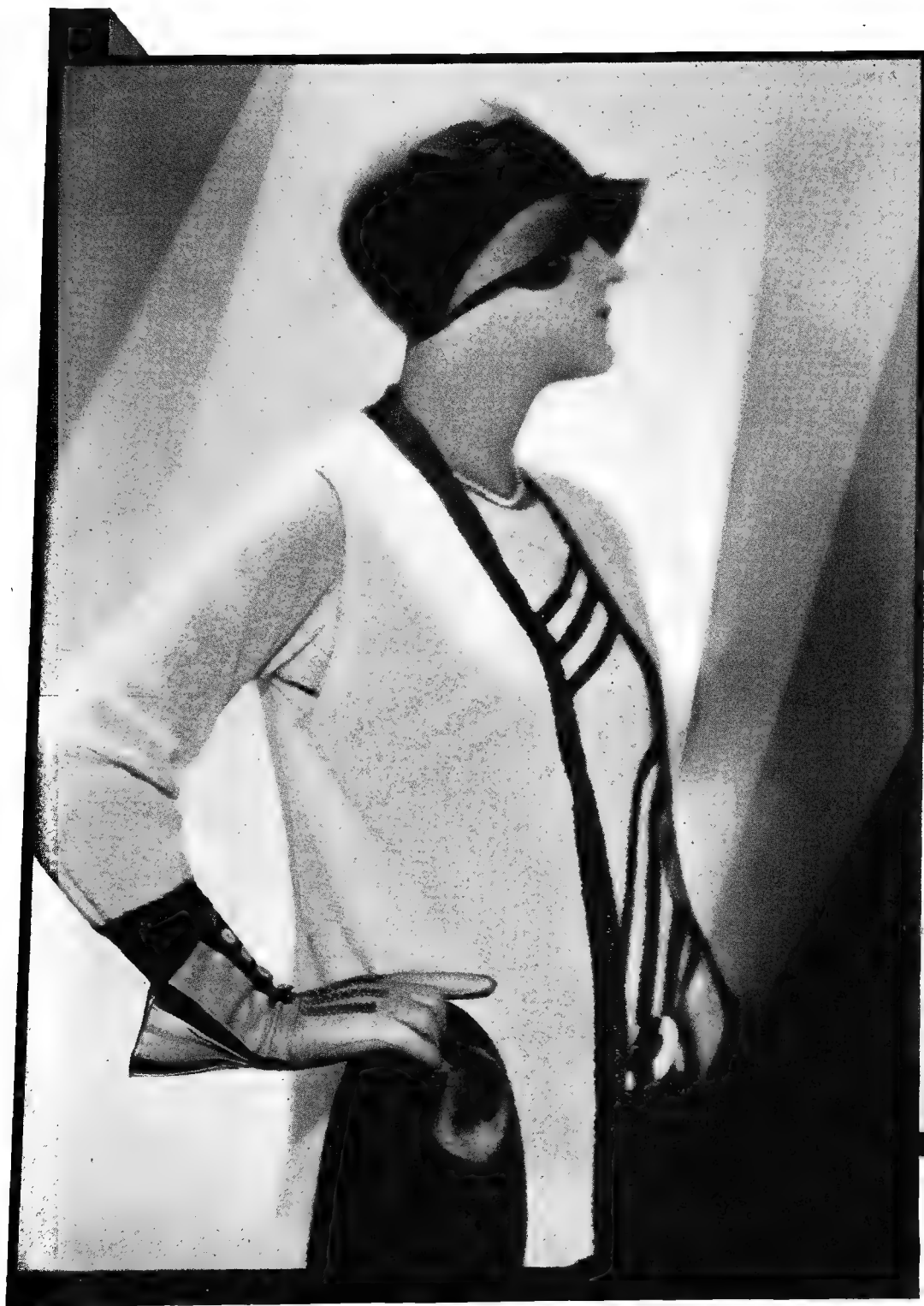
And a smaller but equally smart collection of protective fashions for the "pale-face."

Saks-Fifth Avenue

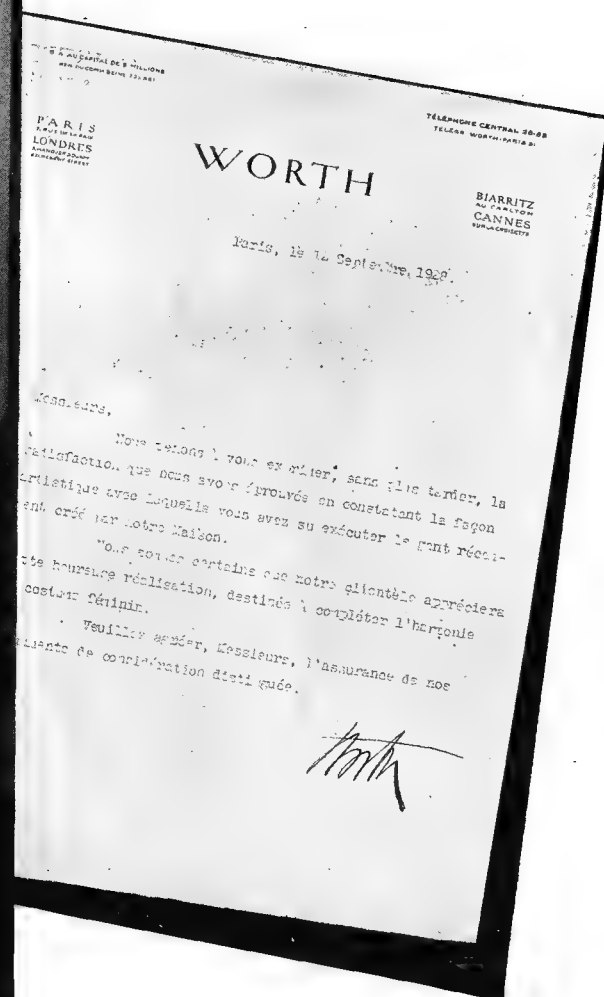
New York

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CREATION WORTH PARIS



TRANSLATION

Gentlemen:

We wish to express to you, without delay, the satisfaction which we have felt on viewing the artistic manner in which you have been able to execute the glove recently created by our House.

We are certain that our clientele will appreciate this successful realization, destined to complete the harmony of the feminine costume.

Kindly accept, gentlemen, the assurance of our sentiments of distinguished consideration.

(signed) WORTH

ARIS

GLOVES

Unusual in its distinctively individual effect is this new WORTH MODEL—the first couturier glove ever made—and especially created to complete the smart sports or street costume. One of the many new and fashionable styles in the ARIS and CHANUT brands. To be had in glace kid and suede.

Ask for the WORTH MODEL by name

STEINBERGER BROS. GLOVE CORPORATION

J. M. CHANUT & CIE.

ONE PARK AVENUE · NEW YORK

SAN FRANCISCO · CHICAGO · SEATTLE · LOS ANGELES
PARIS · GRENOBLE · LONDON · BERLIN

CHANUT

GLOVES



The RESORT SHOP

is devoted entirely to clothes to be worn at Aiken or Quebec, Palm Beach or Lake Placid. Here the annual migrators will find complete paraphernalia for swimming or skiing, tennis or golf, active or spectator sports.

THIRD FLOOR

Lord & Taylor

FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

HAT by *Reboux*

CARDIGAN by *Chanel*

TENNIS FROCK by *Regny*

*Fur Coats
make
Expensive
Raincoats!*



RAIN crinkles the sleekest fur and makes the best made coat look shabby. But she who sports a Duro Gloss may leave her fine fur coat at home. Perfect protection and tailored style are combined in this colorful, warmly lined rainwear. Wear this new Paris-approved "Gray Day" Coat and look the weather smartly in the face!

Duro Gloss
"GRAY DAY" COATS
for Men and Women

J. C. HARTZ CO. ◀ NEW HAVEN, CONN.



NORTH or SOUTH

Here are the correct shoes to include in your wardrobe this season—no matter to what part of the globe your travels will take you.

The simplicity and classic distinction of the Wanamaker collection makes it one of the most distinguished and truly fashionable to be found anywhere.

A—The Argence pump in acajou calfskin with leather heel—\$14.50 ; in beige, gray, brown or black suede—\$16.50

B—Black calfskin opera pump with perforations—\$14.50

C—The famous Peel oxford. In brown suede—\$16.50

D—Black kidskin—with black patent leather in a beautifully cut pump. Also in dark green kidskin with green suede—\$20

E—The classic one-strap brown calfskin pump with leather heel—\$16.50

F—White buckskin with

brown calfskin with leather heel—\$16.50

G—A very chic all-white buckskin two-strap slipper with leather heel—\$16.50

H—Beige kidskin pump with a small tailored bow—\$14.50

I—White buckskin and brown calfskin with leather heel also with wing shaped toe if preferred—\$16.50

J—The all-white buckskin pump with the very new and smart perforations—\$16.50

Personal Service will fill Mail and Telephone orders

JOHN WANAMAKER NEW YORK



I. MILLER

presents

WINTER VACATION SLIPPERS

Before and After

You Arrive!

Brilliant Chinese prints! New embroideries on shantung, linen and silk! Silken polka dots! New woven effects! Unusual treatments of White, Pastel and Parchment tones in kidskin—and the new leather=heel Spectator Sports shoes . . . These are the highlights of the Southern Slipper presentation, which you may choose at I. Miller shops and departments before you leave . . . or, after you arrive, at the charming shops you will find in these Winter Vacationlands!



PALM BEACH
I. Miller




MIAMI
*Parisienne
Booterie, Inc.*



ORLANDO
Goldsmith's



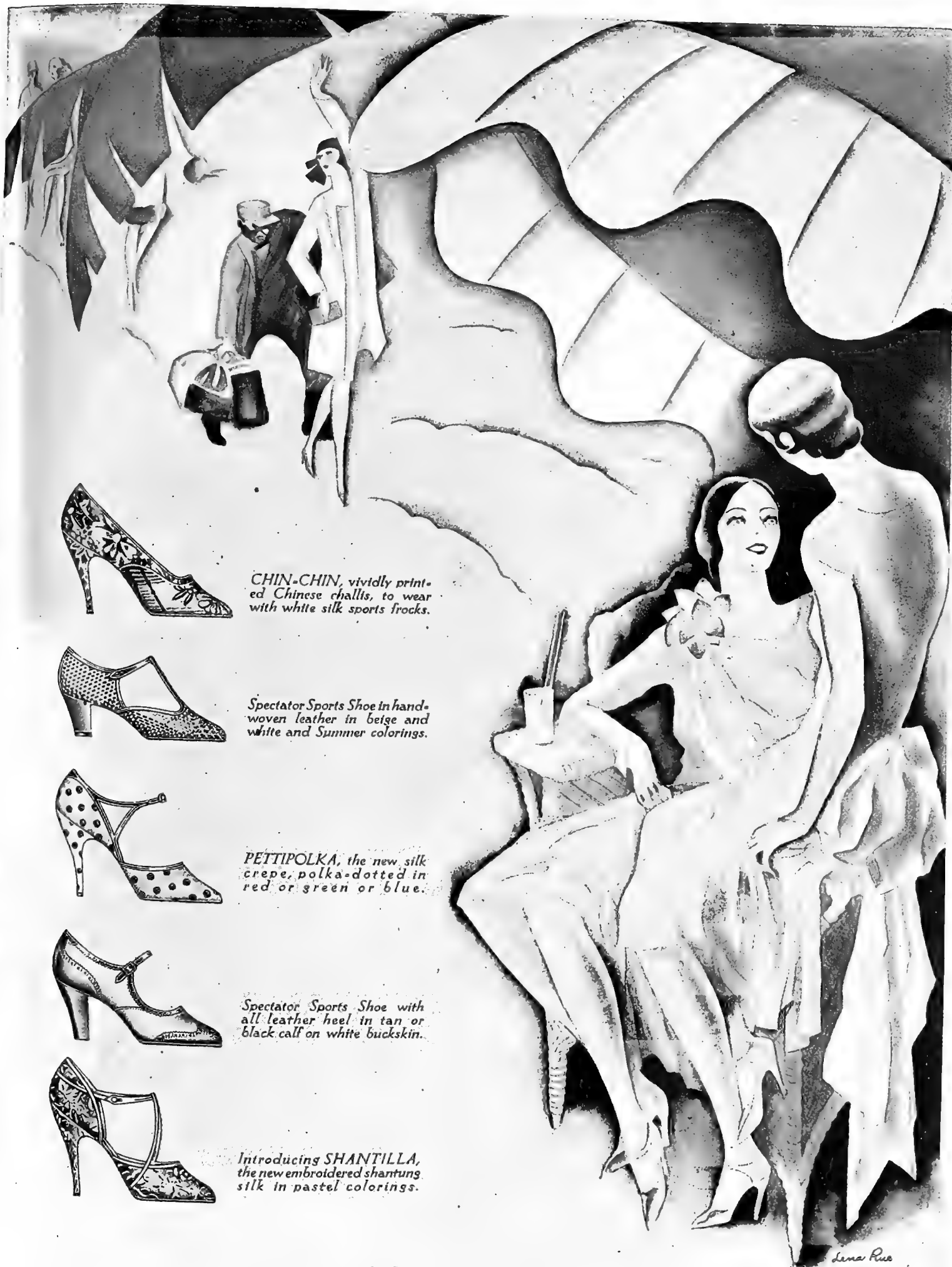
I. MILLER
Beautiful Shoes



LOS ANGELES
*I. Miller Co.
I. Magnin -
Biltmore Shop*

HOLLYWOOD
I. Miller Co.

HAVANA
Poli's



CHIN-CHIN, vividly printed Chinese challs, to wear with white silk sports frocks.



Spectator Sports Shoe in hand-woven leather in beige and white and Summer colorings.



PETTIPOLKA, the new silk crepe, polka-dotted in red or green or blue.



Spectator Sports Shoe with all leather heel in tan or black calf on white buckskin.



Introducing *SHANTILLA*, the new embroidered shantung silk in pastel colorings.

I. Miller
and his

INSTITUTION
INTERNATIONALE

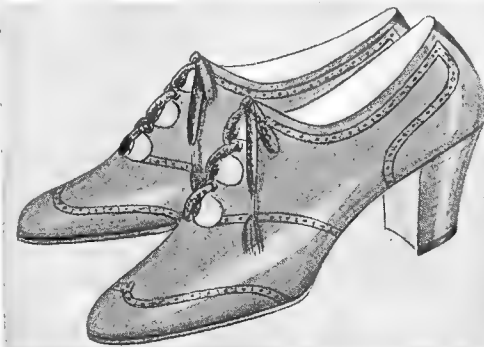
Shops and Agencies in Principal Cities

According to leading **NEW YORK** *stores*




FASHION STREETS OF THE WORLD
Fifth Avenue, New York

Fashion Welts
*of the tie or oxford
cut are highest
in fashion favor
this season*



Tailored footwear calls for tailored
details such as Diamond Brand
Visible Eyelets

"LOOK FOR THE 
LITTLE DIAMOND"



FASHION WELTS derive
their name from the Good-
year Welt process of attach-
ing upper to sole. Shoes made
by this process, whether walk-
ing shoes for country wear or
featherweight kid and suede
for more formal daytime oc-
casions, retain their original
shapeliness for the life of the
shoe. Next time you are fitted
to a pair of shoes, ask, "Is this
a genuine Fashion Welt?"

UNITED FAST COLOR EYELET COMPANY
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

DIAMOND BRAND *Visible* **FAST COLOR EYELETS**



*The
complete satisfaction
which is created by*

A New Kind of Motor Car Value

*value which is measured not
only by the dollar but by the finest of fine car standards, as well*

Whenever a man or woman thinks of any General Motors car, it is perfectly obvious that he or she thinks of it as the finest car in its field. Back of this attitude toward all General Motors cars is the fact that they actually bring you a *new kind of* motor car value—value which money alone cannot



GENERAL
MOTORS

measure. Such value can result only when practically limitless resources are placed at the command of engineering and artistic genius of the highest order—as is the case with the Fisher Body Corporation. It is Body by Fisher which has enabled General Motors cars to triumph over the obstacles

which formerly restricted to highest priced cars the finest in motor car style.

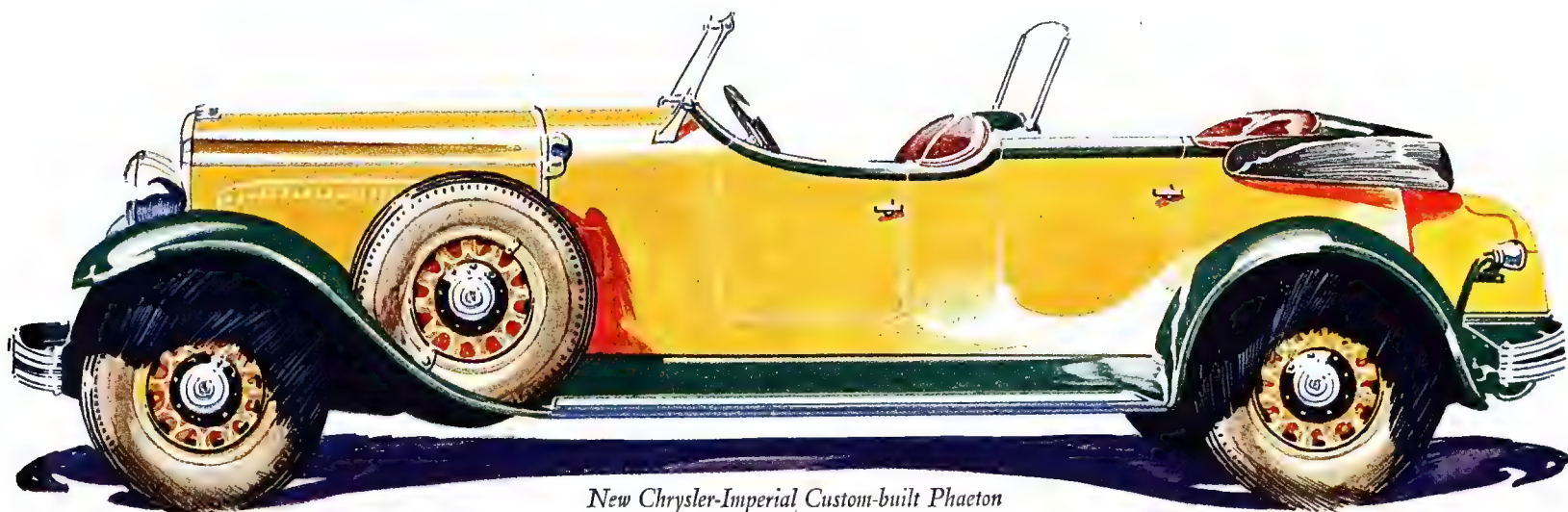
You see the result in the superb style, comfort and value of every Body by Fisher. So plain are these superiorities that each month new thousands of men and women are attracted to ownership of the General Motors cars listed below.

BUICK • OAKLAND • OLDSMOBILE • PONTIAC • CHEVROLET

CADILLAC • LASALLE

PRESENTING THE NEW CHRYSLER

IMPERIAL



New Chrysler-Imperial Custom-built Phaeton

Supreme Attainment of CHRYSLER Engineering and Craftsmanship

To the many thousands of Chrysler enthusiasts who seek the superlative in power and performance, in size and in richness of investiture, it is our pleasure to present the new Chrysler-Imperial . . . ¶ The Imperial is built for those who have so insistently requested a car representative of the utmost in Chrysler power, smoothness, fineness and beauty . . . ¶ In it are centered

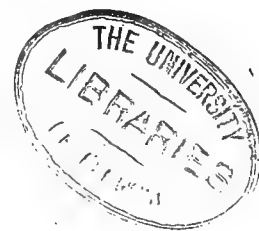
all of the advancements and scientific achievements which Chrysler engineering genius and manufacturing skill have devised . . . ¶ Nothing that highest quality can add has been omitted in its production. It is submitted for your most discriminating examination, in full confidence that here is the supreme attainment of Chrysler engineering and craftsmanship.

All Chrysler models will be exhibited at the National Automobile Shows; and at special displays in the Commodore Hotel during the New York Show, Jan. 5th to 12th; and in the Balloon Room and entire lobby space of the Congress Hotel during the Chicago Show, Jan. 26th to Feb. 2nd.



IF IT'S TRUHU

IT'S WASHABLE



for the costume

that says 'today'.

THE MODE is *exigeant*. The mode insists that we take thought of the age we live in, an age of beauty and of practicality, curiously blended. The mode demands that the loveliness of *what* we wear be the loveliness that *will* wear. Only such loveliness is true loveliness today.

So the world of fashion turns to the pure-dye, pure-silk fabric... which means, most surely, to Truhu. For Truhu silks are made from the very finest natural silk, unalloyed, unweighted, unsurpassable.

And they offer a glorious diversity of printed designs, as distinctive and authentic in motif as in coloring... some created by American artists, others developed abroad. The afternoon frock in the center of

this page, for instance, displays one of the Truhu designs which were contributed by the leading ateliers of Vienna.



In addition to the printed silks, Truhu brings to you solid-toned fabrics that run the entire gamut of fashion's spectrum. These you can use in combination with each other or with the printed designs... they will not run, no matter how often they are tubbed.

See the new Truhu silks at the smart shops, in the piece or ready to don. The name Truhu on the selvage of each piece is the mark of style authenticity and consummate quality. Jersey Silk Mills, Inc., 200 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

TRUHU

GO WASHABLE SILKS

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In New York

The Barclay Hotel
The Berkshire Hotel
The Biltmore Hotel
Hotel Chatham
The Gotham
The Lombardy
The Madison Hotel
The Mayfair House
The Roosevelt Hotel
The Vanderbilt Hotel
Waldorf Astoria
The Hotel Warwick

WAMSUTTA PERCALE

The choice of America's smartest hotels

WITH few exceptions (and they are becoming fewer each year), the list of America's leading hotels is practically the same, name for name, as the list of hotels in which Wamsutta Percalé sheets and pillow cases are now used as standard bed furnishings.

The voluntary comment of hotel guests in all parts of the country provides conclusive evidence that the luxurious comfort of this finest of sheeting fabrics is appreciated by the most discriminating travelers.

Shrewd hotel managers have discovered by scientific tests and cost accounting that Wamsutta Percalé wears longer, washes better, weighs less and therefore soon makes up its original difference in cost by its saving in laundry bills.

Any woman who has used Wamsutta Percalé could have told them the same facts about these sheets and pillow cases.

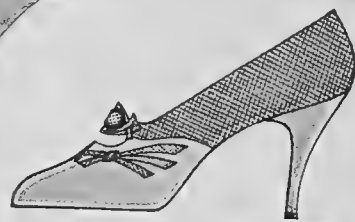
RIDLEY WATTS & CO.
Selling Agents
 44 Leonard St. New York



WAMSUTTA MILLS
 Founded 1846
 New Bedford, Mass.



Cammeyer



HALF-TONE

A new mode for the South and Early Spring—presented by Cammeyer in their own interpretations, with unusual applique.

Southern and Midwinter fashions by Cammeyer will be shown in many cities. We shall be pleased to tell you where you can see them and mail a brochure of new styles.
Palm Beach Shop, Beaux Arts Building

SALON de LUXE FIFTH AVENUE at FIFTY THIRD NEW YORK

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Her tooth paste bought her galoshes

You'll be delighted to find how many little things you can buy with that \$3 that Listerine Tooth Paste saves you every year as compared to dentifrices costing 50¢ and up. Galoshes, for example, Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, Perfume, Gloves.



A remarkable dentifrice —yet but 25 cents

IT takes a great deal of money to prepare and introduce a new tooth paste. Unless the product is of exceptional merit and priced right, its chance of success is slight.

Four years ago Listerine Tooth Paste was produced by the makers of Listerine. It was the final expression of years of study. Today, sweeping toward leadership, it has reached and passed some of the excellent dentifrices that sell for 50¢ or more.

Millions are delighted by that refreshing sensation of mouth invigo-

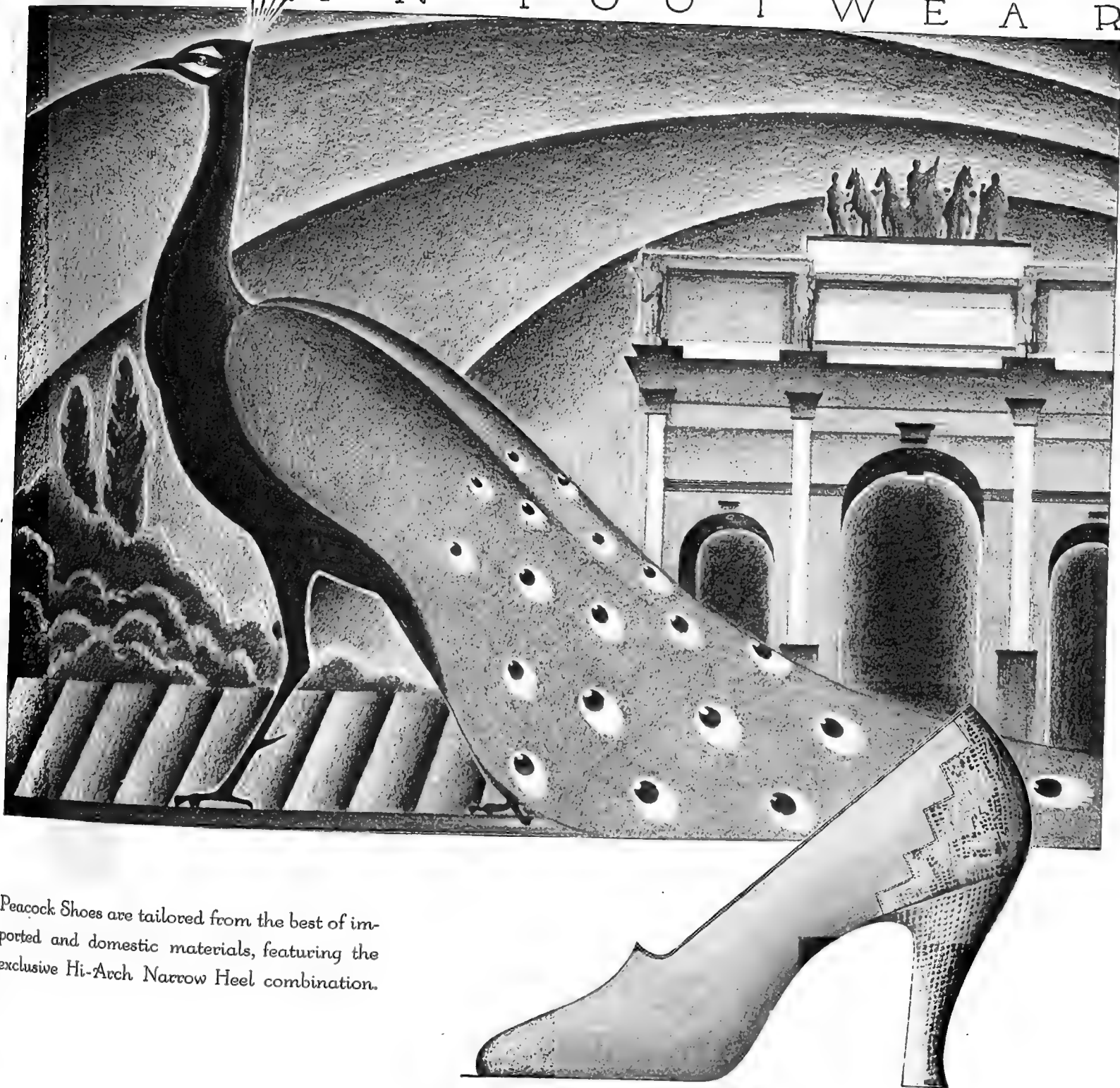
ration you associate with Listerine. They're enthusiastic about the quick, safe way Listerine Tooth Paste attacks deposits and leaves teeth white and gleaming.

We can offer no more convincing proof of its merit than this eagerness on the part of the public to buy and keep on buying.

And think of paying but 25¢ instead of 50¢. That's a saving of \$3 per year per person. Worth while isn't it? Particularly when a family is large. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

ART IN FOOTWEAR



Peacock Shoes are tailored from the best of imported and domestic materials, featuring the exclusive Hi-Arch Narrow Heel combination.

THE fashionably alert invariably select

Peacock Hi-Arch Narrow Heel Footwear because of its inimitable Parisian smartness and wealth of distinguishable style and craftsmanship . . . Ten Dollars to Twenty-five.

PEACOCK SHOES

PEACOCK SHOE SHOPS AND
DEPARTMENTS IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

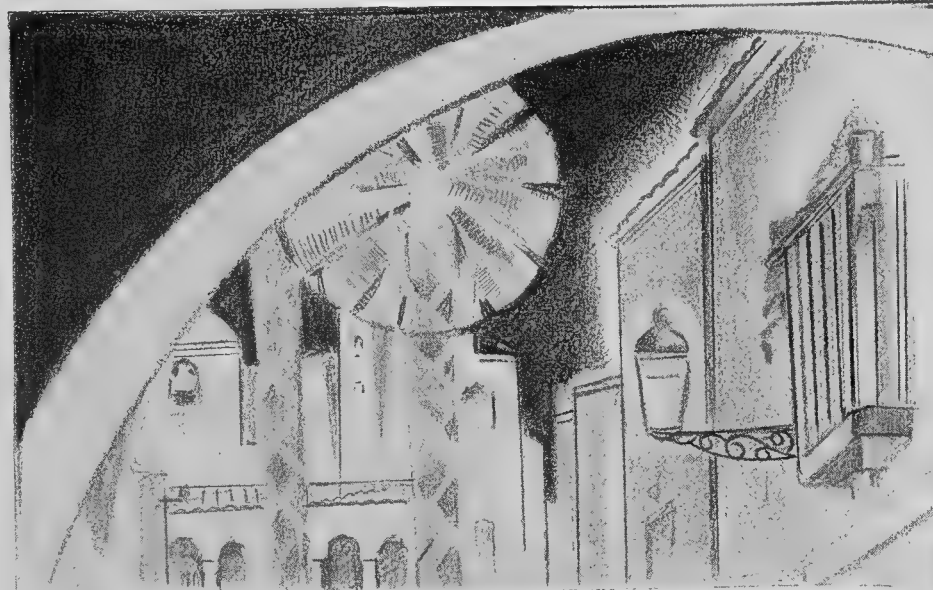
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BOYD-WELSH

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EL ENCANTO

(The Enchantment)

HAVANA

Cuba's Largest and Smartest Department Store

The old world atmosphere of EL ENCANTO warms your heart. And the beauty of its lovely things assures you that discerning searchers have garnered for El Encanto treasures from the farthest nooks and crannies—El Encanto is truly cosmopolitan in its quest.

Delicately subtle perfumes from France... Exquisitely woven embroidered linens from Spain... rich, colorful Spanish shawls... distinctively styled sportswear from England... the newest creations from Paris.

Prices are plainly marked and English is spoken throughout El Encanto.

"Tourist Book" on request. Interesting and valuable if you are planning to visit Havana. Just address our "Bureau of Information".

El Encanto

GALLIANO, SAN RAFAEL Y SAN MIGUEL • SOLIS, ENTRIALGO Y CIA.

Exner mendoza



Graceful Glove-fitting Shuglov

*in Colors to Complete
the Ensemble*

THE woman of fashion no longer tolerates the unsightly footgear protection of yesterday. The charm of a lovely ankle line is far too great an asset. Nor does she satisfy herself with one color for a season. The delight of finding colors to suit every ensemble is too tempting to resist.

And so today, in the smart woman's shoe bag, one finds two or three pairs of the lovely, glove-fitting Shuglovs.

In this charming new bad-weather accessory you see a complete discarding of old ideas. Unsightly bulk is gone. Weight is found unnecessary. In their place are feather lightness—perfect fit. And you wear Shuglovs over loveliest shoes and stockings in utmost safety.

Fashion-clad feet are wearing them—everywhere—because of their perfect fit—their up-to-the-moment smartness. Easy to wipe clean with a damp sponge. Lined for comfort and ease of removal. The Miller Rubber Company of N. Y., Akron, Ohio, U. S. A.



You will of course want Shuglovs—originated by Miller—immediately. Look for the name. Your favorite shop has them in Nude, Gunmetal and Brown—two styles—the concealed slide fastener and the button-over. Two types of heels—Universal and Cuban. Made of lightest rubber. The top is worn up or down with equal smartness. Sizes 2 to 8.



Talon Slide Fastener, manufactured by Hookless Fastener Co., Meadville, Pa. Used on the new Shuglov.

Miller Shuglov
PRONOUNCED... SHUG-GLOVE

TIRES • TUBES • ACCESSORIES AND REPAIR MATERIALS • DRUG SUNDRIES
BATHING WEAR • SHUGLOVS • RUBBER BALLS AND TOYS • MOLDED RUBBER GOODS



Will
you be an
inside
roomer
or will you
book ahead?

Your European trip will be a happy memory for years to come...if it is arranged the right way. Instead of waiting until space can be found on the ship...instead of an annoying and vexatious "very sorry" when you apply for hotel accommodations or seats on the train...your trip can be one long pathway of pleasure.

Under the American Express Independent Travel Plan you enjoy your own choice of accommodations both going and returning and while you are in Europe. You follow a leisurely itinerary...expertly mapped out in advance...with the assurance that wherever you go, your space is reserved.

Disappointments, travel worries or delays are eliminated. You leave when you wish, go where you choose, with all your tickets and reservations in your pocket.

The booklet, "The American Traveler in Europe", fully describes this unique plan and tells what to see in ease, safety and comfort. Write to any American Express office or to nearest address below.

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American Express F. I. T. Dept. 3—Please send "The American Traveler in Europe" to
Name.....
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American Express Travelers Cheques
Always Protect Your Funds



Courtesy, Nassau Development Board, Bahamas

The Caribbean Charm

IT'S a contagious leisure . . . lying on the sands beside a jade sea . . . yachting trips to nearby islands that are ablaze with poinciana and hibiscus . . . the sparkle of cosmopolitan chatter.

And so thoughtfully close too!—whether you sail from New York, or go over from Florida. If the Harper's Bazar Travel Bureau can be helpful in your plans, please call or write us, without obligation.

HARPER'S BAZAR TRAVEL BUREAU
572 Madison Avenue New York City

THE LUXURY CRUISE TO THE
Mediterranean
PALESTINE
EGYPT



A pleasure cruise exceeding every expectation—Luxurious comfort, perfect service, enjoyable entertainment, on board the "Rotterdam." Scenic splendor, strange and thrilling sights in interesting Old World lands.

By the famous "ROTTERDAM" 8th Cruise
Leaving New York, February 7, 1929
Under the HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE's own management

"THE ROTTERDAM" {24,170 tons register
137,190 tons displacement
Has a world-wide reputation for the magnificence and comfort of her appointments, the surpassing excellence of her cuisine and the high standards of service and management on board.

71 DAYS OF DELIGHTFUL DIVERSION
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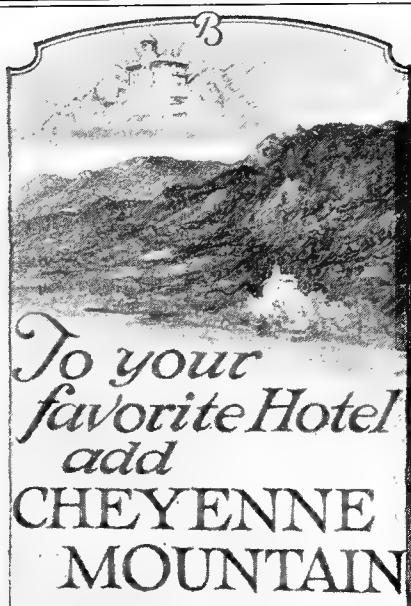
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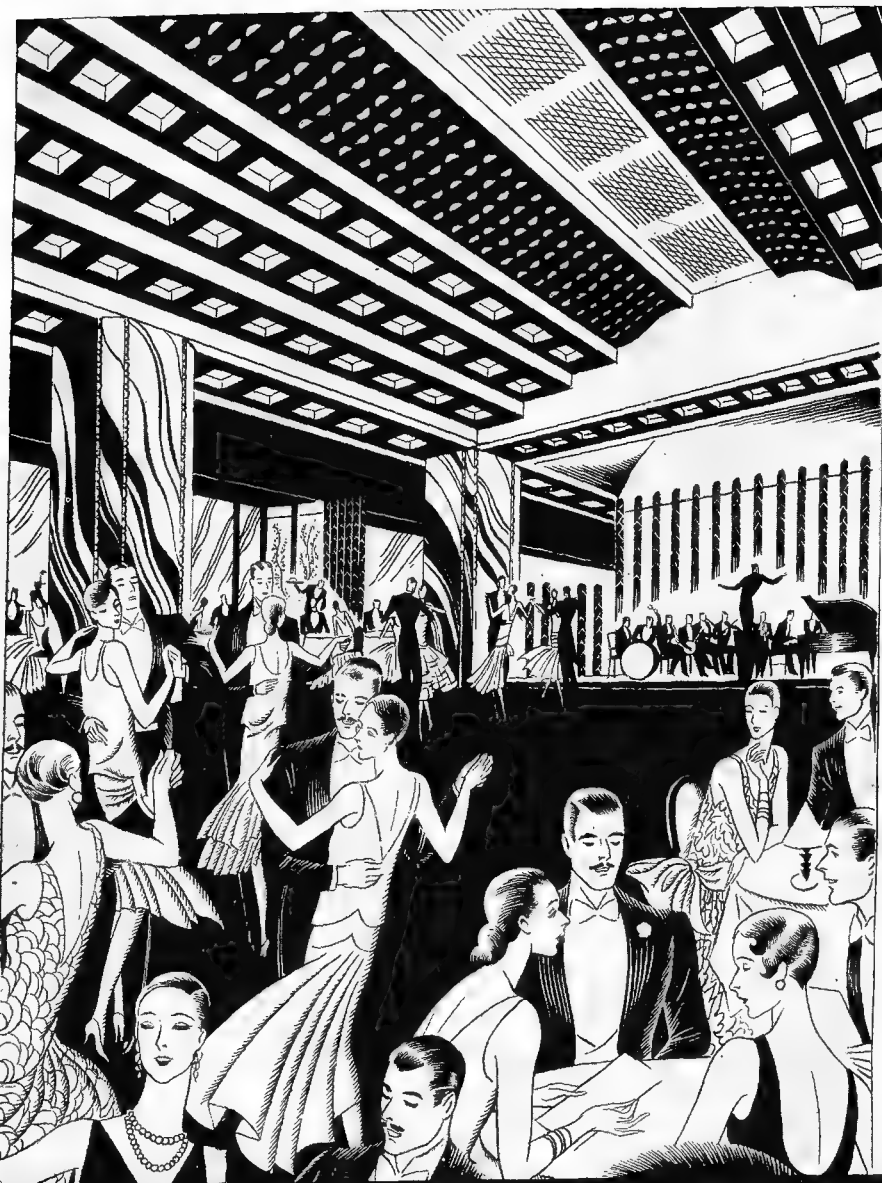
EVEN in midwinter balmy weather prevails in the lee of majestic Cheyenne Mountain—at Broadmoor. A remarkable highway (open every day last year) zigzags to the top, where the view rivals that from neighboring Pikes Peak, accessible only in summer. At the quaint summit inn you can have delicious food and sleep in luxury, to see the spectacular glories of sunrise.

Throughout the year The Broadmoor—a truly fine hotel—offers horses, motors, fascinating golf, swimming, greenhouses, dancing—and metropolitan service that will satisfy the most fastidious taste.

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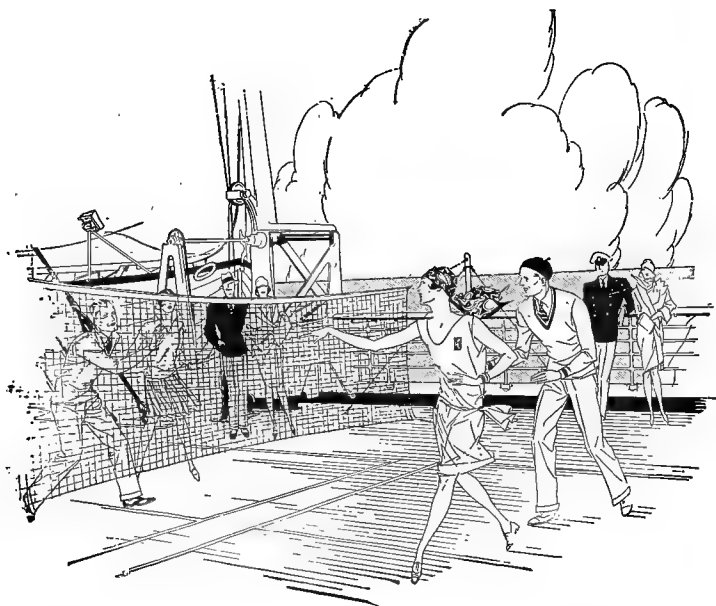


In the heart of a greater Hotel St. Regis... the Seaglade, New York's latest setting for its nights of smarter carnival. Here, Lopez wields his baton over the hush and swell of his dance melodies. Here, Urban's gorgeous fantasy borrows shimmering emerald-golds from a tropic-sea vale... The Seaglade, the Roof, the Salle-Cathay, three new back-

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Why it pays to go to Europe in Spring

PERHAPS you *have* to take your vacation in July or August. If you do, plan as far ahead as possible, because American ships are extremely popular. Decide on a specific sailing *now*. See your steamship agent *today* and have him enter your reservation.

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Now one more tip: *when* to go is important; *where* to go is worth



knowing, too; but *how* to go ranks highest of all—so very much depends on "getting off to a good start." Select your ship carefully—ask those who know—the travel-wise. Let them tell you about those famous meals served onboard

American ships. And about the unexpected luxuries; the attractive, home-like stateroom that you will learn to love even in the short time you're at sea; the prompt service of stewards who understand your language. In short, *the American way*. If you're in a hurry, take the *Leviathan*, the world's largest ship—less than six days and you're there. For a more leisurely trip, select one of the cabin ships, *George Washington*, *America*, *Republic*, *President Harding*, or *President Roosevelt*.

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Play at Modern Sports in Old-World Surroundings

NASSAU--Isle of June

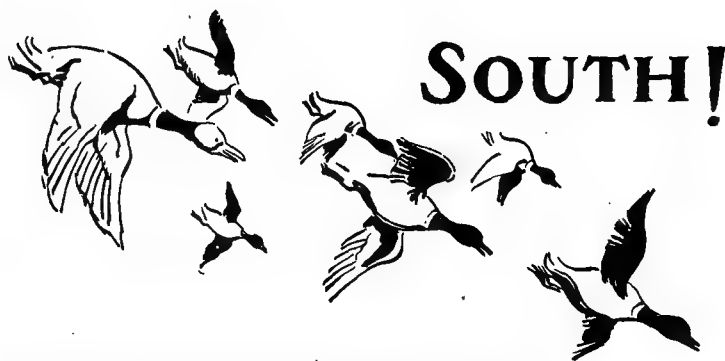
¶Nassau--Isle of June--away from the hustling world--an isle of peaceful pleasure--keyed to the tempo of modern sports and gaiety, yet *different* in its old-world charm. Golf--over fortified hills to the shores of the blue Atlantic--battle finny monsters on the famous fishing banks where pirates lurked in olden days. Swim in a mild southern surf--dance and dine 'neath sighing palms by the light of a golden tropic moon. ¶Nassau's hotels and boarding houses are modern--luxurious. Transportation of the finest type. Plan to spend at least a part of your vacation in this interesting and unusual British colony. It's a trip abroad--yet only 60 hours from New York--overnight from Miami.

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NASSAU

BAHAMAS Google Isle of June



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¶Their programs embrace the historic, picturesque and characteristic islands and ports of the Carribean -- Dutch *Curacao*, French *Martinique*, British *Barbados*, the *Virgin Islands*, *Caracas* in Venezuela, *Nassau* and *Trinidad*, and such favorite West Indian cities as gay *Havana*, *Kingston* in Jamaica, and *Panama*. The shore excursions are unusually complete and entertaining.

Two West Indies Cruises

January 30 to February 24

February 26 to March 23

Rates, \$400 and upward

Send for the Booklet—"WEST INDIES CRUISES"

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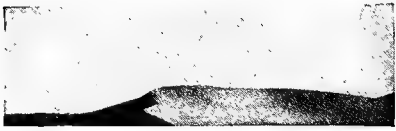
¶Sailing April 8, 1929, on the S. S. "Carinthia." The first cruise to visit walled *Carcassonne*. Visiting also in its six weeks *Casablanca* and *Rabat*, *Corfu* and the *Balearic Isles* and a dozen famous cities of the Western Mediterranean. Rates, \$725 and upward.

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UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA



TO THE MEDITERRANEAN
HOLYLAND AND EGYPT



The Mauretania
makes up her mind

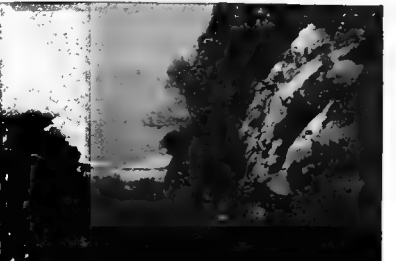
To do what? To sail from New York February 16 for a Winter Cruise . . . For the fifth successive year she intends to abandon the wintry Atlantic for sunny Mediterranean ports...Madeira first, an island run amuck with flowers...then to Gibraltar... the Riviera...Algiers...Naples . . . Athens . . . Cairo and the Holy Land . . .

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Come to change shivers to sunshine and white skins to sun-tanned brown.

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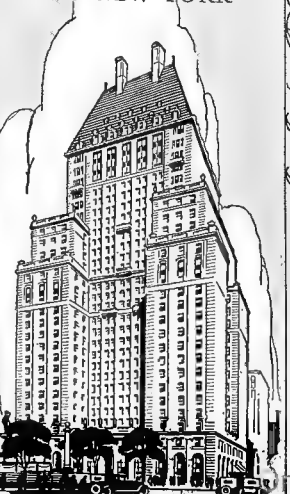
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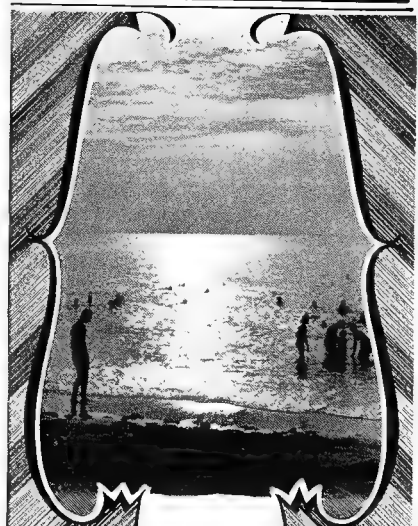
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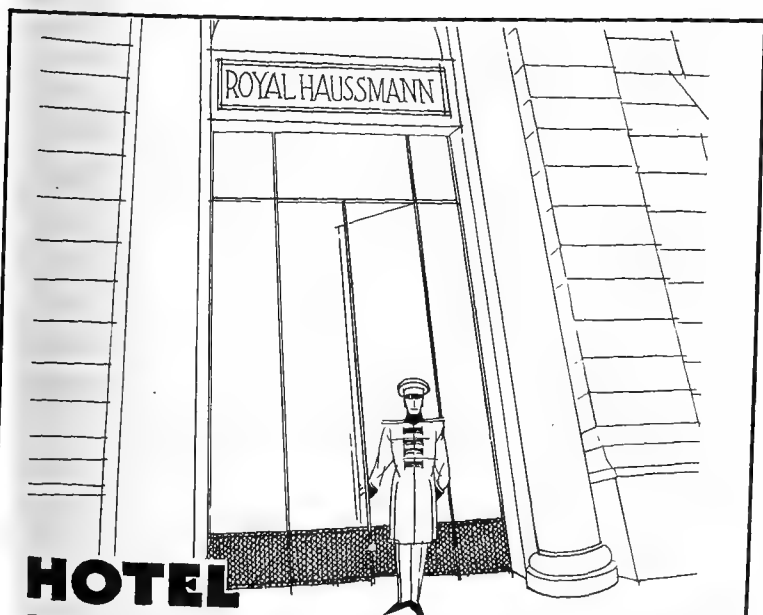
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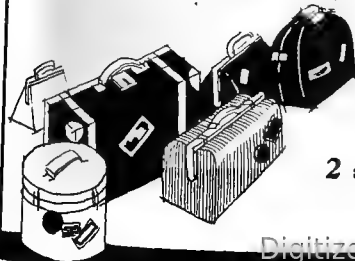
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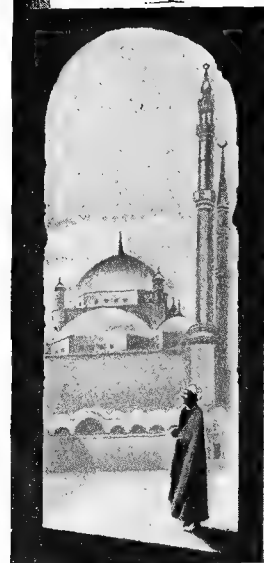
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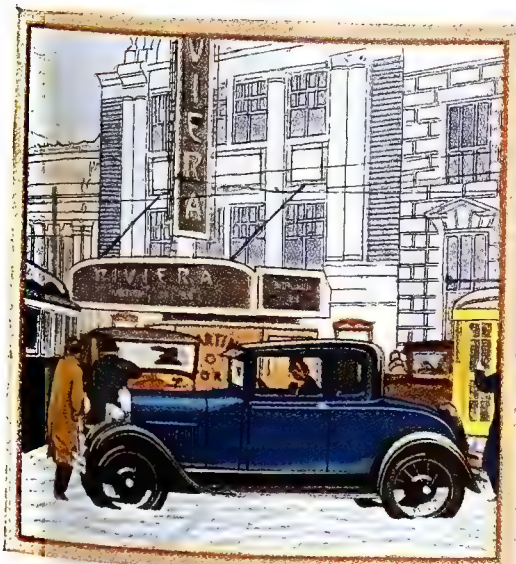
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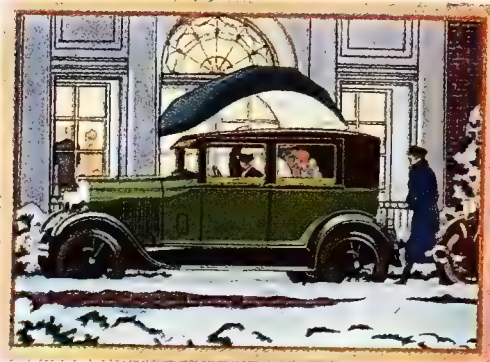
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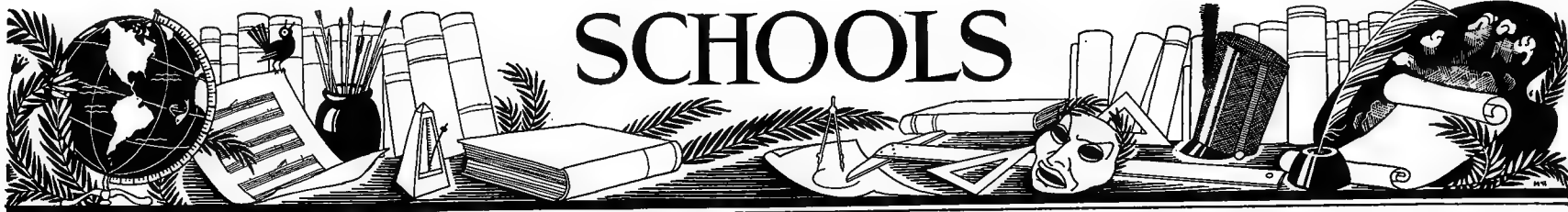
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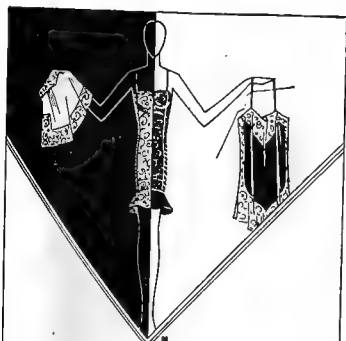
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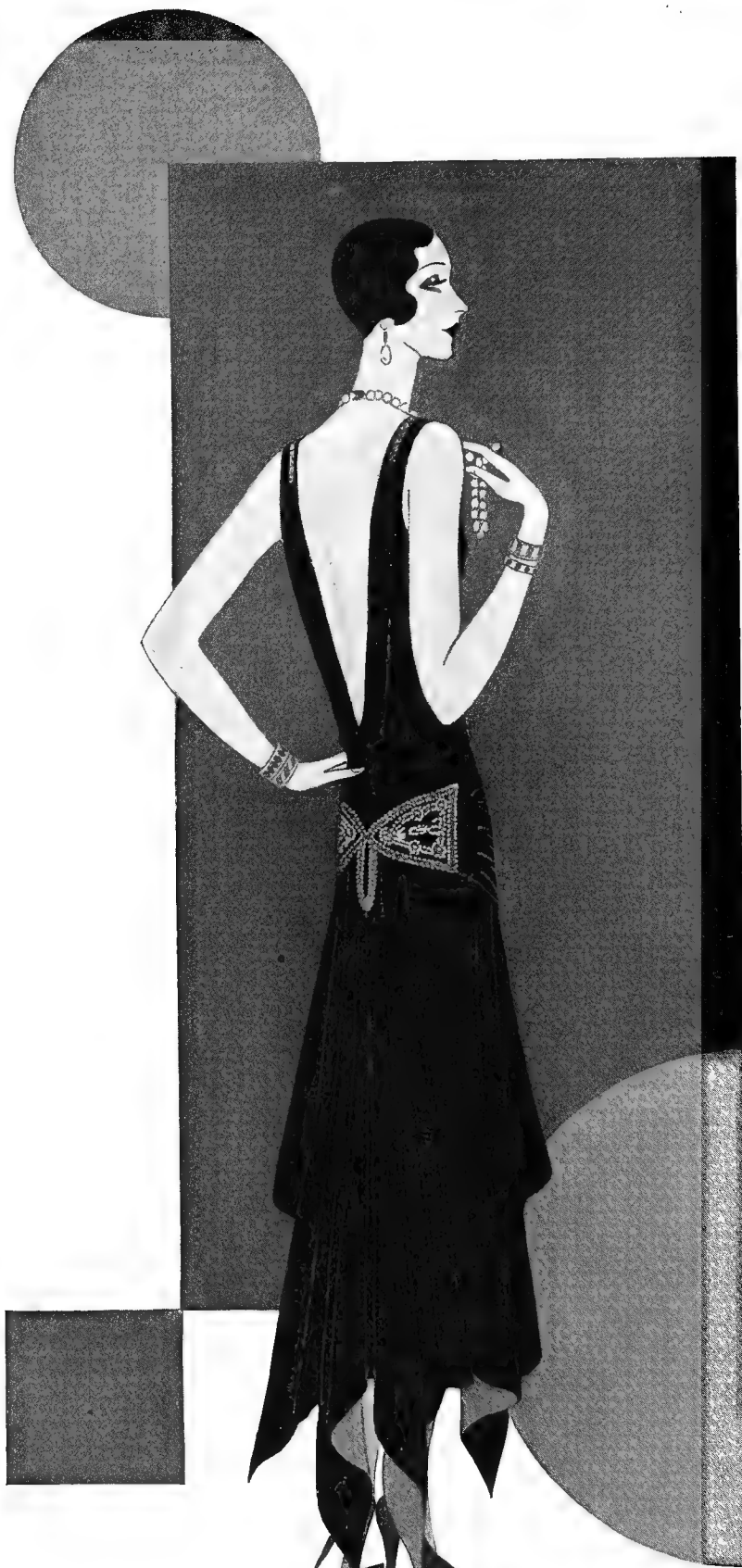


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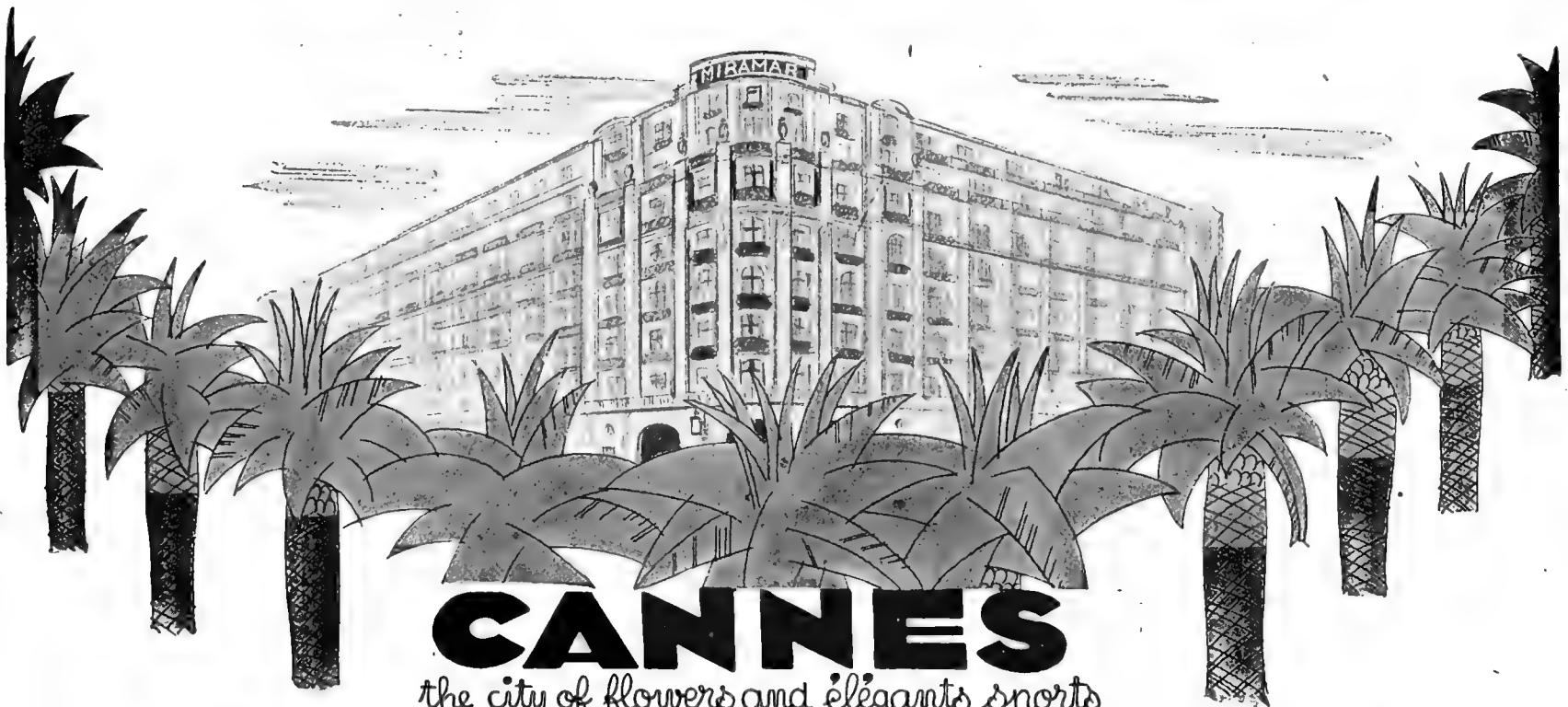
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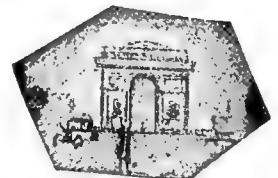
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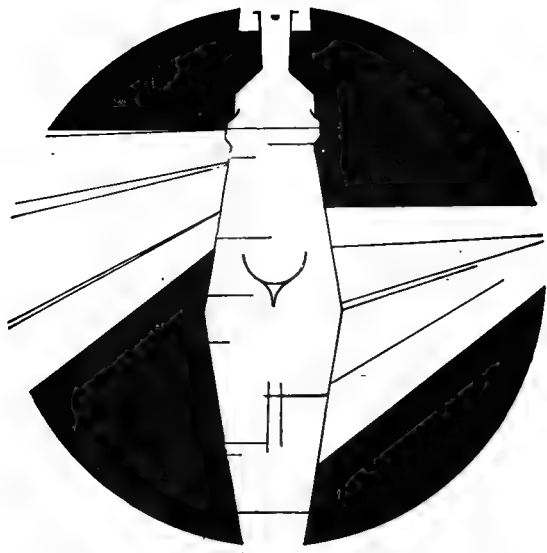
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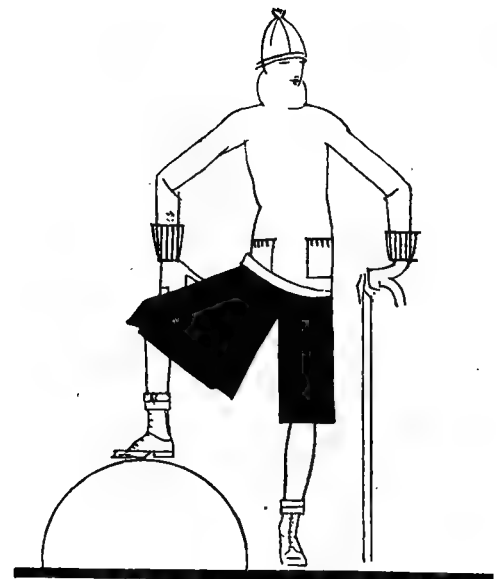
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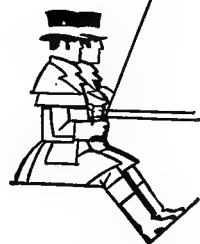
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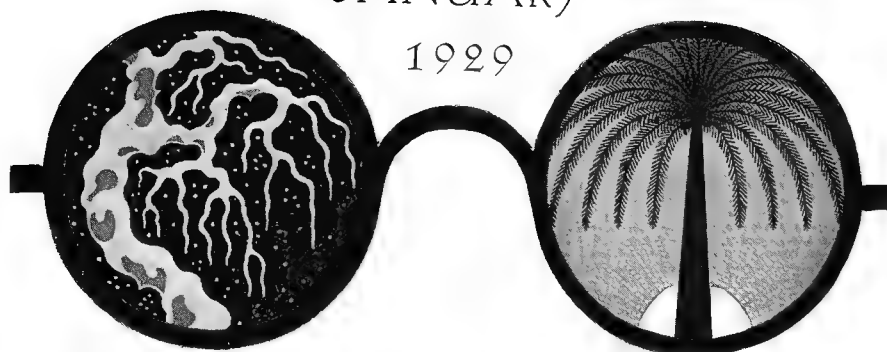
HARPER'S BAZAR

63rd Year

55

JANUARY

Number 2595



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IN February French and American fabrics will be represented. Marjorie Howard will also send drawings of new French bags and evening gowns. American shoes will suggest spring styles, and hats and accessories from New York shops will guide the shopper. A travel article, alluring in its hints of sunshine, will appear, and lovers of beautiful rooms will find something of interest.

Stephen Vincent Benét, whose "John Brown's Body" has won wide acclaim, will have a short story called "The King of the Cats." A reverent tribute to the memory of Lincoln will appear in Irvin S. Cobb's "At the Feet of the Enemy." Alec Waugh and Amory Hare will also be contributors of short fiction, and Arthur Tuckerman's novel, "High Walls," will reach its third instalment.

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PALM BEACH

Fashions for South feature white and pale colors in subtle combinations. Tendency is toward stiffer silk fabrics for simple sleeveless sports dresses, such as silk gabardine and wash silk with tiny broché patterns. Cardigan suits in all materials from tweed to linen. Tendency is away from cubist sweater designs toward restrained repeated patterns. Plain fabrics good, but tiny prints holding their own.

MARJORIE
HOWARD
SENDS TWO
LAST-MINUTE
CABLES
FROM PARIS
AND

PARIS EVENING

Much thin black. Considerable velvet. Often blue both light and dark. Much white satin. Many greens. Lelong's black tulle gown, very long in the back worn with two deep red carnations on shoulder, red chiffon handkerchief, red-heeled black sandals. Deeper décolletées in back than lately. Wonderful new necklace worn with white satin gown. Four strands ruby beads diamond clasp in back. Diamond pendant with four-fold fringe of ruby beads. Considerable colored chiffon. White satin gown with deepest red velvet cape.

THE NEW YORK FASHION EDITOR ADDS A FEW NOTES

WHITE glacé pull-on gloves dazzle in loose-fitting smartness against sun-burned arms.

Colors under the Palm Beach sun are legion, and pumpkin orange is gently demanding an audience.

"Sleeveless frocks for daytime wear in January, 1929, sleeves for informal evening gowns," says the provocative mode.

On dit there are thirty-two off-white shades, which makes it easy for you to choose just the tone to add luster to your skin.

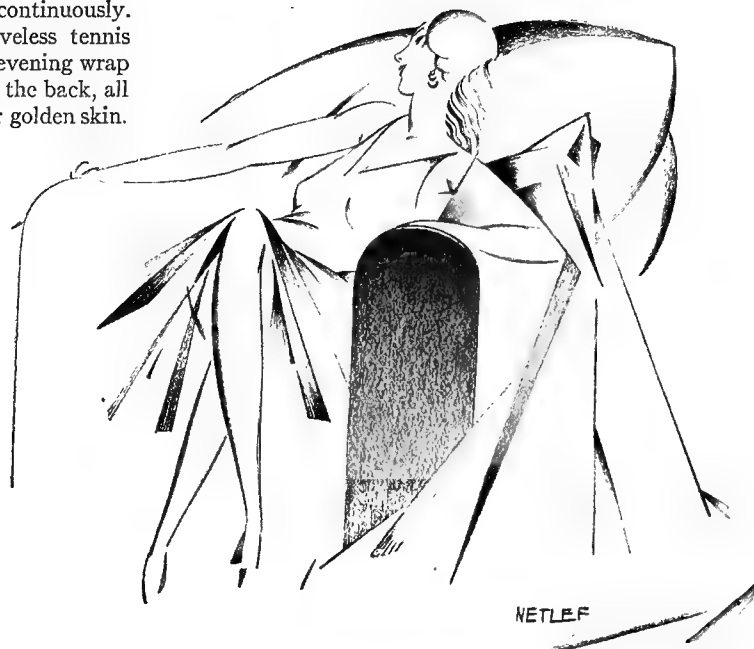
Slip a pair of heavy, simple sleeve links, with stones which match your blouse, into the cuffs of your cardigan in place of buttons. It is much smarter; and the blouse buttons may, in turn, match the links.

We've had one-eye hats, one-eyebrow hats, and now we have the one-ear hat. Be sure your hair is coiffed to go with its slanting chic, and that your *maquillage* blends with hair and hat in the latest ensemble.

You may now reveal your evenly sunburned back continuously. Your bathing suit, your beach pyjama, your sleeveless tennis or sports frock, your evening gown and now your evening wrap of transparent velvet, with a cowl-shaped drape in the back, all are cut in deep U shape, framing the allure of your golden skin.

An adorable Parisienne wears black frocks in the daytime, with dark red touches in hat and accessories. When she crosses her charming legs her knickers of matching red crêpe may or may not be glimpsed. She follows the same idea in her evening *dessous*, satin aiding and abetting satin, crêpe de Chine, or what you will.

A little jacket certainly aids an evening gown in leading a double life. It is now unnecessary to have your bare arm in close proximity to the sleeve of some total stranger at the theatre. Slip on a jacket of tailored satin, contrasting with your gown, or a matching flowered chiffon one, and drop it again in a colorful heap when you return to the semi-privacy of a supper party. The fastidious woman welcomes this *idée de génie* and wonders why she hasn't always done it.





WORTH

The Marquise de Casa Maury wears this graceful and interesting gown from Worth in a new large-mesh tulle, dark sapphire-blue in color. The skirt is built on uneven lines, short in front and very long at the sides and back. There is a little removable jacket of the tulle with studs of strass. The bodice line is low, but the belt of blue velvet ribbon is at the natural place. There is every evidence that the separate jacket with evening dress will continue in the mode.



Chantal makes a little extra coat that may be had in any material, such as thin lamé for evening, or crêpe or other silk for daytime. The model is in toile de soie in tiny checks of red and white, lined with a pale yellow-green, and bordered on the inside and tied with bottle-green velvet ribbons. An example of the new odd color combinations of the springs.



CHANTAL

PARIS PREPARES FOR THE SOUTH

*The Mid-season Collections show Models for Palm Beach
and the Riviera, the first Hints for Spring*

BY MARJORIE HOWARD

PARISIANS are beginning to ask, "What shall we have for the evening after the uneven skirt with trailing panels?" When people begin to talk like this, the dissolution of an existing fashion is usually not far distant. So I have been watching the mid-season collections with more than usual attention to see if I could pick up a hint as to the coming change. The indications, so far, are slight indeed, as you shall hear when we discuss the evening mode at the leading houses later on.

General opinion seems to be fairly well satisfied on the question of daytime dress, especially sports dress. We continue to find sports and semi-sports clothes just about right as they are. So their basic plan remains the same, and changes are rung on materials and their unex-

pected employment, and on details of cut and finish that add individual touches to a model conceived on an unaltered plan. While the collections were passing, I jotted down special notes on every indication of novelty, for I decided to confine my reports on these showings mainly to what is really new.

So, to begin with sports. The three schemes, one-piece frock and top-coat; jumper, cardigan and short skirt; two-piece frock and jacket of varying length, still form the basis of sports clothes. The jumpers are gradually giving up their bold modernistic decorations in favor of small-spaced designs, or the concentration of pattern in one part only of the garment. Some of them are of silk instead of the invariable wool. Lanvin, for instance, has a black-and-white-

striped silk sweater with a plaited black satin skirt among her new sports models. Often the skirts are circular instead of plaited, or they are inset with pointed godets in the front. Occasionally the plaits appear only in the back. Sometimes the effect of the long slim jumper is enhanced by a very tight flat section at the top of the skirt, which breaks into a sharp flare below. Then the narrow belt, which remains an almost invariable accessory, is placed quite high on the jumper, even at its natural place. It may be left off, if necessary, by those whose natural waists are not slim and supple enough to stand a band here. You will see this silhouette illustrated in the model from Bernard et Cie., drawn by Enid Engel on page 66.

The short fur jacket promises to be popular for early spring, and for European Southern wear. Worth does it in black fur with a two-piece costume of putty, very tight and flat at the hips with a plaited skirt, and also in black Persian lamb with a crêpe frock combined with his new pumpkin yellow. Molyneux and Chanel are other houses that sponsor the short fur coat. Molyneux has a charming new suit on the same lines, with a short black tweed jacket, turned back with mannish revers of Persian lamb, a black satin blouse and plaited tweed skirt, with a Persian lamb muff and a felt hat bordered with the fur.

THE placing of the belt is perhaps the most interesting thing about the new sports clothes. A continued effort is being made to get it higher. Mary Nowitzky, the sports specialist, has very definitely placed it at its natural place. She maintains that if the figure is slim, accentuation of the natural waist makes it look slimmer. This reasoning is sound, for in the normal feminine figure this is the smallest part of the trunk. Unfortunately, when the figure thickens, it is at this point that the thickening invariably shows; also the wearing of any kind of a corset-belt to hold the hips must inevitably push up a certain amount of flesh to this point. As the majority of the clients of a big dressmaking house are out of their twenties, it would be madness for the designers to insist upon a fashion that catered solely to youth, or to those who have perfectly preserved its illusion. So most of them allow us to remove our belts, preserving the straight line of the jumper which has proved more becoming to the majority. Mary Nowitzky, however, has gone farther this season, especially in her beach pyjamas, and has provided the trousers with deep-fitted tops, which are worn outside the blouse, as you will see in the model on the Last-Minute pages.

COATS and suits come logically after sports clothes, and indeed are a part of them. There is not much difference between the new tweed coats and the old. Other coats, however, show some slight changes. The indication of flare in the back, mentioned first last summer before the August collections, has been developed, and in many of the important collections we find coats flat and slim in front, and flaring in the back, more or less, from a well-defined curve at the waist-line. At Patou's, on the contrary, we find some coats with slight flare only in front. At others, notably Jane Régné's, we have a coat silhouette that flares sharply all round from a fitted top with a rather high waist-line, the so-called Persian silhouette. There is a suggestion of this line, which has returned so often to favor in the pageant of fashion, in the model on the Last-Minute pages from the newly combined house, Drecoll-Beer.

The great majority of coats, however, are on straighter lines, and these straighter coat lines will still be the choice of the majority of women for the present. Many of the new models, especially as we approach the more formal afternoon type, have short cape backs, always a graceful accompaniment to the slender line. Many of the crêpe coats, and I think the crêpe de Chine coat will be very good this spring, tie in the front with important long ends. Vionnet has some lovely ensembles of red or navy crêpe de Chine coats, and soft fluttery scarfed frocks of small flower prints. These tied collars effectively replace fur trimmings. We wear fur-trimmed coats so relentlessly all the rest of the year, that we may well leave them off in the South or in early summer in town. Tweed



LOUISEBOULANGER

An unusual combination of color is found in this Louiseboulanger gown of faille, white and Madonna blue. The double puffs at the back have a downward tendency, like the folded wings of a moth, and the front is straight and slim, recalling the moth's body. This is a most popular line for evening gowns, and demands a slender, supple figure.

coats, for instance, are smarter without fur. Some of the new ones have little standing collars, stitched in rows, perhaps, to give them body, as in the model from Goupy sketched by Enid Engel on page 67.

When fur trimmings are used, they are either of flat or fluffy furs, flat on the less informal models, and fluffy for more formal wear. Astrakhan continues to be the favorite flat fur, and blue fox is still very smart as a fluffy fur. I see matching furs, light on dark coats, and dark on light coats in the mid-season collections. Paquin, the house that is famous for its handling of fur, is inclined to use fur trimmings on the elbows of new coats, instead of at the edges of the sleeves.

THAT type of suit which I call "the cut-off ensemble" and which I first noticed at Lelong's some time ago, and noted in the magazine, has taken a definite place in many important houses. The coat, three-quarter length or slightly shorter, is invariably of the same material as the skirt, and the effect is that of a tiered coat when both are worn together. The distinguishing feature is the important fur collar, generally of shawl shape, in a fluffy fur, usually fox, sometimes lynx. There is one with a slit cape-back from Lelong sketched on the Last-Minute pages. Often we find with them blouses of a different material and a different color; for the blouse, having been insignificant, is now becoming important again. Putty or pale gray blouses with dark colors, deep sapphire blue, rich dark green, or deep red; and white blouses with black are seen. There is no great change in materials, in either coats, suits or their accompanying gowns. Tweeds and mixtures continue to be of first importance, wool jerseys, patterned and plain; light-weight woollens of many kinds, with a strong hint of the return of velours de laine to importance in the spring; crêpes, sometimes with matching frocks, sometimes with small-design prints; an occasional satin coat; these are the classics. In some houses we find an interesting use of unexpected fabric combinations. I am thinking of the ensemble for Southern wear from Schiaparelli, drawn by Miss Engel on page 67, which combines natural chamois with a heavy imported Chinese tussore; while at Suzanne Talbot's, there is an equally interesting ensemble made of Rodier's "djersa kashamoussa," an openwork crinkly jersey, that looks like hand-knitting, in blue and grège; and another example of odd material combination in a coat and frock of navy crêpe de Chine, the short jacket lined with white herring-bone tweed, which also makes the blue stitched belt of the gown. Worth makes an ensemble of black velvet coat, and a frock of entirely quilted black satin, for warmth on chilly days. Occasionally we find a new use of plaits applied to coats. Louiseboulanger has a three-quarter coat in a gray and white mixture with flat box plaits in the back and on the sleeves.

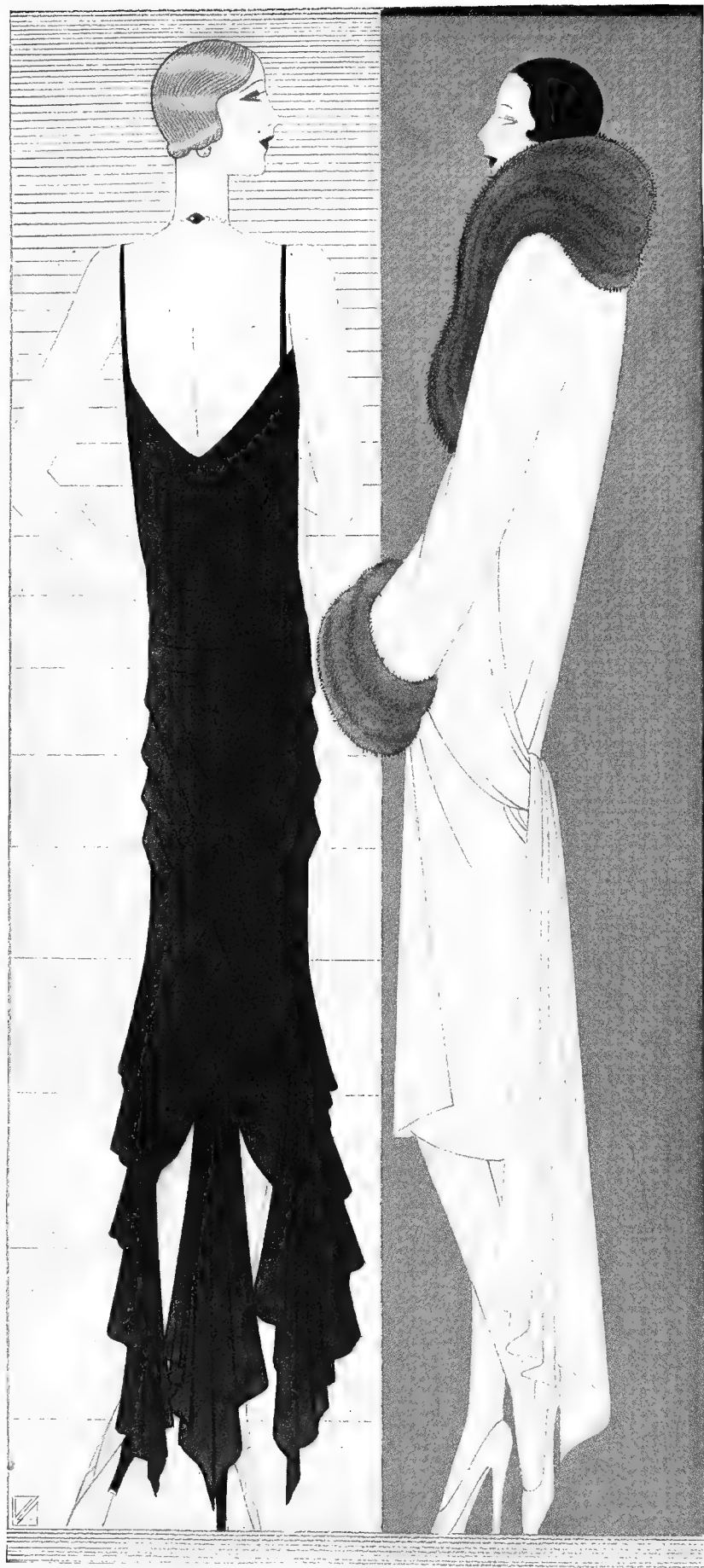
MANY houses are using small checks both in silks and wools. Jane Régné is making military looking suits of crisp woollens, such as gabardine and covert cloth, with jackets that look like an officer's tunic, and patterned sweaters. In many houses, I note an interest in crisper silks, surahs and silk gabardines for daytime wear, in some form of coat and dress or jacket and skirt. For Southern sports frocks, I find wash silks, not thin, with raised stripes or little broché designs. London Trades uses these in rose, green or blue and white for slim sleeveless frocks, something like the old-fashioned shirtwaist frock, but in one piece and



PATOU

Patou has revived crêpe georgette and crêpe romain for evening frocks. This one is in black, with an uneven hem, but its reason for being sketched is the accompanying coat, in one of the lovely great squares of black crêpe romain, made by Ducharme, adorned with gold butterfly wings and flowers woven into the surface. A wrap for warm climates.

Lelong's prettiest evening gown is in black georgette, which seems to be replacing the eternal chiffon for the evenings. The interlacing of the bands in the back is very new and graceful. The front is quite slim and plain, with a buckle of cut crystal on the narrow belt, and four wide tucks in the georgette for the only trimming.



LELONG

LELONG

This lovely evening coat from Lelong is in an off-white shade of silk velvet, trimmed with brown mink collar and cuffs. The most distinguishing feature of the wrap is the attached scarf belt, which is knotted in the back on a low line and trails long ends. It gives an effect of slenderness and length, and is becoming with a gown that is long in the back.

belted with a colored antelope belt. Patou continues to use his little cravat silk for frocks of this type.

Coming to frocks, there is an interesting development at Lelong's: an importance given to backs, in a new way, not in the least reminiscent of the bustle era. Lelong makes his crêpe and satin frocks on slim lines, quite plain and straight in front, sometimes belted at the top of the hip. Then in the back of the skirt, on a low line, he puts panels, full sections, of

soft godets, falling quite straight when the figure is still, but stirring prettily with a streaming movement in motion. The famous "interest in the back" is still with us, but not often now in bustle form. Worth is using a sort of pinafore line, straight and slim in front, the skirt slit up in the back over an underskirt, and simply tied with narrow ends as an apron is tied. Patou still runs his tiers and flounces up in the back, sometimes finishing in a soft, unimportant bow. I shall describe the evening

interpretation of this feeling later when I get to the novelties in evening dress.

To continue with afternoon frocks. They are often frilled, flounced and tiered, as to skirts. They are sometimes straight and slim and finished with a twelve- to eighteen-inch frill, often circular, at the hem. Often, they follow the modern princess line, especially at Lanvin's. There is a frock of this kind from Jenny on the Last-Minute pages. Apropos of this line, I saw Madame Agnès at the Ritz one

day, wearing a black satin Vionnet frock under a broadtail coat, the frock cut with a fitted bodice and a skirt hung in sharp godet flares from the natural waist-line, which was further marked by a black satin belt. She tells me that she is having this gown repeated in white satin, with long plain sleeves, for evening in hotels and restaurants, especially for St. Moritz, where she expects to spend some time this winter.

That there is a decided reaction against evening décolleté in public places is evident by the continuation of the little evening jacket, not only in the new collections of the couturiers, but in the wardrobes of smart women. Most of the houses complete lace, chiffon or georgette evening frocks with jackets to match, sometimes sleeveless, sometimes sleeved. Madame Wormser at Chéruit's continues to make for her most important clients the spangled

"smokings" with tulle skirts for which she is famous. Lanvin puts jackets exactly like men's dinner coats, in bright-colored heavy satin or lamé moire, over her gowns of all materials; one in brilliant cornflower blue satin is worn with a frock of white crêpe satin, long in the back. Even more interesting than the evening jacket is the long-sleeved evening gown made in some houses, notably at Lanvin's and at Lenief's. There is an example from the latter house photographed by Baron de Meyer on page 76.

Before taking up the subject of what is new in evening dress, I want to say a word about prints, as I am so often asked about them. Ensembles of print and plain crêpe de Chine appear in all the houses. The prints are small, sometimes tiny, sometimes floral in design, sometimes conventional. Minute checks are very popular. Colors are often subdued. Patou, for example, uses a print of dark brown and

dull green. In a few houses, notably Lelong and Molyneux, prints appear with less frequency than usual. In many houses I find a printed satin of confetti design on a dark ground. Patou, Vionnet and Régnier have used it, among others. Printed velvets have almost disappeared, as we should expect. The usual way of using prints is in a plain coat and printed gown. Louiseboulanger, however, has a different method of her own for combining them. She puts a dark crêpe sleeveless gown, slit up the sides, over a printed frock, letting the sleeves of the print appear without the plain. This fashion of a sleeve in different material is also favored by Lanvin; who, on a gown of black georgette, uses sleeves made of narrow bands of reseda green, dull rose, white and black. She also stripes the sleeves of a dark blue georgette dinner gown with bands of silver beading. (Continued on page 66)

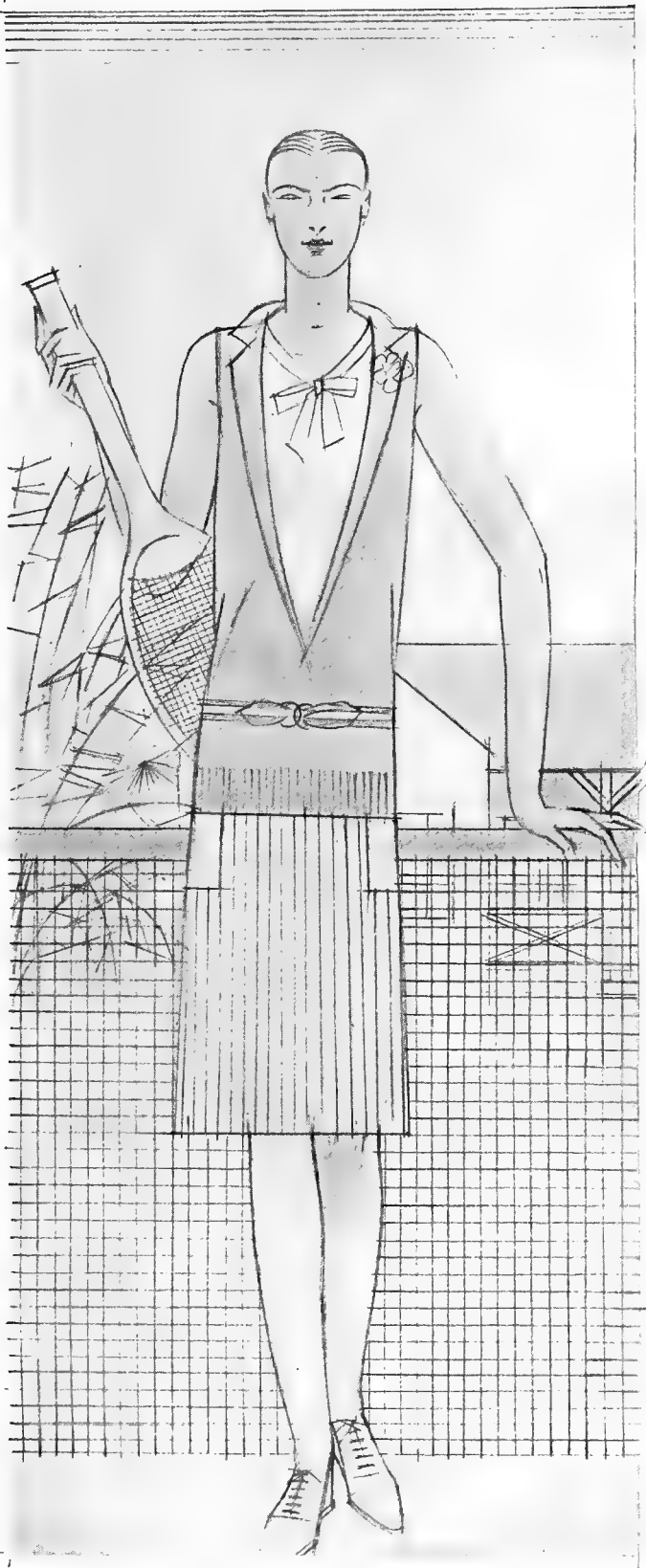
DRECOLL-BEER

PREMET

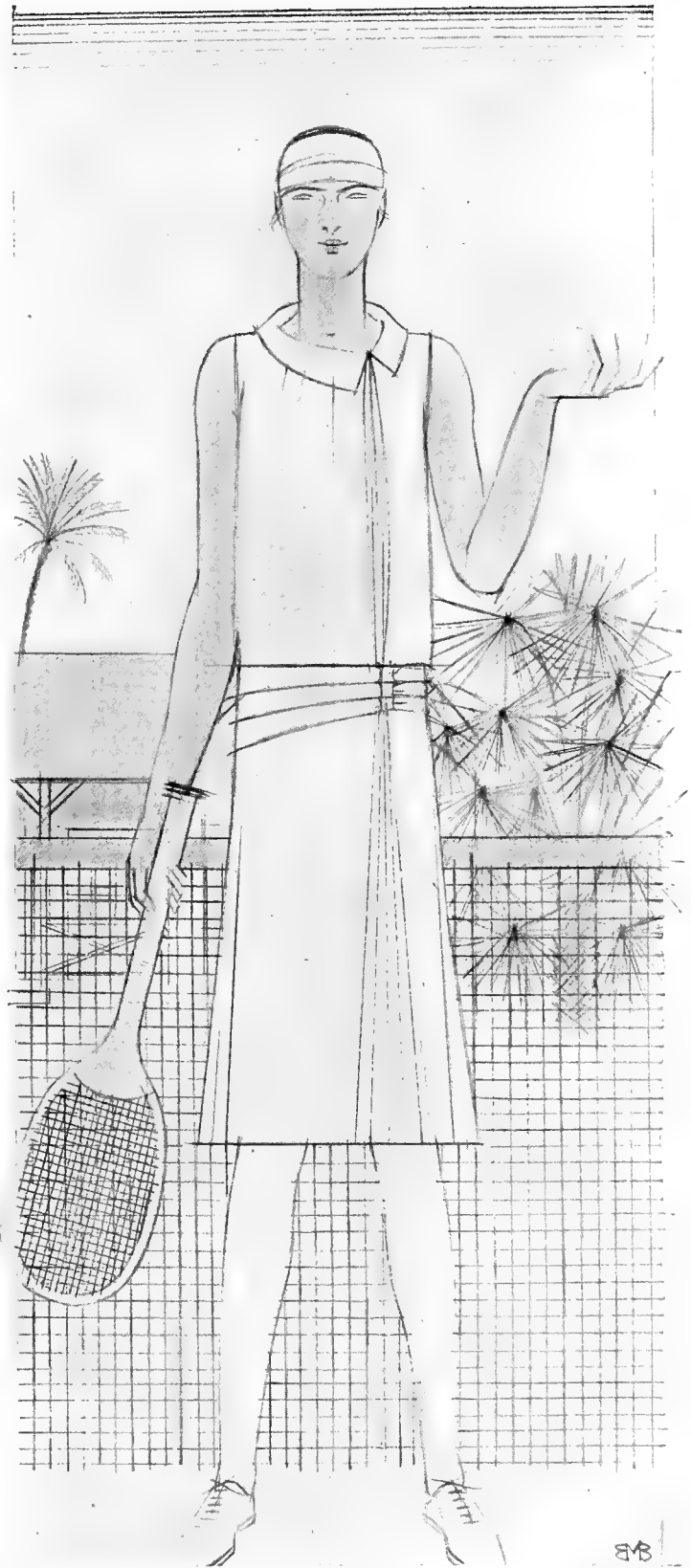


Drecoll and Beer are now affiliated under the name of Drecoll-Beer, with Madame Germaine of the latter house as head designer. This evening gown is in black lace over chiffon, with a peplum stiffened with crin lace, and an uneven skirt that is much longer at one side.

Premet has an interesting evening ensemble in dark sapphire-blue. The gown is chiffon, and the coat is an unusual combination of velvet top and chiffon skirt. The collar is gray fox, the sleeves velvet with chiffon bands.



LONDON TRADES

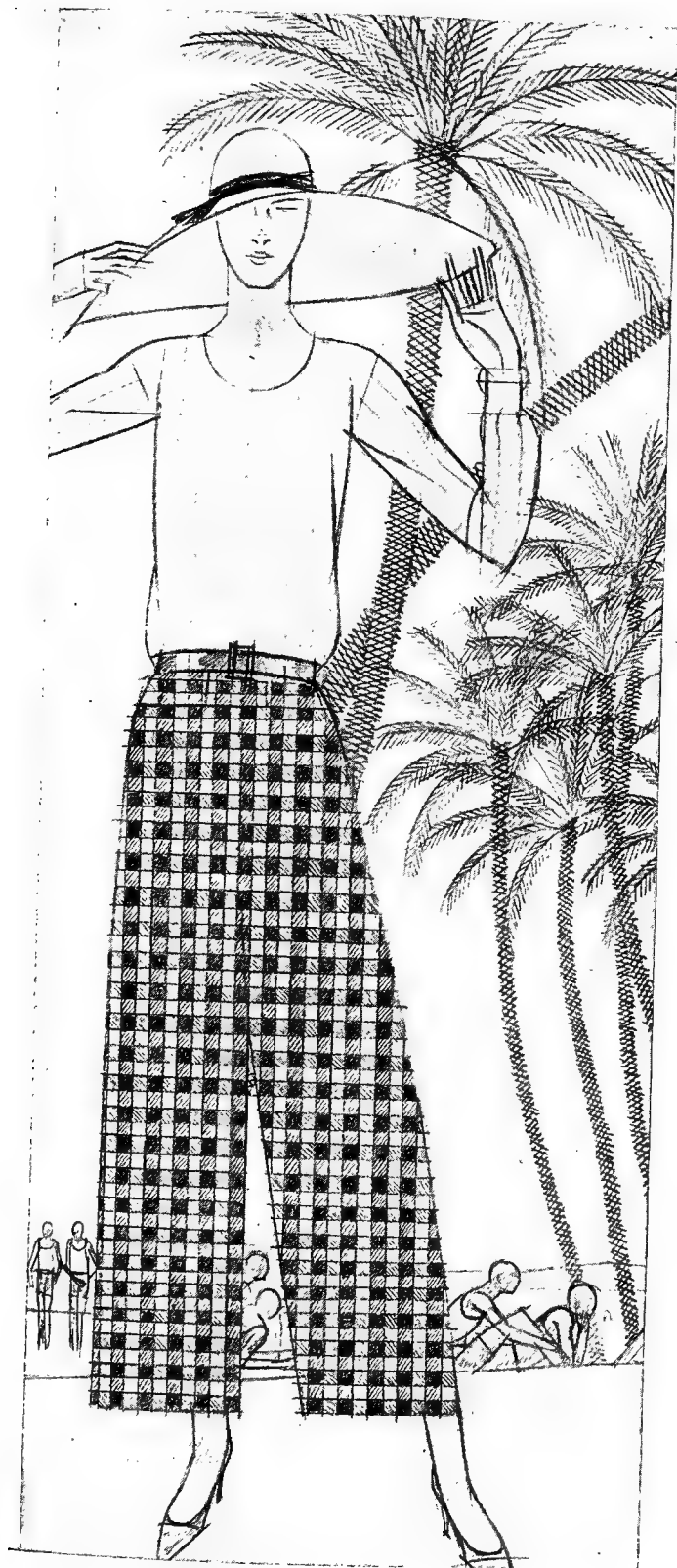


JANE RÉGNÝ

TENNIS UNDER THE SOUTHERN SUN

This tennis frock from London Trades is made of piqué de soie, a ribbed white silk, quite heavy, which holds its shape very well and can be washed. The frock is sleeveless, with plaits for easy movement in the skirt. Over it is a sleeveless cardigan of coral-colored wool jersey, while the belt is a triple grosgrain ribbon, two coral and one white.

While this frock from Jane Régný is primarily for tennis, it is the type of silk model which will be good for Southern wear. The material is silk gabardine in ivory white, and the point of the gown is the concentration of the fulness in a fan-plaited panel at one side. The gown is sleeveless, and the turn-over collar, open at the side, is new and practical.



MARY NOWITZKY



CHANTAL

BASK ON THE BEACH IN PYJAMAS

A picturesque and thoroughly practical beach pyjama from Mary Nowitzky has a blouse in striped white cotton, like a man's shirt. This tucks into the trousers, which are extremely wide and made of red and yellow checked gabardine de sote. There is a black patent-leather belt at the natural waist, and the ensemble is completed by a wide, coarse straw hat.

Chantal has an excellent pyjama for beach wear in a new material called "astrakia," something like heavy silk jersey. The coat is geranium red, the straight, wide trousers and the blouse, "violine," a reddish purple. The coat fastens oddly to one side with one button, and ends in a scarf. The belt is black and red with a metal buckle. Worn by Mrs. Lyman Hine.



BERNARD et CIE

JENNY

BERNARD et CIE

Yellow and green, singly or in the mixtures called tilleul, absinthe and chartreuse, are promising colors for the South and, later, for spring, in sports and country clothes. This sports frock from Bernard et Cie is in yellow wool jersey. It is a one-piece dress, bloused slightly above a flat hip section, accentuated by a brown cloth band and bow.

Jenny has a travel or spectator sports costume in bright grass-green duvetyn, trimmed with light brown shaved lamb. The coat is three-quarter length with large pockets at the sides. The sweater blouse is in green wool tricot, and the scarf is knitted into the blouse in green and beige chine jersey, the end being fringed and falling loose.

A sports frock in a light-weight tweed in a gray, black, green and white mixture woven in a broken check effect. The blouse descends narrowly on the hips, but is belted much higher with a belt of grass-green leather and a fastening of four silver rings. It is also piped with green leather. The skirt is circular and full. Bernard et Cie.

Sleeves are beginning to attract attention in other houses. Suzanne Talbot puts straight three-quarter sleeves on the frocks of her Riviera ensembles, which nearly all are made of silk fabrics. Vionnet has an interesting sleeve on a navy crêpe coat, full from the elbow to the wrist. This coat is interesting altogether, for it is cut with a high-waisted fitted body part and sharply flaring skirts, in the "Persian" silhouette mentioned above. The sleeveless gown is firmly established everywhere in all materials.

Last fall, tiny prints were the choice of some

of the smartest women at Biarritz, and the print cardigan was the accompaniment of the frock, both in print and plain. It is probable that this mode will persist for Southern wear this year. It is a very pretty one. At London Trades, they substitute a little broché silk for a print, using it for a cravat collar, belt and facing of the cardigan of a beige jersey frock.

When it comes to print frocks to be worn without a coat, larger designs may take the place of the tiny ones. And as for printed chiffons, for evening, their patterns are often quite

large. They are either vague and formless recalling frost designs on windowpanes, or cloud patterns, quite large leaf designs, or rather conventional flowers. Louiseboulanger shows a penchant for small sprigged designs. She also has an unusual use of printed material in an evening gown, with full paneled skirt, the fabric being a silver lamé with a printed design of small Dresden roses in bunches. Printed chiffon evening gowns have no intention of leaving the evening mode, judging by these collections.



GOUPEY

SCHIAPARELLI

SCHIAPARELLI

An excellent travel, sports and country costume from Goupy in a Scotch tweed in beige and brown speckled effect. The seven-eighths coat is stitched on the edges to give it body. The skirt has flat plaits at the back only. The sweater blouse is in Rodier's zigzag jersey in cream, beige, brown and blue. The scarf is attached to blouse.

From Schiaparelli comes this excellent Southern ensemble of heavy Chinese tussore in natural silk color and natural chamois leather. The coat is finished with a scarf collar. The gown is a tunic frock of the tussore stitched on all the edges, with a stitched belt, fastened with a very new Chinese buckle in ivory leaves, mounted in silver.

A most interesting ensemble with a coat of white and grayish-brown tweed, speckled, and finished with a yoke of brown astrakhan. The dress is a gray moire, with collar and cuffs of brown silk rep, the collar worn turned down over the fur yoke. For cold weather, there is a frock in plain brown tweed, like the silk one. From Schiaparelli.

A revival of interest in georgette, both for daytime and evening wear, is worthy of note. Molyneux is making costumes of it designed for informal evening wear. He made one for Mrs. Cole Porter in the very deep green that she fancies, with a simple frock, belted and a plaited skirt, worn with a jacket of the same, finished at the edge with a narrow circular frill. Patou is using black georgette for his evening frocks where he invariably used chiffon last year.

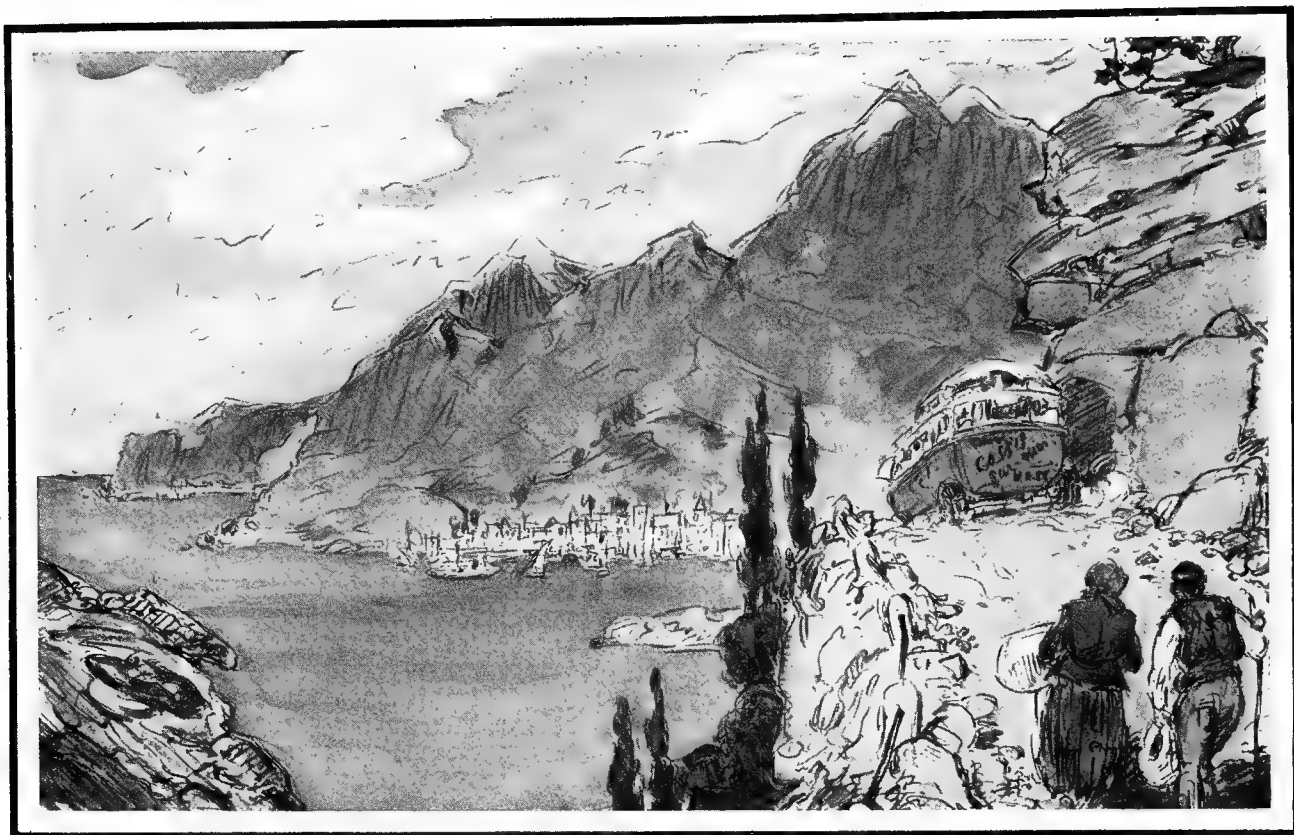
Other evening materials include lace,

Lanvin having a special lace of her own with an oval design of the seeds of the plant called "Honesty," or in French "*Monnaie du Pape*." Baron de Meyer has photographed a model in this lace on page 77. Plain chiffon in quantities; at Lelong's scintillating with occasional embroideries, or with a new cuirass effect of silk stitching massed in curved designs. There is a new big open mesh net, used by Worth, as you may see in the model made for the Marquise de Casa Maury at the beginning of this article. Tulle appears more often

in ruffles of Spanish inspiration, perhaps, than in the tailored style. This completes the thin materials.

Medium materials include crêpe satin, which Vionnet is draping to the side-back, with very straight slim fronts; transparent velvet, which Boulanger embroiders in metal spangles; moire, which Premet is using in important gowns with two large bows, one at the waist, and another set low on the back of the pointed skirt; a taffeta broché favored by Louiseboulanger in a wave design; faille, (Concluded on page 114)

A Story by John Anderson:



"The springless bus lumbered down the hills above Cassis to the village of Cassis-sur-mer."

PILGRIMAGE

The Story of a Woman who Lived a Promise She Could have Forgotten

Illustrated by James Preston

THE springless bus, which twice daily meets the train from Marseilles, was lumbering down the hills above Cassis, where the station was, to the fishing-village of Cassis-sur-mer, nestling behind its crescent-shaped mole on the edge of the Mediterranean. As usual it was almost empty. Three passengers, scattered far apart on its hard benches in the instinctive enmity of travel, jounced about with bored abandon, too languid in the heat and dust to care much what the P. L. M. and the vicious pebbles of Provence could, in cowardly conspiracy, do to them.

They swayed and nodded to each other, as inadvertently effusive as life-long friends, and I, who was the third in the bus, meditated vaguely on the avoidable suffering the human race is willing to undergo for the often doubtful satisfaction of moving from one place to another.

At the bottom of the second hill, when we emerged from a rut with a jolt that would, ordinarily, I had noticed before, make passengers smile faintly at each other in that wanly triumphant look of survival, which people have sometimes when they have shared together some

common danger, as who should say, "They missed us that time,"—at that spot, I say, it occurred to me that the indifference of my two companions extended beyond the immediate torment of the bus and included, apparently, all the physical and spiritual molestations of the world.

In one of them the attitude seemed immediately explainable. He was a seaman, as everything about him indicated, and stood confirmed by the bundle which rolled around on the baggage platform, between a few small pieces of luggage and a can of milk brought for Cassis by the afternoon train. It was the scorching trip from the station, over that road and in that bus, which had given rise to the jesting libel that Cassis had never tasted anything fresher than buttermilk.

The sailor had thrown himself across the back seat, and braced his feet, shod in the flimsy espadrilles of the Mediterranean seaboard, against the side of the car. He was, I guessed, straight off the Quai de la Joliette to join one of those dusty tramps which ply out of Cassis for Algiers with cement, and reduce, thrice-

weekly by their loading, the Cassis waterside to a sticky cloud of powder, and the harbor-edge to a scum-coated bog.

Except for her rather exaggerated and insistent lassitude there was nothing remarkable about the woman. In a bus full of people she might have been the least striking, but the very qualities which would have left her unnoticed, made her in a strict sense, and by herself, out of the ordinary since the ordinary was not there, as usual, for her background.

You might have put her down, as I was inclined to at first, as a sullen tourist, jaded into the inert condition to which many American travelers in Europe take refuge from their own speed mania. Certainly she was American, but with an air suggesting that she was unfamiliar with the express and travel agencies; then, too, Cassis doesn't have tourists, since the guide-books give it two lines at best, suspecting, perhaps, that its charms are not obvious enough for all that.

I took note of the fact that she knew the fare from the station to the town, and paid the *contrôleur* exactly one franc fifty, with two

francs extra for the luggage. Plainly she had gone to Cassis before, and since most people went there either to paint or to swim, it seemed probable, in the absence of painting-gear and boxes, and by her lack of interest in the landscape, that she was, after all, merely a vacationist from some job in Paris or London, who would return by that same bus within a couple of weeks, browner perhaps, perhaps even more alert, and in this easy pigeonhole I stuck her until the bus turned into the tiny avenue Victor Hugo, taking its whole width, and came to a screeching stop near the absurdly small public square, where the *commissaire* awaited his customers.

For it is the practice in Cassis for this functionary to take, nay! wrest, all baggage from the arrivals, dump the lot upon the cart of an uncomplaining donkey and distribute it all, if God is good, to the rightful owners some time during the day. He is a person to be spoken to with a soft voice and willing pocketbook, and we two, the sailor spurning such childish help, stood waiting for the transfer when I first spoke to my companion.

"A bad stretch of road," I said, "for the best of cars."

"Yes," she said, looking at me with slightly disconcerting directness for a moment, as if she had only then discovered that someone else had come with her in the bus. "Yes," she said, "pretty bad."

She spoke to the *commissaire* and told him in good enough French but with the slovenly accent you find among clever Americans and the people of the Midi, that she would be at the Lieutaud.

"Cassis," I said, undaunted, in a remark so general that she could listen or not as she pleased, "Cassis," I said, "is an unusual place, interesting without being quaint."

"Is it?" she said, and though I suspected from the words that she might have intended sarcasm, the tone of voice indicated merely a tired and very shallow wonder, as if, indeed, she might have weighed the matter, and asked the question solely of herself. We had finished our business, and went our separate ways.

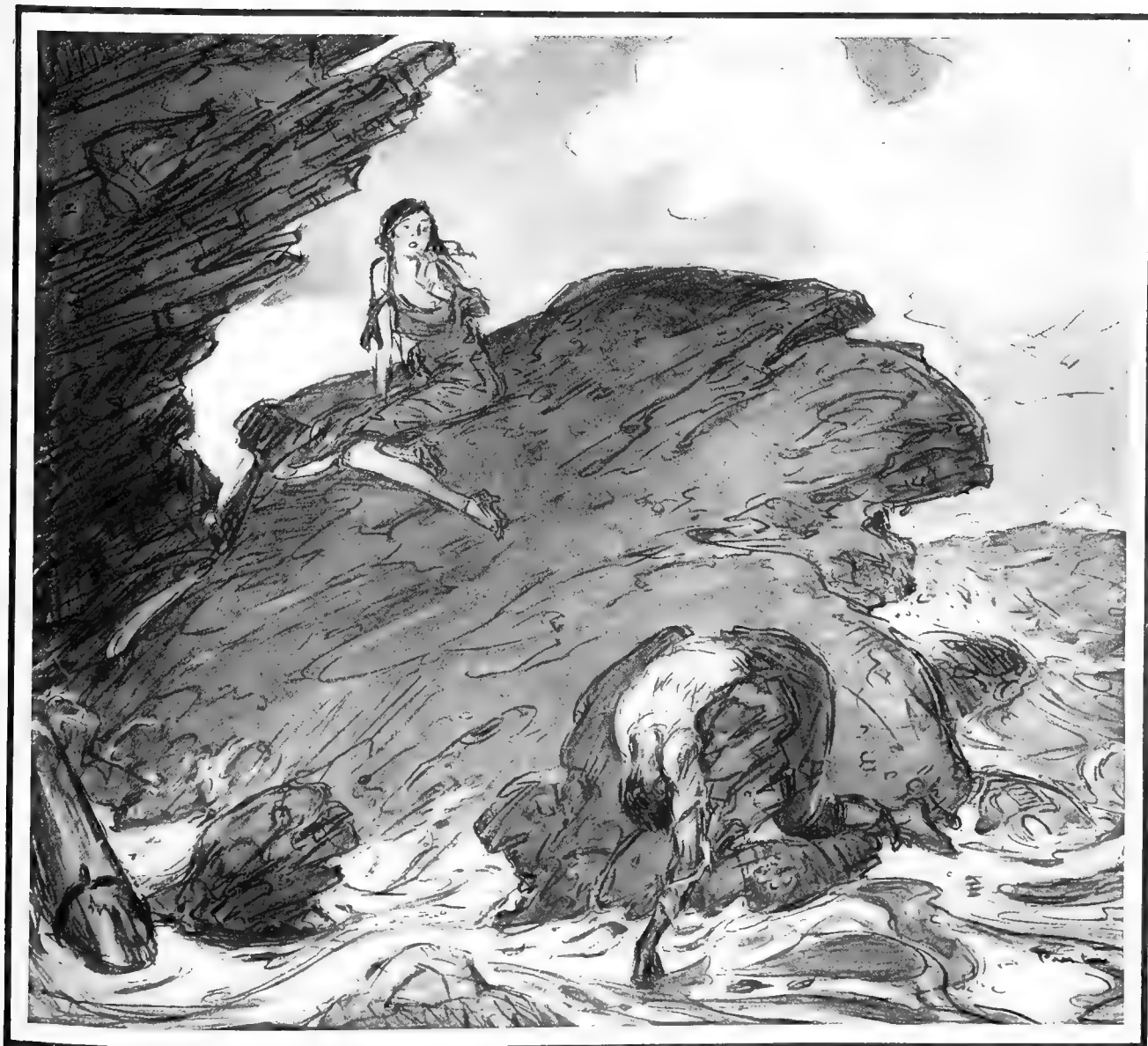
Cassis boasts one taxicab, a doubtful public utility, which is really the pleasure vehicle of a sardine fisherman, who accommodates passengers when he happens to be ashore. So I walked over to the Hotel du Panorama perched on its superb and arrogant site beyond and above the town. The waterfront was as usual to the unfamiliar eye, but I could discover from the boats drawn up on the sloping quai, much of the local history that had passed in the few weeks of my absence. Plainly old Francesco Tonarini had ended his extensive days without ever getting back across the Mediterranean to the beloved Napoli he had left sixty years before. Plainly, I say, because his boats, and his son's boats were painted black and nuzzled the

concrete wall of the dock in slow undulations, like a fleet of funeral barges in placid expectancy. It is a fisher fashion of mourning death, where life is passed.

The gossip of the hotel eddied about a while, and as it was then only half past five, I went for a swim, staying until George frowned at my tardiness for his infernally prompt seven-o'clock dinner. But it was cool and twilight upon the upper balcony afterward, so that you forgot the annoyance of dining so early in the glory of Cap Canaille, fairly wallowing in the splendors of sunset. We sat there, many of us, smoking and talking in that tenuous way people have in the incredible stillness of Mediterranean nights, until nearly twelve.

A vacuous moon seemed a little astonished even at itself as it rose with the steady deliberation of an elevator above the headland. Now and then the soft put-put of a fisher boat labored through the silence, came abreast the hotel, and died with a sigh somewhere this side of the beacon whose beam, hidden thoughtfully from the land side, could be seen to the seaward, lighting in its brief flares the cliff above the bathing-beach, where all Cassis was afraid there would some day be a casino. We sat thus for hours, in the unknowing sensuousness of spectators at an hypnotic spectacle.

I forgot to say, as indeed I had forgotten then, that it was a Saturday, and presently a blaring of music in the (Continued on page 120)



"'I clung there all night,' she said, 'but it was some time before I could see the Italian.'"



REBOUX

REBOUX

*Baroness de Meyer in a new Reboux hat of
Black Felt, with Red and Beige feathers*

BY *Baron de Meyer:*



CHÈRUIT

Lady Dukes (née Miss Margaret Rutherford) in gold-spangled smoking-jacket with gold-colored net skirt.

ACCENTING INDIVIDUALITY

A Delightful Young Lady Shops in Paris

For her Trousseau

"BARBARA'S marriage fixed for January twentieth. Coming over to order wedding gown. Expect you to dinner on Tuesday night. Have engaged suite at the Georges V."
"ANGELA ANGELICA."

This being a telegram from Lady Angleford heralding her arrival.

She eventually came over in the good old-fashioned way, by railroad, her daughter suffering from air sickness; modern mothers generally give way to modern daughters.

This is what Lady Angleford has to say on the subject of both her daughter and her clothes:

"To be a modern daughter's mother is a decided handicap.

Trying to guide her in the selection of clothes is an impossibility. Girls, nowadays, think of their mothers as old women with antiquated points of view. At times Barbara condescends to humor me, which is equally annoying. You, a stranger, might have influence where mine is bound to fail."

Upon which I inquire as to her taste in dress. "Is it very poor?"

"On the contrary, excellent, but her point of view—obstinate, her mind is too much made up."

"What exactly, then, do you object to?"

"To her accenting individuality, to her trying to look different from other girls, and especially to her emphasizing a British appearance. Dressmakers in Paris say, 'Mademoiselle



POIRET

*Bright green Fichu, Embroidered
in Silver; a Green velvet Skirt*

DEMMEYER

Δ

is so picturesque, *elle a le chic anglais!*"

"The latter," I interrupt, "being at present very chic in Paris."

To which Lady Angleford replies, "The French interpretation of *le chic anglais* might not be considered chic at all in London."

"Barbara, when she comes to Paris," pursues Lady Angleford, "always seems to be on the lookout for styles which, though they continue to exist in England (conservative England being faithful to institutions), are Paris fashions no longer."

Not having met Barbara before, I am unable to give an opinion, and therefore beg for an introduction.

"Where might she be?"

"Gone out," Lady Angleford tells me. "Had an appointment at the bar of the Ritz, of course. She expects to be home by nine."

It being early, Angela Angelica wants to hear about fashions.

"What is the newest silhouette? Its definition in the fewest words?"

My reply: "The synthesis of the most modern silhouette is the outline of woman's figure, the form divine clothed in supple textures."

"I, nevertheless, hear of stiff Lyons velvet and heavy metal brocades figuring in most Paris collections," Lady Angleford says.

"Quite so, but at present they are only made use of for very narrow-looking gowns and for wraps. Should they, however, become popular, these splendid-looking fabrics might easily destroy what has been so far the feature of the mode, the aforementioned form divine. Extreme fulness and heavy materials are inimical to the modern cult of line, and might therefore easily lead to a momentous change in styles."

"After seven lean years of slenderness and elongation, may we not be steering toward seven rich years of expansion? Only last week a well known designer, in conversation, expressed himself in favor of these seven years of splendor."

"I live in hopes of a reaction setting in," he said. "We've been satiated with exaggerated plainness far too long; let's have more magnificence of texture, more material used, and present to the public less abbreviation in our models."

"On the other hand, a day or two later, seated beside Madeleine Vionnet, in person, I listened to her intelligent observations, while watching her models pass before us."

Much interested, Angela Angelica was anxious to know what Madame Vionnet might have had to say. Here are some of the things I remember her telling me:

"Having been absent from Paris for several weeks, my vision is quite fresh. I feel like sitting in judgment on my own collection. I'm having a very good time. Aren't women beautiful? How lovely is the shade of this pale lavender velvet."

"Width? Expanse of skirt? More material? I don't know, I haven't thought about it. But I have always considered plenty of material to be essential for freedom of motion. I've never liked abbreviation, either of length or width."

"Good proportion is the keynote of good dressmaking. A gown can only be quite successful when the length of waist-line and skirt are in proportion to the wearer's height and figure."

"Yes, some of my panels on evening dresses are longer this season than they have ever been before. Some reach the



MOLYNEUX

DEMAY

4

Velvet breitschwanz Suit
in Black, with Brown Fur

floor, others are trailing, but most of the skirt part remains short."

"Won't you, Madame Vionnet, pick out the gown you like best, and let me photograph it for Harper's Bazar?"

"Why, certainly. Only, loving all the children of my brain, it will be difficult to select from among them."

"Let me see. I might possibly call this *Violine* sleeveless wrap, not exactly a cape, one of my favorite models. It clings to the back, and see, it ends in a multitude of pointed panels. The white ermine collar is soft and becoming, and new are my triangular-shaped cuffs. Yes, I might easily call this my favorite wrap."

"As to the gown I like best, it is undoubtedly the flesh satin evening gown *Roberte* is showing just now. Its feature is the overdress of black chiffon, leaving the front part of the gown uncovered. I consider the transparent black back effect a decided novelty. See how it hangs from the shoulders to below the satin hem-line; how, from the hips downward, the black chiffon cascades in rows and rows of waterfall flounces, almost reaching the heels."

At this point my conversation with my friend Angela Angelica is interrupted.

Barbara enters. She strikes me as very tall, though I've since realized she is merely well proportioned, divinely slender, and has a tiny face. Though not quite sure that she is even pretty, I am certain she is extremely good looking. Her clothes are black *breitschwanz* from head to foot, or rather from head to knee—a *breitschwanz* gown and a short coat of the same, with a sable-looking collar and low-hanging bell-shaped cuffs.

With this costume is worn a tiny black cap of spangled texture, one long black silk tassel dangling on her left cheek. Her feet are encased in very high-heeled patent-leather pumps with square steel buckles, and she wears a large pink *Malmaison* carnation pinned into the front of her coat. In spite of her skirt being much too narrow to walk in and so short as to display her kneecaps, she presents an extraordinarily smart appearance.

This, of course, is but the result of youth, of exaggerated slenderness, also because of the girl's very small head, to which should be added the unusual length of her flesh-colored limbs, which nowadays adds to modern picturesqueness.

Reflections on the questionable suitability of the young woman's clothes: From the Gare du Nord, she had evidently accompanied her mother to the hotel and had instantly rushed off to the Ritz. She must, therefore, have traveled in *breitschwanz* and sable. When she returned from the Ritz at 9 p. m., Barbara impressed me as decidedly smart, only what must she have looked like at Victoria station at 11 a. m., and what must people have thought of her while crossing the Channel? They must evidently have had a very poor opinion of the young woman's knowledge of what are suitable clothes for a journey. Worse, they must have had mistaken notions as to her social status in life.

Quite apart from its not being chic, women nowadays don't travel in what might be considered "finery." In the eyes of their fellow-travelers it stamps them as not "well bred" and belonging to the "wrong set." What might, of course, have been Barbara's excuse—"Was expected at the Ritz at seven; (Concluded on page 116)"



MOLYNEUX

DEMESSE

*Sapphire blue Velvet Gown
Embroidered in Silver Stars*



VIONNET

*A pink Satin gown Veiled
in Cloudy, black Chiffon*

DEWEES & CO.

A



LENIEF

The new Long-sleeved, High-necked Evening Gown of Gold spangled Lace. The Wrap is of Blond Velvet, with Fawn-colored Fur

DEMISEN

LA



LANVIN

DEMMEYER

*A Gown of Cream Lace in bold Design
over Black. It is Collared and Cuffed with
Ermine, Tied with crisp Black taffeta Bows*

A Short Story by Sherwood Anderson:

BEAUTY

*In the Heart of every Man Remains one
Moment of Perfect Illusion*

Illustrated by Clara Elsen Peck

THERE is a great deal of talk made about beauty, but no one defines it. It clings to some people.

Among women, now. The figure is something of course, the face, the lips, the eyes. The way the head sets on the shoulders.

The way a woman walks across the room may mean everything.

I myself have seen beauty in the most unexpected places. What has happened to me must have happened also to a great many other men.

I remember a friend I had formerly in Chicago. He had something like a nervous breakdown and went down into Missouri—to the Ozark Mountains, I think.

One day he was walking on a mountain road and passed a cabin. It was a poor place with lean dogs in the yard.

There were a great many dirty children, a slovenly woman and one young girl. The young

girl had gone from the cabin to a wood pile in the yard. She had gathered an armful of wood and was walking toward the house.

There in the road was my friend. He looked up and saw her.

There must have been something—the time, the place, the mood of the man. Ten years later he was still speaking of that woman, of her extraordinary beauty.

AND there was another man. He was from central Illinois and was raised on a farm. Later he went to Chicago and became a successful lawyer out there. He was the father of a large family.

The most beautiful woman he ever saw was with some horse-traders that passed the farm where he lived as a boy. When he was in his cups one night he told me that all of his night dreams were concerned with her. He said he thought it was the way she

walked. The odd part of it was that she had a bruised eye. Perhaps, he said, she was the wife or the mistress of one of the horse-traders.

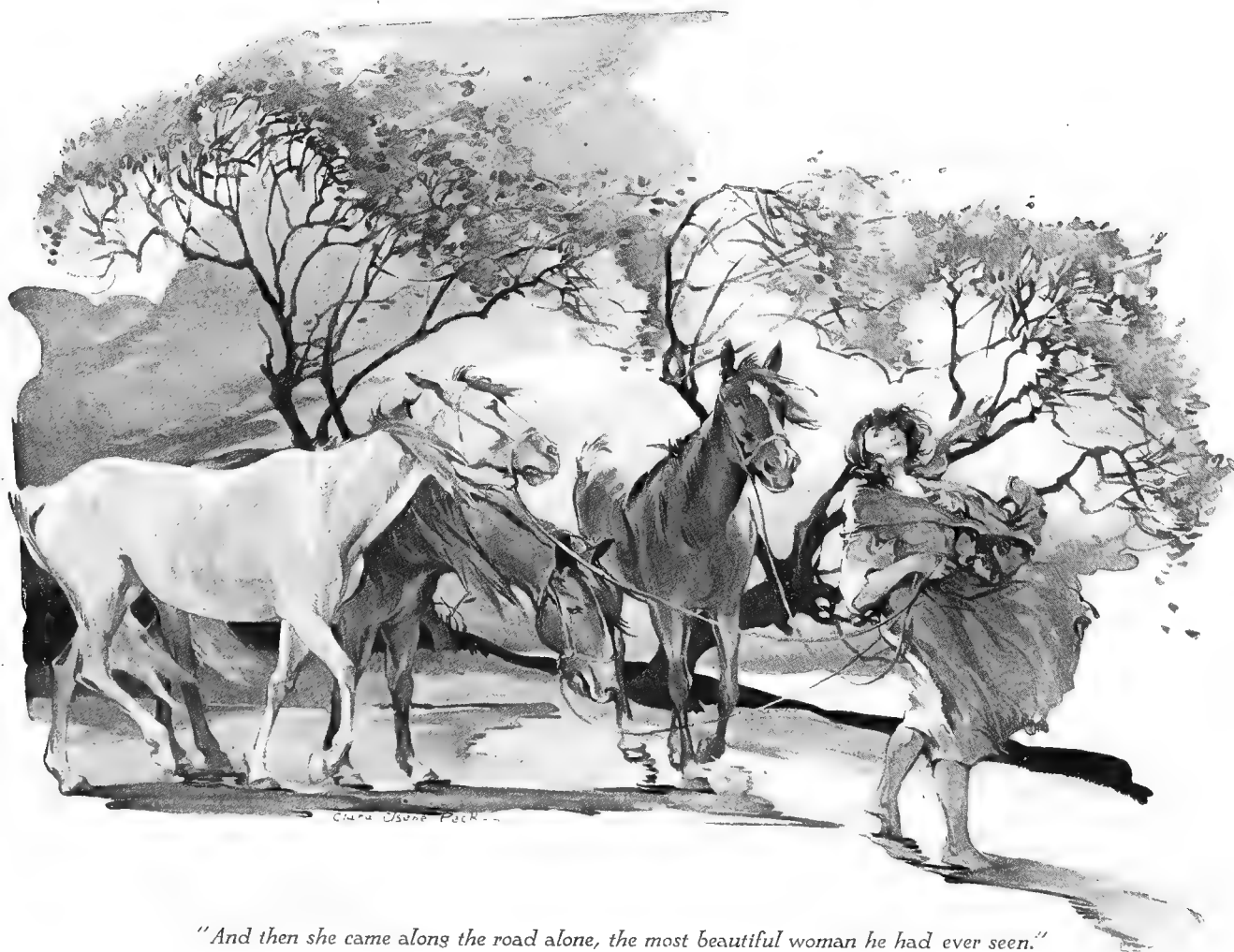
It was a cold day and she was barefooted. The road was muddy. The horse-traders, with their wagon, followed by a lot of bony horses, passed the field where the young man was at work. They did not speak to him. You know how such people stare.

And then she came along the road alone.

It may have been another case of a rare moment for that man.

He had some sort of tool in his hand, a corn-cutting knife, he said. The woman looked at him. The horse-traders looked back. They laughed. The woman may have sensed what the moment meant to him. The corn-cutting knife dropped from his hand. Women must know when they register like that.

And thirty years later she was still registering.



"And then she came along the road alone, the most beautiful woman he had ever seen."



"The mountains out of which she came as a child must have been in her at the moment."

ALL of which brings me to Alice. Alice used to say the whole problem of life lay in getting past what she called the "times between."

I wonder where Alice is. She was a stout woman who had once been a singer. Then she lost her voice.

When I knew her she had blue veins over her red cheeks and short gray hair. She was the kind of woman who can never keep her stockings up. They were always falling down over her shoes.

She had stout legs and broad shoulders and had grown mannish as she grew older.

Such women can manage. Being a singer of some fame once, she had made a great deal of money. She spent money freely.

For one thing, she knew a great many very rich men, bankers and others.

They took her advice about their daughters and sons. A son of such a man got into trouble. Well, he got mixed up with some woman, a waitress or a servant. The man sent for Alice. The son was resentful and determined.

The girl might be all right and then again—Alice took the girl's part. "Now, you look here," she said to the banker. "You know nothing about people. Those who are interested in people do not get rich as you have."

"And you do not understand your son either. This affair he has got into. His finest feelings may be involved in this matter."

Alice simply swept the banker, and perhaps his wife, out of the picture. "You people." She laughed when she said that.

Of course the son was immature. Alice did really seem to know a lot about people. She took the son in hand—went to see the girl.

She had been through dozens of such experiences. For one thing, the boy wasn't made to feel a fool. Sons of rich men, when they

have anything worth while in them, go through periods of desperation, like other young men. They go to college, read books.

Life in such men's houses is something pretty bad. Alice knew about all that. The rich man may go off and get himself a mistress—the boy's mother a lover. Those things happen.

Still the people are not so bad. There are all sorts of rich men, just as there are poor and middle-class men.

After we became friends, Alice used to explain a lot of things to me. At that time I was always worried about money. She laughed at me. "You take money too seriously," she said.

"Money is simply a way of expressing power," she said. "Men who get rich understand that. They get money, a lot of it, because they aren't afraid of it."

"The poor man or the middle-class man goes to a banker timidly. That will never do."

"If you have your own kind of power, show your hand. Make the man fear you in your own field. For example, you can write. Your rich man cannot do that. It is quite all right to exercise your own power. Have faith in yourself. If it is necessary to make him a little afraid, do so. The fact that you can do so, that you can express yourself, makes you seem strange to him. Suppose you uncovered his life. The average rich man has got his rotten side and his weak side."

"And, for Heaven's sake, do not forget that he has his good side, too."

"You may go at trying to understand such a one like a fool, if you want to—I mean with all sorts of preconceived notions. You could show just his rottenness, a distorted picture, ruin his vanity."

"Your poor man, your merchant or lawyer. Such men haven't the temptations as regards women, for example, that rich men have. There

are plenty of women grafters about—some of them are physically beautiful, too."

"The poor man or the middle-class man goes about condemning the rich man for the rotten side of his life, but what rottenness is there in him?"

"What secret desires has he, what greeds buried under a placid, commonplace face?"

In the matter of the rich man's son and the woman he had got involved with, Alice in some way did get at the bottom of things.

I gathered that in such affairs she took it for granted people were on the whole better than others thought them or than they thought themselves. She got further with it than you would have ever thought possible.

It may be that Alice really had brains. I have met few people enough I thought had.

Most people are so one-sided, so specialized.

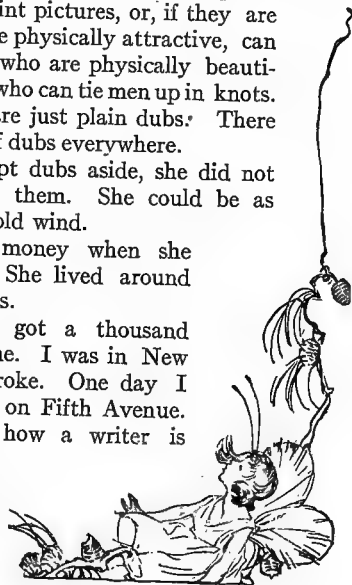
They can make money, or fight prize-fights or paint pictures, or, if they are men who are physically attractive, can get women who are physically beautiful, women who can tie men up in knots.

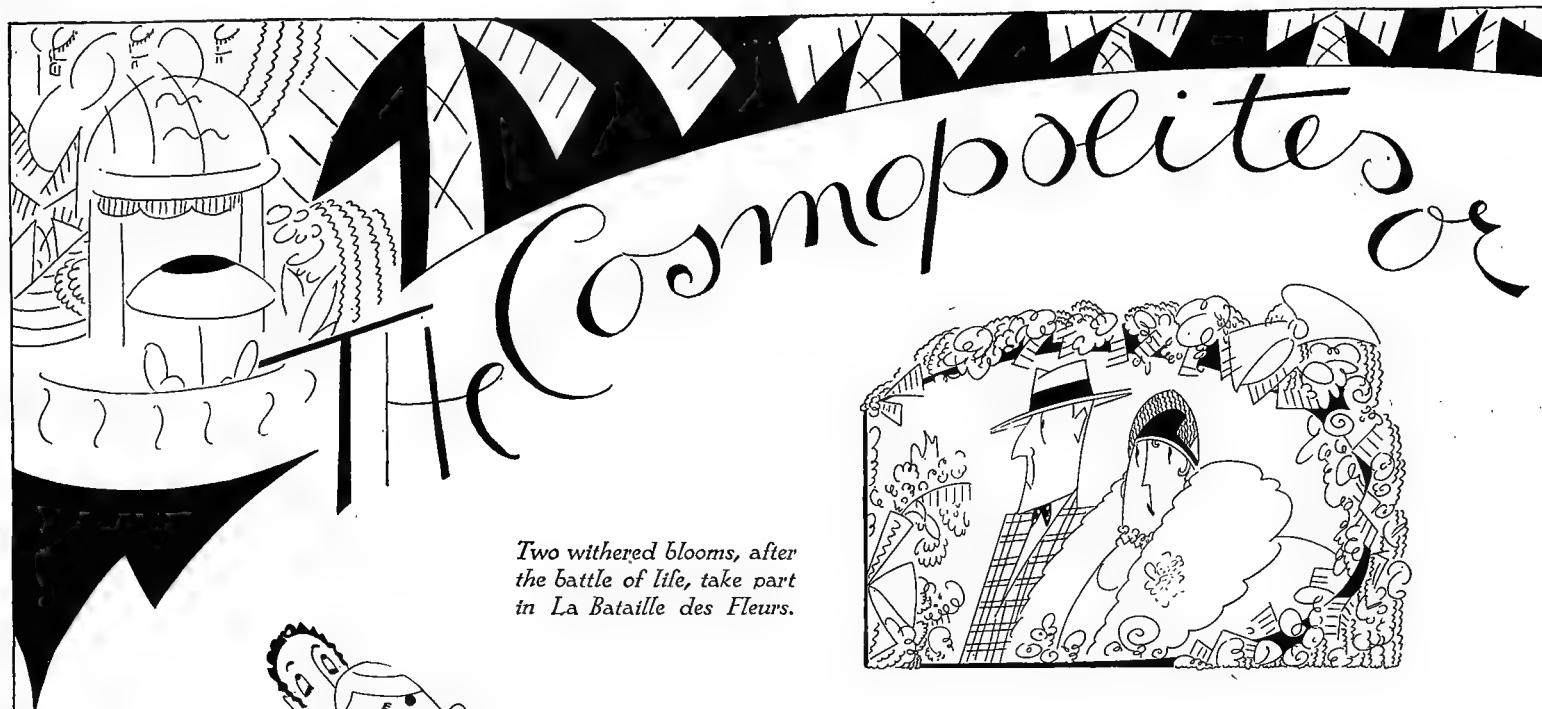
Or they are just plain dubs. There are plenty of dubs everywhere.

Alice swept dubs aside, she did not bother with them. She could be as cruel as a cold wind.

She got money when she wanted it. She lived around in fine houses.

Once she got a thousand dollars for me. I was in New York and broke. One day I was walking on Fifth Avenue. You know how a writer is when he cannot write. Months of (Concluded on page 118)





Two withered blooms, after the battle of life, take part in La Bataille des Fleurs.



Don't pity the professional dancer. He is paid for it.

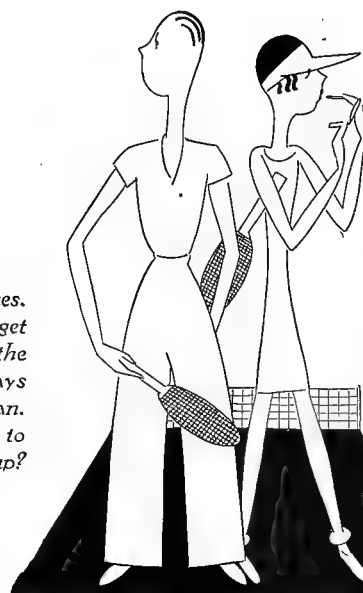


When you have changed your face, had the latest hair-do, and remade your figure, why does the Unspeakable Turk pursue you with rags saying "Mees American" instead of "Madame la Comtesse"? It must be that Poppa gives the show away.



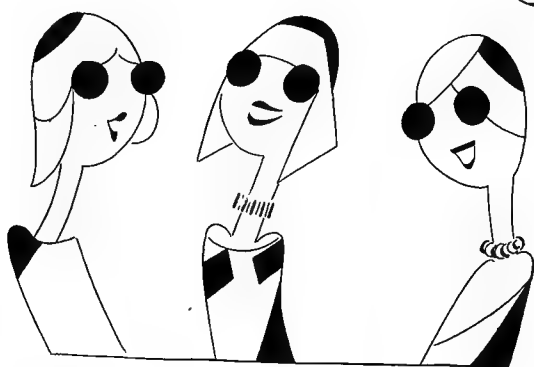
After the first week's rush of food and wine, the menu is discarded, because your inner man will stand only a glass of water and a cracker. "Honor of the Head Waiter."

The Younger Set at Cannes. The only thing is to get photographed for the papers. They're always ready for the cameraman. How can they begin to play before he turns up?



DRAWINGS BY FISH

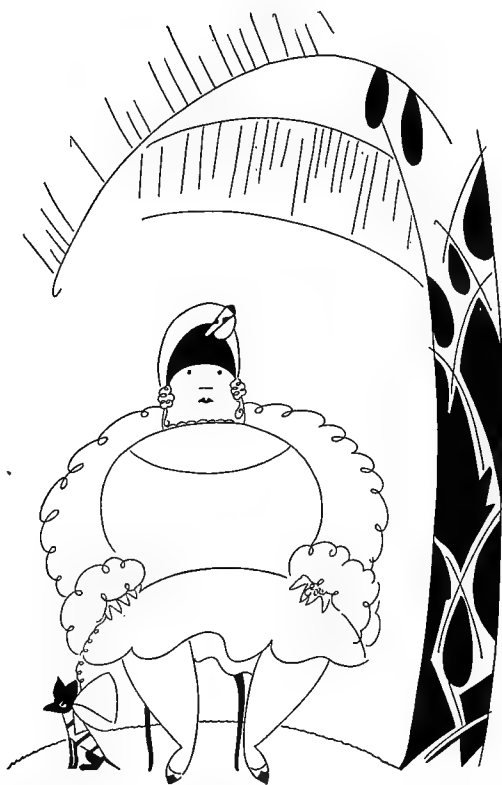
The Riviera Face



What is the use of getting the smartest and newest hats when you have to wear smoked glasses?



The way he kisses my hair is rather divine, but I suppose Poppa had better find out if he really is a Russian Prince before he gets any further.



Always there are ladies who wait for something, and who spend the whole season just waiting.



Beginners' luck. She throws the chips into the air, and they come home every time.

The Sporting Club—Monte Carlo. The hard cash you hope to win may evade you, but the hard face you get for certain—win or lose.



FISH



Drawn from life by
WALLACE MORGAN

A GALA NIGHT AT THE CLUB ST. REGIS

In an Urbanesque setting of brilliantly colored birds against a blue-and-white-flowered background, the ultra-fashionable members of the new Club St. Regis dine and dance nightly during the New York season. Governed by a socially distinguished committee, of which Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, Jr., is chairman, the Club St. Regis is conducted as are the smarter European dancing clubs. The gala nights at the Club St. Regis are de luxe events, and attending a recent gala were the Princess Miguel de Bragança, the Viscountess Furness, Mrs. Graham Fair Vanderbilt, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cassaway Davis, 3d. (the former Miss Grace Vanderbilt), Mrs. George Drexel Biddle, Mrs. Reginald C. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Carroll Livingston Wainwright (the former Miss Edith Gould), and others equally importantly placed in the metropolis' Mayfair.



THE
COLONY RESTAURANT

Mrs. William R. Hearst, Jr.
Mrs. John Munroe
Comtesse Fal de St. Phalle

THE
EMBASSY CLUB

Mrs. Cornelius V. Whitney
Mrs. David Bruce
Mrs. Robert McAdoo

LADY MENDEL

SOCIETY FOLLOWS THE SUN

BY FRANCES ALEXANDER WELLMAN

THE most popular and populated time in New York is the winter season. The régime of a generation ago, when eminent people spent eight months in their town houses and then moved for four straight months to the country, is over. Prominent women have a few brief weeks to wear the smartest of smart winter clothes, and then in January or February they run away to such places as Florida, Africa, California, or the Riviera.

Since the season has been shortened it has also wisely been moved forward, so the gay world now has the advantage of just the gorgeous late autumn days and the clear crisp early winter weather. For to-day, society the world over is busily engaged in following the sun.

The usual description of the present mode is that there is little change in fashions for the daytime, but in the evening, clothes are supposed to be "trailing clouds of glory," changing only to increase in beauty. However, I think the mode will be divided into practical clothes and luxurious clothes, not restrained by daylight or night lights. The former will be right for sport, travel, bad weather, or let us say, public life! The latter, the gorgeous fashions, will not be exclusively for evening wear, for there will be ensembles for the daytime at such places as New York, Newport, Palm Beach, Burlingame, that will be most alluring—and may I say—even elegant.

The American woman is (Concluded on page 126)



A New Novel by Arthur Tuckerman:

HIGH WALLS

*Continuing the Story of a Girl who Discovered the Difference
Between being Alive and Living*

Illustrations by W. Smithson Broadhead

CA Brief Résumé of Part I:
OMING down the steep path from Mouxy, Greta Cass-Evans had a curious experience. A tattered young village lad, perceiving her fine strong figure, as she swung swiftly along—her masses of golden hair, her gentian-blue eyes—remarked loudly to his baby brother, "*Elle est bien belle,*" adding with a chuckle, "She would do well to have a lover, that one. *Elle était faite pour l'amour.* . . ."

Greta heard and understood. She began to smile, experiencing at the same time a novel and bold little feeling of satisfaction, for this was an aspect of life which had rarely touched upon her own existence. She had been so busy; her time had been taken up by all her mother's endless requirements. In a casual way, some days later, she related the incident to her bachelor friend, Alexander Todd, whose wisdom of fifty-four years was invaluable. He instantly realized the importance of it, for it was destined to alter her outlook upon life.

Mrs. Cass-Evans and Greta wandered through Europe from one cure to another, living in depressingly respectable hotels out of season, and rarely returning to America. Greta was a combination nurse and companion, and never had the opportunity to go about with people her own age. Mrs. Cass-Evans saw to that.

Once a young American boy asked her to go to a nearby Casino to dance. After an impossible scene with her mother, Greta went. The evening was a ghastly failure. She hadn't done much dancing, she couldn't talk about jazz music, bootlegging and radio. "The trouble with you," the boy had told her candidly, "is that you've got the looks, but you haven't any line to back 'em up with. And you need both nowadays."

Alexander often tried to make Greta realize her mother's ridiculously selfish attitude, but found her a strange combination of loyalty and smoldering hatred. Some day, one or the other would dominate. Her father's spirit in her, thought Alexander, would be the victor—a spirit which considered conventions as high walls within which you stayed only if you wanted to be comfortable and snug, and outside of which you daringly climbed in order to be true to yourself.

Then Mrs. Cass-Evans decided to sail for America. There was a man there she favored for Greta's hand, Charles Winbridge, and she had recently received a letter from him asking when they were to return.

In Paris occurred the little tragedy of Wyndham Carr. He was a pleasant young Englishman, and he and Greta took an immediate

liking to each other. Mrs. Cass-Evans had been prevailed upon to let him take Greta out. They hadn't returned from Ciro's until three, and had been confronted by a furious Mrs. Cass-Evans, who told young Carr in the future to choose for his companions the kind of women—he undoubtedly knew many—who were used to turning night into day.

This episode left Greta curiously shaken, for young Carr never came back. A few evenings after, seated beside Alexander in the courtyard of their hotel, she heard her mother's voice calling to her to come to bed. For a moment she was utterly still. There wasn't a trace of color in her cheeks, and Alexander, incredulous, noticed that her fists were clenched, and heard her murmur in a faint whisper: "I think . . . I hate her."

Part Two:

FOR several months after leaving Paris, Alexander did not see Greta. They rarely corresponded. Each of them had a secret conviction, a sureness, that a friendship worthy of the name didn't hang upon so tenuous a thread as the mere automatic scribbling of a post-card

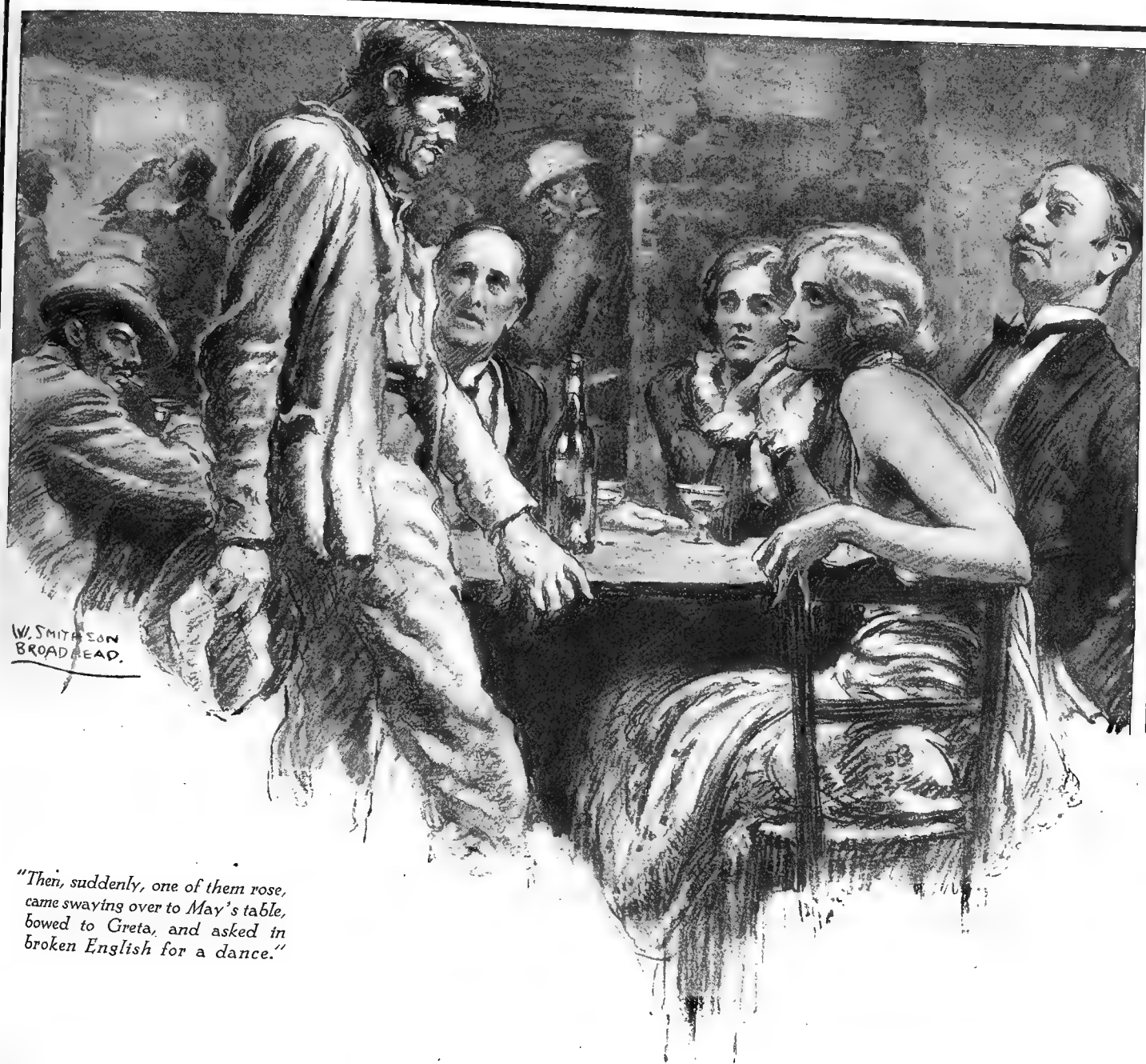
or a letter. They both knew that, meeting again, the friendship would be resumed exactly where it had been left off.

In that friendship there were, owing to circumstances, many such periods when their paths did not cross, when they had little or no news of each other. For whether or not, according to one's philosophy, one regards each individual existence in this world as a continuous, forced march toward a predestined climax, it is certain that the story of that single existence does not unfold itself to others, the friends and acquaintances and spectators, with the smooth and logical progression of some cleverly constructed stage-play. Life is not like that. Life has a habit of ignoring such things as time and unity, and the rules of drama as man has conceived them.

From Paris Alexander went to the Riviera; and from the Riviera to Algiers, in search of sunlight and warmth. But he was defeated. Shivering beside him on the terrace at Mustapha Supérieur, an old Englishman, a chance acquaintance, remarked: "In my opinion, sir, there's no warmth in this blasted world unless you go and sit on the equator itself." The spectacle of a stunted palm or two, a bed of



"On their left a man sat alone. To their surprise, he looked up and directed toward May a grave, unsmiling inclination of the head."



W. SMITHSON
BROADHEAD.

"Then, suddenly, one of them rose, came swaying over to May's table, bowed to Greta, and asked in broken English for a dance."

cactus, shivering under gray skies, hadn't deluded him. . . . Oh, that pathetic annual pilgrimage to Europe, of the aged and decrepit searching for sunshine! The white-haired ones herding south in swarms, crowding trains and hotels, huddling around *pension* fires with an eternal, frightened question in their eyes. . . . Alexander decided that what he had found wasn't good enough. He had a healthy dislike for half-measures. And, failing to find his tropic dreams materializing, he embarked at Naples on a Mediterranean liner bound for New York, determined to brave the unpromising winter. It was one of those rococo Italian steamers beloved of wealthy American ladies. It was gilded and gorgeous, crowded and confused, reverberant with the brilliant clamor and gaiety of a Latin race. Pompeian dining-rooms. String orchestras. *Santa Lucia* . . . Dark, lean, strutting officers who stirred vague romance in the hearts of flappers, homeward bound for Fort Wayne. . . .

ON Fifth Avenue he met Greta. On a January afternoon the threads of their lives came together again; the patterns of their separate destinies, so to speak, overlapped, and became interwoven once more. And so they were to continue, had he but known it, until that monstrous day when they were engulfed in that cataclysm which so profoundly altered her life.

It was one of those gray New York days, the sky luminous with that singular, palpable brightness which presages an early fall of snow. After Europe the crowds appeared to Alexander extraordinarily well-clad, well-furred. The tall façades of the buildings were impressively white and new and rich. He sought instinctively for those occasional little contrasts of poverty which every European street provided, those constant and tragic reminders that failure was just as much the lot of humanity as success. But these were absent, banished by a civilization far too busy to be reminded of such things. The signal towers flashed red to green. The traffic moved forward in a solemn, obedient mass, with a gentle purring of content. The whole scene breathed an almost intangible self-sufficiency, an aura of well-being, that challenged defiance. A proud and handsome street, with the pride of wealth rather than tradition. A street whose heart, whose soul, he tried again and again to fathom but could never reach; as if he tried to seek the soul of some sleek and beautifully dressed courtesan.

It was about four o'clock when he encountered Greta. She was emerging from a shop, arm in arm with a little woman in dark green. They were hurrying toward a waiting car, a small coupé, when Greta caught sight of him. A moment later, both hands in his, she was saying: "Toddy! Toddy! It's good to see you.

There are so many things to talk about. . . ." And then, to her companion: "May. This is Mr. Todd, whom you've so often heard me speak about."

Greta's cousin, May Tenby, was a neat, wiry little woman with an alert, nervous face. She reminded Alexander of some inquisitive little bird. She had bright, humorous brown eyes and a sallow complexion. Under her small hat her wiry hair, slightly gray, was shingled. Her movements, like her speech, were brisk and eager.

"So you're the famous Toddy. Well, hurry up and jump in the car. Greta's staying with me, and we're just going home for some tea." Before he knew it they had propelled him, between them, to the coupé. "You've just got to come," she insisted, "and that's all there is to it. I must talk to you about Greta." She had a dominating manner, that little woman, mingled with a disarming affability. Later on, when he knew her better, Alexander realized that she nearly always contrived to have her own way.

"Greta's been with me a month," May said, "while her mother's visiting in Boston. You can see the good it's done her already."

Looking at Greta, Alexander was inclined to agree. She was, at the moment, moving about the room briskly, purposefully, taking off

her hat and gloves, arranging the tea table. She laughed frequently. There was no shadow hanging over her now. It was like watching a youngster just let out of school. . . . Presently she left them; went into another room. May Tenby threw her hat upon a table, ran her fingers swiftly through her short gray hair, flung her head back, revealing a fine, clear-cut brow. She sat upon the sofa, cross-legged, nursing her knees, a quaint, eager little figure.

"I'm so darned glad to have Greta with me," she stated enthusiastically. "I'm remodeling her, you see, and she's good, pliable material." Often she talked like that, in the hurried, forced, picturesque New York jargon of her age, a strange language formed of terms borrowed haphazard from the realms of business, art, and psychology. "Heaven knows, she needs remodeling. Sat upon all her life, until an inferiority complex almost submerged her. . . . Isn't her mother the world's worst? Traipsing about Europe, high-hatting wretched people in second-class hotels where she can afford to make a splurge. And dragging Greta through it all! Personally, I could never stand Europe for long, because I'm always so hungry at breakfast. . . ."

SHE jumped up again, began pottering about with the tea things, talking all the while. Her face was mobile, constantly changing expression. She was so energetic that she made Alexander nervous watching her. . . .

"I like having a man around for tea. It's so much more civilized. . . ." She paused to stare at him pensively. "You're older than I thought. I'm glad of that, because you'll be able to contribute something sensible about Greta. Tell me: What do you think of this Winbridge person?"

"I've never laid eyes on him," he told her. "But I've often heard Mrs. Cass-Evans speak—"

"Of course," she interrupted. "She thinks he's wonderful. You'll have the supreme pleasure of meeting him this afternoon. He's coming in at five—worse luck. He's been calling on her daily. Of all the stuffed shirts. . . . You know it's sheer pressure."

"What is sheer pressure?" Alexander managed to put in.

She addressed the ceiling.

"The poor, mere man doesn't understand! I'll have to explain. Charles Winbridge wants to marry Greta, and he's very near to getting what he wants. She may give in at any moment. Why, I daren't leave her long enough to go out to the corner grocery."

She sat down on the sofa and, making room for him, patted it, as if he were some pet, commanded to leap up there beside her. And, somehow, he found himself obeying. She was the kind of person from whom most people couldn't help taking orders.

"Look here," she said, "I've heard enough about you to know that you're fond of Greta. Now, she's got to get out of all this, hasn't she?" Her thin, eager face seemed to beg for assent. "All of this. . . ." She made a sweeping, comprehensive gesture that threatened to knock the teacups off the table. "You know what I mean. Being tied down. Not calling her soul her own. . . ." Her fingers ran quickly again through her hair. "Good heavens! That woman. . . . Wasting Greta's life through her own selfishness. Greta ought to be proving something by now. . . ."

"You mean that she should marry?" Alexander asked meekly enough.

"Anyone can do that," she flared back at him. "I didn't mean marriage. I meant that I want Greta to apply herself to something; to

BIRD-SONG

By ALFRED NOYES

TELL me, you
That sing in the blackthorn,
Out of what Mind

Your melody springs.
Is it the World=Soul
Throbs like a fountain
Up through the throat
Of an elf with wings?

Five sweet notes
In a golden order,
Out of that deep realm
Quivering through,
Flashed like a phrase
Of light through darkness.
But Who entangled them?
Tell me, Who?

You whose throats
In the rain-drenched orchard
Peal your joys
In a cadenced throng,
You whose wild notes,
Fettered by Beauty,
Move like the stars
In a rounded song;

Yours is the breath
But Whose is the measure,
Shaped in an ecstasy
Past all art?
Yours is the spending;
Whose is the treasure?
Yours is the blood=beat,
Whose is the heart?

Minstrels all
That have woven your housen
Of withies and twigs
With a Mind in=wrought,
Ye are the shuttles;
But, out of what Darkness
Gather these thoughtless
Patterns of thought?

Bright eyes glance
Through your elfin doorways,
Roofed with rushes,
And lined with moss.
Whose are the voiceless
Pangs of creation?
Yours is the wild bough:
Whose is the Cross?

Carols of light
From a lovelier kingdom,
Gleams of a music
On earth unheard,
Scattered like dew
By the careless wayside,
Pour through the lifted
Throat of a bird.

find some form of self-expression. This is no age for a woman to get fat doing embroidery while she waits for a husband."

Alexander wasn't enthusiastic. He had heard much of this new-fangled talk regarding self-expression. It savored to him of Greenwich Village, or Chelsea, or the *Café de la Rotonde*; and it connoted, in his conservative mind, a quasi-bohemian desire to shirk the actual responsibilities of life. A refuge for those who were too lazy, too restless, to face realities. . . . Although willing to listen, he remained privately convinced that women best expressed themselves in the carrying out of those duties for which God had made them. . . . An old-fashioned and terribly dull point of view, he admitted. May Tenby fairly pounced on him: "You don't agree! Well, wait until you hear my plan for Greta. I'm putting her on the staff next week. She has a taste for dress, for colors, and we can always use that."

"The staff?" he echoed.

She flung up her arms in mock despair.

"Heavens, man, didn't I tell you? I'm in business. I'm *Thérèse*, of Paris and New York and Biarritz. I'm on Forty-eighth Street just off the Avenue, and I'm doing splendidly. You should see my new models from Lucien. . . . Greta is to begin work Monday, as a sales-

woman."

As a saleswoman. . . . Alexander thought of Mrs. Cass-Evans, and trembled at the daring of this tiny creature.

"But her mother—"

May stamped her foot.

"I realize that she may make a fuss, but I've got to cramp that woman's style before she breaks Greta's spirit. Of course, she won't approve. She's one of those women who think that there are three sexes in the world. Men, Women and Ladies. Ladies don't work. Ladies don't have brains because men do the thinking for them. Ladies do nothing but wait around for a husband. Ladies don't fall in love until they're fallen in love with. Ladies don't have feelings until they're married. . . . Oh, I could go on indefinitely, but you must see what I mean. And I don't want Greta to absorb that point of view."

"I believe you're really fond of her," he mused.

"Who wouldn't be?" she retorted. "Who wouldn't be, when they actually came to know her well? She's so quiet and so perfect. When you come to think of it, most perfect people are quiet. It's only we imperfect ones who have to shout to cover up our deficiencies. Quiet, sweet, uncomplaining Greta. She's the incarnation of goodness. . . ."

JUST then Greta came back into the room. "I've been talking to this wise, silent man about you," May told her, swinging her thin little silk-stockinged legs. "He nods his head sagely, but doesn't say anything committal. He must have been in the diplomatic service—like Charles Winbridge. Diplomats usually don't say much, except that Peking is gayer than Bucharest, or vice versa. They always talk about capitals. . . . But I managed to gather that Mr. Todd doesn't approve of your becoming a modiste. He belongs to that era which is shocked and annoyed by the growing economic independence of the female. He likes women to stay at home and produce knitted socks or babies, as the case may be, regularly—like that patriotic schoolmate of mine who was married on July fourth and had her first baby on Decoration Day. . . ."

"No," Alexander interrupted. "I'm sure that you're extremely capable at business, Cousin May, and that (Continued on page 128)



MRS. CHARLES E. MITCHELL

One of New York's preeminent hostesses, Mrs. Mitchell divides her social amenities between a residence at No. 934 Fifth Avenue and a country estate, "Hilldale," at Tuxedo Park, New York. Sartorially, Mrs. Mitchell always is the acme of perfection and her entertainments are among the more important events on each season's calendar.

"PLEASURE ISLAND"

*The Lovely Country Home at Islip, Long Island, of
Mr. Schuyler Livingston Parsons*



Mr. Parsons was his own architect for this little bungalow, which is built on a tiny island connected by a bridge with the main property. Mr. Parsons made this island almost five years ago from the soil dug up when a channel was made in the inlet.

This little house is called "Wile Away" and it certainly has helped pass many pleasant hours for Mr. Parsons and his friends. The house is divided into one huge living-room, two double bedrooms, two piazzas and the servants' quarters.

This is a view of the living-room showing the all-window end, that has an unobstructed view to the Great South Bay. The window-seat may be turned into comfortable bunks when necessity demands. The furniture is quaint and delightfully in keeping with the feeling of the place. Many pieces are antiques.





Mr. Parsons' bedroom. The walls are of plain stained boards like the rest of the house. Notice that even in this small room there are two windows, and there is also a door leading upon a tiny piazza. The pleasure of out-of-doors is brought most skilfully into this bungalow.

Another view of the living-room. Mr. Parsons has dinner-parties of forty people by clearing out all the furniture and placing tables in a rectangular form, with dancing in the center of the floor—and the floor is excellent.

You will see in the background of the picture below the dining-table which normally can seat fourteen people. The whole room is particularly well arranged and is always filled with beautiful flowers, a hobby of Mr. Parsons'.



Anderson Studio



A Charming Travel Essay by Webb Waldron:

"There is a place where I want to live this winter. It is a pink villa on a hill above Ravello. There we will sit and gaze down the steep slopes, broken here and there by a cluster of village roofs around an ancient Norman campanile, down, down, to the mist along the shore."



Illustrations by
Marion Patton Waldron

BLUE GLAMOUR

A Call to Adventure Along the Shores of the Mysterious Mediterranean

THERE is a place where I want to live this winter.

It is a pink villa among the lemon-trees on a hill above Ravello. In front of the door is a terrace and there we will sit in the morning, soothing our palates with *fragole con crema* and sipping our coffee and gazing down the steep slopes clothed with carob and lemon, broken here and there by a cluster of village roofs around an ancient Norman campanile, down, down, to the mist that still hovers along the shore. But presently the sun, pouring from behind the mountains to eastward, dispels the mist, and there under our eyes spreads the unimaginable blue of the Gulf of Salerno.

Hours we will sit there, basking. We will read and eat and write, and bask some more.

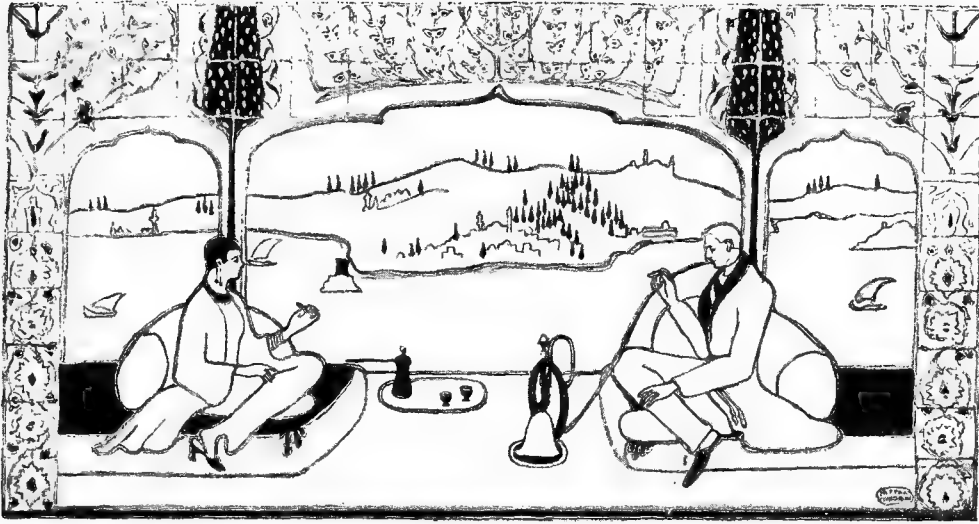
In mid-afternoon we will walk down through

the village, past the cathedral and the Palazzo Rufolo, and along the steep path that curves down by the little church of Santa Maria Immacolata, and then loops and tumbles between yellow-gray limestone cliffs in whose niches lemon-terraces precariously cling, down, down till the path becomes a mysterious covered way through a hive of houses and we emerge suddenly into the surprising piazza of Atrani. There we will loaf a while, perhaps gossiping with the fishermen, whose yellow, blue and vermilion boats are drawn up right into this public square, and with the women who come and go with tall two-handled orange water-jars from the town-fountain. Then we will climb up to the roadway, past the shop of the two handsome sisters who sell pottery and chocolates, and stroll around the curve

of the cliff road to Amalfi. A dip into the shops, tea on the Cappuccini terrace, and we start back up the path to our pink villa, where we arrive at dusk, warm and glowing, ready for the dinner which Giovanna has ready for us—baby lobster and *torta di carciofi* and a bottle of *Lacrima Christi*.

There is another place where I want to live this winter.

It is a house up a narrow winding street in a village called Eyoub, a wooden house weathered to a rich golden brown, with latticed balconies leaning out over the cobbles. Its door leads out into a garden with a Byzantine fountain and a fig-tree, and through the gate of that garden Pat and I will stroll every afternoon down the street to the Mosque of the Conqueror. In the pleasant paved courtyard of



"Wherever you adventure on that lake, which washes the shores of Europe and Africa and Asia, there is blue and there is glamour."

that mosque stands the largest plane-tree in the world. Through its giant bare boughs soft yellow sunlight flickers down upon the bent head of an ancient medicine-man with a long white beard dispensing his wares at a rickety counter, upon the myriad of fluttering pigeons, upon the children and upon the black-garbed women hurrying to and fro between the street and the mosque.

We will linger there a while in that delightful peace, then wander on down the street, turn to the left and climb. A broad cobbled path carries us upward through crowds of black cypresses and tall, slender, gleaming white gravestones crowned with carved fezzes, up, up, higher, higher. Then we come out upon the summit of the hill and turn. Straight down at our feet lies Eyoub, and beyond it, curving away into distance, the blue water of the Golden Horn. On one shore the tower of Galatia and the heights of Pera, on the other the minarets and domes of Stamboul, glittering in the setting sun. And between the two, far away and dim across the Bosphorus, the snow-capped heights of the Olympos Range.

We will stand there a long time, drinking in that marvel, then meander on down through a little valley full of cherry-trees just on the verge of bloom, and circle back to our house, where our Armenian cook has ready a

delicious dinner of Circassian hen smothered in the milk of walnuts.

There is still another place where I—no, it is a place where Pat wants to live this winter.

It is on the bank of the Nile, not the east bank, but the west bank. There, she says, she wants to lounge day after day soaking up the Egyptian sunshine, watching the procession of palms along the river wave their plumes in the soft Nile breeze, the processions of tall-sailed dahabiyehs go up and down, the processions of laden camels swaying from the desert to the city and back again, the processions of women with water-jugs on their heads passing along the crests of the irrigating ditches. Everything, she says, is like the frieze on an ancient temple come to life. Everything a link with the past. Everything a proof of the amazing continuity of human things from the days of Queen Hatshepsut.

Now, if Pat would consent to the east bank, it would be different. For over there are the smart hotels along the Sharia Kamel, the streets of the Quartier Ismailiyeh which are very much like Paris, and the magnificent palaces south of the Grand Pont du Nil. We might disport ourselves in one of these and see at least the dahabiyehs very well. But since she insists on the west bank in order to absorb the soul of the desert, I see nothing for it

but one of those long low huts of mud, picturesque enough from the outside, though what inside, Heaven knows. Even so, we shall not be too far off to run over to Shepherd's every afternoon for tea on the terrace.

Yes, and that is not all.

There are several other places where I want to live this winter.

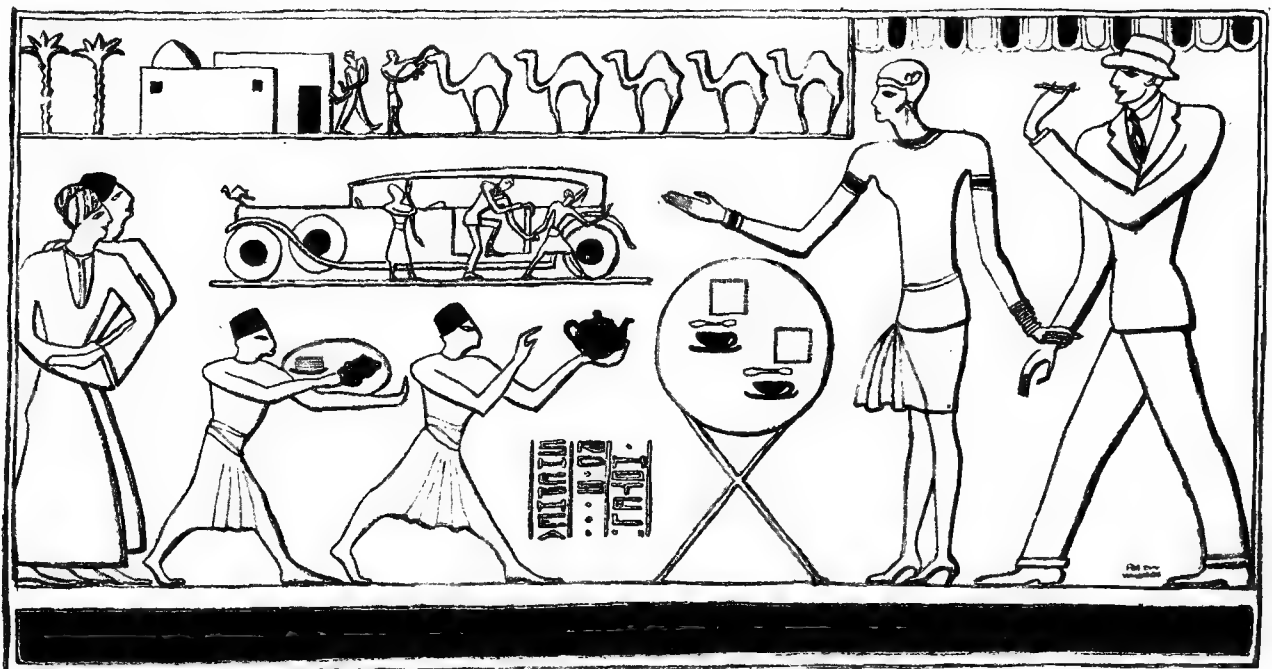
One is a beautiful little blue-tiled palace on Seraglio Point, with windows looking up the shining Bosphorus toward Dolma Bagcheh and down across the Sea of Marmora to the Princes' Islands, shadowy in the afternoon sun. Another is a villa on the road from Monreale to the Castellaccio looking down the long slopes of lemon and olive to Monte Pellegrino guarding the happy azure harbor of Palermo. Another is a venerable gray *castello* perched among the stone-pines and Judas-trees above the green-blue of the harbor of Portofino. Another is a little white house with red-tiled roof at the foot of a red fresh-ploughed field just above the beach in a tiny sickle-harbor on the coast of Tunisia. Another is a house in Cyprus. I have never seen Cyprus, but apparently it is something like the earthly paradise. At least, when we sat at lunch one day in a charming house in Beirut and listened for half an hour to some jolly English people talking about the felicities of Cyprus, we leaped up with the cry: "Let's go!" We would have gone, too, if there had been a boat that day, and it's just over the horizon from Beirut. But there wasn't any boat till next week, so when our steamer sailed that afternoon for Jaffa, we lazily went along. And another is—

But that is enough. I could go on for hours enumerating the places where I want to live this winter. They are all on or near that lake of blue glamour—the Mediterranean.

Blue! Green-blue, opalescent-blue, purple-blue, blue that is almost black, blue that is as pale as light, crystalline blue, blazing blue, blue as unreal as the blue of picture post-cards.

We thought that the blue of Alexandria harbor was as blue as blue could be, till we saw Beirut on a gorgeous February noon—the snow-crowned peaks of Lebanon, the red roofs of the town, the white sails of the brigantines shaken out after rain, and a sea of incredible blue streaked with preposterous purple.

That blue faded in memory in the presence of the blue of the (Concluded on page 138)



"Everything is like the frieze on an ancient temple come to life. Everything a link with the past. Everything a proof of the amazing continuity of human things from the days of Queen Hatshepsut."

SHOES FROM PARIS FOR

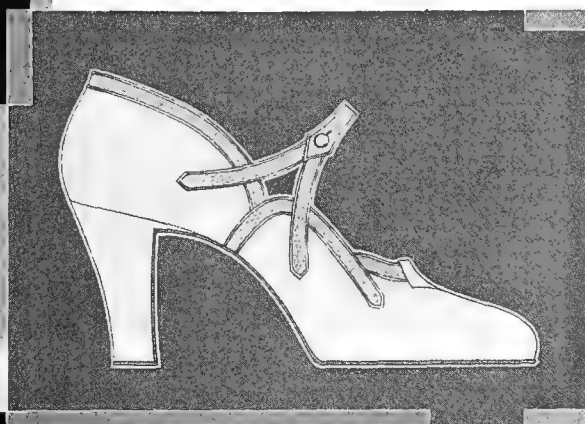
Evening slipper from Hellstern in rose and silver lamé. The edges and straps across the side of the shoe are in cloth of silver, with a small diamond buckle at the side.

Black crêpe de Chine evening sandal from Greco with discreet trimming of silvered leather. No foot jewelry is worn, but the shoe is fastened with carved silver button.

HELLSTERN



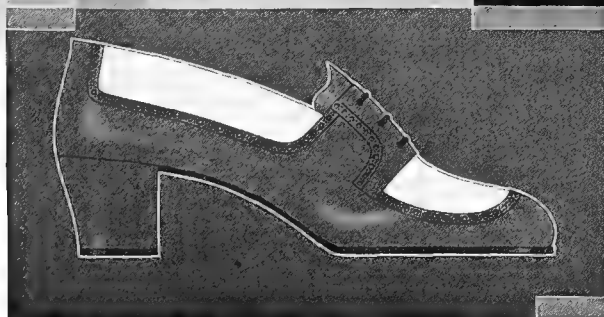
GRECO



GRECO



HELLSTERN



HELLSTERN

From Hellstern comes this semi-sports shoe in brown leather and white antelope. It is a modified oxford, practical and attractive, and trimmed with perforations.

A WORD about shoes, as here are two pages of new ones for your information. For special Southern wear, Hellstern is making a linen model based on the *espadrille*, piped or appliqué in colored kid, and laced with colored ribbons. Greco continues his almost flat-heeled sandals, one of which is shown on the opposite page. Ducerf-Scavini is making a new horsehair shoe, said to be particularly light and comfortable on the foot. Sandalari has invented some amusing pyjama slippers, which are sketched on the Last-Minute pages. She uses a specially surfaced kid, which cannot be marred by scratchy sand, and applies colored or silvered leather to them in such fanciful forms as a wave crest, a sunrise cloud, or a crescent moon. These are cleverly cut to cling to the foot, even though they are shaped like mules.

When I take my walks abroad, I see very simple shoes, at present. Shoes are something like clothes; simple in appearance, but really intricate when you study them. The simplest model from a great *bottier* has *something*. Pumps are overwhelming favorites for daytime wear, simple pumps and what we call opera pumps. They are black, unless they are worn with brown or green clothes, when they may be brown. Their materials are patent, lizard, antelope, the last worn only on fine days. Combinations of these skins are also seen, but nothing obtrusive—one has to look twice to see that they are combined. Some women prefer a sandal shape, especially with a handsome fur-trimmed velvet ensemble. Quite a number, including the Baroness de Meyer, are wearing an

Beige or gray kid with lizard, the lizard straps piped with threads of silver. The combination of silver or gold with afternoon shoes is a rather new note. From Greco.

Light brown kid with narrow applications and edging of the same. The novel buckle is silver. The shoe is also made in brown calf with instep strap of calfskin. Hellstern.

for JANUARY 1929

ALL WALKS OF FASHION

almost Colonial pump, cut high on the foot, without a tongue, in brown antelope, with an oval buckle of bronzed cut steel, quite large. With these, the stockings are quite brown, only a little lighter than the shoe. A few women, among them Madame Agnès, like the shallow oxford. Agnès is having these made in crêpe de Chine for the street, to match her dark costumes. She says she finds that crêpe de Chine makes the foot look smaller than any other shoe material. When tweed and jersey costumes are worn, the shoe may be a highly polished brown calf model, with one strap, and perforated. Baronne Eugène de Rothschild wears this shoe with beige jersey and a fur sports coat in brown.

In the evening, the matching crêpe de Chine slipper or sandal continues to be worn with colored gowns with long panels. But I also see a return of simple cloth-of-silver slippers and sandals. Madame Dubonnet wore the plainest of silver-cloth slippers, the other night, with her baby-blue Chanel gown. Foot jewelry is reduced to a strict minimum. A jewelry button is the favorite. Some women still prefer satin to crêpe for evening slippers. Madame Porel wears satin sandals, with just as little material as is possible to make them stay on the foot, in gleaming white with her white gown and heavy white satin evening coat.

There is absolutely nothing new to say about stockings. I saw a very openwork net stocking worn with a black chiffon gown and black satin slippers the other night at Ciro's. But I thought it looked very disagreeable.

M. H

Pump from Ducerf-Scavini in "ferri cuir," a new iridescent leather, and brown antelope. The vamp and heel are antelope, the back and application straps, "ferri cuir."

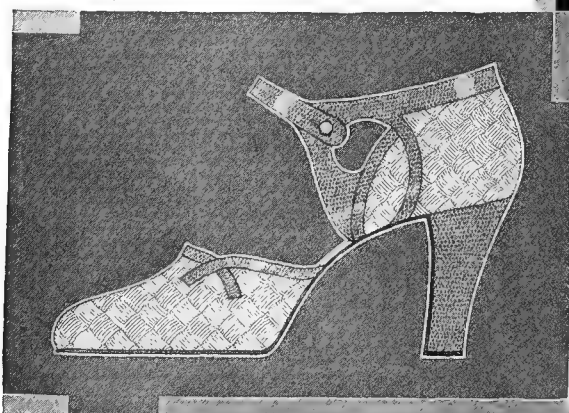
A combination of satin and crêpe de Chine for evening, matching the gown. Applications in modern design give contrast in dull and bright surfaces. Marouf.

DUCERF-SCAVINI



MAROUF

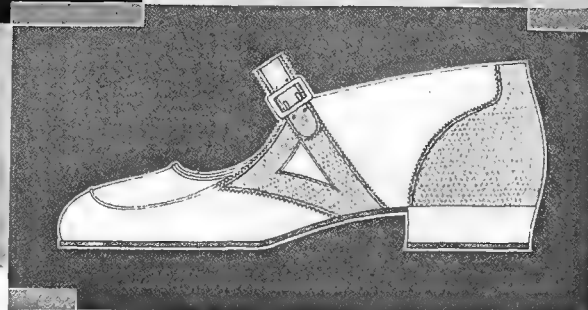
DUCERF-SCAVINI



MAROUF



GRECO



Ducerf-Scavini's novelty for the South is woven horse-hair (crin) combined with leather to make it keep its shape. This model is in beige, trimmed with dark lizard.

Marouf's walking sandal in white antelope trimmed with tan leather, perforated. It has a sensible heel and makes a new disposition of the white and brown combination.

One of Greco's newest country or beach sandals in gray kid and gray lizard, made in any combination of color. The lizard has pinked edges. The heel is almost flat.



Whittington

Miss Amelia Earhart is wearing, in the above photograph, a warm tweed coat, which came from Abercrombie and Fitch. Her close-fitting felt hat was supplied by Dobbs and her scarf is voluminous enough to fill in her open coat.

Here Miss Earhart is shown in her flying clothes. The indispensable "goggles," which are not shown, are from Spalding. Her sweater suit comes from Abercrombie and Fitch, and her low-heeled shoes are of the practical Fortmason type.



BY AMELIA FAIRHART PLANE CLOTHES

WHAT does the woman aviator wear? This question is asked me as often as any other connected with aviation.

Ten years ago I could have described a flying costume. It would have consisted of helmet, goggles, leather jacket, breeches, and some sort of high boots. There were no traditions but those of wartime flying to follow, and both men and women adopted or modified it to suit commercial needs. Also, flying fields were usually dirty, planes were crude, and there were no refinements in facilities, such as passenger waiting-rooms, and so forth. Altogether, the clothing had to be rather rough.

Since the war, flying has undergone the same sort of changes that automobiling did previously. Do you remember the dashing linen dusters and gauntlets and veils of 1908? They constituted an "automobiling costume," and of course one couldn't tour without the proper accessories.

At the present time, with the development of luxurious passenger planes, which very much resemble the finest buses, there isn't the necessity for special dress. One wears ordinary street clothes. Why not? There are comfortable upholstered seats, one can move about at will, read, or write, or sleep. On one line a buffet luncheon is served at no extra charge. Unlike railroad or automobile travel, one has a clean face at the journey's end, as there are no cinders or dust in the air.

Even the pilots wear street clothes, usually, unless they are in the uniform of the transportation company. In the enclosed planes they do not wear goggles. From observation it appears that one of the most popular outfits for summer flying is knickers and a sweater. These pilot chappies look more as if they belonged on the fairway than on the runway.

It might be interesting to mention that there is such a thing as airplane golf. The opponents fly over the course and endeavor to drop the ball in the holes. Each flier has a partner on the ground who does the putting. I do not know which came first, the golf costume for pilots or airplane golf.

Of course, in the open planes goggles are necessary, just as they would be in automobiles without wind-shields. The wind pressure is so great that it is difficult to keep the eyes open, and goggles are also a protection against flying particles in the air.

When I am flying my little plane, I usually wear a sports costume with a rather full skirt and a close-fitting hat. Sometimes I slip a leather windbreaker on under my coat, for the temperature drops as one ascends. Most cabin planes are heated, by the way, so even this precaution isn't necessary in them. Usually, on a solo flight, I wear low-heeled shoes, because with low heels it is easier to keep my feet braced on the rudder bar. Then, too, high-heeled shoes suffer from the exercise. As you know, driving a car with them rubs the back of the shoe, and the same condition applies in a plane.

Speaking of shoes, I recently received a letter from a correspondent who wished to become a pilot. The only preparation he had made had been the purchase of a pair of hunting moccasins. I had to reply that there were more important pieces of equipment, and that these were rather more mental and physical qualifications than exterior furnishings, and that hunting moccasins were not suitable anyway. One sometimes hunts

from an airplane, but the hunting is usually to find a town whose name is not displayed on roofs or an emergency landing field.

In very cold weather, in an open plane, of course the warmest thing one can wear is the conventional flying suit. The mail pilots and those who are on regular runs adopt them as the most suitable. They fit very tightly around the ankles and wrists, and are lined either with fur or wool. They may be of leather or various waterproof materials. For me they seem very heavy.

Commander Byrd one day showed me some beautiful fluffy fur suits he was planning to take to the Antarctic. He told me they were warmer than the flying suits now used, and I think such a rig would greatly appeal to those women who will eventually try flying as a sport.

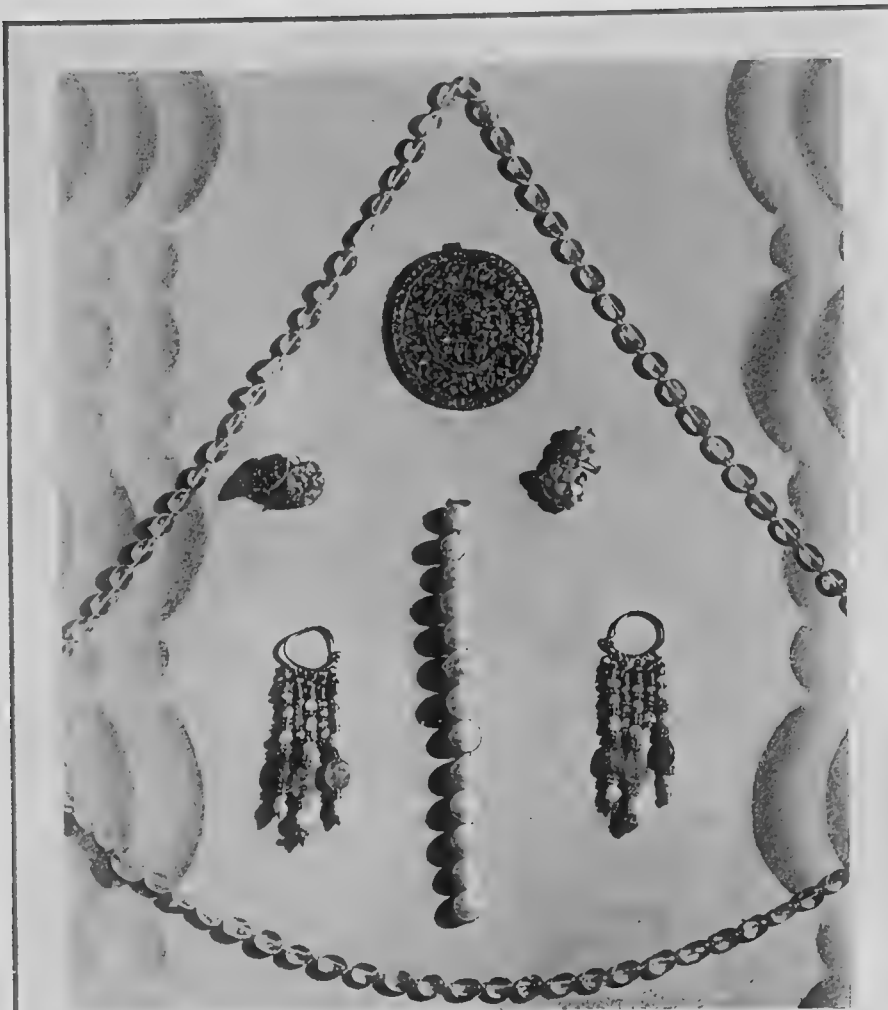
On the *Friendship* flight I couldn't follow the rule of wearing sports clothes. The trip was a pioneering one, and comforts were not thought of. It might be considered as a camping expedition. Clothes suitable for "roughing it" had to be taken. For instance, there was no step from the pontoons to the door, and I couldn't have jumped into the plane in a skirt. Further, though we could walk about in the after cabin, we had dumped everything to sit on, to save weight. Squatting on a rolled flying suit, or kneeling on one knee, or sliding between the large gas tanks wouldn't have left much of a ladylike ensemble.

There are other adjuncts to flying you might be interested in hearing about. On my transcontinental flight, recently, I had to battle against a severe sunburn. The wind and the sun really blistered me. Through Texas, Arizona, and New Mexico, the heat was intense and very drying, even at a fairly high altitude. I kept a tube of cold cream in the cockpit, and when I was not otherwise engaged I tried to keep some on my face as a protection. I flew the same plane that Lady Heath, the famous English woman flier, used on her trip from London to Cape Town and back. I remember her telling me one of the absurdities of her journey was pulling out a powder puff and powdering her nose over the South African wastes. She always carries a mirror and powder puff with her. I hope some time that flying fields will have cold cream and powder service for women fliers. Getting gasoline and oil and mechanical help only, I am sure will not be adequate in time.

Seriously, women can make a great contribution to aviation by demanding comfort. Without patting ourselves on the back, I think we are responsible for the development of the gasoline service stations which adorn automobile roads today.

Of course, I think women will take up aviation as a sport. Even if they do not, their influence will be felt in the improvement in passenger-carrying facilities. It may sound like a warning, but I am sure women will make up a large proportion of airplane passengers. Their children are keenly interested in flying, and I know mothers have to be interested in what their offspring do. I know they will fly in order to find out what Johnny and Mary are thinking about. The fact that a special flying costume is not necessary any longer shows how fast air travel is becoming common.

Framed by a string of aquamarines of unequal size are a plaque of emeralds, a pair of old Spanish earrings made of chrysolite, and another pair in pearls and diamonds. The bracelet is of cultured pearls in large size. For the unusual woman are the long oriental earrings hung on gold rings, with swinging strands of pink and pale green stones, interspersed with pearls. Olga Tritt has these lovely things.



Pearls of uneven shape form a beautiful contrast to translucent emeralds in two superb necklaces from the Little Shop of T. Azeez. They are typical of the masterly workmanship shown at this shop. A double bracelet of fine gold has a plaque of carved jade surrounded by gold. A great pearl forms the ring shown below and beside it is a wide band of pinkish stones called pattrachan. A woven ring of gold mesh.

Sherril Schell

UNUSUAL JEWELRY





"THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS AN UGLY WOMAN"

Says Antoine, Famous French Coiffeur

BY KATHLEEN HOWARD

ANTOINE, the creator of hair styles for women, is, deadly serious about his art; he is like a priest performing his rite when he twists and twirls soft hair into place. He coaxes, he persuades, he strokes, but he never fumbles.

"Some days it will go *so*," he said at his Saks-Fifth Avenue establishment, "and sometimes it takes quite other forms.

"For that reason, and many others, one must vary the same woman's coiffure. Then, every function the woman attends is a different one, and she must therefore look different for each one. They come to me in Paris; they say, 'Antoine, make me beautiful, I go to so-and-so to-night.' And according to their mood, to the

expression I see in their faces, to the dress they will wear, so I coiffe them.

"A great lady in Paris called me in. She was tired, she would stay *chez elle*; she was reclining upon a chaise-longue. She inspired me. I gave her hair the aspect of a *désordre artistique*, a careless, accidental but *soigné* arrangement, as a frame for her head on the pillow. I studied her mood, her expression, and I created a harmony.

"I always follow the character, the intelligence I see in the woman's face and get my moment's inspiration from them.

"But I can do nothing without the woman. She must inspire me and then submit, absolutely, to my authority. If women would only

respect the artist as they should! They *must* respect his art to get the best results; it is their duty. Just as the painter is inspired by his sitter, as the singer by his listeners, so is the coiffeur inspired when he finds the respect, the appreciation in his client, of his art.

"But she can crush his interest, his inspiration, his joy in a moment by questioning his authority, by belittling his art.

"*La femme est l'animatrice de l'homme. La femme est le feu*, the fire the man must have.

"Fashion should *marcher* with women; without women, fashion could not exist. The short hair of to-day is fashion's expression of the woman of to-day; therefore it holds its own among fashionables. (Concluded on page 134)

YOUR WARDROBE ROUND THE WORLD

BY

ETHEL LEWIS AND MARION FAY



Lord and Taylor import this sleeveless frock from Jane Régné, designed primarily for tennis, but which would admirably serve the voyager in the tropics. The fabric is a cotton and silk mixture with narrow, lustrous stripes in white.

Heavy diagonal tweed makes a practical traveling coat with detachable cape and a collar of gray goat. Dobbs.

WHAT to wear? What to wear? The eternal cry of womankind! And when that woman is starting for a cruise through the West Indies, across the Pacific, or round the World, the problem is multiplied manifold. There must be fresh frocks for oppressively hot days, there must be a warm coat for freezing cold days, there must be suitable costumes for sports or for evening, and above all there must be variety. If you are traveling independently, a change of companions every so often seems to lend a freshening touch to the old wardrobe, but when you're on a cruise ship with the same people month after month you will need a different frock now and then for their benefit as well as your own.

There are places where you can and will buy clothes as you journey along, for the shops and bazaars of the Orient are as intriguing in their way as are those of London and Paris. In Japan there are heavenly kimonos, not the thin, sleazy kind we usually see in the shops, but those made for the Japanese ladies. They wear three or four at once, you know, a plain dark one of rich heavy silk outside, and lighter ones inside of such gay color combinations as only our modernist artists have dreamed. There are houri coats, too, which they wear on top of their kimonos, which make graceful and practical evening wraps for us with their daintily tinted linings and long flowing sleeves.



If you love hand-embroidered lingerie made from the finest silks, you will lose your heart, and probably all the money in your purse as well, in the tiny shops which line both sides of Yalu Road in Shanghai. There are things of exquisite beauty, made in European styles. But you'll get better pieces and better prices if you bargain a bit. A Chinaman loves to bargain as he loves rice. In Canton and Hongkong shawls of undreamed-of beauty will beguile you with their Oriental flowers

embroidered on gorgeous silks. You will not be able to resist one or two—a beautiful white one with fine embroidery, a soft blue one or a red one boldly embroidered in white, or the more usual one with red poppies and tiny trailing vines and butterflies that you only discover when you have it at home.

You can buy net or piña cloth frocks embroidered or combined with lace for daytime or evening in the well-ordered shops of Manila. And there you will find a great bargain that you must take advantage of—if you're not too fat or too thin!—charming hand-embroidered and smocked voile frocks in all colors. Everyone buys them, but unfortunately they are not suited to everyone. As soon as the ship sails from Manila you will see the short fat matron just about to burst out of her bright rose voile, and you'll see the thinnest of the maiden ladies with a pale blue frock that hangs off her shoulders and hips like an ill-fitting nightgown. Despite these misfits they are practical, delightful dresses for you to buy for tropical wear—if you see that they fit properly.

The bazaars of Singapore and Rangoon and India will tempt you with their beautiful silks, and you can have a native make you a dress overnight, provided you give him a model to copy. But beware that it has no flaws or holes in it, for they have been known to copy things so accurately that they will cut or burn holes to match those in the model if you are not watchful. Bags and beads and bracelets, and scarfs and hats and parasols will lure you from one shop to another and you will think them all fascinating and unusual and cheap. And so they are, but even at that, remember that when you are dealing with an Oriental he expects some argument about the price.

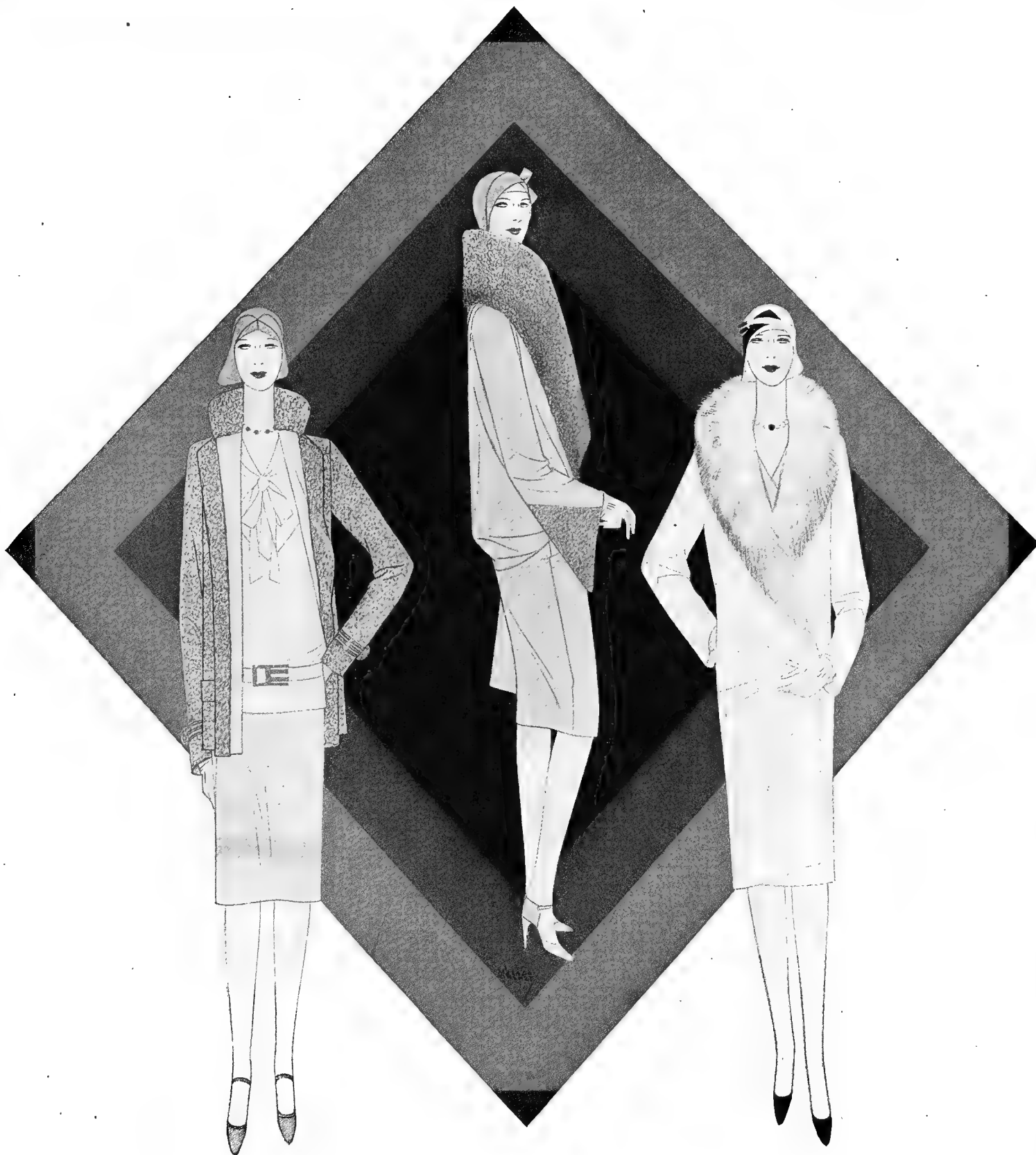
As you have planned your trip, so must you plan your wardrobe. If you're going to be in Japan and China in February or March, when there is apt to be snow on the ground, you'll need very warm clothes. Even your fur coat will not be amiss. (You can send it back home from Manila if you're not traveling on a cruise ship where they have cold storage for furs.) But if you're going to be in Japan when the cherry-blossoms turn the whole island into a fairy garden, then you will need only the usual warm spring clothing. The seasons in Peking are not unlike those in New York, so you can judge your necessities by that. Any month of the year is summer-like in the Philippines and Java, but Singapore and Penang, and Burma and India can be unbelievably hot. February and March are the most comfortable months. There you will wear sleeveless frocks of white, or pale colors if you prefer, whether on shore or on shipboard. If you're going to travel up the Nile during the winter months (a houseboat is a heavenly way to do it!) summer sports clothes will be the rule. But with this difference—sleeves are almost essential. The heat there is dry and burning, quite different from that of the tropical South Seas or India. By late April and May it is too hot for comfort, so you must travel northward. And if you want a sight to rival a Paris spring, you must be in Constantinople in May, when the chestnut trees are in bloom, adding their lacy whiteness to the other

(Continued on page 136)



A good traveling companion is such a frock as this from Dobbs, of green and white striped non-crushable crepe.

The non-crushable quality of lace makes it the first choice of the wise traveler. A Jay Thorpe evening frock, of pale rose and dregs-of-wine silk lace, has tulle of the darker shade used as edging on both cape and skirt in a wide band.



FUR ALIKE FOR NORTH OR SOUTH

In this daytime ensemble from Franklin Simon a short coat of krimmer combines with a two-piece frock of gray ombré jersey. The mode for the short fur jacket and woolen dress is very important for sports and day wear. Krimmer is one of the best of the season's furs.

Gunther imports a charming Callot coat of light weight gray etamine, with huge collar and pointed cuffs of krimmer. This is an ideal coat for Southern wear both as to color and weight. The light woolen-wrap is an essential for the South, where all the hours of the twenty-four are not of tropical temperature.

Straight lines and interesting details characterize this white coat of heavy tweed from De Pinna, which is collared in natural gray wolf. The white wool coat for the South combines warmth with a summery appearance and is good with light-colored sports clothes.



THE SOPHISTICATED BLACK COAT

The black coat trimmed with one of the flat black furs is extremely important this winter. This Vionnet model of duvetyn with Persian lamb collar and cuffs is imported by Bendel. The sleeve design and fabric manipulation are typical of this clever designer.

Another example of the good black coat is a Lanvin model of broadcloth from the Tailored Woman, with interesting collar and cuff trimming of Persian lamb, the fur cuffs reminiscent of mutton-leg sleeves. The plainness is relieved by circular tucks which culminate in a slenderizing V line at the center back.

Sleek black broadtail richly trims this street coat from Bergdorf Goodman, forming a scarf-like collar and tremendously deep cuffs which actually disappear into the armhole. This type of coat is undoubtedly the well-dressed woman's choice for the street.

pyjamas

A coat and bandings of bright blue complete this white crêpe pyjama ensemble from Hattie Carnegie, featuring the deep U back.

sunburn

Hattie Carnegie ingeniously puts a sunburn back in a daytime sports frock of white. Brown bands lace up the side and stripe the coat. White shoes, tan trimmed, from Frank Bros.

bandanna

Eldridge Manning combines cravatte silk in a red and blue irregular check design with white crêpe, for a three-piece sports outfit. Snake-trimmed pumps from Frank Bros.

jersey

A new neck-line makes this imported swimming suit from Altman interesting. Of lavender and purple, the collar unbuttons to enable the wearer to sunburn her back.

LOW BACKS FOR DAYTIME WEAR



gingham

sports

Best imports an amusing ensemble from London Trades, of brown and white checked Anderson gingham with white linen blouse.

calico

taffeta

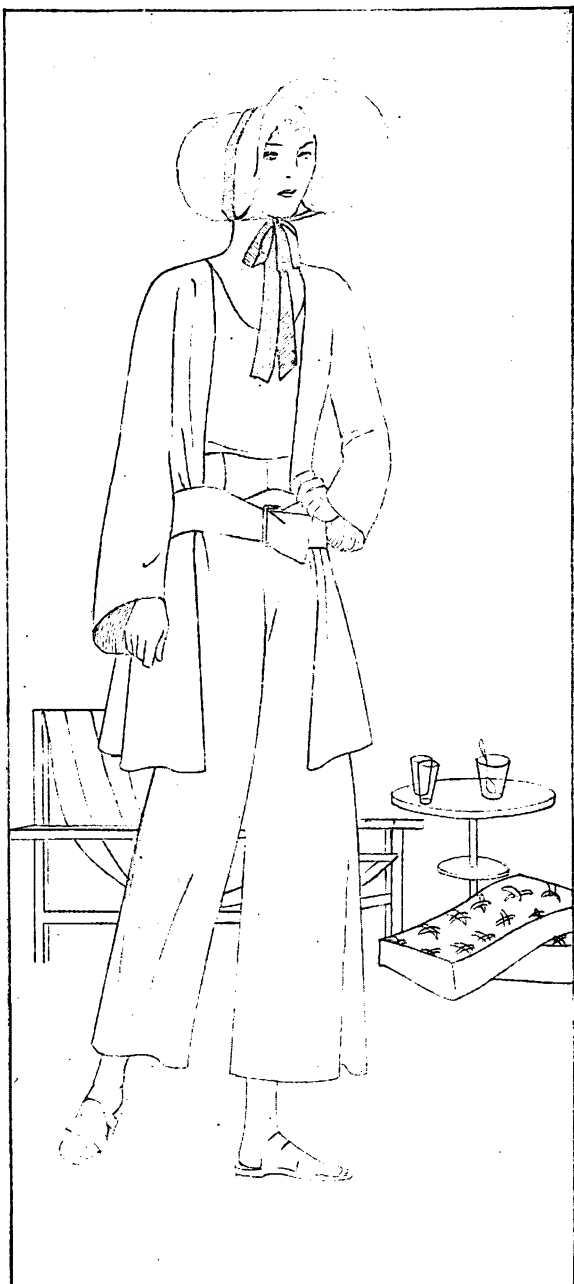
In this imported sports costume from Wana-maker, black and fuchsia cubes enliven a frock of apricot crêpe, worn with a fuchsia wool cardigan. Pumps from Martin and Martin.

Quaint quilted calico in yellow and red makes a coat for Southern wear, worn over a severely tailored dress of white piqué. Coat, dress, and Fortmason Gillie shoes from Best.

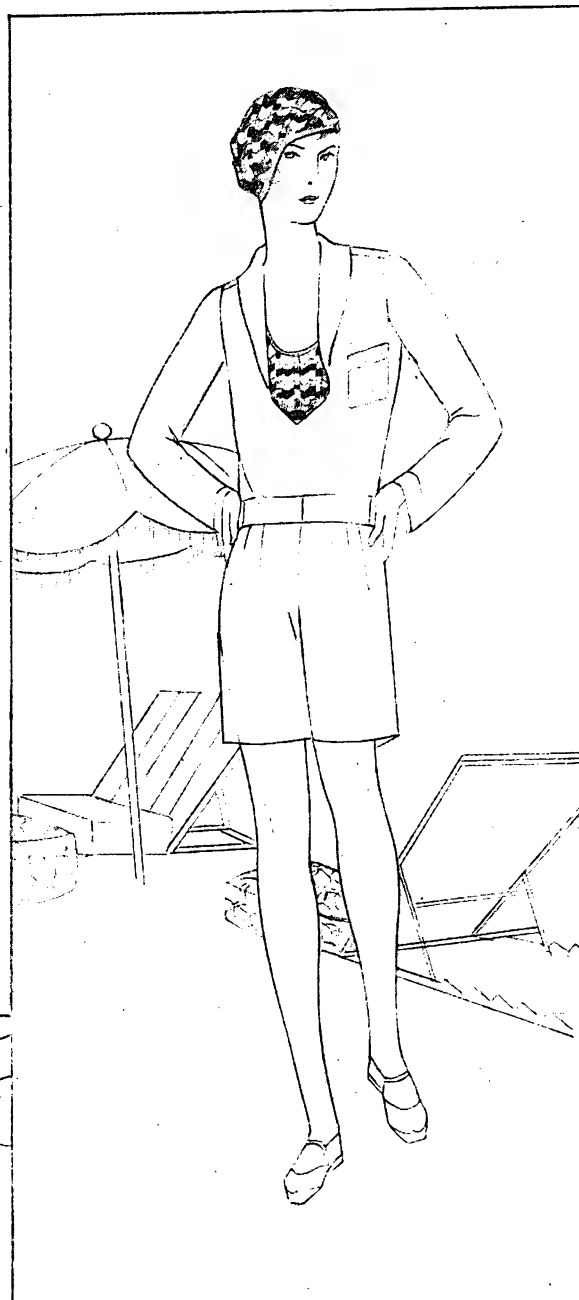
This very crisp Goupy frock from Jay Thorpe is of cinnamon-red silk taffeta faille. The gray-lined scarf may be used either round the neck or as a sash.

COTTON AND SILK SHARE HONORS

GAY ATTIRE FOR SUNNY BEACHES

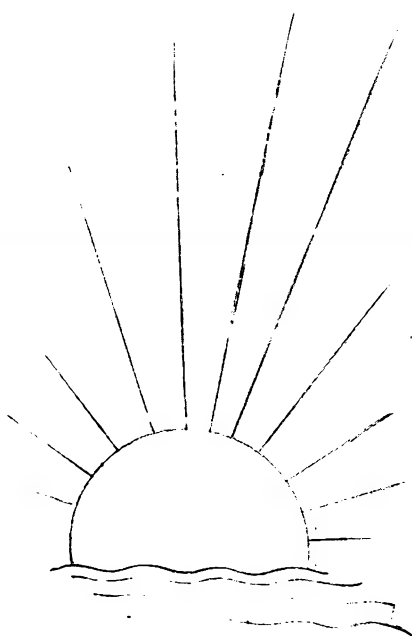


Jay Thorpe imports a Mary Nowitzky beach ensemble in which a red and black jersey bathing suit combines with a coat of cream silk—red-lined. The large, flat beach hat ties under the chin with a jaunty marine blue ribbon.



In this bathing outfit from Saks-Fifth Avenue a jersey jumper of zigzag design in gay flag colors tucks into a pair of dark blue woolen shorts, with a white silk shirt to slip on at will.

A bathing ensemble in blue and white from Franklin Simon shows an asymmetric line of the two contrasting colors. The blue and white reversible cape is held at the neck with a little white strap.



PALM BEACH DAYS AND NIGHTS

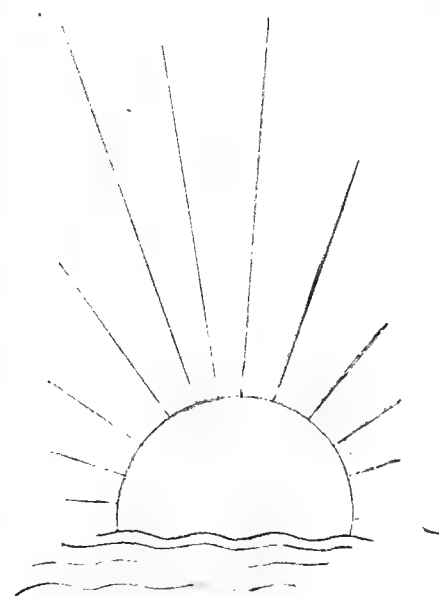


Joseph fashions a charming evening gown of Bianchini silk in large floral design, woven on the warp in the new way. Two huge taffeta flowers with wired petals are posed at the left on the slightly trailing skirt.



"Show your sunburned back!" is the decree of fashion and this frock with a deep U back facilitates such a procedure. The skirt has the new low front dip. Bergdorf Goodman.

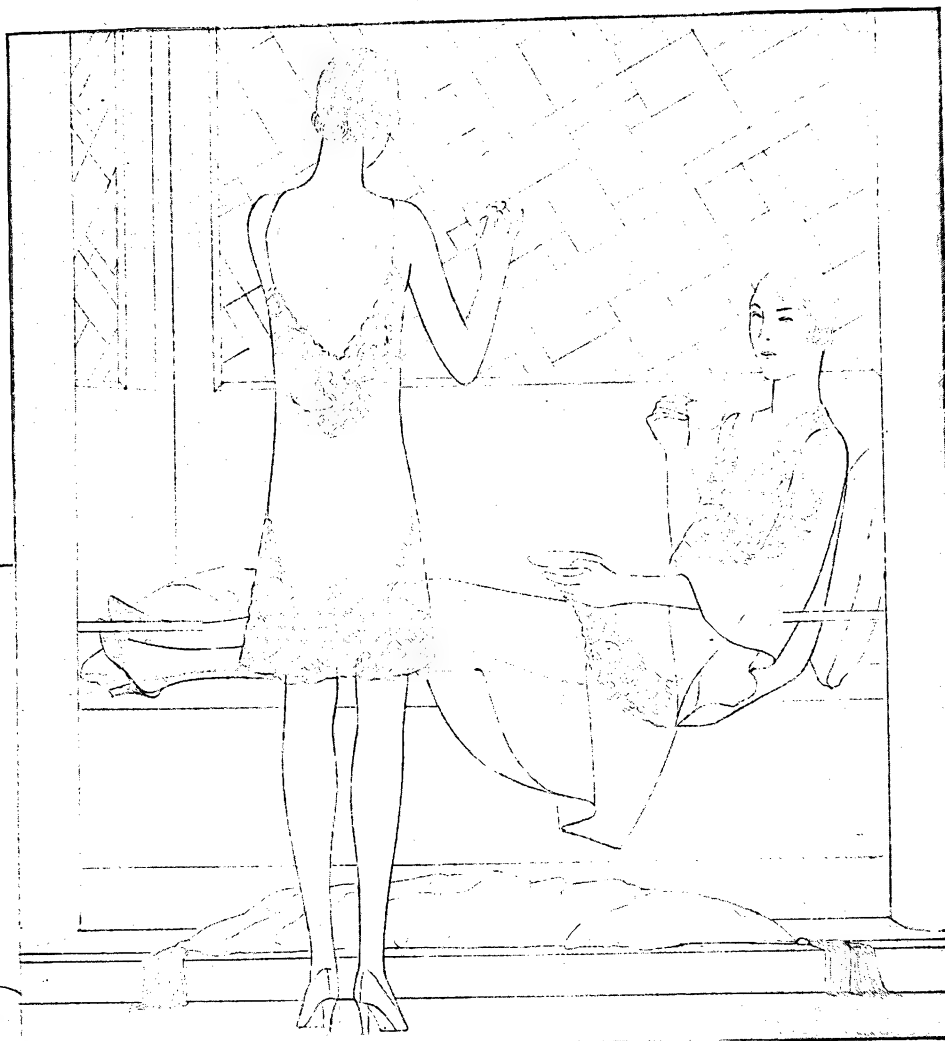
This duvetyn ensemble of sulphur-green from Bergdorf Goodman shows itself in front of The Everglades. Its talking points are the quaint postilion cape and coat lining of small print.



LACE-TRIMMED LINGERIE THAT

A combination from Bergdorf-Goodman in peach-colored georgette and écreu Alençon lace. It is cut low in the back, coming almost to the waist-line, and fits snugly. The same model may be obtained in sheer black maline over dainty flesh ninon.

Moments of relaxation may be enhanced by such a bed-jacket as this model from Bergdorf-Goodman. It is designed in a beautiful and unusual fashion, entirely covering the nightgown. Peach-beige in color, it is made of crêpe and Alençon lace.



A lovely ensemble of flesh crêpe pyjamas and negligée to match. Both are lavishly trimmed with deep borders of Alençon lace. In spite of the extremely luxurious appearance of the ensemble, it is washable and practical for general wear. Bonwit Teller.

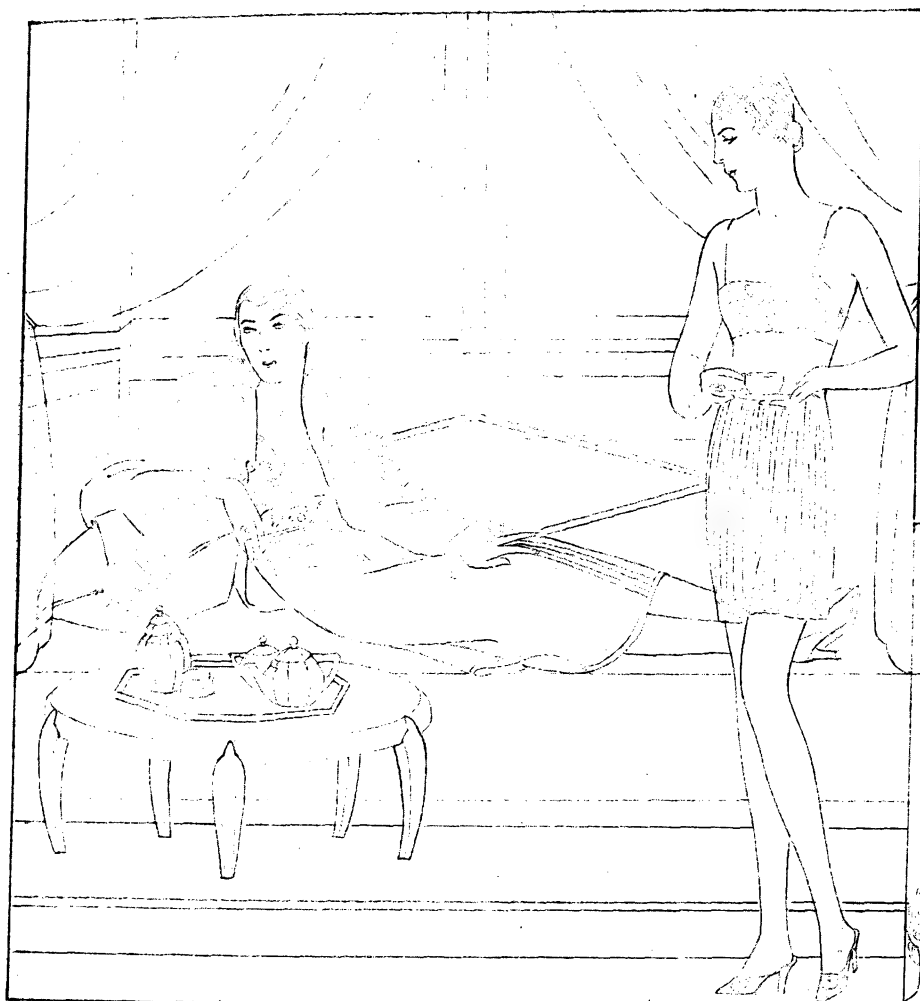
A particularly charming two-piece set from Bonwit Teller in a delightful shade of Nile green. Alençon lace, applied in an unusual circular pattern, makes attractive trimming. The set is designed especially for the woman who prefers to wear separate panties.



From Jay Thorpe comes this beautiful combination in crêpe and lace. The top part fits the form while the skirt flares gracefully in vertical bands of crêpe and Alençon lace. The back is cut very low.

A yellow crêpe negligée from Jay Thorpe which achieves unusual grace with its long, flowing sleeves of Alençon lace. Under it may be worn either of two nightgowns, both in yellow crêpe trimmed with lace.

REFLECTS A LUXURIOUS SEASON



A bed-jacket from Daisy Garson of white velvet. It is lined with deep rose satin, showing a glowing pink through the velvet. The trimming is deep rose marabou. The nightgown is part of a wedding set of pure white, trimmed with real lace.

Also from Daisy Garson comes this set of pantie and matching bandeau. By an ingenious arrangement, it can be joined in front, thus forming a remarkable little garment that might be called a super-chemise. It is of white crêpe and écreu Alençon lace.



A two-piece set of flowered crêpe in flesh with a design of rosebuds and green leaves, and with a piping of green. It is particularly practical because it is easy to wash and has great durability. Stein and Blaine.

Exceptionally beautiful is this Stein and Blaine negligée of heavily brocaded chiffon. Its most striking feature is the fact that it is cut with long panels in the back following the hem-line of the smart evening mode.



An unusually charming effect is achieved in this two-piece set from Arnold Constable by the combination of deep écreu chiffon and black lace. The body of the garment is chiffon and the lace is applied in a decorative arrangement of rosettes and borders.

The ensemble occupies a place in boudoir fashions of almost equal importance to its place in more formal attire. This lovely one from Arnold Constable includes a corn-colored crêpe wrapper and a matching nightgown, both lavishly trimmed with lace.



"The flame of his dark eyes sought not Erda, but a slender glittering figure with lips over-red and parted. He came abreast of Daphne, pushed by the crowd. Her arm touched his. The orchestra in the lounge was playing. Before he knew it, she had swept him into the rhythm."

A Story by Elisabeth Finley Thomas:

ERDA

A Romance of the Snow-capped Alps at the Height
of the Winter Carnival Season

Illustration by Henry Raleigh

MONSIEUR l'Abbé de Kérouac, seated alone at one of the small tables that edged the dancing-floor of the Hotel Winter Bellevue Grand, contemplated with amused philosophy the tangled mass of cosmopolitanism, gyrating and shaking in the epilepsy of the Charleston.

"Add tails," he reflected, a smile taking a humorous stitch in his shaven lip, "add tails and perhaps a pitchfork or two and you have the naïve conception of a Preraffaellite hell!" He dropped a second lump of sugar into his cup. An amethyst ring twinkled on his plump hand. Monsieur l'Abbé was an Abbé de luxe. Imported annually by the Hotel management for the purpose of shriving in the local chapel sensitive French and South American consciences in need of easing, he took the world as he found it, bringing, however, the chemical action of his own wits and Divine Grace to bear upon it as he saw fit. His keen glance, resting now on the scene before him with malicious wisdom, was not unkind.

Most of the dancers were in sports clothes, the women a bit disheveled from an afternoon of sledding and skating, the men frost-bitten and flushed after a long day on their skis, supplemented by cocktails. An East Indian princess, addicted chiefly to the indoor sports of the Occident, twinkled tiny silver-shod feet, fitting her lithe body draped in the silks of the Orient into the concavity of the Professional; an elderly Teuton, his shaven head the color of a raw oyster, shoved his bulbous frau in front of him like a perambulator; an undergraduate and a boisterous flapper jostled recklessly down the middle of the floor. The eyes of the Abbé, however, followed one particular couple, a tall young Englishman, of a type never negligible to ambitious mothers, and a girl dressed in the sort of ski trousers that made other women either repulsive or grotesque. "A very Diana of the skis!" thought the Abbé, noting meanwhile how the passage of the pair held up the traffic, conversationally speaking, in the gossipy groups of the onlookers, whence, according to sex or status, shot glances of jealousy or admiration. "And," he continued his reflections, "as for beauty she but too evidently possesses its essential, the power to create emotion!"

The orchestra had ceased for a moment or two its blatant summons to the dancers.

"Who is she?" asked a man at the next table, in English, of his companion.

The Abbé, who had spent three years in Sussex, bent his ear for the reply.

"Daphne Abbingdon, Back Bay, *pur sang*," was the response.

"I didn't know you grew orchids on Plymouth Rock," commented the first speaker. ("Not so bad!" Monsieur l'Abbé chuckled appreciatively in his episcopal sleeve.)

"No more we do!" came the answer. "She is an exception. Some Puritan ancestress must have side-slipped before boarding the *Mayflower*. Anyhow Daphne went a bit too far even for Boston solidarity last winter. You see, she's been out only two seasons and—well, her sort of affair is preempted by the matrons of our chaste locality. After her adventure with Larry Woodstock—he married the Jarvis

secluded corner. He held out a crested cigarette case. She curved toward him for a light, then leaned back, apparently watching her own skill at blowing rings. Chatter was an imaginary obligation she left to ugly girls. Her equipment obviated its necessity. She spread for her admirers ample spaces of silence to be filled by the only thing that she or they found interesting. In this case she did not greatly care if they remained empty.

"I'm leaving in an hour," announced Paulingham, looking down sulkily at his lean knuckles. "You've treated me rather rottenly, you know!"

His failure to provide a thrill of the quality she craved had left her indifferent: "Throwing me to the lions, are you? Jews, Germans and Argentines?"

"And ski-masters!" he emphasized.

"Don't be absurd—and insulting!" She did not even bother to turn on him the flash of a momentary anger.

"Is it absurd to have divined your preference for primitive man?"

"You can scarcely deny having exemplified the fact that all men are primitive!"

The rather boyish face of the Honorable Geoffrey flushed suddenly.

"Don't worry!" She spoke lightly. "I am that paragon, the woman who forgets. Remembering gives me indigestion! And that's that! It's finished. You're right to go. A quick curtain often compensates for a dull play!"

"Dull!" he groaned. "Credit me at least with having perceived that you fear the boredom of an epilogue!"

She leaned toward him, her lure as tangible as if she had touched him. "But not perhaps of a new play . . . you'll come back."

"Not if I can help it." He got up abruptly.

"You can't," she challenged. "Auf wiedersehen. More in sorrow

than in anger, I trust!" She held out her hand. He took it only for a moment, then turning, he hurried out.

She did not even look after him, but moved instead toward a broad window at the end of the room and parted the curtains. Across the darkening valley she could just see the white streak of the track where the great ski-jumping contest would take place to-morrow. Little black dots hopped about on the slope, the figures of boys and men (Continued on page 140)

SHIPS

By NADEJDA DE BRAGANÇA

I WANT to lie, still as the sea at even,
And like the sea
To watch the ships, beneath a darkening heaven,
Sail over me.

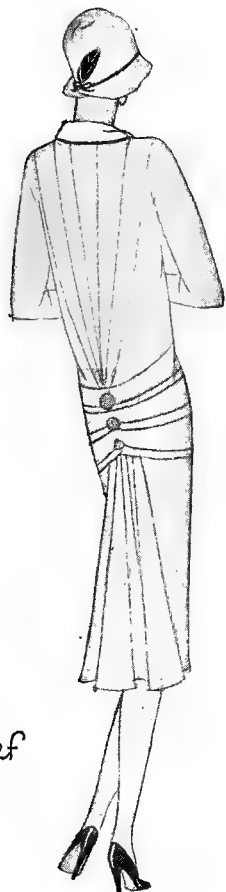
Vessels of dream and hope and aspiration
Across the deep
Return, to anchor off a shadowy station
Whose port is sleep.

But there is one my wandering waves may boast of
The whole night through—
A spectral craft that bears the grieving ghost of
My love for you.

girl, you remember—there was talk of dropping her from the Assemblies. That's why her mother brought her over here. But, to continue your metaphor, she's finding it difficult to hide an orchid in a Swiss haystack. Daphne would kick up mischief in heaven! Well, see you later. I've a date for bridge."

The musicians were folding up their stands; the violinist cradled his fiddle after its last wail in the "Blues." Daphne Abbingdon and the Honorable Geoffrey Paulingham found a

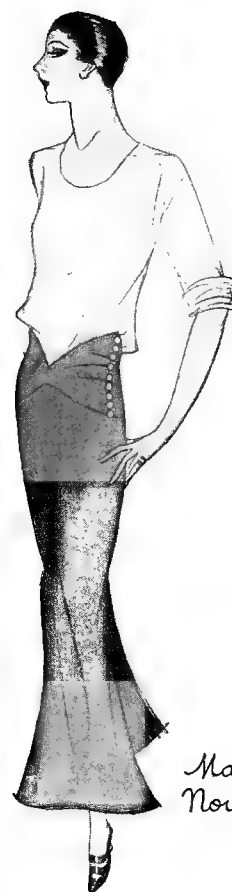
Last-Minute Sketches from the Mid-Season Collections



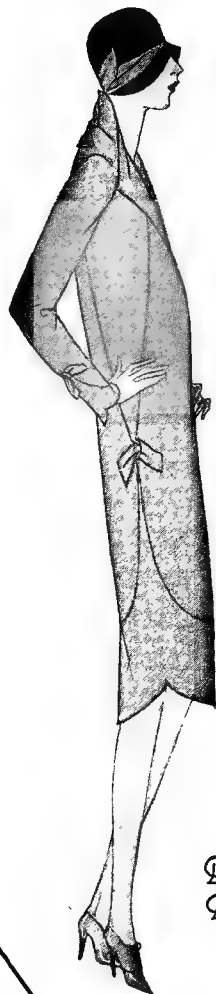
Lenief

Coat of shrimp pink
woolen material
with trimming of
knotted tabs

Yellow crêpe de
Chine. Trimming
of stitching in
self color

Mary
Nowitzky

Heavy white
crêpe de Chine
edged with brown.
Blouse and skirt
are plain in
front and com-
plicated in back

Doeillet
Doucet

Jenny

Sailor beach
trousers in
bright dark
blue flannel
with white
silk shirt

Beach or pyjama
slipper in blue-green
leather with silver



Sandalari

Beach or pyjama sandal in
pale green kid with feathers
in gold and black antelope



Sandalari

Palm Beach shoe in
white linen with colored
piping and laces



Hellstern

Purple kid, lined
with apple green
veined with gold



Sandalari

Felt toque worn
with triangle of
lace edged chiffon

Toque in shades
of velvet with
astrakhan top

Reboux

Reboux

Agnès
Dark blue "parasol"
or linen straw hat

Agnès
Béret of new
chenille jersey

Blue and white
print chiffon
with interesting
back of flat
bands finished
in godets

Patou

Water green crêpe
de Chine with hem-
stitched bodice, the
upper band a bolero,
the lower a
slanting belt

Chantal

Lelong

Gray marocain
ensemble with cape
back three-quarter
coat. Frock has
fullness in back only

Black broadcloth
with gray
astrakhan collar
and black
astrakhan cuffs

Drecol
Beer

A Novel by William J. Locke:

JOSHUA'S VISION

Concluding this stirring Novel of a Lonely
Man's Struggle for Happiness

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

(Conclusion)

THE next afternoon Fontana delivered his verdict to Joshua, who had called on him by appointment. A voice of extraordinary quality; an individual voice; almost a tantalizing voice. He agreed with Lesueur. It wanted an undefinable, psychological something to make it an amazing organ. A touch of soul, to put it crudely, was lacking. He explained to his non-musical listener. The most God-gifted chorister with a voice that would stop his colleagues in heaven from quiring to the young-eyed cherubin, had he ever heard one? Had he ever heard the urchin give his rendering of no matter what aria of wonder with a note of passion, a quiver of emotion? Susan, in her way, resembled the blue-eyed boy in the white surplice. He recalled his Trilby and Svengali analogy. A bow at a venture. Nothing, of course, to do with the case. He was dealing with the real and not the fantastic. A prodigious organ signifying nothing. But, on the other hand, it was too rare an organ to be lost; one also perfectly trained up to a point by Lesueur. Lesueur frankly confessed the end of his achievement. In five years' time he would get no more out of her than she had given that morning.

"Then nothing more can be done, as far as I can see," said Joshua.

"Ah! That's where I come in," said Fon-

tana, with a rich exotic accent of authority. "As far as I can see, all sorts of things can be done. Everything can be done. Listen, my dear friend. I know nothing about the young lady. I don't ask—" He made a gesture of deprecation. "I only know that she was brought up in one of your little English country places, and, since Madame Robina Dale and yourself took an interest in her, that she has lived in charming retirement in Chelsea. . . . She is—I ask because I am interested—what the French call *jeune fille*?"

"Of course, she is," said Joshua. "As virtuous a girl as ever lived."

"Precisely. She knows, except intellectually, nothing of the things that rend the human soul and the human body with passion and joy and despair. How can she render in the most emotional of all arts, the emotions which she can only conceive as intellectual abstractions?"

"I see what you're getting at," said Joshua.

"But I don't see Susan getting at it with you."

"It doesn't matter whether you see or not," said Fontana, with a disarming smile. "She will arrive there on her own account. There is a chaos of unawakened storms beneath those deep eyes that stare out of her tragic face. *Ah! Laissez-moi faire.* Let me have a free hand."

"What the devil do you want to do?" asked Joshua, in some alarm.

"Give her a free hand. Send her away to live her own life," replied Fontana.

"That be hanged!" cried Joshua. "She'll live in comfort while I'm alive, and after I'm dead."

"So much the better. All the more reason." Fontana smiled blandly. "I was not suggesting that you should throw her into the streets. Why? But you could allow a characterful young woman in her middle twenties to live untrammelled in Milan."

"Why Milan of all places?" asked Joshua.

"Because it is only in the Conservatoire of Milan that she could get the training she requires. Send her alone—oh, yes, alone—I insist, that is to say, if you find my counsel of any value, to Milan, financed according to your judgment and, of course apart from finance, it is best to be clear on these things, I will hold myself entirely responsible for the musical side of things."

Joshua rubbed his head and took a cigarette from his case.

"I've been trained as a business man," said he, "and can't be happy unless I get hold of the right end of the stick. Just tell me straight where you come in on all this."

"Your question is perfectly sound and justified," smiled Fontana. "I thought I told you my profession in life was the discovery and the exploitation of vocal talent. That means much knowledge and highly trained judgment. I stake much loyal and specialized work against the possibility of a future reward. I hope to be richer by Miss Keene's future earnings, in what degree fate only can decide. Tens of thousands of honorable men are doing the same as I in the commercial world. But, after all, there is more joy in pushing—that, I think, is your term—a beautiful voice or an artistic temperament than a sanitary appliance."

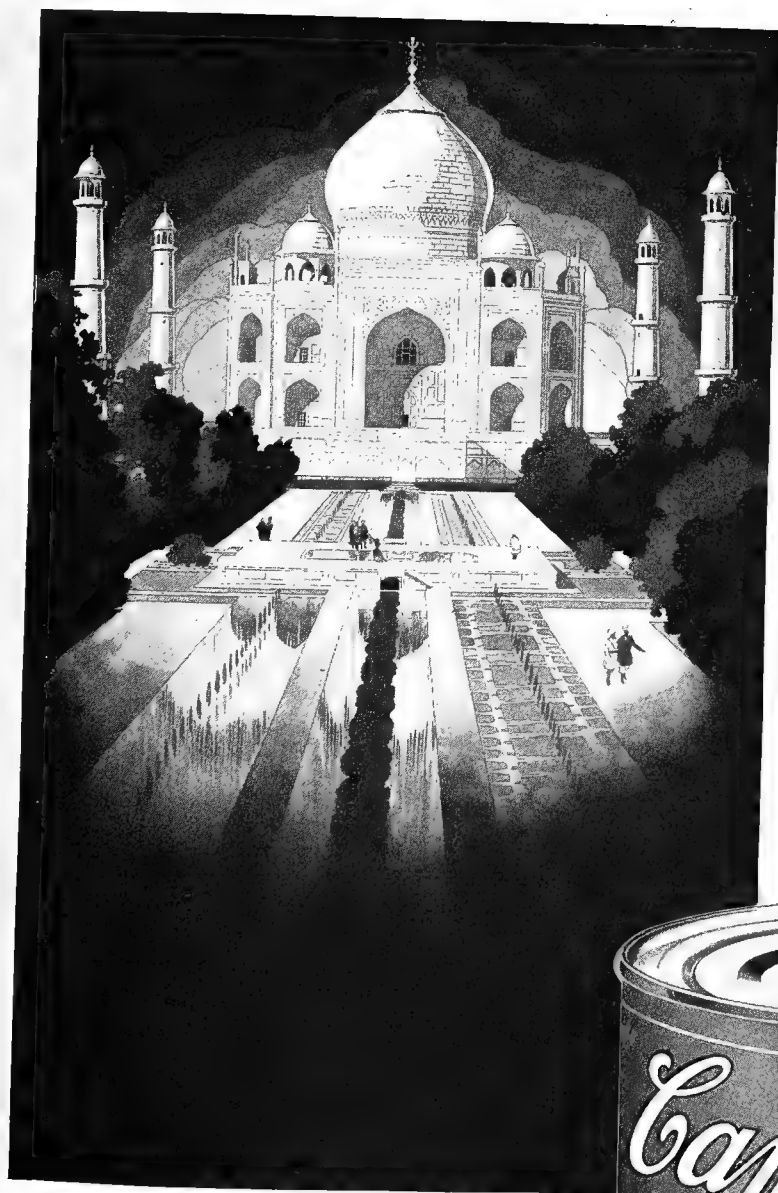
Joshua went away (Continued on page 150)



"Susan's voice suited the plaintive and tender melody and the accompaniment of minor chords, all expressive of the twilight of happiness."

MULLIGATAWNY

~ the Chicken Soup of the Orient



A dish with all the aromatic savoriness of the finest Oriental cooking!

No effort is spared by us to faithfully reproduce this famous delicacy of the Far East. Plump, tender chicken and the finest of Patna Head rice, grown in the fertile valley of the Ganges, are its base. The pick of the market in fresh vegetables; cocoanut from the tropics; a touch of coriander from the Mediterranean.

These are some of the many ingredients, but it's the subtle blending with curry, against a background of East India chutney that gives to Campbell's Mulligatawny the true Eastern tone and flavor. It is truly a soup with a world-wide appeal.

A soup no home kitchen could duplicate. 12 cents a can. Look for the Red-and-White Label.

These choice ingredients in the East India chutney are aged at least two years before using:

Fresh tamarind	Crushed dry ginger
Raisins	Dry English mustard
Currants	Italian garlic
Apples	Salt
Orange peel crystallized	Sugar
Citron crystallized	Cider vinegar
Fresh green ginger	Bermuda onions
Fresh red peppers	

They're all in this enticing Mulligatawny Soup.



PARIS PREPARES FOR THE SOUTH

(Concluded from page 67)

used by her in unusual color combinations in the same gown, such as faint green, faint rose and ivory, or Madonna blue and white, as in the gown sketched by Luza on page 60; a little silver lamé. No stiff velvet, and little stiff satin.

As to the evening silhouette, the chiffon gowns show a tendency to flatten in the back, but to keep their long trailing panels. There is an example from Lelong on page 111 with interesting interlacing of broad bands, and another from Patou on the Last-Minute pages. In the medium materials, I find skirts at Worth's and others which are short back and front and symmetrically long at both sides, instead of in the back only. While many houses retain the long panels in the back, these are now apt to be transparent, as in the model worn by the Marquise de Casa Maury from Worth. The very long back panels in heavier materials are more suitable for formal winter evening occasions, than for the South or for spring.

There is a tendency to put the length back at the side, where it is becoming and in accordance with the universal vogue of uneven hems, without having the "elderizing" effect of a train. Lanvin does this and, as you see, Drécoll-Beer have done it in the model on page 63. Apropos of trains, Vionnet has suppressed them in her mid-season collection. I think women found them too difficult to fit into the conditions of modern life. Her hem-lines are very uneven, and she uses one important panel set rather back on one hip, and shirred at the top. The butterfly effect of a slim body, and wide wings of transparent material in dipping skirts is still very good, particularly in gauzy wing-like materials. While frills running up to the waist in the back are retained by several houses, only Louise-boulanger keeps her decided "poufs," and she replaces them in many models by full panels hung from a tight-fitting bodice.

NEW is the Egyptian feeling which Worth introduces in some evening gowns, the skirt short, rather tight, and lapped over in front, with the curved girdle-line, and the addition of long flat panels in the back. He takes this from men's dress, commenting upon how odd it is that when we return to an historic epoch for inspiration, we usually return to masculine dress, instead of to feminine. He continues to deplore the drab conventionality of men's evening dress by the side of women's colorful variety. Maurice de Waleffe would enthusiastically agree with him, for he has tried for years to bring in a sort of modified court dress for men in the evening, using rich dark colors instead of the invariable black. Mr. Worth also showed me a most interesting picture in a book on Egyptian costume, illustrating the progressive changes in the skirts worn by men, from the very short model, hardly more than a loin cloth, to the flaring ankle length, then short again, then long and tight, finally short and flared, and, as a crowning touch of sophistication, both long and short at the same time.

Suzanne Talbot, a student of Egyptology, has one of the most individual gowns of the season, based on Egyptian dress, but the dress of royalty, both for men and women. It is in white chiffon, with a curved girdle, circular collar and arm bands of oblong pieces of mirror set on a foundation of massed seed-pearls. Narrow hanging panels of chiffon in the front carry out the Egyptian design, and each one, together with all the edges of the gown, is sewn with a bordering row of fine pearls. The arm bands have long attached chiffon streamers, also bordered with pearls.

Evening wraps follow known lines, and use the same materials. Premet shows an interesting one, which is drawn on page 63. This has an upper part of sapphire blue panne velvet, to which are attached skirts of matching chiffon, the dress being of the chiffon. The effect is very pretty. Premet also makes

a frilled black chiffon cape to complete a gown of black chiffon embroidered in jet. Jet is still being used for evening; Lanvin shows a gown in flounced black chiffon, with a little jacket with long chiffon weepers in the sleeves, the entire jacket being covered with rows of jet tubes. Several houses have offered that thin sort of evening wrap which is such a delightful addition to evening dress designed to be worn in casinos on the Riviera. There is a pretty example from Chantal on page 59, in one of her unusual color combinations, red and white check, yellow green and dark green. Worth is completing his chiffon evening frocks with fringed chiffon shawls. Vionnet and Paquin are making some evening capes instead of coats.

As to special beach costumes in these collections, they, of course, are designed more for our American Southern beaches than for Europe. It would be a bold bather who would dare the Mediterranean in February. On page 65 is a pyjama from Chantal in a new material called "astrakia," with a rough jersey-like silken surface. The one from Mary Nowitzky is as picturesque as the costume of the old-time southern planter. She shows it with a wide straw hat, as she does many of her beach costumes. Last fall at Biarritz in the season, big Mexican sombreros were worn by smart bathers on the Côte Basque.

Mary Nowitzky is distressed because she says that women do not know how to differentiate between beach suits and swimming suits. She says the true beach costume is fourfold. There is the little frock, easily slipped on over the swimming mailot, and worn from the hotel or villa down to the beach. Then there is the pyjama, which one wears for lounging, either with or without a suit underneath it. One takes off either frock or pyjama to go into the water in one's swimming suit, and coming out, one changes into a dry "bathing suit," which usually has a sort of little skirt, or wide "little boy" trouser arrangement, and which is meant for sitting about in, not for the water. At the Lido, you know, one is not admitted to the beach restaurant unless one is in bathing costume or pyjamas, and Madame Nowitzky rightly thinks that a suit which has been in the water is hardly appropriate for lunching. Her beach pyjamas, this year, are extraordinarily picturesque, wearable and charming. Schiaparelli is making real swimming suits of especially tested tweed, belted with pigskin that stands the water.

NOW for the important question of color. Red is strong in many houses, both for day and evening; I feel, however, that red is already a going, rather than a coming color. Just now I see a few red ensembles, usually trimmed with black astrakhan, worn by smart women; while in the evening a red frock or two lights up every smart assembly. Greens, in the opinion of many, are coming on strongly. They are certainly heavily represented in the new collections, especially the yellow and grayish greens, chartreuse, absinthe, tilleul, reseda. At luncheon time, I see a few women in dark green, sometimes trimmed with brown fur, sometimes with gray. The Comtesse de Vallombrosa wears the latter combination. In the evening, there is a good deal of Nile green, and pale leaf green, though no emerald. Yellow will be a good southern color. Worth's new pumpkin yellow is attractive. Madame Jean Charles Worth is wearing one of the short Persian lamb jackets mentioned above, with a plaited black skirt and a blouse of pumpkin yellow. She also wears the Reboux hat which lets the growing hair show in the nape of the neck.

Blue cannot be ignored. It does not seem reasonable to expect it to maintain the overwhelming popularity it has enjoyed for a year. Yet it is still so strong in many collections that one must continue to mention it high in the list. Patou shows more blue models than

any other color, by actual count. He continues his own special grayed blues. Lelong also continues his range of blues. The blues known as horizon, recalling the uniform of the *poilu*, sometimes called "washed out" blues in French, are extremely strong in many houses. The shade described as deep sapphire is not only well represented in the best collections, but is extensively worn at the moment by smart women. In the evening I see a great many baby-blue gowns.

Madame Dubonnet, the former Mrs. Nash, is wearing Chanel's lace bolero gown with the skirt very long in the back in this color. Paquin is using a special blue, almost a Madonna shade. Louise-boulanger, as you learn by the drawing on page 60, is combining this Madonna blue with white in a new *pouf* gown.

AS TO browns, the only house to continue them strongly in the mid-season collection is Patou. I see them worn a good deal in the daytime by important people, in fur shades, trimmed with the furs they match. The Queen of Spain came into Worth's the day I was there, wearing a mink coat, and a gown, hat and pumps all matching the lighter shade of the fur.

Though red, dark blue, dark green, and fur browns are seen in the daytime on women of social importance, there is no doubt that black remains their first choice. Black is still preeminently smart. Mrs. Michael Arlen is wearing Vionnet's black suit, trimmed with Persian lamb, and one of the new close felt caps, revealing most of the forehead. Breitschwanz is extraordinarily smart. Madame Agnès lunched at the Ritz one day, wearing a slim breitschwanz coat, with cap of the same, a point running down at the side of her forehead. She wore a black satin Vionnet dress, and a scarf of string-colored tuslikasha, printed in a big open-line check of red and green, with a bunch of natural red and green-leaved roses of exactly the same shades pinned onto the small standing collar of her coat. Her shoes and gloves were both of black antelope, the shoes a three-eyelet oxford. Often I see a yellow flower pinned to a breitschwanz coat, but in general few flowers are worn either in the daytime or the evening. Fewer diamond pins in hats are also to be noted; also fewer diamond bracelets on the same arm in the evening.

To return to black. The Queen of Spain was lunching at the Ritz one day in a black crêpe frock, with a plain V décolleté, a black cloth coat with a large ermine collar, small close black felt hat, off the forehead, with a diamond arrow run through it, a choker necklace of large pearls, with earrings and one big ring of the same. Black and white, especially when the white is ermine, is extremely smart. I have seen some good effects when the blouse was of white satin, the rest of the costume being black, giving the new importance to blouses. Mrs. Julia Thompson is wearing Chanel's imitation broadtail coat, with a short cape in the back, and, one long rever of lynx, for the light putty furs on black are still good. She also wears a red ensemble trimmed with Persian lamb. The Marquise de San Carlos often wears Chanel's tweed costume in bright brown and soft green, with a cravat collar of beaver tied once over in front. I see some very good-looking brown tweed costumes at the Ritz, at luncheon. When they are perfectly done and worn with all the proper accessories they hold their own even with velvet and fox ensembles.

THESE are the street colors most in vogue: For Southern wear, the collections give us a range of pale shades, washed-out blues, yellow and gray-greens, pale pinks, yellows, many "off-whites." At the present moment, there are few combinations of pale and strong colors; but these are so effective that they may easily come. Worth is showing an attractive combination of deepest blue and faint yellow for Southern wear. I

have a feeling that some smart things will be done in black and white for the South. This combination may receive a touch of red artfully placed. Putty is strong, and gray well represented.

FOR evening, the new collections show us the same range of pale tertiary colors, white, off-whites, thin black, and a little violine, pink, and purple. Sapphire and midnight-blue continue good. Bright red is found everywhere. Some pale orange, in faded nasturtium tones, has been introduced. Molyneux has a new, very drab beige for evening. Worth has a new bright peach-pink. Crevette-pink is found at several houses in an occasional model. Lelong continues his vanilla shades, the darker tones for day and the very pale for evening.

As to accessories, hats are perhaps the most important. In spite of the efforts of the milliners to bring in a larger hat, the majority of women insist upon keeping their heads small. This is because it makes them look taller, and one must be as tall as possible to be smart. One of the most popular hats of the moment is Reboux's Pierrot toque of pieced-together bits of velvet, dragged to one side, with a round of astrakhan at the top. You will see it on the Last-Minute pages. This is made in shades of velvet, especially browns and beige, or in all black, with a play of different materials, satin, felt, and velvet. You will also see on the same pages, Reboux's new scarf, a chiffon triangle bordered with lace, worn in fur colors, inside a fur coat to keep the fur from rubbing the neck. Scarfs are still overwhelmingly represented, by the way.

Chez Agnès, the new combination of beret and turban in a chenille jersey is having a great success. It is drawn on the Last-Minute pages. There is also a sketch of her latest idea, which one might call the "one-ear" hat, instead of the "one-eye" hat we have had for so long. It is made of parasol, a linen weave straw, oddly curved and cut away on one side to show the ear, or the lock of hair over the ear, and coming down almost to the shoulder on the other side. The profile is pretty against this long side as you see it in the sketch. Agnès is anxious for women to wear something on their heads for the theatre, and so she is making her beret-turban in silver, gold or copper mesh for evening. They give almost the effect of a metal wig.

A new note on bags. At London Trades', they are showing tweed hats with bags to match mounted in polished wood mountings.

THERE is a new after-the-theatre resort in Paris, the new Bœuf sur le Toit, which has recently taken possession of much enlarged premises. As a matter of fact, the place begins to be jammed at the cocktail hour, and continues so all the evening. The decoration is very successful. Two small yellow rooms, with black woodwork and black furniture, upholstered, as are the wall benches, in thick citron yellow leather, lead to the main room, a large square apartment, decorated with corrugated cardboard which has been silvered with some glittering preparation. On each side of the room are mirrors, large, square, and cut into sections, with colored mercury lights set between the sections, dark blue, light blue, red, and green. These spaces between the sections of mirror also serve as ventilation very efficiently.

In this setting, one finds a truly Parisian crowd—artists, actors, "big business" men, socially known personalities—sitting on the citron yellow wall benches, or jammed at the center tables. The women come in either street or evening dress, black usually, often amusing little pulled down hats, and odd "arty" jewelry. Dancing goes happily on among the tables, that vertical sort of dancing which introduces all sorts of new "holds" adapted to the confined space. Drinks and refreshments are whirled over the heads of the guests; all are good, none are expensive, and champagne is optional. No wonder the place is crowded!



*Caron's
Sweet Peas
Paris*

ACCENTING INDIVIDUALITY

(Concluded from page 73)

I should therefore not have had time to change"—is no excuse at all.

Traveling clothes—tweeds, jerseys, stripes and scarfs—can nowadays be so supremely chic as to be no smarter at the Ritz at 7 p. m. than any elaborate afternoon ensemble. Anyway, even quite ordinary traveling clothes at the Ritz at 7 p. m. would have been smarter than breitschwanz, a dressy hat, and high-heeled patent-leather shoes with steel buckles for traveling between London and Paris!

Barbara, after hurriedly greeting me, had flung both herself and her cigarette out of the room, exclaiming, "Back in a moment; start dinner without me."

"Isn't she adorable?" her mother said. "Even at Victoria station this morning, all ready, dressed for her cocktail party at the Ritz in Paris. I couldn't help admiring her."

To see her all dressed up for a journey seemed to me a catastrophe. I was positively aghast, but couldn't help it. Barbara considers all clothes to be suitable for any occasion, as long as she happens to fancy herself in them.

Though the young woman was a long time dressing, it was worth while having waited when she finally appeared. Her white satin pyjama suit, severely plain, almost tailored, was perfect, her trousers long and baggy and the comfortable cardigan-shaped red velvet jacket worn over it produced a very smart appearance. On both her wrists sparkled two-inch diamond bands. "Bracelets," she said, "given me by Jack, my fiancé. Aren't they beauties?"

During the evening heated discussions were indulged in as to which of the various dressmaking houses we should go to. Barbara had been very obstinate and decidedly fractious. Had I suggested Patou, she would have replied with Callot, and when I casually mentioned a house which specialized in wedding-gowns, she asserted Lanvin would make hers, and no one else.

"To start with, I must have a morning with Lucienne at Reboux's," she said, "to combine shapes and colors for new hats. I shall wear nothing but turbans this season. I am tired of everlasting felt. Why not go to Reboux's to-morrow morning?"

"Wouldn't it be preferable to order your clothes first? Why begin with accessories?"

"Don't be tiresome. I've ordered most of my clothes in England, and know exactly what I require. Anyhow, I am anxious to know what's worn. Let's meet there to-morrow. For the present I beg to be excused. I am worn out, I must have some rest. So good-night! Remember, Reboux's at 11.30, Callot's at 3. I've telegraphed Madame Irène to expect me. I need a few more evening gowns I can't get in London."

ON SENDING over to Reboux's in the morning, Lucienne replied that she'd not be free before twelve. Nevertheless, Barbara insisted on getting there half an hour earlier and had to wait. In the meantime there was much to amuse us.

Paraded on a pretty, newly-engaged mannequin we saw a wine-colored velvet cap, almost Shakespearian in character. It had a Florentine brim, from which it derives its name *le Florentin*. The girl showed this hat with a perfectly plain, knee-length cape of wine-colored velvet to match the hat, which was lined with velvet, almost scarlet in shade.

Scarfs and capes to harmonize with hats, fairylike incrustations of different textures forming geometrical patterns in velvet, metal tissues or transparent gauzes, often very daring in color, are the greatest novelties among what is very new at Reboux's this season.

Barbara suddenly discovered a hat, shown by the pretty mannequin. "This is the sort of thing to suit me," she said. "I must try it on at once."

What Barbara tried on proved to be an almost cone-shaped turban-like toque of sapphire-blue velvet, encircled by small incrustated squares of velvet shading from lavender to turquoise. The point of the turban was formed of black astrakhan.

With it goes an upstanding astrakhan neckpiece, tied on in front with a large blue velvet bow.

"Isn't it smart? I shall have to get a fringe of tiny curls for the back of such hats," Barbara remarked. "No, I would certainly not dream of letting my hair grow because of a hat. I'm already too old to imagine that long hair may ever again be considered chic. These are, nowadays, school-girl notions."

"Antoine shall make a fringe of curls to be sewn into hats! I know quite a number of women with boxes full of *postiches*. It is so easy to pin them on. False hair often makes a hat!"

LATER, the same day at Callot's. Lady Angleford and Barbara had watched *la Collection* from its very beginning.

Madame Irène and her *secondes*, each of them armed with a pencil, take down the names of the models Barbara seems to have fancied.

"Voyez, *Mademoiselle Barbara*. This very nice lace gown, black lace over white lace. *Très nouveau*. Not as yet sold to importers. This other, my special favorite, turquoise lace over beige. *Le mouvement est très gracieux*."

It is a pink crêpe gown, the skirt part being formed of four widening flounces in deepest mauve. Short both front and back, there are long points on each side.

"The unusual feature," I remark, "is the three large pink roses, one above the other in front, from low waist-line to skirt-hem. They look like three large buttons."

What I take special note of is that Callot is very faithful to the fashion of artificial flowers on evening gowns. This being my first visit since the early autumn, I am much interested in the collection, particularly in a stunning net ball gown of the kind *les sœurs Callot* invented and still do better than anyone else.

The one just passing is of turquoise net shading downward to deep violet in the low-hanging points of the skirt. There are turquoise, green and violet flowers down the front of the gown. A daring creation.

I overhear Barbara ordering *Metropolis*, an unmistakable Callot, of figured blue velvet, beautiful but slightly extreme on hobble-skirt lines, with a fish-tail train. Much too daring for anyone as young as Barbara.

In rapid succession five or six mannequins now pass before us, all together, in a ravishing bunch. I can't take in all the details. I have merely an impression of seeing yellow crêpe brocaded in gold and brown, and of a long train sweeping past me. I am not quite certain whether the train depends from the gown or is part of the wrap. The latter is trimmed with deep orange fox and dark red roses. All of it is one mass of trailing draperies.

A cerise velvet gown is noticeable because of its being devoid of sleeves, in spite of a high neck and what appears to be a ruby dog-collar. There seems to be a black net foundation peeping from underneath the velvet skirt part!

Barbara and Madame Irène are having a long and earnest conversation. Barbara seems to have placed a very good order. Madame Irène is all smiles.

Intent on being civil, Barbara wants to know if I approve of her selection. Whether I approve or not would make little difference. I therefore applaud her choice.

As a matter of fact, she selects well, even if not wisely, as I personally prefer young women to be dressed more simply than in *Goya*, for instance, or in *l'Oiseau bleu*, two magnificent gowns, the latter a vision of sapphire blue over a hooped petticoat, the skirt one solid mass of drooping lavender ostrich feathers, and *Goya* a black velvet robe de style combined with a circular white ermine cape lined in black and bordered by wide flounces of heavy gold lace. Very stunning, of course, but what will Barbara wear at fifty if this is what she selects at twenty? Childish muslin frocks, most likely, with pinafore skirts.

It's five o'clock. Barbara shows signs of impatience. "I don't intend ordering

an evening coat at Callot's," she says to me, when Madame Irène left us to greet a client. "Let's go elsewhere, to a furrier. I need warmth, not mere brocade and roses. Where can we go?"

"Next door, to Max of course. Madame Leroy is supreme, a great artist. There is no one to beat her; she is a real wizard in furs."

Barbara seems to have heard of Madame Leroy before. "Very good," she says, "let's go at once."

A FEW moments later, at Fourrures Max, Madame Leroy, a bit of red ribbon in the buttonhole of her silver-gray coatgown (official recognition of her abilities), received us in an all silver-gray setting!

"Now, show us all this young lady may need," I tell her. "We have come to be tempted."

"Alice, Andrée, bring out our newest models *pour Mademoiselle*, and tell Léonie to show my last creation, *Le fourreau-Redingote*. This is merely a shape and can be carried out in any fur, even in texture."

Enters Léonie wrapped in Hudson Bay seal, trimmed with badger. A long coat with a narrow under-part. There are side pieces, flaring from the hips downward, cut all in one with the top, the basque part, however, left unattached both front and back.

"The last word in style," Madame Leroy tells us, "a true lady's coat."

Madame Leroy prides herself on using correct qualifications and is past-master in the knowledge of creating atmosphere. She has quite won over Barbara, who wishes to know the difference between *blaireau* and *lynx*.

"It looks like the same fur to me."

Madame Leroy explains that badger is smarter because the small dark brown patches on the light background "give it a more modern appearance. It's softer than *lynx*; it is unfortunately very costly."

"I am not surprised," Barbara says, "everything attractive invariably is."

"The collar on this other coat, however, is *lynx*," Madame Leroy tells us, "not *blaireau*. Don't you think it looks splendid on a red velvet wrap, for theatre parties or dinner in restaurants? The flare of the coat is all to one side, an original cut, isn't it? With it goes a *lynx* muff. I call muffs romantic, don't you? Women are clamoring for them this season. It's one of the features of my winter collection."

We are watching a spotless white ermine cape being shown to a client across the room. It has a widely scalloped border.

"Come over, Léonie, show *Mademoiselle* your cape. There is absolutely no collar. It is finished off by two wide scarfs which tie into a huge bow-knot on the left shoulder almost under the chin. Very new and very smart."

"I should think this peach-colored wrap, all peach satin and peach foxes, would suit *Mademoiselle* even better."

"Isn't it rather too delicate in color for winter wear?" Barbara inquires.

"It might be made in beige satin," Madame Leroy says, "or better still in a mellowed golden velvet with fox dyed to match. A harmony in gold would be beautiful."

"Did I hear you suggest blue fox to the lady sitting by the window?"

"Yes, blue fox is undoubtedly the most fashionable pelt just at present. It is even preferred to silver fox. The term blue merely indicates a tone of beige, the bluish tinge being almost imperceptible."

"Alas! you've guessed right, it's a very expensive fur. However, let me show you my *renards bleu lustré*, white fox dyed to imitate blue fox. An imitation, *inimitable* elsewhere. Half-price, almost as effective as fox really born blue."

Madame Leroy has the gift of knowing how to praise what she admires. She loves her furs. Her enthusiasm is contagious. She has persuaded Barbara to decide on a set of "near" blue foxes.

Result: Barbara has ordered an evening coat on the line of the famous *fourreau-Redingote*.

NEXT afternoon we meet at Lanvin's. Sketches for wedding-gowns are to be shown us, actual gowns as well. On arriving, we find a bevy of young women expecting us. All of them in a flutter. The selection of a wedding-gown in any French dressmaking establishment always gives rise to much excitement.

Barbara has asked for plain white satin and on being shown a lovely model, with a bell-shaped skirt of many points, of which two form a train, has almost decided upon it.

"Let's have a look at some others before you finally make up your mind," I say. "Aren't you afraid of appearing short and stumpy in so wide a skirt?"

"You may be right. Let's see some others," Barbara replies.

The next model shown is a gown of white moire, shot with silver, long and medieval in line, with decorations of silver and rhinestone daisies hanging way down like a three-tiered necklace of flowers in front of the bodice.

Lady Angleford, however, in her best French declares this model to be "too theatrical for my daughter. I consider daisies, anyway, to be unsuited for a bride."

For once, Barbara agrees and a compromise is reached by keeping to the shape, perfect in style, but having it carried out in white velvet of that new transparent quality resembling a rather heavy kind of mousseline de soie. The very narrow-looking gown is to reach down to the feet in front, the line merely interrupted by a succession of horizontal gathers forming a wide band of tiny pin plaits around the waist. Tight sleeves of velvet are to end below the elbow, from there on becoming net, sparkling with embroidery, down to the wrist. The embroidery to resemble a succession of armlets. The neck-line Barbara wishes finished off by an embroidery, which is to give the impression of a three-strand necklace of rhinestone stars. The tight-fitting cap to be composed of diamond bands, from under which is to fall the net veil reaching to the end of the very long train.

Another feature of this lovely costume, a truly Lanvin touch, is to be an oval, capelike arrangement of net, lightly embroidered with sparkling stars, hanging from the shoulders like a mantle and forming a second much shorter net train rejoining the veil.

THE remainder of Barbara's stay in Paris was mostly given over to Reboux's, each hat having to be shaped on the girl's patient head.

"I rarely buy hats in London," Barbara said, "but I do most of my clothes."

Here, at last, was my chance of hearing a typically British point of view.

"Tell me about them, pray!"

"Clothes made in England suit English surroundings, are most appropriate to the kind of life we lead."

"Better than Paris clothes?" I interrupted.

"Not exactly, but one can't be expected to cross the Channel for every gown one needs, can one? You seem to think nothing exists outside of Paris. How surprised you'd be to find London much more up-to-date than you imagine. Dressmakers, for one, are excellent. Much, of course, is imported from Paris, but many of the best models shown are original British creations."

"Do you mean to say—actually designed by Englishmen?" I interrupted.

"Why, of course. Remember—Worth and Redfern were English! And what about Molyneux? Why not come over and form your own opinion?"

"I might possibly, but on one condition."

"Which is?"

"Your proving to me in London not the superiority, no, merely the excellence of British dressmaking. Make your demonstration sufficiently inspiring for me to find it worth while writing about for Harper's Bazar."

"It's a bargain. When will you be over?"

"Some time next week."



At sixteen Jane Kendall excelled in riding and every sport. "Beauty and the Beast" this portrait with her Great Dane was called.



At seventeen she studied painting in Paris (for she is gifted as she is beautiful)—and prepared for her "coming out" festivities.

At eighteen came her Washington debut in this Lanvin frock. They called her "the prettiest girl that ever entered the White House."



At nineteen her marriage to a distinguished young New Yorker was the outstanding event of the smart Washington season.



At twenty Mrs. Mason is a radiant favorite among young society matrons. Here she is snapped at her father's Maryland estate.

"The Prettiest Girl that ever entered the White House"

MRS. GEORGE GRANT MASON, JR.

JANE KENDALL MASON has not long left her teens, but her extraordinary beauty has already made her famous. "The prettiest girl that ever entered the White House" they called her when she made her dazzling debut in Washington. Soon followed her brilliant marriage to a New Yorker of distinguished family.

Clear-cut as a cameo is Mrs. Mason's pale blonde Botticelli beauty. Her purple pansy eyes are dark against her flawless skin, pale as a wood anemone.

Good fairies gave her beside beauty, talent, charm, grace and a quick mind. Gifted and interesting, she is always in demand. Like a butterfly she flits from her father's homes in Washington and Maryland to the gay diplomatic circles of Havana, where her husband is an important figure. Yet her complexion is ever exquisite.

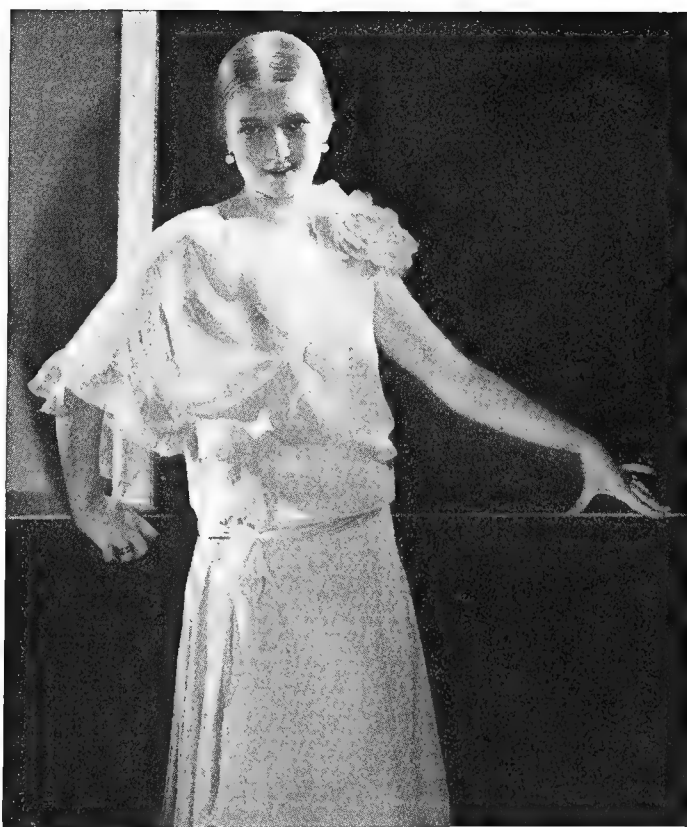
This perfection of her pale anemone skin she owes to the four simple steps to beauty that so many lovely young moderns follow. "I've used Pond's Creams," she says, "ever since I can remember."

"I dote on them! The Cold Cream is so light and pleasant—leaves the skin really clean and soft. The Vanishing Cream gives such a velvety surface for powder."

Now Mrs. Mason finds Pond's two new products just as delightful.

"The Cleansing Tissues are a luxury," she says. "They remove cold

Pond's Two Creams, Skin Freshener and Cleansing Tissues compose Pond's famous Method, the sure way thousands of young moderns use to keep their skin always lovely.



MRS. GEORGE GRANT MASON, JR., was Miss Jane Kendall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Kendall of Washington, D. C. One of the loveliest girls that ever came out in Washington society, she is famous for her pale blonde Botticelli beauty, her fair skin delicate as a wood anemone.



cream perfectly. I like their texture. The Skin Freshener is simply delicious! There's nothing so cooling, yet it gives your skin such a lovely glow!"

USE POND'S Cold Cream for cleansing generously several times a day and every night, patting it over face and neck with upward, outward strokes. It soaks into the tiny apertures; softens and loosens the dust and dirt.

With Pond's Cleansing Tissues, firm, ample, light as thistledown, wipe off the cream carrying the dust with it.

Repeat these two steps until the tissues show no soil.

If you are having a daytime cleansing, a dash of the exhilarating Skin Freshener will tone and refresh your face. Apply it briskly. See how it livens and braces the complexion.

Lastly, for the correct completion to perfect grooming, apply just a shade of Pond's Vanishing Cream before you powder. It protects the skin, gives it fine-grained texture.

Pond's four simple steps mean beauty.

Follow Pond's famous Method faithfully—and see your skin grow clearer, firmer, younger, lovelier every day!

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DOBBS

FIFTH AVENUE AT 57TH ST.

BEAUTY

(Concluded from page 79)

that for me. My money gone. Everything I wrote was dead.

I had grown a little shabby. My hair was long and I was thin.

Lots of times I have thought of suicide when I cannot write. Every writer has such times.

Alice took me to a man in an office building. "You give this man a thousand dollars."

"What the devil, Alice? What for?"

"Because I say so. He can write, just as you can make money. He has talent. He is discouraged now, is on his uppers. He has lost his pride in life, in himself. Look at the poor fool's lips trembling."

It was quite true. I was in a bad state. In me a great surge of love, for Alice. Such a woman! She became beautiful to me.

She was talking to the man.

"The only value I can be to you is now and then when I do something like this."

"Like what?"

"When I tell you where and how you can use a thousand dollars and use it sensibly."

"To give it to a man who is as good as yourself, who is better. When he is down—when his pride is low."

ALICE came from the mountains of East Tennessee. You would not believe it. When she was twenty-four, at the height of her power as a singer, she had seemed tall. The reason I speak of it was that when I knew her she appeared short—and thick.

Once I saw a photograph of her when she was young.

She was half vulgar, half lovely.

She was a mountain woman who could sing. An older man, who had been her lover, told me that at twenty-four and until she was thirty, she was like a queen.

"She walked like a queen," he said. To see her walk across a room or across the stage was something not to be forgotten.

She had lovers, a dozen of them in her time.

Then she had a bad period—for two years she drank and gambled.

Her life had apparently become useless to her and she tried to throw it away.

But people who believe in themselves make others believe. Men who had been lovers of Alice never forgot her. They never went back on her.

They said she gave them something. She was sixty when I knew her.

Once she took me up to the Adirondacks. We went together in a big car with a negro driver to a house that was half a palace. It took us two days to get up there.

The whole outfit belonged to some rich man.

It was a time when Alice said she was flat. "I gave you something once when you were flat, now come with me," she had said when she saw me in New York.

She did not mean flat as regards money. She was spiritually flat.

So we went and stayed alone together in a big house. There were servants there. That had been provided for. I don't know how.

We had been there a week and Alice had been silent. One evening we went to walk.

It was in a wild country. There was a lake before the house and a mountain at the back.

It was a chilly night with a clear sky and a moon, and we walked in a country road.

Then we began to climb the mountain. I can remember Alice's thick legs and her stockings coming down.

She was short-winded, too. She kept stopping to puff and blow.

We plowed on silently like that. Alice, at herself, was seldom silent.

We got clear to the top of the mountain before she spoke.

She talked about what flatness is, how it hits people—floors them. Houses gone all flat, people all flat, life flat. "You think I'm courageous," she said. "The devil with that. I haven't the courage of a mouse."

We sat down on a stone and she began to tell me of her life. It was an odd, complex story, told in that way, in little jerks by an old woman.

There it was, the whole thing. She had come down out of the Tennessee mountains as a young girl to the city of Nashville, in Tennessee.

She got in with a singing master there who knew she could sing. "Well, I took him as a lover. He wasn't so bad."

The man spent money on her, he interested some Nashville rich man.

That man also may have been her lover. Alice did not say. There were plenty of others.

One of them—he must have amounted to less than any of the others—she had loved.

She said he was a young poet. There was something crooked in him. He did sneaking things.

That was when she was past thirty and he was twenty-five. She lost her head, she said, and of course lost him.

It was then she went to drinking, gambled, went broke. She declared she lost him because she loved him too much.

"But why wasn't he any good? Why did you have to love that sort?"

She did not know why. It had happened.

It must have been an odd experience in the life of such a strong person. It may have been the experience that had tempered her.

BUT I was speaking of beauty in people, what an odd thing it is, how it appears, disappears, and reappears.

I got a glimpse of Alice that night.

It was when we were coming back to the house, from the mountain, down the road.

We were on a hillside and stout Alice was in front. There was a muddy stretch of road and then a wood and then an open space.

The moonlight was in the open space and I was in the woods, in the darkness of the wood, but a few steps behind.

She crossed the open space ahead of me and there it was.

The thing lasted but a fleeting second. I think that all of the rich powerful men Alice had known, who had given her money, helped her when she needed help, and who have got so much from her, must have seen what I saw then. It was what the man saw in the woman by the mountain cabin and what the other man saw in the horse-trader's woman in the road.

Alice when she said she was flat wasn't flat. Alice trying to shake off the memory of an unsuccessful love.

She was walking across the open moonlit stretch of road like a queen, as that man who was once her lover said she used to walk across a room or across a stage.

The mountains out of which she came as a child must have been in her at the moment and the moon and the night.

Myself in love with her, madly, for a moment.

Is any one in love longer than that? Alice shaking her head slightly. There may have been a trick of the light. Her stride lengthened and she became tall, and young. I remember stopping in the woods and staring. I was like the two other men of whom I have spoken. I had a cane in my hand and it fell to the ground. I was like the man in the road and the other man in the field.

ULTIMATUM

THOUGH great his grief, who prays as sorrows bid,
"Ah, Love, forgive, I knew not what I did,"

Yet deeper far his agony who cries:

"Ah, Love, forgive. I sinned with open eyes!"

Original from

Charlotte Becker

UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

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Our new January Sale Catalog shows many other lovely fabrics. Write for your copy.

PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 69).

village and some desultory shouts across the harbor reminded me that it was the eve of the first Sunday in July, a date observed annually in Cassis-sur-Mer as the day for the fishermen's pilgrimage.

Heaven, perhaps, from years of this exuberant intercession, may know what it is all about, but there are different stories along the coast. A dilapidatedly new little chapel stands among the scrub pines a couple of kilometers away from the town, a trifle abashed in its complete disuse on every Sunday, save this one, on the calendar. It was put there, they say in the village, by a fisherman who promised in a fearful storm to do, if he were saved, some work to the glory of God. The chapel was his modest payment of the debt, and Cassis, living so stoically by that pagan sea, had wrought out of it, I suppose, some pagan temple of appeasement, worshipping probably whatever gods they thought could bend those waters most helpfully to their nets.

Surely I know there was none of the solemnity of Christian ritual about the preliminaries, but rather the festive spirit of older nature worship. Little detachments of pilgrims began to come up the hillside, singing and laughing and talking as they passed along the road below the hotel. Cassis's band, split into mournful sections, trickled by, and some were dancing the wide capers of the farandole. Others carried uncertain paper lanterns on the ends of poles, and the whole procession straggled past, an unkempt and rowdy pilgrimage, all having, as one suspects pilgrims have always had, the time of a life.

All, I should say, but one, for I noticed in the uneasy light of one of the lanterns the woman I had seen in the bus a few hours before. To be astonished at any number of things was inevitable; at her presence, for instance, as the only stranger, the only alien, in a strictly local ceremony, but most of all you would have been astonished—anyone, indeed, might have been dumbfounded, at the expression on her face, at the whole movement and gesture of her in that turbulent gang.

SHE was set and rigid, galvanized into a sort of jointed effigy, looking straight off and seeing, I suspected from the glaze of her stare, nothing whatever, not even the automobile which, swerving into the bottom of the road, raked the mob with its headlights, and struck from her eyeballs two swift and glittering flashes, dead white even in the ruby glow of the paper lanterns. She walked that way as far as my sight could follow, fascinated, until the marchers twisted around the curve of the beach, and went up the road beyond.

I sat on the balcony long after the band had drowned its foolish tootling in the distance and wondered, as one will in an obsession of the fantastic, over something incredible and spiritually wayward, for I had got from that merest glimpse, an indefinable sense of orgy, a suggestion akin, perhaps, to some elaborate ritual in the midst of a black mass. It all seemed, somehow, lewd and terrible, as if, in fact, an already corrupt ceremony had been doubly profaned by a grim and monstrous mockery.

For a while the temptation of following her presented itself, so acute was this natural curiosity in an event that seemed peculiarly baffling. But it seemed that such a brazen attempt might defeat its own purposes, and after thinking about it for a long time, remembering in fierce detail every second of that astonishing pilgrimage, I gave it up, with mental reservation. To-morrow, I thought, the town will have something to say, or George will know, or there will be gossip on the bathing beach.

Since no one mentioned the incident at the morning swim, when many of the pilgrims were then splashing about in a frankly secular manner, I said something about it to one of the young Frenchmen, and he said evasively that it was a very good pilgrimage.

"There were many people," I suggested, "and an *étrangère*."

"Oh, yes," he replied, "the American was here," and forthwith plunged over-

board in that flat dive with which the French, early in life, strengthen their digestions.

Obviously the definite article told its own story. She had, as I had guessed, been there before, and it was easy enough to infer that it was for the same purpose.

Madame at the *tabac*, whose tongue was usually hung in the middle in two languages, declined enigmatically to add anything to my store of information, except the opinion that mademoiselle, the American, was without doubt, very droll.

"Why," I finally asked in desperate bluntness, "does she come here?" but the direct attack elicited simply the assurance that God knew, which was as little help to my curiosity as it was evidently intended to be.

SO I went and sat down in the Lieutaud's café, by the quai, and ordered a Pernod. I had been sitting there some time when the woman of the pilgrimage, looking still tense and haggard, sat down at a nearby table and began abstractedly to have her coffee, and to eat croissants.

Since she gave me an unsmiling and almost involuntary recognition with her eyes as I looked up, I nodded, though the result of the whole thing was to place us on a basis of frigid politeness, from which I despaired of attaining any nearer contact.

So we sat there, I prolonging my drink to what must have been a new world's record, and she, having finished her coffee and roll, fell to smoking in a sort of hurried frenzy, as if there was just so much time left on the clock for doing it. The others at the café dwindled away toward luncheon, and the drowsy feeling of siesta-time fell over the town with the tangible but invisible touch of a summer's mistral.

Finally we were left, the sole occupants of the terrace. She was sitting out near the edge, where the sycamores lined the curb, and I could see that the sun was pushing the white margin of its heat nearer and nearer her chair. She moved farther off, and ultimately to the next table, directly against my own. Such minor incidents can give, in a deserted café, a sudden sense of intimacy, and I felt that she felt it, too.

"You saw me, I suppose, last night," she said with an abrupt and slightly startling note of harshness in her voice, a note that seemed of itself to raise a barrier of defense and hostility.

"Yes," I said, shrugging to indicate that after all it was none of my business.

"And I suppose, too," she added, without apparently noticing the gesture, "that you ask questions."

"You will admit it is unusual," I replied, pulling my chair up to her table.

"I will tell you, then; not because I want to tell you particularly but because, somehow, I've got to tell somebody—somebody in Cassis, even a stranger like myself."

She threw her cigarette into the ash-tray, already piled high with the butts of many others, some of them, I observed, pinked with the diminishing color of her lipstick.

The stub lay there a few seconds, still reeking with the dying fumes, which women, apparently, do not mind, so I leaned over and killed the coals with a match.

SHE smiled a little, at that, and began to talk, and her face, once it had lost in animation the set expression of sullen listlessness, took on a rather charming mobility, which gave its regular features certain fitful qualities of beauty. I was so fascinated at the evanescent changes wrought by her talking, that for a moment I did not hear exactly what she said, but had the impression that it was something about there being, usually, a good reason for most of the things people do.

"I assume," I said, "that you have done this before."

"Many times," she said, "every year, in fact, since I came here with him for the first time after the war. We had just been married, and Cassis was to be as much of a honeymoon as we could afford. He had come over toward the end and

(Concluded on page 122)



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FOR THE SOUTH

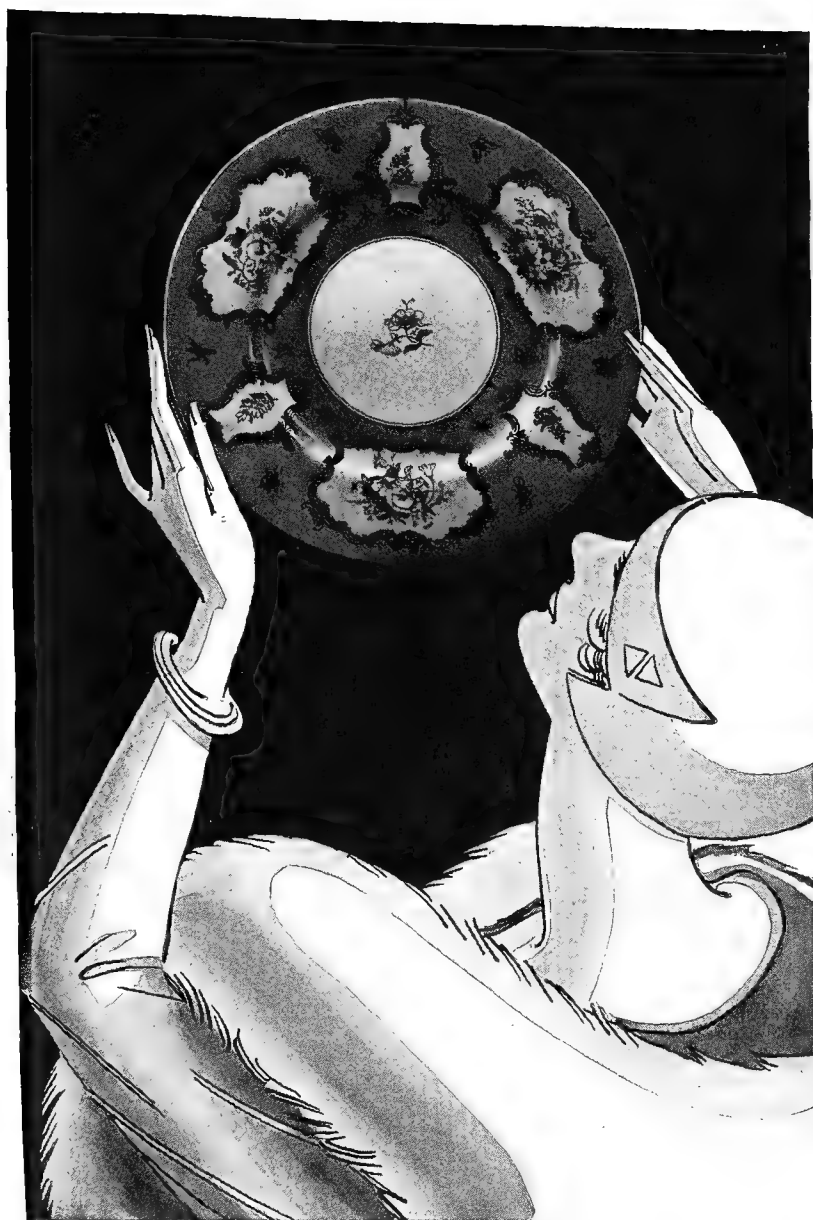
—a delightful mid-season collection—

Stein & Blaine
INC.

FURS MODES

PILGRIMAGE

(Concluded from page 120)



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had just reached the front when the Armistice came, while I had been in one of the American offices in Paris, for—I don't know—nearly a year. He wangled some sort of transfer to Paris, which was likely to keep him here on office duty and then enrolled for study in the army classes at Poitiers. The next spring we were married in Lyons and took a morning train for Marseilles. There is only an afternoon train down the coast, at least I think there is. Anyway, we came in the same train we were in yesterday, and came down, probably, in that same bus.

"God knows why we came to Cassis. I think he had been here once with a detachment of German prisoners. You know they had prisoners here working in that limestone quarry behind the first *calangue*. I believe they were taking out stone for some sort of canal along the Rhone, but it doesn't matter. He thought it was a nice, quiet, cheap place to go, and so we came.

"For a day or so we had a swell time, you know, swimming and all that. He was a marvelous swimmer, and even taught me to get along a little bit, and I could manage when he was right beside me. He had an absolute obsession about sailing one of those crazy fishing boats, but the French have a funny law about licenses, or something, and nobody would rent him a boat. He finally nagged some Italian, you know there are lots of them here, though they don't admit it much now that anti-Fascist agitators have taken to skipping over the border—he nagged this fellow into taking us out, and agreeing to let him handle the boat.

"I wasn't much for it, but it seemed amusing, and anyway he would have kicked up an awful row if I had let him down at the last minute. So we went out. It was sort of roughish, and once beyond the mole the little tub rocked all over the bay. I didn't like it very well, but he was having the time of his life.

"The Italian sneaked the boat along the wind over there by the cape, and when we got beyond the shelter of the headland, the sea was all over the place. It seemed to me to be getting worse, and I said I wanted to go back, but the fisherman had told him he could sail it with the wind, and so we turned around pretty soon, and he took control. By that time she was lying over on her side and going like the devil, shipping a lot of wet, but riding pretty much anything that came along."

HER voice seemed to be going very fast and her hands, which had been lying in her lap, clutched the sides of a flat leather hand-bag, until it was bent almost double.

"You'd better have a drink," I said, but apparently she didn't hear.

"Maybe this kept up a long time," she said, "I don't remember; sometimes it seems to have been most of my life. And I don't know exactly when it dawned on me that he was scared to death. Probably the fisherman had been for some time, though God knows he must have seen worse days than that in that same water and in that same boat. But not, apparently, with somebody else at the rudder. He stumbled back from where he was sitting to take control and I saw him crumple suddenly as the boat heaved up over a wave. I tried to help him up, but his leg was broken, and his nerve had gone in that sudden way it does sometimes among Latins when they are faced by the unexpected. He was practically in a panic and, I guess, considerable pain.

"I yanked and hauled at him for a while, and got him propped up in the little cage affair they have on those boats for steering, and he tried to swing her around out of the wind, yelling all the time for the other man to get at the engine.

"Do you know," she asked, then, in an oddly quieter voice, "where Port Miao is?"

"Yes," I answered, for I, along with everyone else who went to Cassis, had been out to see that majestic gully which the sea had made in the limestone coast

a sort of jagged and precipitous fjord, called locally a *calangue*. And Port Miao is the name of the most beautiful and most desolate of the *calangues*. "Yes, of course," I said.

"Well," she went on, "we were heading straight for it, on some weird notion that we could find shelter behind its promontory. That Italian was moaning and cursing and praying all in the same breath. I remember something about a chapel and a half-insane promise to make a pilgrimage to it, and I remember how foolishly it occurred to me then that I didn't know there was a chapel up on the cliff—as if it made any difference.

"A minute or two after that the sail went over, and there seemed to be a rather staggering silence, and a feeling of a lull, broken at once by the insane chattering of the Italian. He wanted us to promise something, but I couldn't make out, in his mixture of French and Italian dialect, what it was.

"From the engine pit the other man, furious, I could see, with the anger fear sometimes arouses in men, yelled, 'Go to hell, you damn fool, and shut up. I'll promise anything to get out of this mess.'

"Obviously the Italian couldn't understand, for he kept up his moans and curses and prayers. I had got down under one of those boards that run across the middle of boats like that, and could see the fisherman lift himself up by the arm, out of the rudder place, and start clambering along the edge of the boat, and I saw, too, in a sort of trance, the other man plunge overboard. Somehow, at that moment, it seemed incredibly irrelevant, and I remember wondering in a kind of mental vacuum, if he could swim. It is, as a matter of fact, the last thing I remember about being in the boat, for it must have been hours afterwards when I discovered that it was night, and that I was lying on something jagged and slippery and soaking wet.

"You know that big flat rock that lies at the mouth of Port Miao; that was it. We had smashed on its slimy edge and the sea had flung, I guessed, at least me up to the level top of it. I doubt if I even wondered where the others were, or whether I remembered that there were any others until I noticed in the moaning of the wind and sea, a thinner and more penetrating moan. I tried to creep toward it, and it was so dark I came near falling off the rock. You couldn't see anything, except now and then a sheet of spray crashing up from the sea.

"I clung there all night, or what was left of it, for I don't suppose it was many hours before there was a glimmering in the hills behind Cassis. I know that after a long while the moaning stopped, and that I could begin to make out the bulk of the mainland and the outlines of the rock. But it was some time before I could see the Italian. He was wedged between two sharp jutting rocks, and it was easy to tell, even from where I was lying, that he was dead, possibly from the leg, the fall, or perhaps drowning. Perhaps all three. I don't know. I never saw him again. They took me off the rock when the sea went down."

"So you come here," I said, as she stopped, "to carry out that promise you didn't make, and to mourn for them both."

"There was," she said, with all that glaring hardness back in her face, "only one that died."

AND it dawned on me in stunning impact why she made that crazy journey and that mocking tramp to the chapel. I thought of her grim jubilation, a sort of empty jeer at the fates which long ago shook the three out of that boat, and saved her life only to make her lose it slowly and tediously in this hankering vengeance, a fate that had snatched her out of quick death, only to give her the mortal agony of living it. I'm afraid I shuddered, perhaps perceptibly, at the horrid stare in her eyes, and knew why it is they close the eyes of the dead.

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Gown by JOSEPH

For Southern Sunlight or Starlight

Haas Brothers'

Printed Silks and Chiffons

Fabrics that will make her look as fresh, as young and as gay as a flower

Produced by

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FABRICS CORPORATION

Fifth Avenue, New York

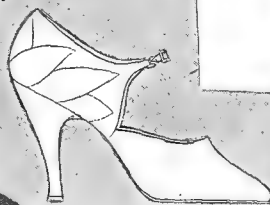
These fabrics by the yard
at retail shops as well as
in made-up garments.

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Sherill
Schell

The new Country Club Beauty Box from
Marie Earle has a clever detachable rub-
ber apron for protecting one's clothes.

THE COSMETIC URGE

Sunburn—For and Against

By REBECCA STICKNEY

THE Palm Beach season looms in sight, which in the language of cosmetics means—don't forget to change your make-up. Old Sol will have a lot to say about it, anyhow, so you might as well go prepared, for nothing is more unattractive than a pink-and-white look about the face when the arms and neck have become a decided *café au lait*.

The clever woman knows from experience just what shade of tan is the most becoming, and accordingly visits her favorite beauty salon for the purpose of buying aids or protectives and, most important, the right powder, rouge and lip salve to blend most perfectly with her new appearance.

There's a lot of art behind a good brown, whether it is faked or real. Some women with very sensitive, thin skins can not stand long exposure to the sun, no matter how assiduously they apply oil. The net result is over-weathering—which adds unwanted years! To avoid this, yet at the same time wishing to acquire a harmonious, healthy tan, they use a sunburn make-up. There are a number of awfully good ones. Helena Rubinstein has a splendid cream called Sun Tan, which is sunproof and waterproof and may be applied to the face, neck and arms. Moisten the surface of the skin and you will be delighted to see how evenly this cream goes on, producing a grand golden hue. There's also a dark powder that goes with it. If you are silly enough to get an ugly red burn, her Sunburn Cream is miraculously soothing, and to prevent this deplorable condition she has brought back from France a new oil which you rub well into the skin before putting yourself in the sun to toast! For the benefit of those few stray souls who prefer the rôle of a languid lily, you can keep your porcelain skin by staying out of the sun and using Madame Rubinstein's Eau d'Or, a fragrant lemon lotion which bleaches sunburn and freckles, and her Complexion Bleach, a cream to be applied at night.

Marie Earle has a splendid artificial tan make-up. Blanc Gras, her finishing-cream in the sunburn shade, is worked into the face, a touch of light paste rouge for the cheeks and lips, and a finishing coat of her new powder—which is smoother in texture and slightly heavier than the old. Incidentally, if you are headed South, you will be enchanted with Miss Earle's Country Club Beauty Box, which is a perfect size to keep in your pocket. It

has a large mirror in the top and the most unique pink rubber apron attached to the front of the box, which ties at the back of the neck—thereby protecting the clothes from creams and powder. In the kit are the Essential Cream and Cucumber Lotion (which are always used together), a bottle of the soothing Freshener Lotion to remove all traces of cream, a bottle of special lotion for irritations such as mosquito or fly bites, and a box of powder—everything the fastidious woman could need to care for her skin quickly after exercise. Another novelty of this house is the make-up head-band of pink rubberized material which has an elastic inset, and snaps securely in the back, completely protecting the hair.

Dorothy Gray is bringing out a new Sunburn Cream, in liquid form, which prevents the skin from burning, but allows it to tan gradually. This is quite different from the oils, and has somewhat the same consistency as a liquid powder. It has a strong floral odor, which is very pleasant, and is supposed to be rubbed all over the exposed parts of the body. Elizabeth Arden's Protecta Cream, which is for the same purpose, is most popular and comes in a convenient large tube, also in an attractive pink jar.

Saks-Fifth Avenue is importing a wonderful oil from France for the South. It is redolent of verbena, and may be had in liquid form—or more perfect, to my mind, in paste form in a metal container that looks for all the world like a large shaving-stick, and is most handy to carry around in the pocket of one's beach robe. When this paste is rubbed over the skin it changes to a liquid oil which the tissues and the sun gradually absorb. By the way, any time you are in that store and don't particularly care for the sudden reflection of yourself in one of their numerous mirrors, stop by the tiny salon of Custom Made Cosmetics on the third floor behind the French Millinery Salon and have the deficiency remedied. Here the art of make-up, according to your special type, is demonstrated on you by Mademoiselle Nanette, who was trained by Mme. Carrier Belleuse to take her place when she returned recently to Paris. In five minutes she will make you over, jot down in her large book your exact prescriptions, so that if you are pleased you may telephone in at any time and simply re-order by number. Quite a unique service—and what flattering results!

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week from our collection of quality skins. The savings offered during this Event are unusually large.

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FIFTH AVENUE AT 36TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

SOCIETY FOLLOWS THE SUN

(Concluded from page 83)

FOOTNOTES
OF
FASHION

ANGELES

WINETTA

Modernism . . .
unbalanced lines...
exquisite fabric
combinations...give
to these two
Andrew Geller
creations a most
alluring simplicity
that is the quin-
tessence of charm.

Style Brochure on Request

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largely responsible for this change, because women here have the leisure, the money and the perfect places to wear every type of clothes.

Do not misunderstand me. Fitness is, and always will be, the first art quality. Over-dressing could never be good dressing. Tweed is one of the high favorites for practical wear. French genius has made this English virtue charming. For instance, Miss Melissa Yuille wears a short skirt and long coat and a small cloche hat, all of tawny tweed. The accompanying blouse was of creamy-beige jersey that harmonized most happily with the suit. The coat had a straight standing collar, and was furless, an unusual note which added to its chic.

Mrs. George F. Baker has a simple suit of smooth gray tweed like a man's material, with it a matching gray crêpe blouse and gray felt hat with a slight brim and trimmed with many bands of narrow gray and violet velvet ribbons.

One Sunday on Long Island, I noticed a beautiful young woman who wore a most unusual color scheme—a brown and gray mixed tweed suit, trimmed with brown fur, with brown shoes and all gray accessories. This is not a flattering color combination, but it was immensely chic.

I have seen two unusual and outstanding fur coats worthy of complete description. One is worn by Lady Mendl. It is from Louiseboulanger and is of beige breitschwanz. A great bow of printed crêpe, brown dots on a beige ground, holds the rolled collar at the neck in front, and cuffs of this same crêpe come up almost to the elbow. With this she wears a double hat, chocolate brown on beige from Alex and a simple chocolate-brown marocain frock that includes a tiny coat from Molyneux.

Mrs. Gurnee Munn wears the second coat. As she is in mourning, it is entirely in black, of finest breitschwanz, made like a man's ulster, with a black leather belt.

All black this year is much less charming than black with a touch of color. Mrs. Cole Porter, when she was here, wore an entirely black ensemble, black crêpe frock, cloth coat trimmed with baby lamb, and a Reboux felt hat, but the simple dress had an olive green scarf that she tied in a huge bow just to one side in front.

Mrs. John Munroe with a black coat and daring black felt hat, wears a brilliant lipstick-red crêpe dress.

Mrs. Somerset Maugham has a tight-fitting Louiseboulanger dress with a wide red silk scarf that she ties tight around her throat.

There have been many enchanting ensembles in such deep tones that they seem almost black. On page 83 you will see a sketch of the Countess de St. Phalle wearing a deepest blue wool dress, coat and hat, the coat luxuriously trimmed with gray fox.

Blue in all shades has been an outstanding favorite this season. One of the more elaborate costumes is worn by Miss Nadejda de Bragança, a lovely débutante of the winter. It is a dress of bright blue and white printed velvet, a coat of deep blue wool trimmed with creamy fox and a matching felt hat, exaggeratedly long on the right side.

Beige is not new, but still smart. One of the best winter ensembles I have seen was a soft wool check dress of two tones of beige, so light it looked like crêpe, and a beige breitschwanz coat simply made. With this was worn a felt hat, made like a modified beret, matching the deep shade in the dress. A large beige suède envelope bag with a jade and ruby clasp completed the ensemble. It was exceptionally flattering and exceedingly chic. I have mentioned breitschwanz so often I feel I must add that the epidemic of mink coats still continues; however, in subtle colors the former is wonderfully smart.

The hat of the highest favor this winter has been of plain felt in some daring design. Turbans, though less seen, have also been popular and unusually flattering.

The smart evening colors are white, red in all shades, the new bronze, the even newer chocolate, yellow, a little flesh, and blues in many tones. Of course, there is always black. A handful of very smart dresses have been in violets and also a few of absinthe-green. This is in reality the twin sister of yellow.

ONE of the most marvelous costumes this winter was worn by Mrs. William Goadby Loew at Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt's party for the Infanta Don Alfonso and Infanta Dona Beatriz of Spain. It was a dress entirely untrimmed, of softest pure white chiffon velvet, almost on princess lines. It was very slightly draped on the left hip, and in the back of the skirt two circular panels just escaped the floor. With this she wore a necklace of enormous square-cut emeralds set with baton diamonds that fell to her waist. Nothing could have been more elegant, more simple, or more beautiful. The Infanta herself at this same party wore a white satin dress embroidered in diamonds, rather tight-fitting, and the skirt flared slightly all around. It seemed charmingly, even if slightly, reminiscent of a Spanish costume. She wore very simple silver sandals. Her jewels were four strings of evenly matched pearls, and a fifth smaller string of pearls held two huge pear-shaped cabochon emeralds set with diamonds. Her earrings were diamonds and cabochon emeralds. Two pear-shaped emeralds hung from each ear. Her tiara was one of the most exquisite I have ever seen. It was molded flat to her head and reached only across her brow. It formed three circles, the center the highest, and was made of delicate diamond leaves that held large square emeralds.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney has a very smart white dress with a plaited flaring ruffle at the bottom of the skirt and a very narrow belt at the hips. This low flaring silhouette seems to accentuate the slim silhouette that is so popular this season.

Red, as I have said, is an enormous favorite. Mrs. Edwin M. Post, Jr., has another most unusual red dress. It is brocade moire shot with gold. It has a simple waist and large petal-shaped skirt, to the knees in front and to the floor in back. With it, to create a daring effect, Mrs. Post wears very long jade-green earrings.

Mrs. Harrison Williams has a yellow moire Augusta Bernard dress that has an entwined girdle and two circular panels that fall to the floor in the back. It is a marvelous, simple background for her emerald necklace of three strands of large cabochon emeralds. With this ensemble, she wears a huge diamond and emerald pin to hold the belt in front.

Mrs. David Bruce, before she left for Europe, wore several times a lovely gown of lightest yellow moire, similar to the popular model of Mrs. Whitney's mentioned before, a straight dress with the low flare in the skirt.

I have spoken of brown. Mrs. William Randolph Hearst has a brown tulle Boulanger dress, the skirt lavishly trimmed with long plumes shaded from chocolate-brown to beige.

One of the most enchanting absinthe-green dresses I have seen is worn by Mrs. Miller, the former Flora Whitney. This dress has an immensely full skirt of green net, the green net waist is embroidered in gold and with it she wears a scarf of the matching tulle and long large emerald earrings.

Many conservative black dresses have been seen. One of the more important ones is worn by Mrs. Milton Holden, from Worth, in modernistic design of straight lines entirely made in bands of black and white beads.

The most entrancing evening coat I have seen is worn by Mrs. Richard Hall, of green and gold brocade with blue fox trimming a deep circular collar. The evening wraps this winter have allowed fashion its highest point of successful magnificence.

"I warn women when they have gowns fitted"

says a famous
MODISTE

Sanitary protection can make for embarrassment if the lines of a gown reveal awkward bulkiness beneath. This new way solves a difficult question



Deodorizes . . .

*and 4 other
important features:*

1—*Softer gauze ends* chafing; pliable filler absorbs as no other substance can;

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3—*Deodorizes* — safely, thoroughly, by a new and exclusive patented process;

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5—*It is easily disposed of.*

MANY a smart costume has failed in its effect; many a perfect evening has been ruined because of certain outstanding flaws in grooming. Women who have been aware of awkward bulkiness in sanitary protection now welcome the Improved Kotex, which is so rounded and tapered at the ends that it fits with an entirely new security. Now there is no break in the lines of a costume, no need for unhappy self-consciousness.

*Kotex deodorizes completely**

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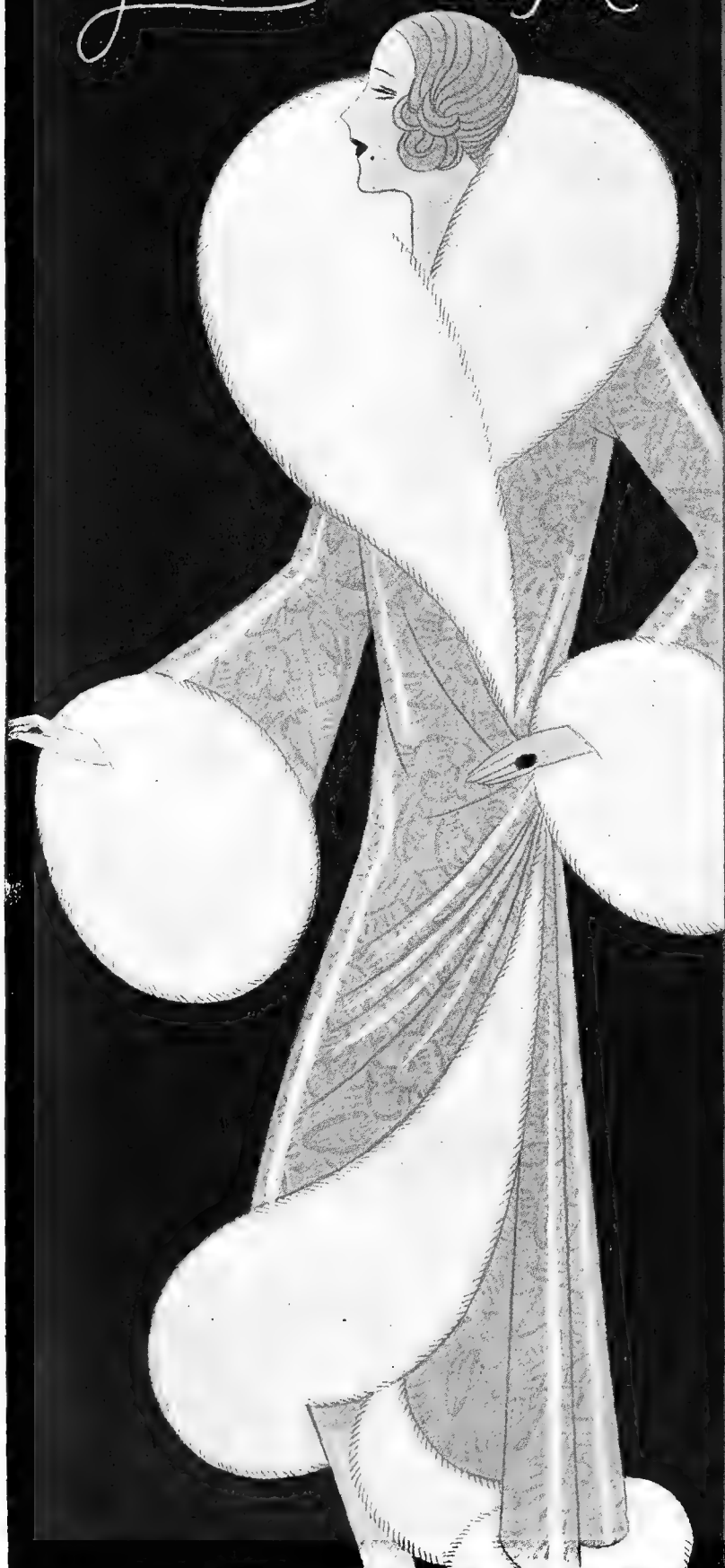
HIGH WALLS

(Continued from page 86)

The Supreme Expression of Elegance

Wraps Coats Ensembles
Man Tailored Dresses
At Exclusive Shops

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New York



Greta will enjoy it thoroughly. It isn't that. I was merely thinking of the hulla-balloo her mother will make—"

"Isn't he sweet?" said May. "By the time Mrs. Cass-Evans returns from Boston, Greta will be settled at her job. And then Mamma won't dare say anything. It's only looking forward to innovations that makes parents worry. I had a tough time myself, until I decided to run my own life."

Listening to her as she prattled on, Alexander found himself liking May. She and Greta afforded a piquant contrast. Greta was the eternal woman. The Gretas of this world would never be wholly free, independent of men. And the Mays would go through life snapping their fingers at the mere male. May was still young in body and spirit, but there was wisdom in her eyes. He knew instinctively that she had not been like Greta, one of the sheltered ones. She had fought all the battles, poverty, loneliness, sex, and had conquered. She was now comfortable, independent, and in the comparative tranquillity of a firmly-established career. But he knew, nevertheless, that she must have struggled heroically. . . . She did not minimize her capabilities. There was nothing humble about May. She had a sharp wit and a blunt, likeable directness. A keen insight concerning human foibles. Somehow, he felt that Greta was in good hands.

Couin May's tea was bitter. Alexander tried to hide a half-empty cup but her sharp eyes detected the move. Once again he was pounced upon. He was becoming used to it by now.

"Oh, the poor man doesn't like his tea!" she cried, making little clicking noises with her tongue. "We must make some more for him. Greta, hand me the kettle—" Then, mercifully, the bell rang again.

"*Tiens! Des messieurs chez vous?*" Alexander heard a deep voice speaking the almost too-perfectly modulated French of the Europeanized American. That was the first time he heard Charles Winbridge's voice. One inevitably pictured Charles speaking in French. He was one of those young men who shine at their best ordering judicious dinners from foreign headwaiters. . . . He came into May's apartment smiling, twirling his soft, silky mustache, an ornate affair which at once gave him a quaintly old-fashioned appearance. One associated Charles' mustache with hansom cabs, Delmonico's, and the dignified social functions of Ward McAllister. A reporter, upon observing him, would have instantly dubbed him a "clubman" or a "man-about-town. . . ."

ENTERING the room that afternoon, he was the embodiment of self-satisfaction. He greeted the ladies with perfunctory bows; and toward Alexander, when introduced, he directed the vaguest of nods. Later on, Alexander learned that this was one of his best accomplishments. Essentially a snob, he was careful not to run the risk of voicing anything snobbish; anything that might be repeated against him. He would, instead, be crushingly vague to people he was not sure of. Alexander had never known a man who could administer a snub with such sheer delicacy.

"Greta, my dear, you're looking lovely."

It was the accentless voice of the cosmopolitan. Alexander understood from May that he had been in Europe half his life. The result was, as in the case of most American young men, unsatisfactory. He had lost that particular virtue which so distinguishes our young men from others, that innate and rather fine modesty in the presence of women. . . . His code of success was easy to comprehend: to treat most men as his inferiors, and most women as his ideal. Of course he had some attributes. He possessed a kind of lazy, sarcastic wit, and a fine command of languages (which he displayed on every possible occasion). He was the kind of man who became thoroughly annoyed when a French waiter answered him in English.

"I love Europe," he told Alexander

As soon as he discovered that Alexander had been born on the Atlantic seaboard, that he knew something of the Continent, his vagueness toward him dissolved. "I intend to make my home on the Riviera some day. I have my eye on a rather lovely little villa, near Beaulieu. . . ." He glanced at Greta, who pretended not to notice. May said loudly: "Now, Charles. Don't let's get sentimental." He frowned at her, pulling his mustache, staring at the tips of his patent-leather shoes. He had a round, pink, vacant countenance, and black hair most beautifully parted in the middle. He remained quiet for a while, until May mentioned her plan to take Greta into business with her. At this he became surprisingly vehement, and grew scarlet above the line of his excessively high, stiff collar. "I don't want to see Greta mixed up in trade," he declared.

Greta replied in her gentle, even voice: "I think you had better leave me to decide what's best for me, Charles."

"But—but look here," he stammered. "You simply can't. It's impossible."

"Why?" she asked meekly.

"Ladies of your position—"

May flew at him like an infuriated little bird.

"Stuff and nonsense! Do you dare to sit there and tell me that mine isn't a ladies' business? You're positively insulting, Charles Winbridge!"

HE glared at her, realizing that she had him fairly cornered.

"Your position is different," he said vaguely. "You're an independent woman. On your own hook. You can do whatever you please. But Greta—"

"Because I made myself independent, Charles. That's the way I want Greta to be. And I know you don't want her to be, because you believe that a woman should always be subordinate, first to her family and then to some wretched egoist of a man."

"I cannot agree with you," he said. "I shall write to Mrs. Cass-Evans about this, and ask her opinion—"

"Oh, Charles, don't be a fool!" Greta cried. She was really angry now.

"But Charles will do it," May put in. "It's just the kind of thing he would do." It suddenly dawned upon Alexander what she was striving for. A deliberate break between those two. But Charles Winbridge, perhaps sensing this, cleverly retreated from his position.

"You might try it for a while, Greta," he drawled, "if it amuses you. On second thought, I won't mention it to your mother. Let her find out for herself."

The situation was becoming untenable for Alexander. He disliked bickering intensely. He pleaded an excuse, and left. To his surprise Winbridge followed, joining him on the doorstep. "An impossible woman," he muttered. "Greta's mother should never have left her with such a person. An interfering busybody. . . ." He drew himself up sharply, as if recalling that he had, in an incautious moment, confided too much to a comparative stranger. He extended his hand.

"We must lunch together . . . some time," he said vaguely, in the New York manner. Alexander murmured an assent to the polite fiction, and they parted.

THE weather grew steadily colder. Snow came; piled high in the New York streets. Taxis bounced painfully over ribbed glaciers. Street-cleaners worked all night in shivering groups about blazing fires. People talked of possible coal strikes. . . . Health officers strenuously denied an influenza epidemic, while a hundred cases a day were being carried to the hospitals. . . . Alexander found a frozen dog upon his doorstep. . . . One morning he received a note from Greta.

"Dear Toddy," he read. "The job didn't last long, because mother found out. I can't go into details, but perhaps May will tell you. Anyway, mother has taken tickets for a cruise to the West Indies, to get away from this dreadful weather, and I believe Charles Winbridge is coming with us. Why don't you

"I love Europe," he told Alexander (Continued on page 129)

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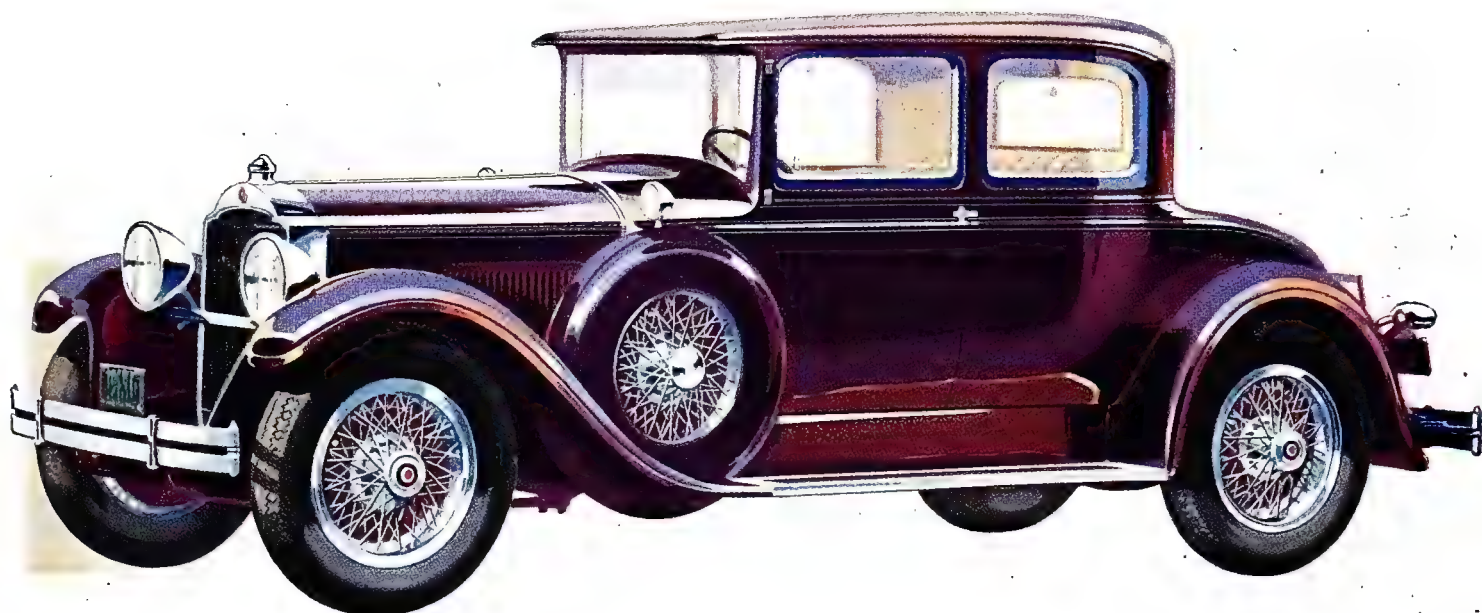
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A S K T H E M A N W H O O W N S O N E





HOW effectively decorators are using the new Crane fixtures in color is shown in this boudoir bath that catches the charm of the palazzinas, the "little palaces" of Palermo, Italy. Orchid pink in *Corwith* lavatory and *Tarnia* bath blends into the tints of draperies, enlivened by blue in furnishings, relieved by gray and cream of canvas walls. Daintily feminine in spirit, for

women who love decorative delicacy, the room is one of dozens suggested by Crane Co. for every elaborate or simple taste and need. In the book, *New Ideas for Bathrooms*, sent on request, are others. Inspection of the fixtures, valves, and fittings, at nearby Crane Exhibit Rooms also helps in building or remodeling. Your plumbing contractor will tell why they cost no more than substitutes.

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HIGH WALLS

(Continued from page 128)

come along, too? It would do you good. The boat is called the *Orinoco*, and sails on the twentieth. I wish you could come. Devotedly, Greta.

"P. S. Mother doesn't know I'm writing this."

Alexander pondered for a while over the note; then telephoned May Tenby and made an appointment for luncheon that day. From her he obtained a picturesque account of what had occurred when Mrs. Cass-Evans returned from Boston to find her daughter a dressmaker's assistant. It appeared that Mrs. Cass-Evans had arrived a day or two earlier than had been expected, so that the news could not be broken to her diplomatically. She had gone straight to May's establishment just as Greta was parading up and down before five pairs of lorgnettes, in a black and white gown by the famous Monsieur Lucien. "She almost had a stroke," May said. "I never saw a woman so furious. Mrs. Cass-Evans said that Greta was a fool, and that I was degrading her, and that I ought to be thoroughly ashamed of myself. Greta became slightly red, but remained silent and dignified. She changed her dress, and went away obediently with her mother. And outside in the street I saw Charles Winbridge join them with a grin of triumph on his silly face. I could have wrung his neck then and there."

"Greta was doing wonderfully. Everybody loved her, and she seemed to please customers. She was on the way to earning a great many commissions."

"Have you seen her since?" Alexander asked.

She nodded.

"Um. Mrs. Cass-Evans made up. She almost apologized. You see, she has need of me now and again. She didn't want to lose me, so she had me to luncheon a week after she took Greta away, and she was agreeable as possible. There's another reason, too. She's planning a trip south, an ocean cruise, and she thinks I'll be useful, so she's invited me along. I've accepted. I need the change and the rest. We're sailing on the *Orinoco*, leaving New York on the twentieth—"

"That," said Alexander, "is excellent. I booked my own passage on the *Orinoco* this morning."

"Splendid." She clapped her hands. "I felt you would do it, as soon as you received Greta's note."

"You're a scheming woman," he told her. "You're needed as much as I am," she assured him. "This is going to be far from a dull trip. Charles Winbridge, you must remember, is coming along. That's the real reason why I signed up: to keep Greta out of the tropical moonlight. And you can help a lot."

"Then you really believe that this is a final effort on Mrs. Cass-Evans' part to make Greta give in?" he asked her.

She nodded triumphantly.

"Exactly. It's rather an expensive form of experiment, isn't it? But you don't know that woman as I do, Mr. Todd. She has a will of iron. With a month to work in, and a tropical setting, I think she and Charlie might win."

Alexander looked at her dubiously, rubbing his chin.

"You don't give Greta much credit for initiative," he said. "And it seems to me that this isn't playing fair with her. She should be left alone to work out her own destiny. At present she's just a tool for everybody's experiments."

"Then, why did you decide to sail with them?" she countered.

He flushed slightly. "Fair play, I suppose. Advice—if she needs it. Unbiased advice. I don't want to see her wasted, through an impulse—well, to please her mother."

Again May Tenby smiled triumphantly. "It all sounds like a dreadful plot—but, actually, it's sheer altruism. Our motives are identical. Don't misunderstand me. I wouldn't think of trying to influence her. If she really loves Charles I wouldn't say a word. I just want to be in the background, like a referee, to see that everyone plays fair, as you say. Tropic moonlight, for instance. Even Charles might seem glamorous under that. He may have picked up a little

exotic technique in his foreign capitals. You never know . . . I'll just be there—in the background."

"You're accepting Mrs. Cass-Evans' invitation under false pretences," Alexander pointed out, as severely as he could. She only shrugged her shoulders.

"The end justifies the means. She knows my opinion of Charles Winbridge. She brings me along at her own risk. This is going to be an interesting trip, Alexander Todd."

BY NOON Sandy Hook had dropped astern, a faint smudge upon the misty horizon. The sea, olive-green under the thin wintry sunlight, raced past the deck rails in a morose, heaving swell, and the ship began slowly to rise, shudder, and fall with a ponderous creaking of woodwork. On the promenade deck the chairs, the rugs, everything one touched, had become damp and sticky; from the main companionway the rubber-tiled floor gave forth a strong, peculiarly nautical odor; and when the bugler appeared, and announced luncheon with a brisk fanfare, the passengers failed to display any signal enthusiasm. A mood of caution seemed to prevail. They straggled below in a solemn procession, as if embarking on some necessary but uninviting duty.

It wasn't until after luncheon on the promenade deck that he came across Greta. She was wrapping her mother in a plaid rug, and adjusting the little extension at the end of her deck chair. Mrs. Cass-Evans, catching sight of Alexander, gave a smile of relief, as if she had discovered a compatriot upon an island of cannibals. She beckoned in her regal way.

"Aren't the people impossible?" she said, probably unaware that the same remark was being made by everyone else on board. Greta smiled cheerfully and lay back in her deck chair, closing her eyes. At that moment Cousin May appeared, hatless, in a vivid Fair Isle jersey, her short gray hair flying in the wind. Charles Winbridge, too, in tweeds and an English steamer cap, a book under his arm.

"What do you think of the passengers?" he drawled.

"I think they're all dentists," Mrs. Cass-Evans replied. "You should have seen our table companions," she confided. "One gave me his card the moment we sat down. He's a dairyman at Meriden, Connecticut."

May said the dairyman was a darling. "He calls this a ride," she explained delightedly. I have a date with him at four o'clock—to walk a mile. Personally, I think you're a lot of horrible snobs."

She proceeded to give them all a severe lecture. Alexander realized that she, among them, was the born traveler. "If you're going to adopt that attitude," she explained, "you might as well sit at home. You can learn a lot from other people. I know ten passengers already." She counted them on her fingers.

Mrs. Cass-Evans said: "May! Please!" Greta giggled. Charles twirled his mustache and gazed at Greta with a devotion in his eyes that Alexander had not seen before. And presently the two of them went off down the deck together.

AS SOON as they had left Jamaica astern, four days later, and had seen the blue hills and red roofs of Kingston drop beneath a horizon as sharply bright as a knife's blade, the definite conviction settled upon them that they were, at last, in the tropics. A spirit of languor crept over them, and an unabated desire to accomplish nothing.

Even Mrs. Cass-Evans seemed to have banished her worries. Dressed in white now, she was actually seen conversing with two or three of her fellow passengers. Entering upon a new and novel existence, they had discarded their personal cares along with the dark, drab paraphernalia of winter and the north. The band performed cheerfully upon those sunlit decks. Greta played deck tennis with a fine vigor; came to Alexander one morning, flushed and hot, to announce that she had reached the final. Her golden head



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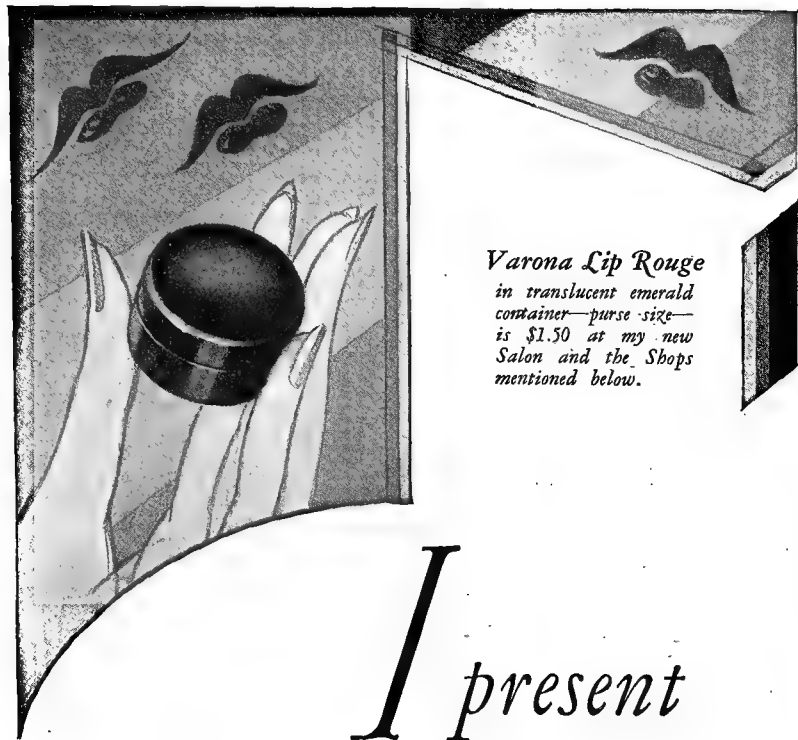
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HIGH WALLS

(Continued from page 129)



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in that white, tropic glare made him blink a little. Charles Winbridge lounged gracefully in his chair, alternately dozing and reading, while May accomplished daily two miles around the deck with anyone who had the energy to join her. Those were happy days. Days of bright skies and gentian seas and wide horizons. Once in a while there would be a little stampede to the rail to witness a silvery arc of flying-fish curving over the waves. . . .

WHEN Charles wasn't idling in his chair he was following Greta about the decks. The whole ship took it for granted that they were engaged. But Greta's attitude toward him was still neutral. Agreeable, but nothing more than that.

"You're not in love with Charles," Alexander said to her, on the evening when they approached the Canal Zone. They were alone together on the forward deck. She shook her head, gazing out to sea.

"No. I know that I'm not." She colored slightly. "You see, Toddy, in some ways I've changed since we had those talks at Aix. Then I didn't know if I really could care for anyone. Now I know that I can. That's how I've changed. It's one of those things you just can't explain. . . ." She made a gesture toward the bright sweep of sea and sky. "All this . . . so tremendously big. So near to nature, and truth, that it puts you near—to yourself. You have time to think. Things are clearer, and you begin to understand—Life. . . . Last night, long after you had all gone to bed, I walked the deck for an hour under these thousands and thousands of stars. It was utterly quiet. You couldn't hear a sound but the swishing of the little waves up forward against the bow of the ship. And suddenly I felt that I was very near to God. . . . And God seemed to whisper to me something that father had whispered to me years and years ago: Above all be true to yourself, for that is the only way you can be true to the rest of the world, to other people. . . ."

Alexander nodded. It was too precious, too real to interrupt. But Charles, appearing suddenly, put an end to the conversation.

"There's land ahead," Charles said. He gazed on Greta with a proprietary expression. He was in one of his fussy moods; and he began immediately to make plans. "We're due at Cristobal in an hour. But we'd better stay on board to-night, and go over the Canal tomorrow. We'll meet at nine A.M., and go ashore comfortably after the crowd has gone. . . . Greta, you shouldn't be here without a coat. There'll be a chill in the air when the sun goes down."

"Toddy and May and I are going ashore for dinner," Greta retorted surprisingly. It was the first Alexander had heard of it. He was sure that she invented it on the spur of the moment. Looking at her he realized that she was all at once rebellious, weary of having plans made for her. "There's a feeling of adventure down here," she murmured. "I can hardly wait to go ashore. But you needn't come if you don't want to, Charles."

THAT was Charles' cue. But he was a man who took no account of moods, feminine moods, if they failed to coincide with his own. He replied without graciousness that he might as well go ashore, if they had decided to do so. He, personally, was of the opinion that they should rest aboard the ship in preparation for the hard day ahead. "He knew Cristobal. There wasn't much to be seen. . . . Greta suddenly cried out in an exasperated tone: "Oh, Charles. Do stop! You're always taking the joy out of life with your prosaic, cautious little plans!"

Then and there it appeared that Charles was perilously near to permanent defeat, although he himself failed to realize it. Lighting his pipe, he took the rebuke in silence, managing to convey a slight bit of injury. If he had gone away, Greta, in the warmth of her heart, might have re-

gretted the occurrence. But he didn't go away, for he was one of those men who had not learned the inestimable value of leaving a woman alone at the right moment.

Already on the horizon they could see a strip of low-lying shore, a row of cocoa-palms like so many black stars silhouetted, motionless, against the violet evening sky. The day had come to an end with a great stillness. A flight of sea-gulls came whirling over the deck in a swift white pattern. The color of the sea merged from blue to a dull ochre. A buoy drifted past, clanging mournfully, and on the ship's bridge the engine-room telegraph rang out a short, sharp summons for half-speed. The yellow harbor waters slapped lazily against the bows. . . . Out of the lavender dusk a fragile city loomed up; a city of green oases sprouting up between the cubes and domes of white Oriental houses. "Adventure. . . ." Greta repeated softly. Charles looked at her in a worried kind of way, as if he had a fleeting premonition of fear. A fear of something vague and beyond his comprehension.

WHAT happened to them all in Panama City the following night, and their meeting with Ramon O'Reilly, was May Tenby's doing. If May hadn't suggested that mad evening excursion. . . . But then May was always suggesting things.

They had dined at the Tivoli Hotel in a vast, cool dining-room, and were sitting upon the terrace overlooking the town, the harbor, watching the play of lights upon the tranquil mirror of the Pacific. They were in a quiet mood. Mrs. Cass-Evans had retired to her room to interview the maid concerning mosquito-netting. May walked over to the railing of the terrace and stood there, looking down upon the wavering yellow lights of Panama City. "Fascinating. . . ." she murmured. "Cities at night. So much more mysterious. . . ." Charles grunted something unintelligible in his chair. "A bold, bad city," May continued. "I'm going down to see it. I want to see where men get shanghaied, and where East meets West. I only hope I see somebody pulling a knife on somebody else."

"Rot!" Charles said. "What have you been reading?"

"Nevertheless," May insisted, "I'm going. Who wants to come along?"

"Go with her, Charles," Greta put in. "Be nice to her."

Charles rose resignedly, threw his cigar over the terrace rail. "Wait till I get my hat. . . . But I warn you, May, there won't be any place lurid enough to satisfy your vicious curiosity. One of the great drawbacks to traveling with ladies is that as soon as they arrive in a foreign country they seem to think they're wasting time if they don't do all the things they aren't do at home."

May, ignoring him, turned to Alexander.

"Will you come?"

He nodded.

"How about you, Greta?" She glanced significantly at Mrs. Cass-Evans' lighted bedroom window.

"I'll come," Greta said. "But I'll have to tell her, of course, in the morning."

And so, when Charles had returned with his new white Panama hat of which he was extremely proud, they all started down the hill, through the hotel grounds, toward the lights of Ancon. And presently they left the bright, clean, open concrete spaces of the American Zone, crossed the invisible frontier, passed a lonely-looking M. P. in faded khaki, and entered the dark, narrow, cobbled lanes of Panama City.

"Why, it's nothing but barrooms," Greta exclaimed.

Charles Winbridge laughed disagreeably.

"I'm not responsible for bringing you here," he reminded her. Alexander gathered from his frame of mind that he had proposed again that afternoon. Greta took a quick step away from him and linked her arm in May's.

"We're going to the wildest place we can find," May prattled. "I asked the opinion of an American drummer in the"

(Continued on page 132)

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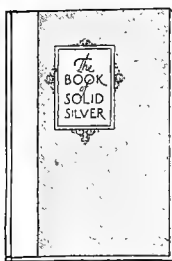
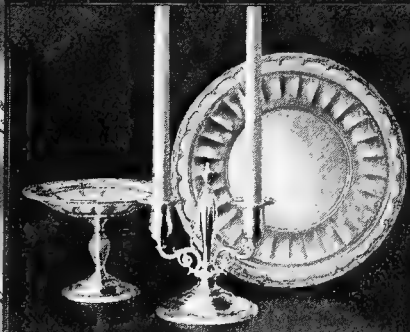
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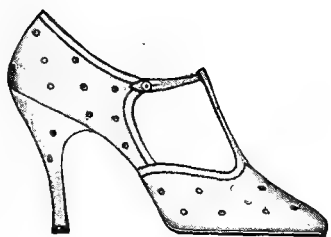
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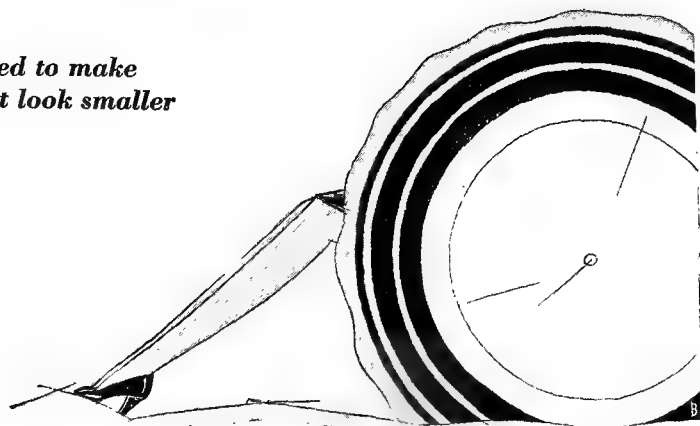
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HIGH WALLS

(Continued from page 130)

train this afternoon. I found him in the baggage car. He recommended a resort known as Spotted Mike's. A big, polite South American overheard us and looked extremely shocked. He whispered to me that it was no place for ladies. That, of course, decided it. . . ."

BUT Spotted Mike's, when they at last discovered it in a dark and unclean alley, was disappointing. It was poorly lighted and smelled of stale beer. The most spectacular feature of the place was, without doubt, the bar itself, an ornate structure of oak and brass rails and mirrors, lining the whole length of the room. With its white-coated crew it was as enormous, as imposing as a Spanish galleon. But the atmosphere was both somnolent and depressing. There was no laughter, no gaiety. Only a subdued hum of voices broke the stillness, and the occasional *h-r-r-umph, ding-dong* of the cash register.

A few sailors with their chance companions sat at the tables about the dance floor, waiting for the negro orchestra, huddled about an illuminated bass drum, to come to life; and a dozen or more Central American youths, with pallid features and drooping cigarets, who rolled dice for drinks. One had the peculiar impression that they had all been impelled there by some vague and mysterious force, against their wills, the victims of a habit as powerful and unrelenting as a craving for narcotics. . . . May was all at once reduced to silence, with the obvious embarrassment and regrets of one who had uselessly lured her friends to a wholly unattractive rendezvous.

The music began, a brassy and thumping cadence, a blare of sound without melody or sense.

Their table at the edge of the dance floor was wedged closely between two others. On their left a man sat alone. A tall, dark man reading a newspaper printed in Spanish. One had, glancing at him, an immediate impression of great physical strength. . . . To their surprise he looked up, directed toward May a grave, unsmiling inclination of the head. "My acquaintance of the baggage car," she whispered. "He thoroughly disapproves of our being here, and comes here himself. What frauds men are!"

They proceeded to forget him. But the occupants of the table to their right were not so easy to dismiss. Gradually, unpleasantly, they intruded, projecting the fact of their presence upon May's party by fixed and prolonged stares. And especially they stared at Greta. A pair of natives they were, of muddy and obscure origin, with soiled clothes and soiled yellow complexions. They were, each of them, slightly drunk, unsteady in their chairs. And always their eyes were upon Greta.

And then, suddenly, one of them rose, came swaying over to May's table, bowed to Greta, and asked in broken English for a dance.

They were too astonished to speak. They merely looked at one another stupidly. It was one of those situations for which, after it was all over, one could think of the most magnificently crushing solutions which would have put the man in his place. As it was, they only stared. Except Greta, who surprised everyone by replying in a calm, pleasant voice: "No, thank you. I am not dancing to-night."

She managed it, Alexander thought, exceedingly well. The man, slightly abashed but not angry, returned to his table, where he and his companion continued to gaze at her and to converse about her in low voices. A sigh of relief arose from May's table. Greta smiled nervously, and May whispered a hurried congratulation upon her handling of the situation. And then, before anyone could utter a protest, Charles Winbridge jumped up from his chair, seized Greta, and began whirling her about the room to the mournful strains of some time-worn waltz. Something of the man's innate shallowness, his fondness for petty triumphs, became appallingly clear to Alexander at that moment. Upon his pinkish, plump face there appeared a

fatuous grin as he proceeded to demonstrate his complete contempt for the scum of Latin America. . . .

At the same time Alexander was aware of a grave, low voice directly behind him. "You will pardon me, sir . . . but that was extremely imprudent of your friend. I saw the incident, myself. These people here are sensitive . . . and that man, particularly, who has been offended, looks like a bad character. I would suggest that you all depart—as soon as possible, if you wish to avoid unpleasantness."

Alexander turned around. The big, dark man, alone at the adjacent table, was addressing him. A tremendous creature, over six feet, rangy, loose-limbed, with a great muscular frame. He wore the inevitable white, carried the inevitable cigar. But he was different from the rest. Clean, well-shaven, with long, slender hands, a dark, aquiline Latin countenance, there was an aura of quiet, well-bred confidence about him. A man accustomed to some sort of leadership, and to the respect of his fellow-men. He spoke English fluently with the faintest perceptible American accent.

His gravity was disturbing. May and Alexander instinctively followed the direction of his brooding, thoughtful gaze, toward that other table. And then they understood. The man who had asked Greta to dance had turned white. Never, in Alexander's experience, had a human creature so vividly portrayed the repercussion of an insult. His hands, his entire body, quivered as he watched Greta and Charles dancing; his lower lip protruded in an inchoate, senseless fury. . . . May gripped Alexander's arm. Alexander called the waiter; paid the bill; silently handed May's cloak to her. They stood up, waiting for the others.

The music abruptly ceased.

Charles and Greta came strolling back to the table. Alexander said hurriedly: "We're leaving now. Come along." Charles started to voice a protest, but May seized his arm and hurried him toward the door. Alexander and Greta followed. At the door he glanced back over his shoulder; saw the two men rising from their table, lurching across the dance floor toward him, talking excitedly. A few feet behind came the tall, dark man, walking slowly, unconcerned, smoking his long, thin cigar.

THEY stood in the street, waiting for a carriage which a small negro boy had volunteered to find. No one spoke. The two men emerged from the dance room just as the cab drove up. Charles, taking Greta's arm, went forward toward it. The men came jostling, swaying past Alexander and May; swept Greta aside with sharp, swift, visible thrusts of their elbows, and climbed into the cab. Greta, almost thrown off her feet, staggered back to the pavement. Charles Winbridge, white and trembling, his hat knocked off, stood there open-mouthed. And then he turned to May and Alexander: "What shall I do? . . ." And to the others, the men in the cab with their feet planted on the front seat, smiling insolently at him, he cried feebly: "Here. I say . . . That's my cab, you know. . . ."

He wanted to be told what to do! Alexander, scarlet with anger, spluttered; couldn't speak. The negro coachman cracked his whip; the cab moved slowly forward, its movement accompanied by a loud, derisive yelp of laughter. At the same moment a white bulk shot past Alexander purposefully, silently, on rubber soles; pushed Charles aside; leaped onto the step of the cab. The coachman drew up with a terrified jerk. The two passengers came tumbling out, a human avalanche of arms and legs. One fell to the pavement; picked himself up, whimpering. For a moment they stood there, cringing, before that huge white figure; then turned and fled down the darkened street.

A sharp and satisfactory realization came to Alexander that precisely the correct measures had been taken, swiftly, quietly, and with decision.

The stranger turned to him; said: (Continued on page 134)

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For color, for texture, for staying quality, for wholesomeness, the cosmetic creations of Helena Rubinstein are unquestionably the finest in the world.

THE secret of a successful facial ensemble? . . . Make-up that is as perfect in texture as in color . . . lipstick that lends satin smoothness as well as luscious tone . . . rouge you can blend with ease . . . powder so gossamer it becomes one with the skin . . .

Such are the cosmetics of Helena Rubinstein. For they are the creation of one who is artist as well as scientist . . . one who for years has divided her life between laboratory and atelier . . . studying constantly to bless all women with the wondrous coloring of immortal beauties.

When you touch the new Cubist Lipstick to your lips, when you bring the glow of Red Raspberry Rouge to your cheeks, when you clothe your skin with the gentle fragrant radiance that is Valaze Powder, then you realize the magic that lies in make-up.

The Basis of a Chic Make-up

Before you apply your finishing touches, cleanse the skin with Water Lily Cleansing Cream—the exquisite youthifying cleanser, designed for the fastidious (2.50, 4.00, 7.50). Water Lily Foundation lends the skin a soft, alluring creaminess, makes rouge and powder doubly adherent, doubly flattering. An ideal powder foundation. 2.00. Now your skin is ready for—

A Powder Masterpiece

Valaze Powder. Clinging, exquisitely textured, subtly fragrant. In a rich variety of smart and enhancing shades. Novena for dry skin, Valaze for average and oily skin. 1.50, 3.00, 5.50.

It is essential that you visit Helena Rubinstein's Salons at this trying time of year, so that your beauty may present a harmony of perfection—skin, contour, eyes, hands and hair all exquisite. Here you will receive the last word in scientific beauty treatments and expert guidance on home treatments and make-up.

Ravishing Rouges

Valaze Rouges (compact or en creme) impart a luscious bloom that actually protects the skin! For daytime you will choose gay, piquant, youthful Red Raspberry, and for evening, Red Geranium, the vivid, the provocative. For the conservative woman there is the subtle Crushed Rose Leaves. 1.00 to 5.00.

The Magic Lipstick

Cubist Lipstick—Helena Rubinstein's newest cosmetic creation. Brings to the lips a softness, lustre and beauty rivalled only by the rare loveliness of its coloring. In two enchanting shades, Red Raspberry for day and Red Geranium for evening. To be chic one must have both. Smart enameled cases, Golden or Black. 1.00.

Water Lily Vanities

are masterpieces of the jeweler's craft! Enameled in Jet Black, Chinese Red, Jade Green or Golden. Double Compact 2.50, Golden 3.00. Single Compact 2.00, Golden 2.50.

Beautiful Eyes

Accent the Beauty of Your Eyes with Valaze Persian Eye-Black (Mascara)—instantly darkens the eyelashes, giving them an effect of silky, soft luxuriance. Wonderfully adherent, yet does not leave the lashes stiff or brittle. 1.00, 1.50.

Valaze Eye Shadow (Compact or Cream, in black, brown, green or blue). 1.00.

Valaze Eyelash Grower and Darkener promotes luxuriant growth of lashes and brows. 1.00, 1.50.

The Smart Woman's Beauty Treatment

Cleanse the skin with the luxurious Valaze Water Lily Cleansing Cream. Contains youth-renewing essences of water-lily buds (2.50). Revivify the face and eyes with the rare anti-wrinkle lotion, Valaze Extrait (2.50, 5.00, 10.00). Then wake the tissues with the unique rejuvenating stimulant, Valaze Eau Verte (3.00, 5.00, 10.00), and while the skin is tingling and responsive, pat in Valaze Emailline (1.75, 3.50, 6.00, 11.00), the bracing astringent massage cream. If muscles of face and throat droop, revitalize them with Valaze Georgine Lactee (3.00, 6.00, 11.00), a muscle tightener vital to sagging faces. A complete beauty treatment for the smart woman.

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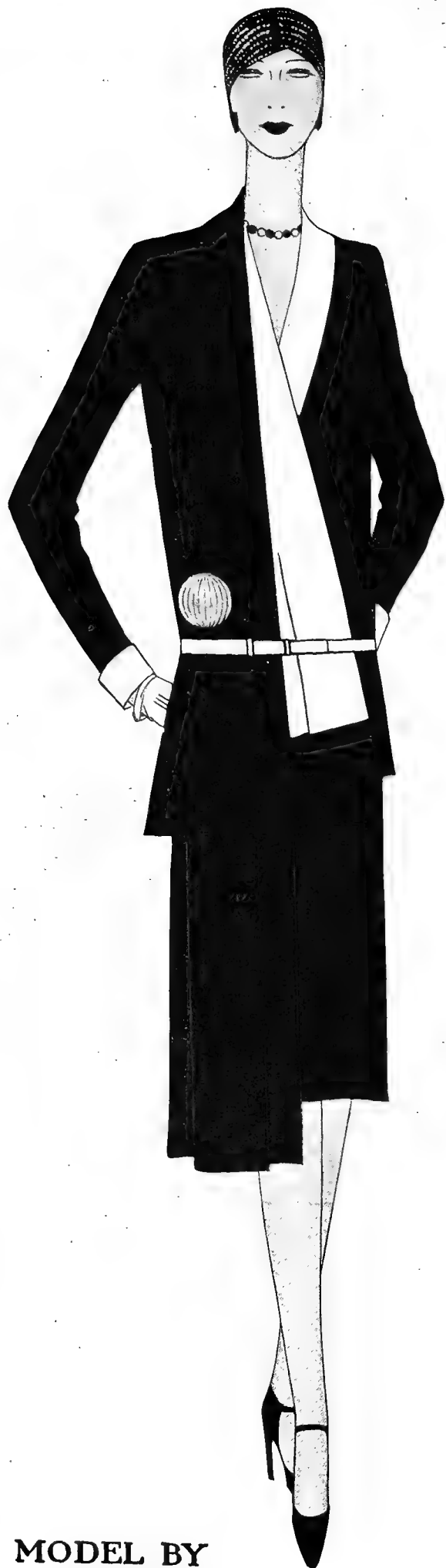
951 Broad Street, Newark

670 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago

Cosmetic and home-treatment creations of Helena Rubinstein are obtainable at the better shops, or direct from the Salons

HIGH WALLS

(Continued from page 132)



MODEL BY

Mangone
NEW YORK

MANGONE MODELS ARE FEATURED BY THE
BETTER STORES IN OVER TWO HUNDRED CITIES.

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"You had better take the ladies home now, sir. They should never have been brought to this quarter of the town."

Alexander accepted the rebuke in silence; proceeded to help May into the cab. Crestfallen, bewildered, he kept asking himself why had the stranger come to their rescue. An innate Latin chivalry, perhaps, combined with the fact that he had spoken a few words to May on the Ancon express that afternoon. A quixotic desire to assist a group of harmless, foolish *gringos* who were utterly helpless in the face of obvious insult. . . . But even this wasn't an altogether satisfactory solution. Alexander was puzzled. He turned to help Greta into the cab. She was standing under an old, yellow street lamp, a Chinese shawl thrown protectingly about her shoulders. Lacquer red upon white marble. Her pose there was an imprisoned moment of beauty, so sharp that it stabbed at Alexander's heart. . . . She clutched the shawl closely, tightly, and it seemed to him that she was trembling, wide-eyed, as if she feared something unseen. . . .

The stranger was staring at her, motionless. He drew a deep breath, as a man might do when suddenly stumbling upon some miracle of nature, some overwhelmingly lovely scene. . . . Never had Alexander witnessed admiration so transparently honest, so beautifully candid. An emotion without shame, without attempt at concealment or dissimulation.

"*Mirel Que linda. . .*" Alexander heard him whisper. And then, with a curt nod, a doffing of his hat to the ladies, he strode away into the night. But he didn't hurry, actually. It was only the immensity of his strides which carried him so swiftly out of view.

THE drive back to the hotel was silent, unhappy. May's evening had been a failure. She was furious with herself for her mistake, and furious because the others knew that she had made it. Charles didn't say a word. Once Alexander looked at Greta. Her eyes were closed, her lips a trifle parted, showing the white gleam of her teeth. He spoke to her. She aroused herself with a little start. "I don't know whether I liked that man, Toddy."

He answered grimly: "I don't know what we'd have done without him. Stood the insult, I suppose."

"Spectacular sort of bounder," Charles put in nervously.

Greta turned on him with a cold, angry light in her eyes.

"One can hardly say that your behavior was spectacular, Charles."

It was so utterly unlike her. . . . Alexander was amazed. After that they drove along more silently than ever. But, seated beside Greta, Alexander became gradually aware of the faint, quick pulsations of her heart. . . .

BY TWO o'clock the next afternoon they were back on board the *Orinoco*, seated in their deck chairs, displaying their shore-purchased souvenirs. The afternoon glared and throbbed with an immense, lifeless heat. In a species of drowsy trance Alexander lounged in his chair, and watched the long line of white-clad passengers filing up the ramp from the Colon dock. At three, promptly, the ship's whistle throbbed out its familiar and melancholy warning. They heard once again that cool, delicious swishing sound of waves against the bows, and felt a sudden breeze caused by the ship's progress toward the open sea. A steward came down the deck with a trayful of lemonades. . . .

"And so that's the end of Panama," said May. She gave Greta and Alexander a meaning glance. Mrs. Cass-Evans hadn't heard the story of the night before. They had agreed that the history of that violent hour at Spotted Mike's might prove too strong meat for her to swallow. And yet, in spite of their attempts to dismiss it, the incident had left a profound impression. It had shaken their mutual confidence, and had destroyed that pleasing sense of being a compact unit. There were unspoken thoughts now in the air. . . . And Charles, it was clear to Alexander, was fully aware of this. He remained taciturn in his chair, silent, an aggrieved look upon his hot, red face, refusing even to respond to May's banter. "Now, Charles," May said, "get out your little guide-book and tell us some interesting facts about our next port of call."

(To be continued)

ANTOINE, FRENCH COIFFEUR

(Concluded from page 97)

"It is such a mistake to think one cannot give short hair the appearance of long hair, at will, quite apart from the clever pieces one may pin on in the evening, if madame so desires. Short hair is so much easier to manage and arrange than long hair."

"Of course, a permanent, the new, soft permanent, is necessary to the quick, novel coiffure. With this the woman can achieve results herself if she so desires. A marcel wave cannot lend itself to change and inspiration, as a water-wet permanent does."

"Look, I show you."

A not particularly inspiring girl seated herself before the mirror. A small crowd of white-coated men gathered. Antoine was creating; it was worth watching.

He rolled the girl's hair in a coronet over the right side of her brow, and rolled a repetition of this line behind the first one. He pinned and coaxed and combed a while, and he had given her, when all was done, the nobility of a Roman matron.

A blonde came at his call, of the kitten type of face one sees so much in our country. He swirled her soft, "perma-

nented" hair over her forehead, did dexterous things at the sides of her head, licked the hair at her nape flat with the palm of his wet hand: the result was charming.

Again he turned to the first girl, and changed her into a Madonna with an up-lifted, *éclairée* appearance. He smoothed flat one flange of hair on the right side straight up from her ear to her brow, swirling the short crisp waves at the back of the head into a chrysanthemum whirl. All this he did in three or four minutes.

"There is no such thing as an ugly woman," he said. "One must understand them, must study them. One must make an art of studying them and they must cooperate with the artist, understand him and his art, in return, if they desire to be beautiful."

"Madame, those who understand in life have a god. Those who do not understand have no god. It is true!"

"When I return home at night my wife says, 'If I did not know you do not drink, I should think you were drunk.' And I am drunk; my work intoxicates me. I adore it, I live on the stimulation of it."

MIDAS

WHAT to me my pot of gold!
Money can not raise the dead,
Time was never bought and sold,
What to me my pot of gold?
The only thing I cared to hold
Died for lack of bread.

Original from Kathleen Millay

UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA



This Sachet is the secret!

This, as a clever Frenchwoman has said, is what goes on behind your back when you get a Eugène Permanent Wave.

It is the Eugène Sachet. Your permanent waver uses 26 to 40 of them for each genuine Eugène permanent wave or re-wave.

Note the partially perforated tab of the Eugène Sachet, illustrated. It is from these perforations that countless tiny jets of steam issue forth and gently wave your new straight hair, while protecting the waved hair remaining from your last permanent. There is no other sachet with this exclu-

sive patented feature of selectivity. That is why your conscientious permanent waver gladly pays more for Eugène Sachets—for the waves' sake and for yours!

Make sure that your hair is waved with the genuine Eugène Perforated Sachets. Look for the famous Eugène trade-mark symbol on each Sachet.

We will gladly send you a sample sachet for your inspection, together with our interesting booklet, "The Eugène Method" and a list of genuine Eugène Wavers located in your vicinity.

EUGÈNE, LTD., 565 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
London - Paris - Berlin - Sydney



EUGÈNE PERMANENT WAVES

YOUR WARDROBE ROUND THE WORLD

(Continued from page 99)



...ARRIVED • a smart • WARDROBE SHOE CASE for travelers

The newest accessory to the modern woman's luggage—created with an understanding of the importance of shoes to her ensemble ... the Bradka Bag meets an important need of the fashionable traveler who must carry many pairs of shoes to complete her costumes.

The Bradka Bag is of leather and designed to hold twelve pairs of shoes. Once packed—no matter how long the trip—it need never be repacked. Opened, Bradka Bag is hung on a closet door—with shoes conveniently ready for selection. Slender enough to slide under seats or berths, dustproof, firmly made to guard shoes and daintily lined to protect them—Bradka Bag is the perfect complement to the modern women's luggage equipment.



The 1929 model patented Bradka Bags are now ready. Adjustable partitions for various sized spaces to accommodate riding and hunting boots, etc.

Schmickl-Bryon Inc.
New York City
Wheary Trunk Company
Racine, Wis.
Licensed Manufacturers and
Distributors

Bradka Bags are sold by the leading shoe and department stores in the principal cities of the United States and Canada.



Pat. applied for

BRADKA BAGS

fragile beauties of that city of minarets.

On a cruise, ship life is not so different from that at home, though there must be times when you long to escape from some of your ever-present companions. You will need more clothes and greater variety, but you will have more space to care for them in your cabin. If you are traveling independently, the same sort of clothes are necessary, but the quantity of frocks for formal and informal wear will depend on whether you are staying in hotels or with friends. The number of formal functions that you attend, aside from those on shipboard, will be governed by the number and importance of the letters of introduction that you carry with you. These letters are customary in the East, and if you have a friend who is a friend, or even a relative, of our ambassador to this, or our minister to that, or to the consul-general of the other, by all means get a letter of introduction. You will find all these delightful people eager to prove to you that life in the tropics or the Orient is truly a desirable thing. They give beautiful parties and you will see smart frocks, the like of which you haven't seen since you were last in Paris. So be prepared! Remember that dressing for dinner—formal or informal, at home or in a hotel, on shore or on shipboard—is the custom of the East.

Properly, one's wardrobe list should begin with hats and coats, but the item of greatest importance, first and last, is shoes. Without comfortable shoes there is no joy in seeing the ruins of the Borabudur in Java or the glories of the Taj Mahal in India. There is little fun to be had anywhere without proper shoes for sports or walking. Just as essential are the frivolous, but comfortable, slippers for dancing. Shoes may seem to take up the greater part of your luggage, but you will not regret it. Foreign-made shoes are not adapted to American feet and you must carry with you all that you will need.

Hosiery of supposedly American manufacture can be purchased the world around, if you do not care how big a price you pay. By the way, if you have friends in the East, to whom you wish to take a present, hosiery of the newest shades will be appreciated more than rubies. For your own wear get all that you need before you start—and then get just a few more. It is such a desperate feeling when you see the stocking supply rapidly diminishing when you are miles from anywhere where you can get hosiery of the kind you like best. It almost makes you wish that you were a native of the South Seas, so you need never be bothered by shoes or hose.

NOW, a word about hats. Those who live in the tropics say that the back of your neck must always be protected when you are out in the sun. Therefore, a large summer hat with a wide brim is essential. A thin black one with changeable bows of colors to harmonize with your gowns is an excellent idea. When your hat is short in the back, a scarf will help, but the large hat will be your greatest joy. You do not need to buy a solar topee unless you want to look like old Mrs. Devil herself. They look rather well on the men, but if there is anything more unbecoming to the average woman it has not yet been discovered. All along your way you will see quaint and unusual parasols. Buy one or two, for you will need them, and they do add a colorful touch to a costume.

Laundry is another vital problem. Of course, you can have things laundered either on shore or on ship, but you must not expect the same type of work you are used to at home. Also, it is expensive. The economical woman can save enough pennies to buy those longed-for jade earrings, if she washes her own hose and handkerchiefs. It is quite possible, too, to do your own glove-silk underthings. You must not be too trusting in sending your new sports silks to the laundry, for they are probably better at doing cotton and linen. Incidentally, cotton frocks

are much cooler for the hot countries than silk. Don't be surprised if some of your new silk frocks go to pieces, for the salt air and heavy moisture of the tropics spell ruin to any silk that is weighted. If you want silk and are having dresses made, buy Burmese or Chinese silks by preference, for they will stand any amount of hard washing and are unaffected by atmospheric conditions.

HERE is a minimum list, to which you can add such things as your own trip demands. It is wise to take as few things as possible, for, as you buy things, you will find that space is one valuable thing you have not allowed for.

COATS: A fur coat is not essential. If you are crossing either ocean during the winter months it will be needed and can be returned to America from Honolulu or Manila.

Heavy cloth coat, with fur collar or separate fur piece.

Light coat for wear with light dresses.

An extra sports coat will prove useful. An ensemble suit is not essential, but is practical and will be useful for travel in Europe.

Rain-coat and umbrella to match.

EVENING COATS: One warm coat and a shawl or lighter wrap. (You can buy these en route, if you like.)

DRESSES: Cloth—one heavy tweed or twill.

Washable, thin, and white or light-colored—at least six, all or part sleeveless. Sleeves are necessary for Egyptian heat, while sleeveless frocks are more comfortable in the tropics (two or more of these you can buy in Manila).

Washable, thin, and dark—one of dotted swiss or voile for train wear in the tropics.

Sports outfits—two or more of jersey or knitted silk or heavy silk.

Dark silk dresses—two of georgette or crêpe or foulard for train wear and travel in Europe.

Afternoon gowns—one or two of net or lace or piña cloth, which will also do for informal dinner wear. Two of flowered chiffon or georgette which may be used the same way. (Georgette, chiffon, lace and net are better for traveling than materials which crease or crush easily.)

Evening gowns—one warm evening gown—possibly velvet. Four or more light, simple evening frocks of chiffon, lace or georgette (beware of taffetas, for they usually crack in the salt air).

One or two light evening gowns for formal wear.

HATS: One large shade hat to cover back of neck (solar topee not necessary). Two or more hats for sports wear—one with wide brim.

One small hat for general wear—to match suit.

One small or large hat for formal wear.

SHOES: How hard are you on shoes? Three pairs of walking shoes (more if you are hard on them).

One pair of white shoes.

Two pairs of sports shoes—including white ones.

Two pairs of evening slippers—be sure they go with your evening frocks.

One pair of black satin slippers is indispensable.

One or two pairs of slippers for bedroom and bath.

(The most beguiling mules and bath slippers can be found in the bazaars of the East.)

Rubbers—examine them occasionally and moisten them, so you will not find them rotted when you most need them.

HOSE: How hard are you on hose?

Eighteen to twenty-four pairs at least. (Do buy two, or better three, pairs of the same shade for replacement.)

UNDERWEAR: Glove silk and rayon are practical for laundering and packing, but batiste and linen are cooler for the warm countries.

Slips—five or six in colors to match special frocks, if necessary.

Nightgowns or pajamas—four to six, (Concluded on page 138)



MIRACLE

*The wild melody of thy scents has played upon my heart as play the fingers of Pan upon his magic pipes * * And I am as Pan himself to whom no ecstasy is forbidden.*

A *Miracle* has blossomed... from the souls of sun-loved flowers has sprung an ecstatic mood in perfume!... For *Miracle* is ardent... glowing as wine... poetic with scented emotions. She who wears *Miracle* wears an invisible chaplet born in a lover's spring... *Miracle* is cherished by one lovely queen of Europe as a radiant inflection of her charm. Other patri-cians of the continent have made it their perfume also, for *Miracle* is the chosen fragrance of her who prizes true femininity... Like all odeurs created by Lenthéric.



Miracle possesses a delicate vitality. Not for a fleeting moment, but as an imperishable garden, it gives a fragrant echo to the breath of living flowers—an unchanging background for feminine loveliness... Now, Parfums Lenthéric can be secured not only in the lovely new Lenthéric Salon and fine New York shops, but also in the smart shops of other leading cities.

Lenthéric, Paris

Parfums • FIFTH AVE. AND 58TH ST., NEW YORK
245 RUE SAINT-HONORÉ, PARIS, FRANCE

YOUR WARDROBE ROUND THE WORLD

(Concluded from page 136)



Not only for the famed women of the world—

LEADERS OF SOCIETY, STARS, NOTABLE WOMEN

FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD HAVE COME

TO NEW YORK FOR THE ART OF R. LOUIS

NOW THIS ART HAS COME TO YOU!

By Agnes Cortelyou

The art of one man—a man who women say knows more about women's beauty than any woman! the miraculous art of this man has created the world's largest salon of beauty. Here, to the salon of R. Louis, have come notable women from all parts of the world for consultation and treatment of the skin and the artistry of the hair.

What these fashionable women have sought in the famous salon across from the Plaza, is now available to you, wherever you are. The beauty preparations evolved by R. Louis and his staff of skilled experts are being eagerly sought by informed women in smart shops the country over.

Each preparation is not only of such meticulous purity that it can bear the name of R. Louis, but it makes a definite contribution in its own field.

In the R. Louis cleansing crème and the R. Louis skin tonic, the basic principles of facial beauty and skin health are superbly cared for. The skin is kept free from impurities and exquisitely stimulated. These two preparations used morning and night are the first steps to beauty, supplanting soap and water.

Begin your discovery of the many unique R. Louis preparations today. At the more distinguished places ask for the R. Louis preparations.



Write for Beautistics, a book on the Art of Beauty and the method of R. Louis, and diagnosis questionnaire, gratis.

R. LOUIS

Beautistics

26 WEST 58TH STREET
New York, N. Y.

PREPARATIONS OF R. LOUIS

Cleansing Crème Skin Tonic Muscle Oil Pore Crème Circulation Ointment Tissue Crème
Special Astringent Bleach Crème Antour des yeux Hand Crème Basic Crème Liquid Rouge
Crème Rouge Compact Rouge Lip Stick Cleansing Tissue Face Powder Dusting Powder

including at least two of mull or batiste or linen for tropical nights.

Undergarments—at least six sets of your favorite style, whether it is combinations or brassieres and panties or bloomers.

DRESSING GOWNS: One light washable. One dark silk (even though you buy those beguiling ones in Japan).

BATHING COSTUMES: Suit, cap, slippers and wrap.

(All of the ships have pools and there are wonderful bathing places en route. You can buy these accessories on board ship, if necessary.)

ACCESSORIES: Purses—one large bag with pockets for passports, letter of credit, travelers' checks, et cetera. Have at least two compartments for change and a separate one for bills. Have it large enough to carry all these essentials without bulging. Have it smart enough so that you will not mind carrying it day after day, for it will be your most constant companion.

One smaller bag of fair size to carry with light frocks.

One evening bag.
(You will pick up fascinating bags in each country you visit, so take a minimum with you.)

Gloves—the number must be governed by your fondness for wearing them. They are never an essential part of your costume in the tropics. Washable gloves are the most practical. You can buy lovely gloves in Italy and France, as you probably know.

Handkerchiefs—two dozen—mostly colored linen, for they stand laundering better than white ones. Those with flat hand-hemmed hems are recommended for that personal laundering which is so often necessary. You will buy lovely ones in China and the Philippines.

Toilet articles—tooth brushes and paste, et cetera, can be purchased on ship-

board or on shore at slightly higher prices than you pay at home.

Coat-hangers—take at least a dozen flat ones with you that will pack in your suit-case easily.

Electric curling-iron—you may find it against the rule to use it on some of the ships, but take it anyway. You will discover the most amazing hair-dressing shops scattered around the world. Some of them use only cold water, others use strange-smelling soaps, very few know how to put in a finger-wave. You may be wise to do your own shampooing, if you can, and resort to your own waves—for even if you are a rank amateur they will probably be better than those you can get in the shops.

Medicine kit—only the few necessities that you must have—disinfectant, cotton, adhesive tape, et cetera. On shipboard there is always a good doctor available and on shore one can usually be found who speaks your own tongue.

LUGGAGE: One wardrobe trunk, steamer size preferable. Larger trunks can be placed in the storage room, to which you have easy access. The size of your trunk must be determined by the length of your trip and the size of your wardrobe. Two small trunks are better than one large one, for then you can pack the light summer clothing in one and the heavy warm clothing in the other.

One large suit-case—you will need this even if you travel on a cruise ship, for there are inland trips to be taken, when the boat is no longer your home.

One small bag for toilet articles and night wear.

With this wardrobe you should be able to uphold the reputation of the American woman for being the best dressed of women travelers, and, in this instance, best dressed also means most suitably dressed.

BLUE GLAMOUR

(Concluded from page 91)

Bosphorus flowing under the battlements of Roumeli Hissar one afternoon on the edge of spring.

And that blue, in turn, became a wavering vision when we hung over our window-sill one dawn and gazed down into the astounding fathomless blue of a little bay on the Gulf of Rapallo.

Wherever you adventure on that lake, which washes the shores of Europe and Africa and Asia, there is blue and there is glamour. These blues of water, the blue of sky, the blue of islands whose brittle, fantastic silhouettes startle the morning. The glamour of ancient civilizations, whose pylons and colonnades lift inscrutably out of gray deserts and the force of whose custom and art persists across the centuries, determining the design and color of the life you see pass on wharf and in bazaar and on mountain road. The glamour of the pleasure cities with their luxe and swank and *lambinage*.

This afternoon a *rivano*, with tall lateen sail and hull piled with great white blocks of Carrara marble, is drifting down the blue coast of Tuscany.

This afternoon a fisherman on the sand

at Anatoli Kavak is busy painting the carven prow of his boat a gorgeous vermilion and blue.

This afternoon Suzanne and the King of Sweden are pinging a little white ball back and forth across a net in the warm Riviera sunshine.

This afternoon a Greek galley is loading baskets of golden oranges as big as muskmelons in Jaffa roadstead, five hundred yards from the rock where Perseus performed his polite service for Andromeda, and at Beirut a snub-nosed American freighter is unloading a magnificent blue limousine built in Detroit for the King of Iraq.

This afternoon two Bedouins in blue turbans are dragging the plump, short-legged lady in blue from South Bend at breakneck speed up the steps of the Great Pyramid, warning her, at every moment: "Sla-aw-ly! Sla-aw-ly!"

And to-night a tense-eyed crowd will gather around the roulette wheels in the gaudy ballroom of Yildiz Kiosk. . . .

And there will be a *bal masqué* at the Semiramis. . . .
Blue glamour!

A FRIEND AT THE DOOR

I HEARD a strange rapping
Above the back door,
A low, gentle tapping
Not heard there before.

Ghosts harm not, they tell us,
My heart knew no foes;
I opened! The trellis
Had brought me a rose!

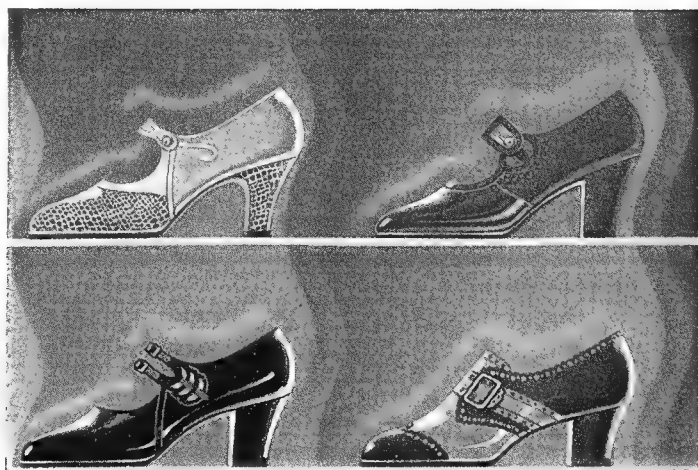
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA
William Herschell

THE gifted women who *set* the mode, for others to follow, are drawn unerringly to the new Arch Preserver Shoes.

For in them alone are coupled the advance style notes that forecast the authentic trends of Paris and New York modes, and the unbounded comfort that is essential today in a smart shoe for active women.

Although Arch Preserver Shoe heels are raised as high as the mode demands, there can be no painful sagging of the foot, no discomfort anywhere. The famous hidden arch bridge takes all strain off the arch and preserves the foot's chief beauty — the lovely curve of the instep. The flat inner sole prevents pinching. The metatarsal support puts new life into every step.

And the final touch of smartness that the woman of fashion demands is conferred by the exclusive Arch Preserver method of fitting by measuring the foot from heel to ball, so that every Arch Preserver Shoe appears to be custom tailored just for the foot it adorns!



THE JOAN — Vamp of ivory genuine watersnake; Lido sand kid quarter; beige kid trim.

THE MANHATTAN — Marron glaze kid vamp and trim; beige suede quarter; wide strap button.

THE ASTRAL — Patent leather in a smart two-strap buckle model; dull kid trim.

THE SARATOGA — Wide strap sport Oxford of sunburn calf, with trotteur tan calf trim.

Let us send you the new booklet telling the complete Arch Preserver story of smartness and comfort in footwear; also pictures of the advance Spring shoe modes that have just come out of the Arch Preserver studios in Paris and New York. The coupon is for your convenience.



Look for trade-mark on sole and lining. None genuine without it. Sold by 2000 dealers. All sizes. All widths. AAAA to E. Made for women, juniors and misses by only The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio. For men and boys by only E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Mass.



THE SELBY SHOE CO.
170 Seventh St., Portsmouth, Ohio.
Please send me, postpaid, your new booklet No. B-70, and advance pictures of the new shoe styles from your Paris and New York studios.

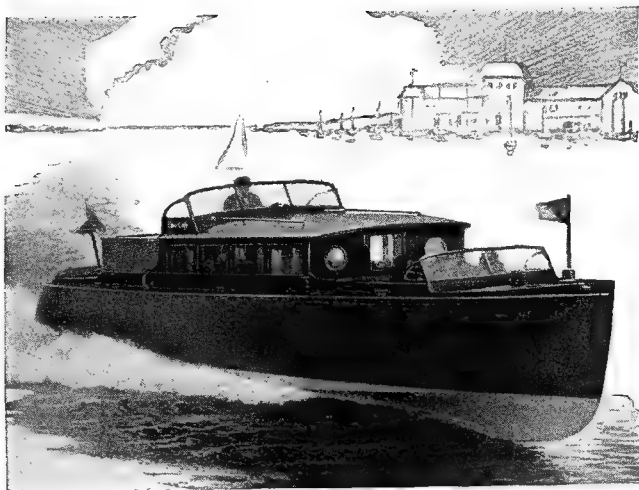
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**THE
ARCH PRESERVER
SHOE**

Supports where support is needed — bends where the foot bends

ERDA

(Continued from page 109)

THE NEW
CHRIS-CRAFT

A 38 FOOT CRUISER

Boating Folk—Mark this startling announcement—"Thirty joyful miles an hour in a luxurious 38 foot vee-bottom cruiser". Three generations of leadership in fine boat building have reached a pinnacle in this—the world's first, really fast, seaworthy, streamline cruiser.

Nowhere in boating history or experience is there a parallel to this new cruiser either in design or performance. Long, low, racy, nimble, easily maneuvered; its gleaming mahogany encases the cosiest, smartest cabin and cockpits ever built into a craft.

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Fourteen advance orders greeted its first announcement before the craft was built. Two passengers on its first trial trip bought at once without asking its cost. This craft will, beyond the shadow of a doubt, be the focus of all eyes at smart water-front gatherings throughout the whole world just as it will carry its party smoothly, swiftly, comfortably on the world's water highways.

Beyond price—yet fairly priced, this craft will make its bow at New York and following boat shows. See it. If you wish one, order early. Catalog is free.

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WORLD'S LARGEST BUILDERS OF ALL-MAHOGANY MOTOR BOATS

treading down the powdery snow into the necessary hardness for the principal sporting event of the winter season. Something in the sight made her quiver. Talone had cleared sixty meters the year before. He had told her this morning that he would beat his record to-morrow by six.

From the first he had revealed himself more fluently than the average man of his class. She had learned soon after she had begun her ski lessons with him that he was a painter of sorts. With a naive pride he had shown her the altarpiece in the village church. "In the summer leisure I am artist," he had said.

IT HAD been a few days later that she and Geoffrey, wrapped in the fur rugs of a sleigh, had passed Talone and his sweetheart walking down the road to Château d'Oex.

"Talone's girl looks like Tusnelda in Pilot's picture in Munich," commented Geoffrey. "She is as majestic as Mother Earth."

"How acute you are!" Daphne had answered. "He tells me her name is Erda. Rather gallumping, isn't she?"

But it was not of Erda that Daphne was thinking to-night as the lights from the chalets pricked bright holes in the blue of the valley. She found women neither entertaining nor obstructive and took small account of them. Her mind turned instead to the little hut high up in the Hornberg where . . .

The strokes of a clock reminded her that it was time to dress for dinner. The big lounge was empty.

"Paulingham most courteously sent me a note of good-by," called her mother half-an-hour later from the adjoining room, as Daphne added a quite unnecessary touch of powder to her cloudless skin. "He said he was leaving suddenly. I hope," Mrs. Abbingdon appeared in the doorway, an anxious gaze fixed upon her daughter, "I hope that you had nothing to do with it."

"My dear mother, even you can scarcely connect my aversion to marriage with the political duties of an Englishman, or accuse me of connivance with the time-table!"

"Then you refused him?" Mrs. Abbingdon collapsed into the nearest chair.

"Only a wedding is definite proof of a proposal *pour le bon motif*," tantalized her child.

"You are impossible!" the poor lady exclaimed as she retreated, closing the door upon her tears. Inadequate as usual, she ordered dinner in bed and tried to muffle in early sleep the sharp edge of her disappointment.

NIGHT having brought no counsel, Daphne found her mother only partially appeased as they drove on the following afternoon down the hill in the direction of the ski track.

The village street, wreathed in hemlock, fluttered a bannered welcome to the throngs swarming in sleighs and on foot from all directions.

Daphne's sleigh took its place at the side of the great track, whose white streak began far up on the edge of the forest. Battalions of pines guarded it on either side. The red-covered platform, whence the jumps were to be made, stood out sharply like a sacrificial altar. Through the crowds pressing against the barriers to right and left, circulated the name of Talone, the undoubted favorite.

Daphne shook off the embedding fur rugs and, standing up, raised her field-glass. Yes, there he was at the very top of the precipice-like slope, the center of a discursive group of contestants. The yellow spot of his sweater made its gay protest against Swiss dullness.

"The ski-jumper is to Switzerland what the gladiator was to Rome, what the matador is to Spain, is it not so, mesdames?" Monsieur l'Abbé de Kérouac, clad in a clerical version of sports clothes, had approached the Abbingdons' sleigh.

"You will pardon me if I take advantage of the privilege of my calling in addressing strangers." He smiled. "Have you a preference among the competitors?"

"They tell us," said Mrs. Abbingdon

"that the ski-master, Talone, has the best chance."

Monsieur l'Abbé leaned his elbow on the edge of the sleigh. "As an expert, mademoiselle, your daughter should be able to estimate the justice of the prediction. I have noticed her proficiency on some of my walks through the mountains." The little black diamonds between the narrow slits of the priest's eyes glinted in the sunlight as he turned toward Daphne.

She left it to her mother to answer him. Old people bored her.

"You speak of Talone: his number is, by the way, thirty-one on the program. If the biography of a local hero can amuse you, he is quite a simple rascal, of whom the women could easily make a fool, had he not had the good fortune, as well as the good sense, to engage himself to that pearl of the valley, Erda Subenberg, the girl in the Bernese costume, whom you see standing over there near the Tribunes. They are to be married at Easter!" The Abbé raised his voice with a certain insistence. "Erda is the daughter of Subenberg the builder, and child of a long and honorable line of peasantry. Talone, as a lodger in the house of her father, has had ample opportunity to discover her domestic virtues, devotion to her widowed father and small brothers, modesty and courage. A neat dowry adds to the prospect of happiness. He has chosen well."

"There is something rather magnificently maternal in the appearance of the girl," Mrs. Abbingdon felt it necessary to punctuate politely, with a remark, this uninteresting recital.

"*N'est-ce pas?*" he answered. "She should make a good mother. But forgive me, madame, for assuming that the simple romances of the people could . . ."

THE sharp sound of a whistle interrupted him. A number was hoisted on a big banner at the side of the track.

A tiny upright figure stood poised at the top of the steep slope. It slid forward. Crouching on its skis it hit the platform, waved its arms, rose again in the air, then clearing the track with a great spring it fell in a huddled heap and rolled ignominiously down the rest of the hill, a tangle of arms, legs and skis.

Mrs. Abbingdon gave a little cry. A woman in the crowd laughed nervously. The man got up, brushed off the snow, shook his head, swearing a little at his own clumsiness, none the worse for the tumble.

"Twenty-five meters," bellowed the announcer.

"A poor performance," remarked the Abbé, "but a brave man at that. Good afternoon, ladies." He moved away in the direction of Erda Subenberg. The group of sycophants surrounding her, as the betrothed of the prospective hero of the day, fell respectfully back to make room for him.

Meanwhile the numbers were being displayed in quick succession. Flying figures followed each other without intermission. "No. 31!" The banner flung out the long-expected number at last.

"Talone!" murmured the crowd.

Way up at the edge of the wood, a touch of sun caught a yellow jacket. It moved forward, the legs beneath it taut, the skis lying before it like long straight shadows. Down it glided, swift and sure to the *schanze*, touched the platform. The arms, whirling like the thin wings of a windmill, seemed to raise it with a mighty effort, high, high above the stand, above the Tribunes, above the upturned faces of the crowd, a flying thing. Talone! Talone! There was the intaking of a great breath. He struck the track again, skis straight, balance perfect. A sigh of relief exhaled from the spectators. "At least sixty meters," estimated Monsieur l'Abbé. The color which had receded from Erda's cheeks rushed back in a deep wave.

With the final flourish of a joyous leap for extra measure, Talone perfected his Christiana, showing all the splendor of his gleaming teeth in a wide smile.

"Seventy meters." A shout went up from the throng.

(Continued on page 142)

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ERDA

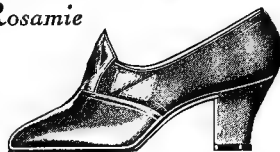
(Continued from page 140)

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Smart...Drew Arch Rest Shoes! Fashionable women adore their beauty, their lustrous leathers, their swagger style...and above all, the gracious, graceful things they do to the foot...keeping it small by relieving all strain... keeping it from spreading, the arch from sagging...upholding the instep...strengthening the muscles of the foot. The secret? The famous hidden Drew Arch Rest Construction. Most of the styles are priced at \$8.50, \$10 and \$12.50. Write for the Drew Folio of Fashion Footwear. The Irving Drew Co., Portsmouth, Ohio.



Rosamie



Celeste

DREW ARCH REST Shoes for Women

"keep the foot small"

FLAME tipped the mountains as the Abbington's sleigh, garrulous with bells, pulled up the road toward the Winter Bellevue Grand. Daphne had lighted a cigarette. Her air of detachment suggested boredom. Her mother wondered if after all she repented having dismissed Paulingham.

"Shall we look in for a while to-night at the hotel ball-room?" she ventured. "I hear the prizes are to be awarded. All the village will be there."

"As you like," answered Daphne.

But that evening as they watched the sturdy heroes of the ski go forward for their rewards, her face was strangely eager. Erda Subenberg, as the chief heiress of the village and the betrothed of the winner, helped to distribute the prizes. Dressed in the costume of the Canton, her full breasts, swelling high and firm, constricted by her tight bodice, her flaxen hair laid flat above her broad forehead, she might have served as model for a Goddess of Plenty. For each contestant she had a smile or a word, but when Talone's turn had come, the apex of the evening, and he made his way, modest yet smiling, through the crowd of peasants toward the *estrade*, she took the big silver cup in her hands, lifting it for a moment with a gesture unconsciously magnificent as if praying heaven to fill and bless it. Then bending with an air of bestowal she gave it to him.

The simple, ruddy-faced audience shouted with joy. "Talone! Talone! The pride of the Oberland!" He was seized, hoisted on the shoulders of two sturdy comrades, held aloft, shy but half laughing, his black curls ruffled, his teeth gleaming, the cup still in his hands. Then he too raised it just a shade, but the flame of his dark eyes sought not Erda, and the wide calm gaze that rested on him, but a slender, glittering figure in the doorway with lips over-red and parted. They set him down, his friends crowded round. Over their heads he could see Daphne waiting. He came abreast of her, pushed by the crowd. Her arm touched his. The orchestra in the lounge was playing. Before he knew it, she had swept him into the rhythm. He was a good dancer. In the whirling apotheosis she had made for him, he did not realize that he was infringing on the "floor" of the Winter Bellevue Grand, all the rules that made the "village" keep its distance. Dimly he saw Erda, with whom he had promised to go to the ski ball at the humble "Rossli" waiting for him in the hall. Dimly he saw her go, after he had danced again with Daphne, and again.

IT WAS not until two or three days later that he came in upon Erda as she was tidying his room. He had purposely avoided her since the evening at the Winter Bellevue Grand, his engagements as a ski-master giving him pretexts enough for absences. Not that he had wanted any until now. He had found in her large faithfulness a sheltering warmth and his own simple nature had been happy in it. Nor, swept away and confused though he was, could he yet definitely conceive of life without her.

As she looked up at him now with a calm "Gruzi," it struck him that her rosi-ness had paled. "The snow holds well," she said. "Thou shouldst have another full month of work with the strangers."

"Yes," he answered and, suddenly conscious of obligation, he sidled up to her and implanted a kiss upon her cheek.

In the ordinary way she would have returned it, or held lovingly for a moment his face close to hers with her firm hand, but to-day she only said, averting her eyes: "By the way, where is thy cup? See, I have polished the others and made a place for it."

He blushed painfully. "It is too costly," he muttered. "I left it at the hotel . . . the safe there. . ."

"Since when is aught of value in danger in the house of Subenberg?" she said proudly. "With her head raised, she passed from the room."

Precisely at that moment the silver cup, standing on the table of Daphne

Abbington, filled with the red roses Talone had brought, was the subject of a far more acrimonious discussion.

"The limit of vulgarity. A flirtation with a low peasant!" Mrs. Abbington was saying.

"He's a painter, as a matter of fact!" countered Daphne. "Didn't you know?"

"I did not, but what I do know is that you disgraced yourself by dancing in a public ball-room with a common ski-master and . . ."

"Laurels to the hero of the hour!" Daphne spoke lightly.

"And that you have accepted from him a gift of intrinsic value. Why, in my time a girl who received from a man of her own class more than a box of candy, or—You're simply incorrigible."

"My poor mother, I'm keeping the cup just to save poor Talone the expense of locking it in a bank. I may even buy it from him. These peasants," a puff at her cigarette emphasized casualness, "will sell anything." She glanced at her watch. "By the way, I'm late for my lesson already."

The door, closing behind her, did not, however, shut away for Daphne, a feeling of uneasiness. An expert dabbler on the edges of passion, it had not been, as a matter of fact, till the day after the ski contest that she had begun to realize that the elemental Talone threatened to sweep her into the current. She had always had a weakness for the spectacular, weaving herself habitually into a series of highly colored pictures. This Talone with his velvety Italian smoothness, was steel better sheathed, decorative, handsome with some obscure hint of race, neither effeminate nor crude. Tailored by a Poole, for instance, he would look, with his superb carriage, more like a prince than Paulingham did like an earl. One day she had questioned him as to his ancestry.

"La Nonna knitting in the village street use tell a story. Old women they weave a tale without reason."

"What did your grandmother say?" urged Daphne.

THEY had been climbing steadily and she was resting for a moment on a rustic bench near a shed. He leaned his skis against the wall and took off his cap.

"As the Signorina commands!" he answered. "With her needle the Nonna would point across the valley at the square tower of the castle on the hill. 'There,' she would say, 'lived the Duca and his wife, *gran signori*, not *proveracci* like us. The Duchessa was white and tall just as Giotto's campanile.' Bella, bellissima, the duchess must have been like—" Talone's gaze rested boldly on Daphne, though his words faltered.

"Like?" repeated Daphne.

"Like a great lady!" He bent toward her ever so slightly, though his tongue faltered. "Often the Duke was afar in bloody wars and his love for his duchess was rough and red with wine on his return, and so '*amor ch'a nul amato amor perdona*,' another love had its way with the Donna Beata. She loved a page. Then the Duke coming suddenly and finding the two together, called his soldiers and bade them wall the lovers deep behind stone and mortar in the tower that dying side by side they might hate love and each other. But their child, la Nonna told us, was saved by an old nurse, and because he had a mark upon his heel they called him Talone!" His rather wide mouth flashed a smile. "Magari!" he added, "the grandmother was a great dreamer and a liar *molto simpatica*. I believe nothing of the legend."

Talone's story, however, had pleased Daphne, decorating the path toward certain possibilities.

A scene enacted shortly after this recital rose before her eyes now, as she swung down the road to meet the ski-master.

She and Talone had stopped at an empty hut on the Hornberg for lunch and shelter from a high wind, and, as she was stooping over a fire they had lighted on the hearth, she turned suddenly to find

(Continued on page 144)

Youth

on thirty seconds a day!

Impossible? But now it's true! Clogged pores, relaxed muscles, tired skin glands, sluggish circulation: these are the enemies that age you years too soon. Yet after even one lightning-swift application of PINAUD'S amazing New Cream you can see the first lovely sparkle of reviving Youth!

YOUTH means radiance—but if pores are clogged and stifled, if the blood flows sluggishly under the surface, you will look dull and old.

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IT TONES the whole fretwork of tiny blood vessels and skin glands to normal activity, till your whole face feels awakened, alive, young again!

And the whole amazing process takes only one brief half minute! Swiftly smooth it on, then as swiftly *WASH* it away! Do it regularly each day and soon your cheek will grow—and stay—silken, fresh, alive with vivid youth!

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(Continued from page 142)



WHERE WILL YOU BE THIS WINTER?

DO YOU find New York agreeable in a January drizzle or fog—Chicago braving a roaring lake wind? Or do you just stick it out till spring? ... Why not go where spring comes from?

Perfume—drifts and waves of it—roses and drowsing orange trees. Light—blazing in the white squares, sifting through the trees. Music—the call of the muezzin, the little, thin, wild note of the flute. Mystery—the East, held in trust for us by France... That's what you'll find this winter if you wish.

You've come from Algiers—Cannes-in-Africa—the gayest, most cosmopolitan city in the world. You're going to Laghouat, green island in the Sahara sands—to El-Goléah, where the sun, the moon and the stars wheel forever over a solitary well... You'll see the Roman ruins, the place where Carthage stood, catacombs, the Arabian Nights come to life... You're going back as far as Abraham—in a motor car!

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him holding to his lips the woolen muffler that trailed behind her. He masked the gesture quickly by helping her to lay aside the scarf, but the flame in his eyes burst through their smouldering darkness and his hand shook while the current that passed from him to her, like electricity across a wire, made her sense adventure quite other than the anemic dalliance of Massachusetts.

Foolishly confident, in the insolence of her youth, of her ability to switch emotion on or off at will, she had continued to play upon him and herself, and though Paulingham's hints and her mother's reproaches had made her a bit uneasy, they stimulated her natural bravado. She had decided that she would not give him up—not quite yet, but it would be wiser, perhaps, to be cautious lest her mother become boring and insist upon a change of plan, a trip to the Riviera, or to Cairo. "What a nuisance never to have a free hand!" she reflected, as she saw him at the foot of the slope, his great warm eyes raised toward her.

HE LOADED her skis upon his shoulder for the long climb. Side by side they trudged upward through the deep snow. Sometimes he held her elbow for a moment, pushing her. Sometimes he bade her lean back resting on his free arm. Once her head fell against his shoulder and lay there for a moment. He threw in his chin and set his jaw grimly. Why did he not kiss her, she wondered?

They were to lunch in the hut. With a wide gesture, he pushed open the door and stepped back. From the threshold, she perceived the altered interior. On the wall was painted a circle of gold, a stool had been placed before it and a roughly made table upon which stood two candlesticks with unlighted tapers. Branches of red-berried ash were heaped between them, completing the resemblance to an altar.

"A shrine?" said Daphne. "To what god?"

He flushed. "To you," he said simply, as he drew a match from his pocket and lighted the tapers. The gold circle shone behind her dark hair and a flame brighter than that from the candle lighted his eyes. Then he knelt and at last words flowed from him with a sort of bold timidity. His love for her, his reverence, and then almost in a whisper, the hope that had come to him. Had she not singled him out for the dance that night at the Winter Bellevue Grand, accepted his trophy, shown only unresentful gentleness when he had kissed her scarf, and last of all, to-day, when for a moment her head had rested on his shoulder, she had let it lie there?

"I am nothing now," he spread his palms in deprecation, "but you shall see. *Ecco!* I have money, many *quattrini* in the bank. *Benel* Next week I win the big prize in St. Moritz. "Then I be skimmer no more ever. I become great artist. You have see my *Madonna*, my bears, I go far, far. Giotto, Benvenuto, Raffael, plain men, peasants like me! Art and love can make any man king!" He rose to his full height, then falling to his knees again, he stretched his arms toward her and Daphne, bending low across the table, crushed the red berries of the ash, as she gave him her lips.

The afternoon sun, shining through the little window panes, had laid a tessellated pattern of light and shade upon the floor, before they started down.

Elated, exultant, freed by excitement for the moment from all thought, she stood straight as a young pine upon her skis. Fearlessly she slid forward, taking the hummocks with reckless joy, seeking the steeper places. Cutting through the cold, delicious air she was without reasonings or regrets. Twice Talone called to her to be careful.

"Catch me," she laughed over her shoulder. The track was fast and she gave a joyous cry as she swept furiously forward, gathering speed. Unaccountably her foot turned. She fell awkwardly with a groan of pain. Instantly he was beside her, his face pale as death, unbinding her skis, reassuring her with little caressing words.

"But it will be nothing, *Madonna mia*. See, I will cure it, I, Talone." Bending over her tenderly he drew off her shoe and sock with his neatly formed skilful hands. The sudden pain filled her eyes with tears.

"*Poverina!*" he said. Covering her slender ankle with his kisses, he bound her foot firmly with the bandages he carried always in his pocket. "Fear not! Lie against my shoulder so! It is thus that I will carry you!" He helped her to rise, putting his left arm around her so that no weight rested on her foot. "*Avanti!*" he smiled down at her, as she clung to him. They had made, however, but a dozen steps toward the highway now only a few meters distant when they heard a voice calling, "Talone! Talone!" There was a crunching of snow and Monsieur l'Abbé came plunging diagonally toward them across the mountain. A sled swung behind him at the end of a cord.

"An accident!" he commented. "Not so grave, I hope, but what I may be of assistance and after all one must pay toll for pleasure! Talone," he spoke with authority, "help me to install *Mademoiselle* upon my sled. I will do myself the honor of conducting her to the hotel. Meanwhile, since you are no longer needed you can take the short cut to the house of Subenberg." His manner precluded a refusal. Talone's eyes had scarcely time to seek Daphne's, as he obeyed. Monsieur l'Abbé, grasping the string of his *luge* in his mittened fingers, trudged down the road. A muffler encircled his throat and his white hair, hatless, glistened for a moment in the final rays of the sun.

"Are you at ease?" he threw over his shoulder. "The pain less?"

She nodded, biting her lip. Something in the tone of Monsieur l'Abbé preoccupied her as much as her aching foot.

PAUSING, he took a reef in the cord of his sled, shortening the distance between them. Then on a stretch of flat road he began walking backward-facing her.

"Often," he said slowly, "I notice on my visits to the sick—it was returning from such an errand to-day that I had the good fortune to come upon you and Talone—that a legend or a tale beguiles a moment of suffering. May I relate to you, *Mademoiselle*, a little fable?"

The bland placidity of the old man angered her, but beneath her anger crouched fear. Her lips were stiff as she assented.

"*Voilà!*" He smiled down upon her with his strange, wise smile. "Once upon a time there came journeying eastward from a far land into a hard mountain country, a Princess. The great hot-houses of her life at home were full of roses over-red, of the sophisticated convolutions of orchids and other fantastic plants of a forced growth, yet as her roving eye fell quite by chance upon a modest flower before a cottage door, a tiny snowdrop which had pierced its way through the hard earth to be the sole ornament of a barren garden, the Princess of the fairy-tale (she was beautiful as all princesses are) coveted the white blossom. Was she careless or wanton? The legend does not tell, but she plucked the snowdrop with the light gesture of a passerby. Little did she guess that the flower—(are you listening? The curious part of the story is yet to come)—had the strange property of becoming poisonous in certain hands. Behold at the touch of the Princess it had flushed crimson and its hot venom spread through her veins like the slow death of mortal sin invading a soul. Then it fell withered from her grasp and from the cottage behind her the sounds of weeping fell like hot drops of molten lead or of remorse upon her agony. That is the end of the story! And I shall not weary you with a moral, satisfied if my fable has held your attention—" Monsieur l'Abbé's glance no longer rested on Daphne. "See, we are arriving! The baroque sophistry of the Winter Bellevue Grand makes its vulgar grimace in the face of Nature. Let me call the con-

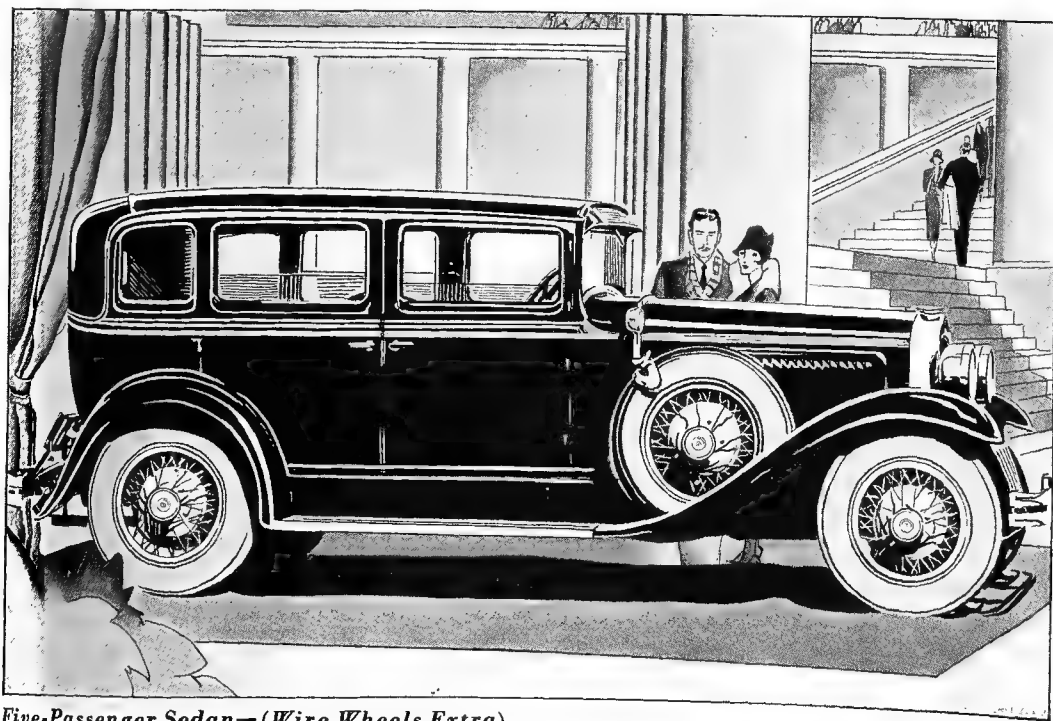
(Continued on page 146)

for JANUARY 1929



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the largest, handsomest and finest product
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Five-Passenger Sedan—(Wire Wheels Extra)

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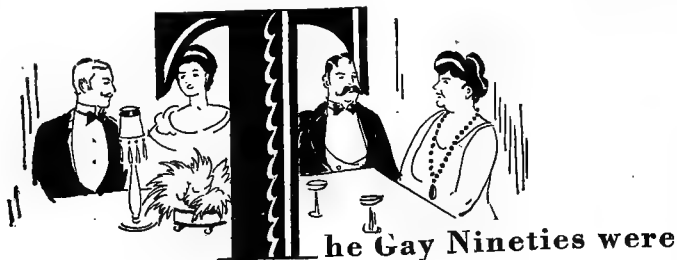
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Dodge Brothers Six
presented by WALTER P. CHRYSLER

Dodge Brothers Six typifies that genius in engineering and craftsmanship which characterizes all Chrysler-built cars. The most remarkable value in Dodge Brothers history, it introduces more than a score of important betterments.

Please study the New Dodge Brothers Six carefully. Note its many new and original features. It will repay your most exhaustive examination.

ERDA

(Continued from page 144)



The Gay Nineties were

inclined to be heavy . . . even the luggage

packing a tragedy

unpacking "the blow that

killed mother."

Wrinkles where there

should be smoothness

the things you

wanted first at the bottom of the heap

Today's Solution? [A couple of MIGRATOR hat-boxes and a family is ready to "do" Europe]

with unwrinkled clothes — undisturbed

tempers — and light, easy-to-carry luggage.



Only the Original Migrator
bears this trademark. Look
for the Migrating bird!



In a Migrator your loveliest dresses ride as safely and unruffled as they hang at home. No pressing needed at journey's end! Remove just the dress you want without disturbing the others. Separate space for shoes, compartment for hats, lingerie, etc. Incredibly capacious — the Migrator replaces two pieces of ordinary luggage — yet it's startlingly light!

You can buy any type of Migrator you want — in accepted leather combinations and trim. All sizes — priced from \$10.00 up.

W. W. Winship & Sons, Utica, N. Y.; New York Office, 39-41 West 32nd St. Hugh Carson Co., Ltd., Ottawa, Canada.

MIGRATOR

Patented and Patents Pending

Imitations Always Lack Something — This is a Migrator

cierge to assist you. A speedy recovery to you! Perhaps a change of air. . . . The lighted portal of the hotel received his retreating figure.

Half an hour later, Daphne, surrounded by hot water bottles, crouched shaking with pain, cold and a vague alarm beneath her bedcovers, as she listened to Mrs. Abbingdon's animadversions to winter sports in general and skiing in particular.

The doctor, having pronounced her injury unimportant, ordered absolute rest till the torn ligaments of her knee and ankle should be healed. For the first few days distracted notes kept coming from Talone, scrawled elaborately in an ignorant hand, and quite without the felicitous fluency of expression of his mobile face and flashing eye. They marked an abyss instead of bridging it. Besides, he assumed far too much.

When he left for St. Moritz on the third day after her accident, she was finally relieved from the boring necessity of prolonging her invalidism to avoid him.

Her bandaged foot made her the object of even more attention than usual when she emerged, still limping, into the hotel lounge, one afternoon a week later, at the tea hour. Two Argentines, with beautifully assorted linen and ties, black moiré hair, the single button of fashion on their coats smartly constricting their narrow chests, immediately rushed to her assistance. She was soon the center of a small ovation, as she fingered in her pocket a telegram from Paulingham who was more fluent on paper than with the spoken word. She had let out the line a long way while playing him, undecided whether she cared to land him, and he had struggled as strongly as a tarpon, but the bait was swallowed; his words proved it. There would be no difficulty about him unless the old Abbé or some other mischief maker. . . . After all he was a great catch.

It had always interested her to snatch other people's property. Spiritual kleptomania was quite in Daphne's line. It had been partly Erda's possession of Talone that had attracted her to him. But she had, before now, been known to return slightly damaged property to its rightful owner.

She was just fitting a new kind of Spanish cigarette into a spectacularly long holder, when, raising her eyes, she saw Monsieur l'Abbé navigating between the dancers in her direction. "That old bird of ill-omen!" she commented.

There was something dramatically emphatic in the Abbé's pause beside her table.

The Argentines sprang politely to their feet. "Buenos días, padre!"

The Abbé placed his palms on the meager shoulders of his young parishioners. Then leaning toward Daphne, his sharp gaze took aim and he shot three words like bullets at her heart: "Talone is dead!"

For a second, her puerile soul staggered beneath the impact. She paled a little. Inadequate, brittle words came to her. "How terrible. . . . What happened. . . . An accident, of course! . . ." She was shocked, but in the shallows of her small, selfish nature, a slimy thought reared its head, a sense of relief from further complications and impending danger to herself. His last letter had breathed jealousy, possessiveness, the whole gamut of sincere passion.

"Ricochet!" thought the Abbé. "Harder even than I guessed. Scarcely a dent!"

"Pobre muchacho! Disgraciado! Dios!" Talone's South American pupils burst into lamentation.

The priest stood silent for a moment, his eyes still fixed on Daphne's face. Then he turned slowly.

His hand touched his forehead and his breast, as he reached the doorway: "Le bon Dieu approved the necessary lie," he justified himself, "even as he commands the use of the scalpel to probe rotten flesh."

THREE weeks later, when the first narcissi were struggling to pierce their way through the light snow of early

spring, Monsieur l'Abbé de Kerouac and Erda Subenberg brought home Talone. Talone, alive as the priest had known him to be from the first telegram after his disaster, but dead to the white adventure of the Alps, dead to the exultations of leaping prowess, dead forever and forever to the wild free life of his beloved mountains. True the great doctor from Vienna had predicted a partial ultimate cure. "In these spinal cases, one can't quite hope for complete restoration in locomotion. He will, however, probably regain the use of his arms, and may be able to walk after a fashion," was the verdict.

But Talone, gritting his teeth with pain and determination, proposed to outwit Fate. He would never have fallen in the first place, but for that yellow skunk of a Varianese who had slyly split his skis before the start. Besides, he must get well, he must. . . . There was Daphne! Erda's broad, kind face, strangely paled and shadowed like snow in the twilight, had brought with it a certain comfort as she bent over him in the first hours of his agony. But soon her presence became an irritating suggestion of his obligation to her. He resented her goodness and affection. It would be all the harder to break with her. With every gesture of her careful nursing, she laid upon him an added chain. He hated even the sight of her calm smile. It came between him and his vision of full red lips, red as the berries of the ash, up there on the Hornberg.

Often in his delirium he would cry out to her to go away, calling in his hot torment for Daphne. Tortured, yet unswerving, Erda listened to his incoherences, found that through them ran, like a red thread, the persistency of his passion for Daphne. And, sometimes, mercifully, his hot head against her breast, she soothed him with speech of the other woman. It had never occurred to her that Daphne might not love him. Who could help loving Talone? She loved him, God knew! Any woman must love him! Once in a single moment of doubt, when his iron will and courage were weakened by suffering, he had asked her if she thought most women could love a maimed man, and her answer had rung out clear and reassuring, for, in those long watches that had spread an aging look of pain upon her whitened cheeks, she had come to a resolve.

IT WAS a Friday when they brought Talone home, and that afternoon, when the local doctor had recommended quiet and a sleeping potion, Erda made her way to the little church. The sharp glance of Monsieur l'Abbé, seated in the box of his confessional awaiting penitents, pierced the grating and fell, without surprise, upon the figure of Erda, her head bowed between her hands in an attitude of unmistakable sorrow, supplication and abnegation. His old heart, full of worldly wisdom and celestial pity, divined her prayers. She raised her face toward the altar and on it, the Abbé, still watching, saw not blank despair but the deep grief of reluctant but determined adjustment to a spiritual necessity. His white hand lying on the border of the confessional trembled a little as Erda dropped rather heavily to her knees.

"My father," she began haltingly, "I, poor sinner, accuse myself that since my last confession, I have. . . ."

The list of her misdoings would be pathetically venial in the sight of the Almighty, he thought, as he counseled the usual penance, the familiar devotions. Then suddenly her tone changed. It was no longer the conventional recital of habitual frailties. The voice at his elbow was shaken by passion. Out tumbled incoherently, but with an effort at sincerity which rent the veil of a naively constructed hypothetical case, the story of her jealousy, her hatred, her revulsion toward pity, and her generous determination to save Talone for Daphne and for happiness.

"The man is a good man, a fine man, a brave man. To us in the Oberland a

(Concluded on page 148)

for JANUARY 1929

LISTERINE—your "second best" friend when SORE THROAT strikes!



Prevent a cold this way?
Certainly!



Millions of ordinary colds start when germs carried by the hands to the mouth on food attack the mucous membrane. Being very delicate it allows germs foothold where they develop quickly unless steps are taken to render them harmless.

You can accomplish this by rinsing your hands with Listerine, as many physicians do, before each meal. Listerine, as shown above, is powerful against germs.

Use only a little Listerine for this purpose—and let it dry on the hands. This simple act may spare you a nasty siege with a mean cold.

It is particularly important that mothers preparing food for children remember this precaution.

Amazing power against germs

YOUR best friend when your throat is really in bad shape is your doctor—because a persistent sore throat usually indicates some deep seated trouble calling for expert attention.

But for ordinary sore throat, which may be a symptom of a cold or a sequel to it, Listerine full strength is an amazingly effective first aid. Millions rely on it. They have had wonderful results.

The reason for Listerine's success is obvious: Colds and sore throat are caused by germs. And Listerine full strength is powerful against germs—possibly

more so than you imagine.

It kills even the stubborn B. Typhosus (typhoid) germ, for example, in 15 seconds. Repeated tests in laboratories of national repute show it is equally powerful against the virulent M. Aureus (pus) germ. Yet it is safe to use full strength in any body cavity.

At the first sign of throat irritation, gargle with Listerine full strength. Keep it up systematically. If improvement is not rapid, call your physician. He will approve of your first-aid measures. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

The Safe Antiseptic

ERDA

(Concluded from page 146)

promise of betrothal is a promise of marriage. He suffers under the yoke, yet he can not bear to break his troth to me. It is killing him, retarding his recovery. The other woman must be free to come to him, nurse him, give her life to him."

In the curtained darkness, Monsieur l'Abbé found himself repressing an ironic chuckle.

"Father," she hurried on, "the vow was my vow, too, my promise, but I know now that I must break it. Give him to her, wrecked and helpless as we know he is. It is she alone who can bring him joy. Even at her name, Father, you should see the old light brightening in his eyes." Her pitiful attempt at the concealment of her identity in the story had failed under her excitement and she almost apologized for her own sacrifice. "I must do it, I must." Then with a moment's wavering toward a possible reprieve, she besought him; "Must I? Must I?"

"Divine inspiration and the example of the Saints is with you, my daughter. Go and do as your heart tells you."

Was it from earth or heaven, with both of which Monsieur l'Abbé had such close affiliations, that he found joyous security in the foreknowledge which made him predict in complete sincerity: "And all things shall be added unto you."

Then Monsieur l'Abbé, gave her his blessing: "*Per omnia saecula saeculorum.*" His fingers made the sign of the Cross.

"Amen," said Erda Subenberg simply.

THE little brothers hanging over the fence like rosy apples, as they waited for Erda, stampeded toward her, in expectation of the usual sequel to her expeditions to the village in the form of a gingerbread bear or a cornucopia of chocolates. Pacified by the benediction of Monsieur l'Abbé, she had forestalled disappointment by stopping at the confectioner's. With cheeks bulging, the children danced before her into the house. She went about her tasks meticulously in an attempt to steel herself for the ordeal before her. Now that she had decided what to do, she would make the sacrifice complete. He must not leave her with a burdened conscience. What if she told him that it would be too hard for her to care for him, there were her brothers and father to look after. She rehearsed a string of phrases trying to make them convincing. A swift prayer and she was ready! Then she mounted to his room swiftly. The pause between her knock and her entrance was so brief that as she loomed large and fateful in the door, she saw that he sensed an impending crisis, but at the sight of him she forgot the carefully planned sequence of her words.

"Tito," she began stumbling, "I came to tell you . . . you are free. I have known all along how you felt, but I hoped if I were patient—waited—you'd see—you'd come back—and that finally . . ."

"Erda," he murmured, a hot flush mounting to his cheek. Through the selfishness of unsatisfied desire, pierced the sense of her nobility. A sob rose in his throat. Then with a sort of heaven-born tact, groping for the resumption of her first idea of making it easier for him. "Besides you will get well quicker. You can have the greatest doctors, better care, better . . ." The effort in the consummation of her sacrifice was too great, even for her. Before he could speak, she was gone from the room. Gone! For a second, he felt helpless, lonely, forsaken. What if, after all? . . . Then he went mad with joy. The splendid dream could come true. His queen, his princess! He was cured already. Visions of a love not hidden and intermittent in a rough hut high on a mountain, but open and richly set in scenes of beauty, rose before him. He thought of purple twilights at Villa d'Este; of silver nights on the Venetian lagoon, the artist in him spoke

to the lover. In the jubilation of his soul, Erda was forgotten.

The late dawn had scarcely climbed over the high mountains after his sleepless night when he heard Erda moving in the room where she slept with her little brothers. Then her step sounded on the stair, and the noise of the telephone bell startled him as she called the number of the Winter Bellevue Grand.

IT WAS Erda who prepared him for the visit, placing the best pillow embroidered naively with Edelweiss and roses beneath his head, smoothed the crocheted counterpane and pinned the dressing gown neatly across his shoulders. She straightened the crude paper flowers in the vases on the mantel, and brought a red cover for the table.

At the sound of the sleighbells outside, he had a second of misgiving. Quite without vanity, he had never given his appearance a thought, but now the idea of Daphne seeing him in this state of physical weakness, temporary though he believed it to be, humiliated his pride as a man. A second later, Erda opened the door of his room to admit Daphne Abbington, and going out, closed them in together. Daphne stood stock still on the threshold, her reluctance in coming scarcely yet mastered. All at once he was miserable instead of happy. He could not lift his arms, but the gaze he raised to hers besought her more than any gesture. Then in her eyes he realized, as if he had seen it in a mirror, the distortion of his own face and there came to him, at the same time, the knowledge of her repulsion. There was a century of pain for him in the pause.

"How do you do, Talone?" she achieved, adding nothing more as she advanced across the uncarpeted floor and deposited rather gingerly a bunch of roses upon the coverlet. As she retreated to a chair several feet distant from the bed, silence lay heavy between them. The room was close and stuffy with its small windows and big stove. She had always hated the sight of illness even in the most favorable surroundings. This ugly peasant, with unshaven cheeks, and cropped head lying corpse-like under the hideous counterpane! She wanted to shriek. Could it be that one day long ago she had touched those fever-cracked lips with her own? His questioning, beseeching glance was still fixed upon her. He was speaking now. Even his voice was changed. What would he ask her? She looked toward the door, meditating flight. Words came hissing and hisping from the dark cavity between his two broken teeth. "Madonna . . . Bella."

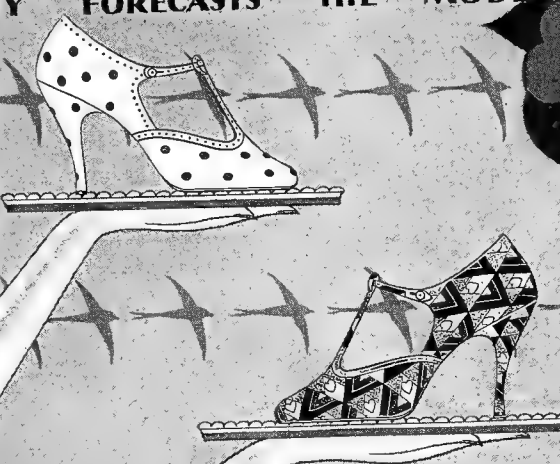
She could stand it no longer. He must not, should not go on. A wreck such as he should know better, should not dare . . . it was revolting. His hands seemed straining to reach a fold of her dress. With a ruthless motion, she pushed back her chair, and impelled by a veritable panic of disgust, she fairly ran from the room.

A wild cry burst from him, a name, but not Daphne's. "Erda, Erda," he called like a drowning child waiting for its mother. And on that shoulder, broad as the calm meadows of the everlasting hills, he wept out the agony of his disillusion.

MONSIEUR L'ABBÉ pronounced the epilogue ten days later when the suddenly consummated marriage of Miss Daphne Abbington to the Honorable Geoffrey Paulingham was the subject of all conversations in the Winter Bellevue Grand.

"Curious," he said to himself, "how the devil generally holds all the high cards except the ace, which the *bon Dieu* invariably keeps up his own sleeve. Monsieur," he addressed the Anglican clergyman who happened to be passing his table, "you are not the only one who will have a wedding fee to contribute to your charities. I, too, celebrate a nuptial mass at a bedside in the village to-morrow."

VANITY FORECASTS THE MODE



The new shoes for the happy sunshiny days are here. Each model has been specially designed with a bow toward Florida's famous climate. They are airy . . . buoyant, with summery color combinations. Every shoe is customode.

VANITY
BOOT SHOP, INC.
11 West 50th St. Customode Shoes New York

A New, Simplified, Compact Mechanical Massage Machine

SIMPLIFIED . . . neat . . . compact . . . refined. No pulleys or power belts. No bulky cumbersome base or standard.

This new type mechanical massage machine thru the simplicity of its design gains new smoothness, quietness and a complete freedom from vibration. The action of the rocker bar manipulates the anatomy like a skilled masseur, gently or vigorously as one prefers.

Reduces Superfluous Weight

Daily exercise and massage with Sylph-Apollo, The Mechanical Masseur, oxidizes excess fat. Toxic poison is removed from the system by the gentle stimulation of vital organs. Superfluous weight is reduced and the entire body kept slender and graceful.

Sylph-Apollo aids digestion and is beneficial in the treatment of many ailments. Physicians recommend its daily use. Osteopaths are using The Mechanical Masseur in their private practice.

Promotes Perfect Circulation and Health

Facilitates elimination. Builds up underweight persons; reduces overweight ones. In fifteen minutes without effort you receive the benefits of hours of strenuous exercise. Busy business men find it the ideal way to keep physically fit. Many of the country's most beautiful women are using mechanical massage to maintain their attractive youthful figures.

The simplicity that makes for Sylph-Apollo's remarkable efficiency makes it one of the lowest priced mechanical massage machines on the market. The attached coupon will bring complete details.



SYLPH-APOLLO MFG. CO., Dept. 7, P.O. Box 536, Toledo, Ohio.

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Original from
UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

for JANUARY 1929

New Charm. New Beauty. New Health

NOW, more than ever before, the modern woman is intolerant of overweight. Not only because of fashion's decree, but more important, for radiant health and vigor, a figure of youthful slenderness is much to be desired.

Heretofore, distasteful diets, nostrums and punishing exercises made weight reduction unpleasant and unsafe! Now, with the new Battle Creek Health Builder, modern woman keeps physically fit, pleasingly slender, easily, quickly and in an amazingly simple, natural and enjoyable way.

The Delightful Battle Creek Method

Only 15 minutes a day of delightfully soothing vibratory exercise and massage—the unique method devised in Battle Creek, world's health center—is the new way to discard that surplus fat on waistline, hips, thighs, legs and ankles. The rapidly oscillating girdles of the Battle Creek Health Builder improve blood circulation, tone up the muscles, aid elimination, stimulate metabolism and take off weight wherever you wish.

A Model for Every Purpose

There is now a Battle Creek Health Builder for every individual requirement. The new Universal Home Model is ideal for home use. It may be used on table, dresser, or wall mounting—or with its special stand. The famous Athletic Model is very popular for home gymnasiums, schools, hotels, clubs, institutions, trans-Atlantic liners. The De Luxe Cabinet Model is the last word in beauty and utility.

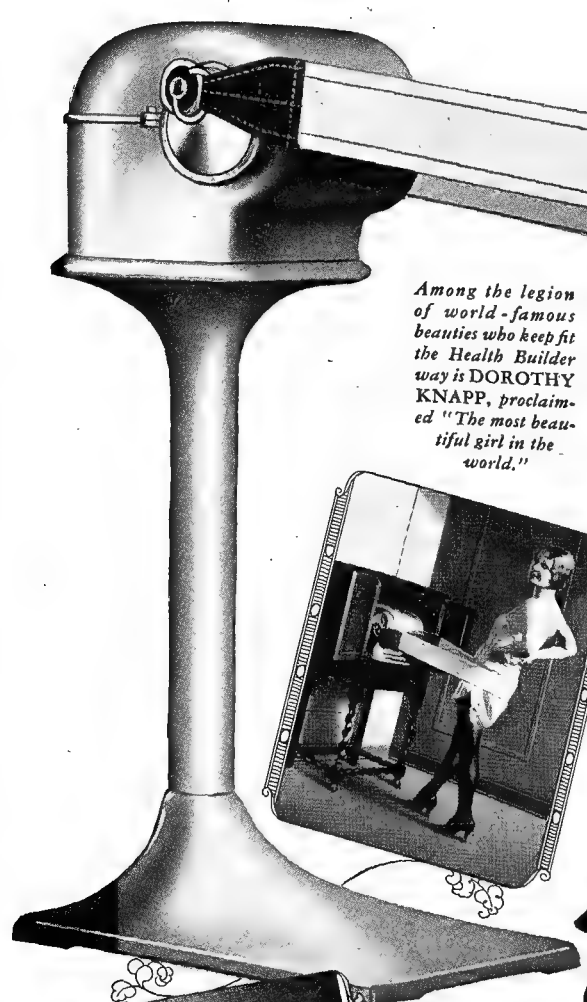
Health and Beauty Facts—FREE!

"Health and Beauty in 15 Minutes a Day" is a FREE booklet telling all about this new way to radiant health and beauty. It describes the three Health Builder Models completely. Get this fascinating story of the Battle Creek Health Builder. Write for your copy—TODAY!

Sanitarium Equipment Co.
Room A J-1192, Battle Creek, Mich.

© S. E. Co. 1929

This 15 minute way



Among the legion of world-famous beauties who keep fit the Health Builder way is DOROTHY KNAPP, proclaimed "The most beautiful girl in the world."

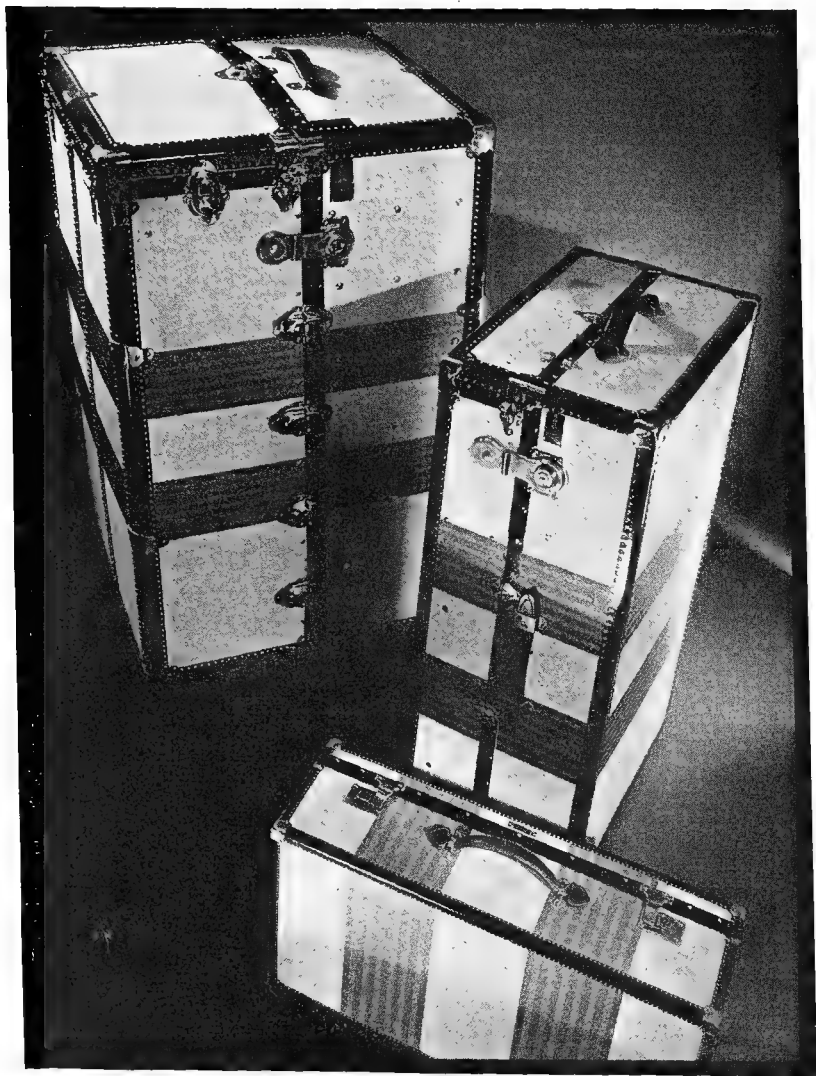


Proven by The Test of Time
The Battle Creek Health Builder is not an experiment. Over 80,000 men and women have used this unique appliance, the only one of its kind that is synchronized with muscle action. You can never "overdo" with the Health Builder. Perfected by an eminent physician, it is scientifically and medically correct.

The Battle Creek Health Builder Keeps You Slender!

JOSHUA'S VISION

(Continued from page 112)



Advice to Aristocrats

WE might have labelled this picture "The Minimum Travelling Equipment of a Gentleman."

We didn't, because we know as well as you do that many a perfect gentleman manages to scrape along with considerably less. We shall confine ourselves to the question, "Is it worth while to scrape along with less?"

The full-size Oshkosh "Chief" wardrobe in the picture serves you on trips of a month or more. It has room for everything, and keeps everything perfectly pressed, protected, and in place.

The miniature "Taxi" ward-

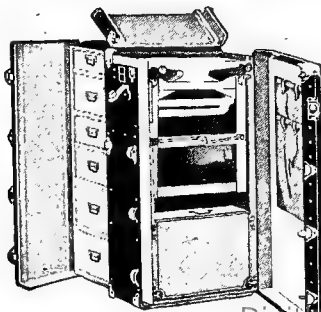
robe is pretty nearly indispensable for trips lasting a week or a fortnight.

For overnight, the Oshkosh Suitcase is the very newest and most practical thing. The lining is washable. Very light, and the soul of smartness.

Not for the sake of your social status, but of your comfort, write us (addressing 481 High Street, Oshkosh, Wisconsin) for a little book that tells more about these and other happy Oshkosh ideas. Or ask your dealer to show Oshkosh luggage to you. As experienced travellers know, it is the very finest made in the world today.

OSHKOSH TRUNKS

THE OSHKOSH TRUNK COMPANY, Oshkosh, Wis., and 8 East 34th St., New York City



This Oshkosh Door-Opening Wardrobe opens from the sides. One of the doors gives access to the garment hanger section, the other to the chest of drawers. Both doors swing clear of the floor by a liberal allowance and both are bolted shut by turning one lock. It comes in a variety of models, some covered with fibre, some with Oshkosh-Cord duck. Price accordingly from \$125 to \$250.

uplifted. He drove straight to Lady Evangeline Hill, who had conjured him to tell of the verdict. She raised his exhilaration by asserting the made future of Susan. A girl invited by Fontana to place herself unreservedly in his hands, why, it was not real life, but a fairy-tale. She went off into anecdotes of young men and women who had been at fabulous pains and expense to gain an hour's hearing from the great man. And here was this young woman arriving in Milan, financially unembarrassed, and Fontana only anxious to do the rest. Girl blessed of all girls by Fortune!

LADY EVANGELINE had friends in Milan, a distant American cousin and her Italian husband. She would tell them to hold out a welcoming hand to Susan. The girl must have her chance, socially as well as musically; besides, the Cafarellis themselves were musical people. "What a good sort you are," said Joshua.

"Fond of horses and dogs and kind to children!"

"There's a lot more in that than you think," said he, by way of tribute.

He went away to Susan and Euphemia. Of the two, the latter was the more fluttered, looking on the day as one of miracle, the raising of the dead model to the living artist. Who would have thought it? Of course, she had heard Susan practicing and singing by herself; but, like a fool, she had not guessed the artistic value of the voice she heard. She was full of self-reproach and made her excuses to Joshua, who laughed at them. His fault, too, if it came to that. He must start then and there and mug up music, so that he could appreciate what was going on. The great thing, however, was settled. They were all artists together.

Susan, too, manifested a thrill of excitement. Hope had again returned to her dark eyes, exorcising ghosts. Before her lay a suddenly revealed vista of unexpected promise. A couple of years of vivifying struggle and then a career, possibly a great career.

"I can't believe it. It's too good to be true," she said.

"Nothing's too good to be true," Joshua declared. "Anybody who says the contrary can't have any faith in God."

Susan didn't follow him to these peaks of theology. She said: "The only thing I don't like about it is leaving you—being so far away. I couldn't bear to think I shouldn't see you again. It would be dreadful."

"But, good Lord," cried Joshua, who had armored himself in cold steel against foolish sentiment. "Milan isn't at the other end of the world. You get into a train at Victoria, and you're in Milan before you know where you are, and vice versa. Besides, you're not going to stick there the whole year round. Nobody does, especially when they've got a home in London."

There was a little silence. He looked from one to the other of the two women, who seemed embarrassed. At last he guessed.

"Why, of course you've got a home. This. Don't be silly. Euphemia will look after it until she runs away with a millionaire. Oh, let's talk sense."

SENSE was talked. Susan must begin in Milan as soon as Fontana's arrangements could be concluded. In ten days or a fortnight, if that interval were long enough for replenishment of wardrobe. He didn't know whether there was any special singing kit ordained by Mussolini for students at the Conservatoire. He made an effort to keep the talk light, within the bounds of sense.

"And now, my dear," said he, "I want to hear you sing."

Susan moved, a dark, lithe flower, to the piano, obedient to incontestable claim. She sang one of the songs in which Lesueur had coached her for Fontana's hearing—*Triste est le Steppe*, by Gretschanow. Her voice suited the plaintive and tender melody and the accompaniment of minor chords, all expressive of the Slav's mor-

talgia for the twilight of happiness. She sang it well; and, to a finer perception than Joshua's, would have betrayed something of the Slav in her own brooding and yet passionate temperament. He was moved both by the unexpectedness of her rich deep notes and by the simple song itself.

"Great! That's good," said he. "There was one part where you let yourself go; I should never have believed it."

"Shall I sing another?" she asked.

"Do you know," said he, "I think another would spoil it. Just like a picture that hits you in an exhibition, at least that's my way, you want to keep it and not have it blurred by others. Great, my child! Great!"

"So long as I've pleased you—"

"I don't see where I come in," said Joshua, with one of his queer reversions to roughness, "except that I've been an idiot not to recognize your wonderful gift and let you take advantage of it. Anyhow, better late than never."

A while later he left the flat, the rich notes still ringing in his ears, and felt himself to be the least important person in the world. Still, he walked homeward, a stocky, vigorous figure, with the stride of youth, alert and full of purpose. There was something to live for, Susan's career. He set aside Fontana's reservations. Susan only had to stand on a stage and fill the theatre with that glorious golden sound and the multitudes would listen enraptured. In the glamour of her success the infernal ghosts of the past must vanish forever. He was obsessed by Susan.

DURING the next few days before her projected departure he saw much of her. Lest she should pine in the closeness of a London spring, he took her for afternoon airings in the car. They stopped for tea in democratic wayside tea-gardens to the repressed disapproval of Manifold, who regarded with cold eyes the motorcycle combinations that had brought the other chance guests.

"Much more cozy than those rotten fashionable places," said Joshua, breakfast-cup in hand.

"Much," agreed Susan.

"You'll have as much Fashion as you can stick in Milan—like me in London."

"Don't let us think of Milan while the laburnum is out here. Look at it."

"The English country takes a lot of beating," said Joshua, with a wave of the hand, as though he owned it, which he did in common with all other Englishmen.

These were happy hours. He did not realize how happy until the number before him was shrinking into a vanishing point. Then he stood dismayed. The time was soon coming when there would be no more Susan. Gone on her path of high endeavor, she would be lost. The flat always open for her return would be filled by her perpetual simulacrum. Her art would claim her ruthlessly. Of her loyalty, of her affection, of the spiritual bond that seemed to be established between them, he had no doubt. But there would be the break; the blank left in his life. He stared at the blank uncomprehendingly.

In spite of all the good friends and acquaintances he had made in recent years, he felt pathetically alone. Perhaps Robina was responsible. Until he met her, the need of relating himself to the mind or consciousness of another human being had never occurred to him. She it was who had originally elicited his shy confidences and had gradually created within him the necessity of self-revelation. Thus Robina had become a habit. He missed Robina more than he knew. . . .

THEN suddenly came a bombshell in the form of a cable from Nairobi:

"Find Humphrey recovered from injuries though crippled and blind. Am bringing him home with me immediately. Love, Robina."

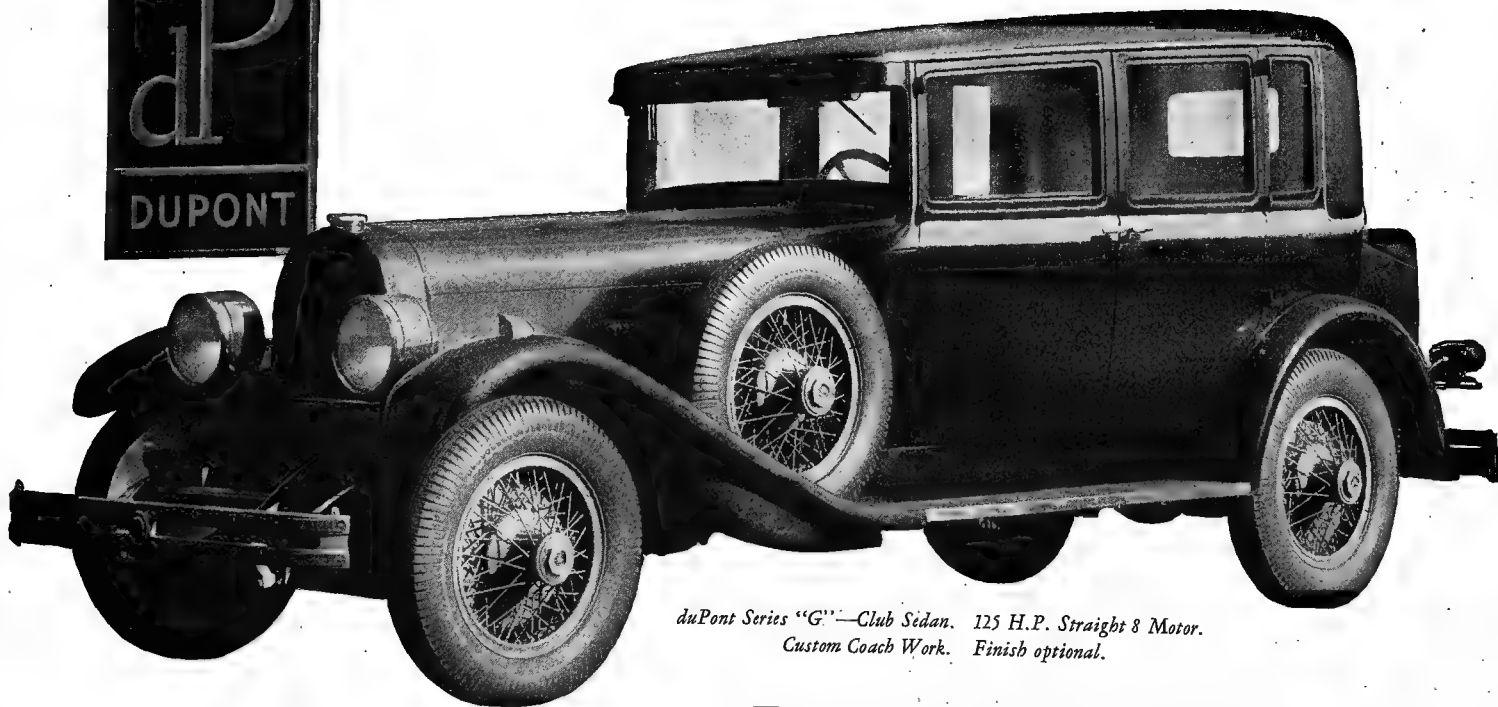
He stared at the typed slips gummed to the flimsy paper. He had almost taken it for granted that the man would be dead by the time of her arrival. Other-

(Continued on page 152)

for JANUARY 1929



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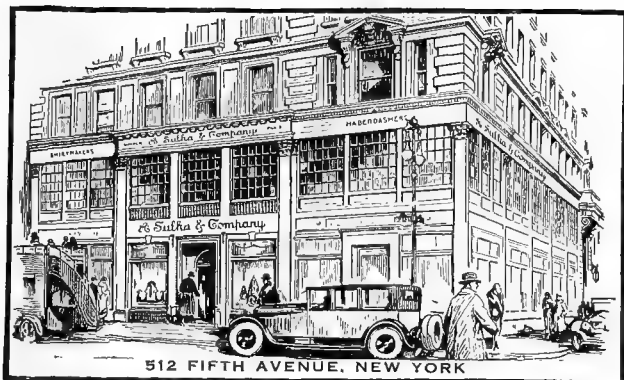
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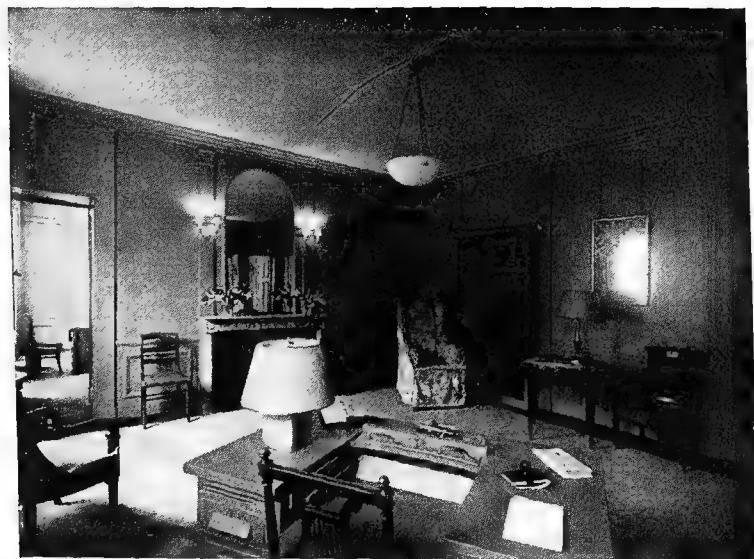
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JOSHUA'S VISION

(Continued from page 150)

wise, he had concerned himself little about him. Of course, he hadn't wanted the fellow to die. God forbid! Such would have been the sin of committing murder in his heart. He had merely counted him as a dying or dead wastrel on whom no one could lavish sentimental pity. And now he was alive; a real living entity coming to share Robina's home in London.

Since his trip around the world only four years had elapsed. It had seemed to him the longest period of his life. But only five years ago, before his breakdown, he had been content to live the dull and soulless Trenthampton routine. Only four years of ease and Dottleym; of artistic awakening and artistic endeavor; of transplantation into an alien social environment. He had groped his way; he was indeed still groping.

He rubbed a rueful head, seeking to translate psychological phenomena into terms which he could understand. Robina was bringing back this useless poor devil that was her husband—to cherish him for the rest of his life. That was Robina's way. She had loved him all the time. She loved him when she started like a bullet from a gun to what she thought was his death-bed. She loved him, a blinded piteous wreck. She would love him all the more now that she had him, a helpless child, in her hands. And she had found her happiness at last.

TIME narrowed itself down to three days before Susan's departure for Milan. The stars had worked beneficently in her behalf. Professors at the Conservatoire were prepared for her preliminary reception. Rooms in a foreign student's hostel had been reserved by the Cafarellis, Lady Evangeline's friends. She had naught to do but step into her train at Victoria and be carried to the railway station at Milan, where she would find welcoming hands to guide her.

"It's all too wonderful for words!" cried Susan. "It's like being born again into a new world."

"Yes. It's splendid, isn't it?" said Joshua.

She seemed to dance before him, a new-born thing of feverish happiness. He had come in the morning to the flat, to announce some trivial detail of arrangement. The spring sunshine flooded the room of chintz and old oak. Vague tags of poetry and impressions of painting and sculpture floated through his mind, as she stood in the feathery poise of young gladness. The golden foot of May on the flowers—it had been quoted to him somewhere; the light motion of nymphs on a Greek frieze; the Primavera of Botticelli; and—half-mad thought—the suggestion of an elusive something in a Russian dancer he had seen last year. And, all the time she was there before him; simple, happy girl of four-and-twenty, exquisitely shaped, as he knew to his bitterness.

"If only I can make you proud of me, I want nothing more on earth."

It was then that the scales fell from Joshua's soul. He said gruffly:

"That's all right, my dear." But he turned away, so that he should not see her, for the pregnant moment; so that she should not see him. For he knew that he needed her and wanted her more than anything on earth. There was a loveliness in his desire that had not yet bloomed when he had sent her behind the screen in the studio. Or had it not been in bud all through the seasons, from the first revelation of her in Robina's studio?

He turned abruptly:

"This singing business is going to make you jolly happy, isn't it?"

A shadow fell across her face.

"I hope so."

"Hang it all!" he cried. "You mustn't hope, you must be sure."

"Then I'm sure," she replied.

He glanced at the grandfather clock in a corner of the room. He had come with the intention of taking her out to lunch, before the General Meeting of the shareholders of Swan & Co. But it were better not; better to see her in intimacy as little as possible before the final break. He invented an engagement and left her.

THE last day came. He gave Susan and Euphemia lunch in a quiet little restaurant in the West End where they had spent the morning over last purchases of feminine odds and ends. For Susan, about to be thrown solitary into the wilds of a continental city, must be equipped against all emergencies. What these latter might be, he knew not; but they were things one was always up against unexpectedly. Euphemia was granted a free hand; Susan an unrestrained imagination. They both enjoyed themselves prodigiously. Some time before Joshua had sent Susan a vast trunk. Its hangers could hold suspended hundreds of frocks, and in its system of drawers there was place for the lingerie of a royal trousseau. Euphemia, on seeing him shortly after the arrival of this piece of heavy furniture, had cried in dismay: "But, my dear Mr. Fendick, we can't fill this!"

And he had stuck his hands in his pockets and laughed.

"You've got to. There's no knowing what you can do till you try."

So they had tried zealously, and had almost succeeded.

"Anything, my dear Euphemia," he had said in her ear, "to send her away happy and brimful of hope. It means more than even you can guess. It means her salvation."

On that chance he was staking his own happiness, odds on. She quivered before him as his life's significance. Apart from her, nothing mattered. It had taken a long time of blind groping through the spiritual wilderness for him to come at last on the light. And the light was a pure flame of love. When he beheld it, and knew it for what it was, he bowed down before it, making inevitable sacrifice. Here he obeyed unthinkingly, in queer psychological logic, the inexorable law of his puritan upbringing. He had wrestled with temptation during sleepless nights. In the way of flesh this beautiful thing in whom his soul was centered was his for the taking. Euphemia, in her old-maidish fashion, had practically told him so. So, frankly and desperately, had Susan herself. What stood in his path? The affair with Sutton was but a transient episode in a tormented girl's emotional life. It counted for nothing now. Except for the bonds in which she held herself bound, she was free. These bonds he could loosen. A great love could loosen the fetters of hell. So, in essence, had a hundred poets declared. What stood barring his path of rescue?

IT WAS not until after much tribulation that the light in its plenitude was vouchsafed to Joshua. In it he saw again the vision of the woman he loved. She still lay there cast up, jetsam, by the waves. But now she had the sure and certain grip on a great reality. A thing undreamed of, and now suddenly revealed. God's gift of song. That which would set her among those who could carry multitudes with them through the gamut of all emotion. A divine Art.

Once more in his life had the God of his fathers moved mysteriously; first awakening him to the sense of beauty in form, then of color; now—perhaps only as an intellectual concept—to the beauty of sound. He had not the philosophical equipment to entertain himself with esthetics. Enough for him to receive humbly the revelation that all the arts were one art, guiding mankind through Beauty to the Splendor of God.

The mental processes of Joshua whereby he arrived at this conclusion were vague, erratic, unformulated. But standing spiritually before the new vision of Susan, through such dim labyrinths of mental process must he pass, in order to arrive at the serene conclusion.

Susan had found and now clung to the Rock of her salvation. It was God's doing. Impossible to deny that certainty. It stood in his path.

The Rock to which Susan clung for the salvation of her tortured soul—the soul of one who had committed premeditated murder and, by tragic accident, (Continued on page 153)

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JOSHUA'S VISION

(Continued from page 152)

dent, had been guilty of matricide—was inviolate. Such was the serene conclusion arrived at in Joshua's honest mind, he knew not how, and expressed, as far as he was aware, in articulate terms of commonplace thought. They were terms direct and, to his mind, adequate.

"I'M AFRAID, Mr. Fendick, we've bought up half London," said Euphemia, with a mouse's show of bravery.

"Then your work is only half done," he declared, in his robust way. "There's not much time left."

"We haven't really been so dreadful," Susan assured him.

"Whatever you do is right, my dear," said he. "You know that."

The *maître d'hôtel* presented the card. He ordered lunch. The meal proceeded in outward pleasantness, even jocosity. It was to be their last together. More shopping, more packing would take up the remainder of the day. Susan must be in bed betimes, to prepare herself for the excitement of the morning's adventure. So had Joshua ordained. He would see her off at Victoria.

It was an unpretentious restaurant, three or four inter-communicating rooms on a ground floor, with a predominant theatrical and sunny clientele. No heteroclit music disturbed its quiet charm. It was well-filled, so that table-talk had a gracious background of human voices. Food was good. The Fullers had originally introduced Joshua to the place. He vaunted its excellences. It was intimate, like the good little restaurants in Italy. Did Susan remember Campari in Milan, where they had dined on their way through from Rome? Also Savini, under the dome of the Galeria, where they had lunched the next day? She must give him a thought when she visited them. She bent forward and said in a low voice:

"Do you think you'll ever be out of my thoughts?"

He patted her hand and laughed. "Let us hope so. Now and then. When you're having a good time. If you don't, I'll be miserable. That's what you're going for."

"I thought I was going to learn to sing," said Susan.

"Well, don't you call that a good time? In itself. Besides, you can't be singing all day and all night. Letting yourself go among people, developing your personality—I think that's what Fontana said—is part of your training. That's why you must go off on your own. It'll be all strange at first, of course—as in any adventure. And this is a Great Adventure."

"I know," said Susan. "God knows how great."

"Sort of thrilling, isn't it?" said he.

"Yes—thrilling—a little bit frightening."

"That's part of the thrill. Especially when you know, at the back of your mind, there's nothing to be frightened at."

"She's only afraid she mayn't do you justice," said Euphemia.

He waved an emphatic hand.

"Bosh!" said he.

That was the wrong end of the stick, he continued. The justice to be done by an artist was justice to himself. Shakespeare said it in relation to human life, generally. "To thyself be true," et cetera. But to the artist it was God's own message. . . .

"I'm boring you to death," he said, at last. "But that's how I look at it. Susan must do justice to herself. There's nothing more to it."

HE LAUGHED, filled up glasses, and they drank to Susan and to the great singer that she should become. Her face glowed and her eyes shone. Joshua thanked God that the ghosts had gone; also that he had played some part in their exorcism. He yielded for the moment to a sweet sense of ownership of this beautiful and gentle woman whose destinies he was molding. Supposing she was his daughter, he thought in a

moment of self-discipline, wouldn't he be as proud as Punch of her and lavish on her all that his affection could suggest? That was the best idea yet. Let him attune himself to it, and all would be well. This last meeting was going splendidly. Euphemia made a sign and he inclined his head. She whispered in his ear:

"Isn't she looking lovely? I think everybody in the room is admiring her."

This pleased him. Whether it be the small schoolboy who parades an exquisite mother before his fellows, the youth a charming sweetheart, the man a handsome wife, the middle-aged financier a flashing mistress, or the old man a pretty granddaughter, every male suns himself in the reflected glory of the lovely woman over whom, in the eyes of a momentary world, he can claim, no matter how slender, a proprietary right. It is a matter of sex vanity, a text for unending disquisition. Joshua smiled and nodded and felt his tie with questioning fingers. Euphemia looked around the room at the various groups as though diagnosing their appreciation of Susan. She, too, in her old-maidish, vicarious way, enjoyed the success of the girl's fragile beauty.

Presently Susan drew Joshua's attention.

"It's all very well for you to preach to me about art and things, *cher maître*, but what about yourself?"

HE DID not answer for a minute or two.

Something in her voice recalled a far-off impression of their first meeting when she had stood on the threshold of Robina's house faced by the pouring rain, and he had put his car at her disposal. Just the tone of the few words: "Oh, I couldn't—thank you so much," and the memory of the notes of the wood-pigeon he had cherished as a boy. Her voice lowered and tender had that dove quality of magical allurements. The line deepened across his forehead.

"Well, what about me?" he asked.

"You're going to carry on, aren't you?"

He put an elbow on the table. Euphemia was forgotten.

"What do you mean? Of course, I'm going to carry on."

She met his eyes. "I'm so glad. I've been worried to death about the Great Work. You know if you'd let me help you finish it, I would—it goes without saying. You won't. But I feel I've failed you. Somehow . . . You must finish it. At this stage any old model will do. Even I can see that. You must finish it," she repeated in her deep voice. "I've been wanting to tell you so for ever so long; but I haven't dared. This is the last time I can talk to you. I'd be miserable to go away thinking it wouldn't be finished."

"Why should you be miserable?" he asked.

Her lips twitched perilously.

"Do you still think I'm not human?" The response was inevitable.

"You're too human, my child, and that's the devil of it."

He changed his attitude brusquely.

"I don't want you to be miserable. I want you to be as merry as a grig. As for the work, of course I understand. It's our job. You've done your bit—all you can do—the rest's mechanical. You're quite right, I must get on with it. Euphemia, help me. The child's looking for trouble, hunting for it. She has been asking herself: 'Where the devil can I find trouble?' She thinks she's found it. Because she's going away I sha'n't be able to finish our bit of statuary. I say I can—easily. Tell her I'm right and she's wrong. A lay-figure would do the trick."

Euphemia, divining in Joshua's pale blue eyes undercurrents of emotion, acquiesced with mendacious sagacity. Susan could go to Milan with a free conscience. She had served every conceivable purpose of the sculptor. Heaven forgive her for a liar, thought Euphemia. The waiter served her with *crème de menthe*. It was her idea of the last word in dissolute revelry permissible to a modest woman. She tasted, and the

(Concluded on page 154)

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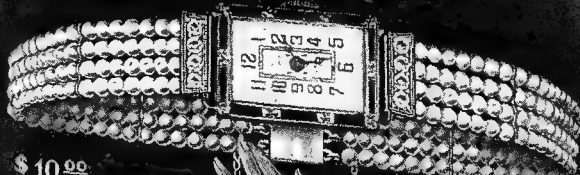
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JOSHUA'S VISION

(Concluded from page 153)

lie dissolved in exquisite flavor on her lips.

Susan was convinced. "So long as you promise to carry on—" A smile completed the sentence.

The room thinned. They, too, must depart. Still a few things to be bought? Manifold would drive them round. He would take a taxi home. They argued, after the way of humans, for a few seconds on the pavement outside the restaurant door. Euphemia entered the car. Susan turned from the step and grasping both Joshua's hands, drew them instinctively against her bosom, and looked straight into his face.

"You are sure, sure, this is the best thing I can do?"

"Absolutely sure, my dear," said he sturdily. "God bless you."

He waved a cheery hand as she drove off.

What force drew him later in the day to the long deserted studio, he knew not. He scarcely questioned it. It was irresistible. . . . The dimness of blinds carefully pulled across skylights greeted his entrance. He handled the various cords and admitted the cold, clear North light of a May afternoon. He had the sense of a wanderer returning to the accusing intensity of familiar surroundings. There was little change since his last visit. He wandered round the studio.

It seemed very cold and forlorn, the place that henceforward would know not Susan. Yet something material of her still remained. Behind the screen, the gauze drapery hung over the back of a wooden chair. On a ledge below a small mirror against the wall lay her brush and comb and a cheap little open vanity-case which she had forgotten to take with her on that last day. He regarded these objects for a few seconds and then moved away impatiently.

WHY had he come? Subconsciously guided toward the fulfilment of his promise to carry on? He shrugged his shoulders. He supposed so. Hang it all, he must carry on. It was something to live for. The sooner he began, the better. Angry at his pusillanimity, he strode to the great platform where the figure lay, and removed the cloths. He turned it round slowly on its pivot and gazed at it at first hungrily and greedily. And as he gazed, his heart gradually grew cold within him, and a chill passed over his flesh. He had not seen it for many days, and he brought to bear on it now a clear and remorseless vision. The thing was dead. Not that the woman was a dead woman. As far as the lithe roundness of her body went, she was a live woman, all too alive. But as a work of art it was dead.

He remembered the mysterious reservation in Robina's praise the last time she had seen it. She had called it a study. She had had no suggestions to make. "Not now, at any rate." He understood the reserved criticism. It was a study. Just the study of a beautiful woman lying on her side. And the more the tortured girl had developed into the warm woman, the rounder and more flowing had become her curves under his unconscious hand. The figure which his eye still found charming conveyed no suggestion of despair. That shoulder-blade over which he had spent such intense and, as he thought, inspired labor, was but that of one happily asleep. The great conception had gradually lost itself in his love of Susan's loveliness.

As he gazed he saw that even the reproduction of that mere loveliness, that haunting exquisiteness of spinal contour, was little else but facile trickery. There were faults in modeling which, in another man's work, he could have pointed out at once. The thing was dead and meaningless. Never with all the most perfect models in the world, Susan herself, could he breathe into it the breath of life and meaning. It was as dead as his first crude copy of the majolica cat.

The Truth fell upon Joshua not as a light, but as enveloping darkness. He had failed in this great new purpose of his existence. Through no fault of his

no slackening of endeavor, no lukewarmness of enthusiasm; but, merely and humanly because the High Gods had denied him "the sorrowful great gift" of the artist.

He knew, in the quivering pain of his soul, that except as trivial pastime, he could never mold wax or clay again. This chapter of his life was closed.

Susan had begun it. Susan must end it.

HE STOOD for a moment in ghastly uncertainty, rubbing his graying red thatch with his maimed hand. Something ordained had to be done. It must be done not in sudden fury, not in anger of disappointment, not even in the cold self-critical mood of the artist who destroys only, in order to rebuild; but reverentially, finally, as befits one who buries forever something dear.

It took him an hour to strip the beloved clay to its armature, so that scarcely a vestige of subtle curve remained visible. He covered up the wreckage tenderly, as one covers a dead body. And then he stood before it dripping cold sweat and shaking like a man in the throes of malaria. He threw himself down on the sofa, and, head in hands, remained there he knew not how long. When he recovered some kind of consciousness, he found himself staring almost unseeing at the white casts of Susan's gripping hands, which now held no meaning. . . . There was nothing for them to grip at despairingly now. They were closed in soft young firmness around all that there was of comforting safety in the world. . . .

Nothing was left to him but the Susan henceforward remote from this dear haven of dreams. Not even the haven remained, for he knew that he would never seek it again. In a short while it must pass into alien hands; the alien hands of one more fortunate, whose dreams came true. Only Susan—this time to-morrow speeding further and further from him across the Continent. His frame shook with a deep sigh. Renunciation was the better part. He was getting old, nearing fifty, twice her age. He must live in the future. It was hard. But it was decreed. He bowed his head, as he had always done, before the Decree; this time, his face hidden in his hands, very sorrowful.

He heard the catch of a door behind him and a quick little cry. He rose and saw Susan. She said, nervously: "Oh—I didn't know—I didn't expect to find you—"

He controlled his voice. "You came to have a last look round?"

"Yes. They opened the studio for me. They didn't tell me you were here."

"They didn't know."

"You don't mind?" She looked at him, rather frightened.

He smiled. "Why should I?"

"I don't know," she said. "I only felt I must come back and say good-by to it all. You don't know what it has meant to me."

"A haven of rest," said Joshua, quoting his recent thoughts.

She nodded. "And I wanted to see the work again. As it was when I left it—before you finish it—with somebody else." She crossed to the covered figure and glancing back at him—"May I?"

He stood for a moment stricken with a queer horror. Her hand was on the corner of a cloth. In another moment she would see what he had done. The mad consequences of revelation flashed through his brain. He rushed to her quickly.

"No, no, my dear. That and you have finished. You must each go your way. I don't think I could stand it."

She drew a little choking breath and hung her head and turned away. He realized that she had divined his suddenly inspired explanation. The danger was over. He breathed more freely.

"There's one thing, my dear, that's yours, which no one else must touch."

He fetched from behind the screen, the piece of gauze drapery, folding it up hurriedly as he returned.

"This is yours. A bit of the haven. Stick it in somewhere. It may remind you." He thrust it into her hands. Her

eyes filled with helpless tears. "I'll never forget your coming to say good-by, my dear. Never. It means a lot to me." He caught up his hat. "Well, that's all there is to it," he said with forced heartiness. "I've got all kinds of things to do before dinner. I'll set you on your way. Come, my child."

The studio door closed behind him for the last time. They went into the street and he put her into the first taxicab he met, and went home.

In the solitude of his house in Eaton Terrace, so differently appointed during the years of awakening from the gentleman's town mansion flawlessly furnished by the experts of the Eminent Firm, Joshua listened to the Last Decree and yielded to it his almost fatalistic obedience. He must return whence he had come and carry on the work of his father before him. Of this Decree he had been dimly aware from the day of the General Meeting of Swan & Co. when the Director, in savage irony, had suggested that he should run the tottering concern himself. That was his duty; whether to himself, to his neighbor, or to some holy spirit of boot-making, he could not determine. The psychology of the matter, in face of practical necessity, was not worth consideration. He must go back to Trenthampton, and take up the ordained business of his life where he had left it. There would be fighting. So much the better. He was growing soft. There would be sacrifice of years of ease free from financial anxiety. Capital soundly invested must be reinvested in Swan & Co. if he were to be the master, the sole position possible. He must live near the factory. That, in itself, was no hardship. A comfortable house would be easy to find.

The more he considered the Decree, the more irrefragable did it appear. Man was born to do to the utmost of his powers that which he could do well; to neglect the talent was subversive not only of divine teaching, but of human ethics. So much of sound philosophy had his grim father beaten into his mind. He could make boots by the million as few other men in England could make them. He knew everything about them from the stamping of an eyelet hole, to the economics of their distribution. His return would be the fulfilment of his destiny as a supreme maker of boots. The summons was imperative. It was the summons from the Land of Dreams of the past few years to the Land of Realities.

What had been his dreams? He looked back on them wistfully through the wreaths from the bowl of a disregarded pipe held between his teeth. What had they been? To create in material substance an interpretation of his Vision of Life. He had obeyed this dream counsel of fine audacity. He had failed. No one but himself, or a man like himself, the artist quivering with divine fire to begin, yet powerless to execute, could gauge the immensity of his failure. To continue in the spiritual guise of dogged determination would be self-deception too gross for his sturdy common sense.

In the attempt he had spent all that his soul could spend. That epoch of his life was over. The dismembering of the sweet clay body had been a sacrificial and sacred rite.

THAT was the end. Now to return, according to Decree whence he had come. There were moments when he accepted it as a doom assigned after an ironical wastage of years. Just to go back to boots, boots, fifty million pairs of them, after this freedom, these revelations of beauty, these all but overmastering emotions of desire and love, was but the re-condemnation of a prisoner let loose by sardonic gaolers into the spacious liberty of green fields and sunshine.

He wandered in a bleak despair through the rooms of the house which he knew he must abandon. In the drawing-room he paused before the Old Crome, the mellow picture of English country charm which had been his first exciting purchase. And then a thought, a very simple

thought, taking the form of a very simple question, smote him as though with a hammer.

Would he, returning to Trenthampton, be the same man as had left it?

It was a devil of a question. It took some answering. He left the Old Crome and switched off the drawing-room lights and, in his library, composed himself to its pleasant consideration by a whisky and soda. The answer came inevitably.

No. A Joshua who had suffered some sort of queer change would go back. Materially, to whatever house he went, these things of beauty would accompany him. He would take with him, wheresoever he went, the sense of beauty, an unalienable possession. . . . He had left Trenthampton, a lonely human machine. He would return in an aura of human affection. Robina's staunch and inexhaustible loyalty. . . . Beauty? Wasn't the undying love she lavished on the poor wreck whom she was bringing home a manifestation of beauty? And, all said and done, the house would not be a prison. He could have a pied-à-terre in London, a modest set of bachelor chambers. And there was the wide world to travel over when he had set the house of Swan & Co. in order.

THERE lay before his scarcely declining years—he was not yet fifty—a life, not only of wholesome work and inspiring effort, but of cultivated enjoyment of its sweetest things. There, too, was Sutton, the ambitious young man, his outer thoughts agreeably engaged in whatever vanities of emotion came the way of his youth, but his serious instincts deeply rooted in the leather-trade. His return to business affairs might bring about a new sympathy between the boy and himself.

And dominating this welter of poignant despair and buoyant hope, moved the figure of Susan. Susan, with her exquisite body, of which he saw every curve beneath her clothing. Susan, with her finely chiseled and mysterious face, which could be as sallow as an ascetic nun's, or as flushed with bloom as a dark peach, with her eyes that could be haunted by awful ghosts or shine with the merriest of happy elves. There was Susan. There would always be Susan. And all that Susan meant to him physically and spiritually.

He lay awake most of the night—for it was a day and a night of great decision; and he arrived again at the great comforting certainty of which he had been long aware, that the God of his fathers, or whatever *It* was, had given him the privilege of saving a human soul alive.

His commonplace life would be occupied in the ordained pursuit of the making of boots—an absorbing interest; his mental, his intellectual life would be passed in the enjoyment of beauty—friendships, pictures, statues, sunsets, and deep blue seas; his deep and intense spiritual life, in the exorcism, in whatever fantastic form it might assume, of the curse of Cain that hung over one utterly and now selflessly beloved woman.

The next morning he saw her off at Victoria. She had the heightened color and bright eyes of youth setting forth on brave adventure. Just before the time of starting she drew him aside, to the middle of the platform, and pressed his hands convulsively.

"You know—you do know—if ever you wish for anything different—I'll come back."

"God forbid I should wish for anything different," he smiled. "All my heart's in your voice."

Her lips parted and her eyes glowed.

"Really?"

"Really, my dear."

"It's time," cried Euphemia, darting across to them.

Susan entered the Pullman. She stood at the window as the train moved off. Joshua waved his hat.

Euphemia in tears said: "I do hope she'll make a success of it."

Joshua smiled at her very wisely. "She will," said he. (The End)

A Very Special School Service

CHOOSING just exactly the right school is not the simple matter it was a decade ago.

With the individualization of education and the advent of specialized schools the matter is indeed quite perplexing.

Harper's Bazar has had long experience in solving school problems for its readers.

If we can help you just return the attached coupon.

HARPER'S BAZAR
EDUCATIONAL
DEPARTMENT

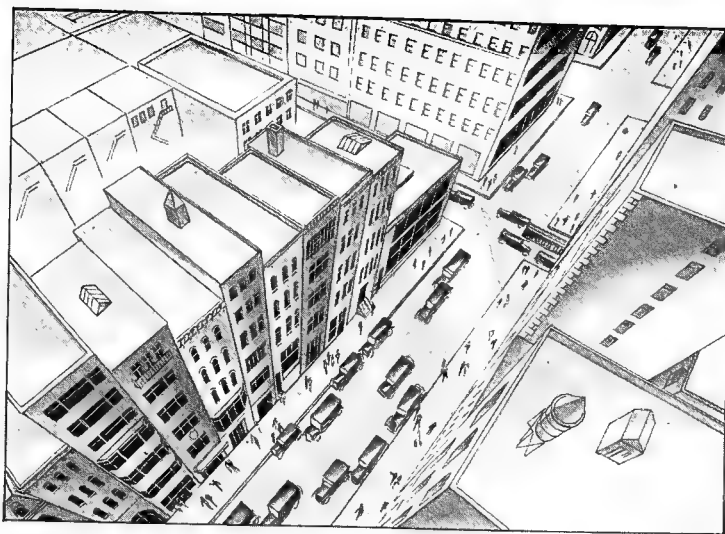
572 Madison Avenue
New York City

Name

Address

Kind of School

Desired Location



ADVENTURES IN SHOPPING

Discovering the Side Streets of New York

By DIVA GORDON

NEW YORK is the richest city in the world in the matter of large and small shops. Beautiful shops, too. Enchanting shops. It is a Mecca for the rest of the country. And the shopkeepers—hundreds of them—are ladies who have gone into shopkeeping, just as duchesses and princesses have done abroad.

To drift through almost any region of the town and make fascinating discoveries is one of the many compensations for living in a constantly torn-up but thrilling city. One is lured to the side streets of New York as well as to the main arteries. Here the blood of trade may not flow as rapidly, but it flows, nevertheless, as the traffic signals will indicate.

The other morning I walked, at random, through East Forty-eighth Street and a few steps either way on Madison Avenue, and what I found there may have some interest to residents of our town as well as to those from distant places. I might just as well have gone a few blocks north or south. I will, later.

At Richard Lehne's, number 11, you can find splendid examples of seventeenth and eighteenth-century English furniture. They do no decorating, have only antiques, and import everything from abroad. They have especially good examples of fine lacquer. The courtesy and quiet efficiency of this shop remind one of a store in England.

At number 15 is Baphé.

They are particularly successful in decorations for roof-gardens and penthouses. Their hand-wrought iron work is superlatively good. They have wonderfully attractive tables, chairs and benches of iron, and iron tables with marble tops. All these pieces may be obtained in a great variety of colors. They have also many small inviting decorative accessories.

Around on the other side of Madison Avenue, if you can manage to get across, is the New York Galleries. This shop made its reputation through good copies of old furniture. Now the whole ground floor is occupied by genuine antiques. Above are four floors filled with reproductions of all styles (except Early American) and with particularly fine examples of Spanish and Italian furniture. In order to get away from the more usual bedroom sets, painted pieces combined with satin-wood furniture are often shown.

Back on 48th Street at number 29 East, you will find Manuel, a specialist in hair. His transformations are literally as light as a feather and frequently are more alluring than a woman's own hair—if she had any! As well as the bobbed transformations he has made with such success, he now has one a little longer with just sufficient hair to turn up in the back. It keeps the slim outline of the head that still seems almost essential to

true chic, yet is not a bob. He also has separate pieces to be worn in the back for that difficult moment when a woman is letting her hair grow, and also several different types of curly switches that are delightful and easy to pin to the head. He also shows a longer bob transformation. In this case he suggests that the curls should be pinned on either side of the neck and the back pulled smooth and not waved. This is for the woman who wishes to deviate slightly from the sleek classical head. But the latter, we believe, is still the smartest.

Turning west is the Post Box Book Shop—a tiny little store, the walls entirely encased in books. They have not only the newest and best books, but also they specialize in a gift service and wrap the book or books you order like a present—in pretty paper—and send them post free anywhere in the United States. They also have highly helpful suggestions for steamer presents—they make packages of the newest literature, appropriate to the person to whom they are to be sent.

At the corner of Madison is one of the five shops of Nat Lewis. It is a bewitching place; for although the first Lewis shop sold only stockings, they have added many alluring things. They also have exquisite modern jewelry, much of it especially designed for them—others copies from the best models of the moment in Paris. They have simply fitted cases, cigarette-cases and vanity cases of lacquer and egg-shell. To finish up I will just touch on the fact that they have fairy-like lingerie and beautiful negligees.

At number 14 East 48th Street Rich and Fisher, who carry a complete line of glass and china in dinnerware, novelty pottery, breakfast sets, iced-drink sets and all such things. They have also a great variety of plates in a great variety of sizes and prices, charming ones that are really inexpensive make delightful presents. They have bewitching crystal and glass, made in many attractive styles, also lovely modern colored glass—in fact everything imaginable in modern china and glass.

At number 12, you will find Juliette and Gannon, specialists in lingerie. They import all their models and have a very large conservative clientele. They say that for the smart women of to-day lingerie must be made to order and be not only practical but flattering. They are very successful in making women look slender and their outstanding successes are their corselets and corsets. They believe both these things are becoming more and more popular and essential with the new styles. They also suggest negligees of beautiful fabrics on simple lines and believe them rightly more popular now than the fussy ones that used to be worn. And they say that pyjamas are becoming greater and greater favorites each day.

J. SCHAEFFER^{inc}
INTRODUCES THE
"Transforma-BOB"[®]



The easily adjustable chignon—originated, copyrighted and introduced solely by J. Schaeffer—instantly converts a boyish bob into any desired style of coiffure.



Those who prefer may wear a bob during the day and have the charm of the more formal coiffure in the evening.



The Transforma-BOB is a delight to those who are letting their hair grow—for it offers an innumerable variety of new, becoming modes.

Schaeffer at Palm Beach offers an extensive service in Permanent Waving, Marcel Waving, Finger Waving, etc. equal in all respects to that which you receive in the New York salon.

J. SCHAEFFER^{inc}
permanent wave specialist

590 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK
Telephone Bryant 7615
WHITEHALL PALM BEACH



Telephones Here . . . telephones There . . . wherever you Need them

*Telephone service should
 be the most convenient thing in
 your house—and can be, with
 modern telephone equipment*

1 1 1

TELEPHONE convenience is so easy to have these days. And it costs so little! And besides, it obviates having to excuse yourself and journey to a distant part of the house every time the telephone rings.

Extension telephones add tremendously to the living comfort of every room . . . small wonder people everywhere are using them throughout their homes!

And besides the permanently connected instruments, you will also want portable telephones which can be plugged into sockets wherever you need service . . . in guest chambers, or in rooms occupied only at certain times.

Other equipment helps to complete modern telephone convenience. Intercommunication within the house by means of your regular telephones allows you to talk from room to room, or, from the same instruments, to neighbors, to friends in the next town, or with London and Paris!

Many families regard an additional telephone line as a necessity. It can be used for important incoming and outgoing calls when the other line is in use, or, if desired, it can be devoted entirely to servants' use.

A representative from your local Bell company will gladly show you how your home can be made thoroughly modern in its telephone convenience, and how much these additional facilities will mean to you in comfort and personal satisfaction. Telephone the Business Office today for an appointment in your own home.



50¢

in London - 15 FR. in Paris

Harper's Bazar

FEBRUARY 1929

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STEPHEN VINCENT BENET • ALEC WAUGHAN

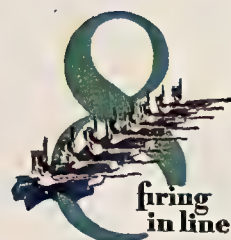
IRVIN S. COBB • BARON DE MEYER



the backbone of the great new Marmon success + a straight-eight
at the price of a six + the new "68," \$1465 + see it at the shows +
new "78," \$1965 + prices f.o.b. factory + de luxe equipment extra



MARMON



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FINE CARS SINCE 1902
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

TIFFANY & Co.

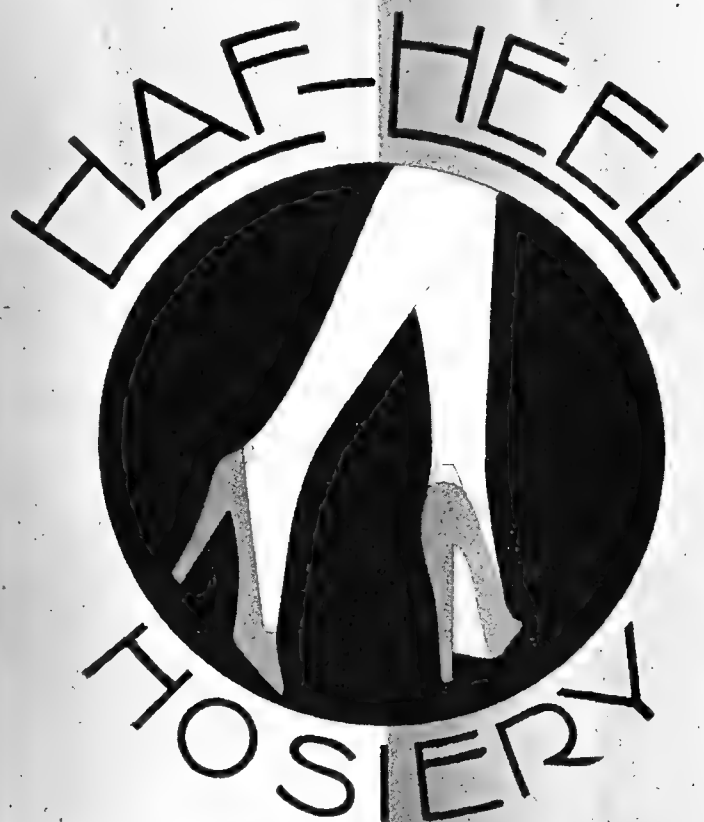
JEWELERS SILVERSMITHS STATIONERS

PEARL NECKLACES

*and Pearls for
Improving Necklaces*

MAIL INQUIRIES RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK



CHIC REDUCED TO SMALLEST DIMENSIONS
 is the modern "Haf-Heel." No longer is the old square heel smart
 — its place has been usurped by this modern Kayser version. No
 other "little" heel holds so much smartness nor gives such
 subtle gracefulness to the ankle. In a hose acclaimed for
 wear, beauty and economy. Style 90x, service sheer
 weight, is \$1.50. 153x, a popular fine-gauge
 chiffon, is only \$1.95. Also Style 70x, a 54-
 gauge, all-silk, two-tone Lavender picot
 edge, is \$5.50. In all smart shades.

Kayser

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You may purchase Kayser Silk Products at all
 the better shops and at the Kayser Store, Fifth
 Avenue at 41st Street, opposite the Library.

Early Spring Fashions Show the Paris Influence



MODEL 651—A Vionnet classic in printed silk comes in a wide variety of smart new prints with hand fagoting. The finely pleated skirt tapers to a point in back so that there are no pleats to be "sat out." Sizes 14x to 20 - - - - 49.50



Model 652

MAIL ORDERS FILLED

A charge account simplifies long distance shopping.
Write for date of our fashion exhibit in your town or nearby.

Best & Co.

PARIS

LONDON

Fifth Avenue at 35th St.—N. Y.

Palm Beach

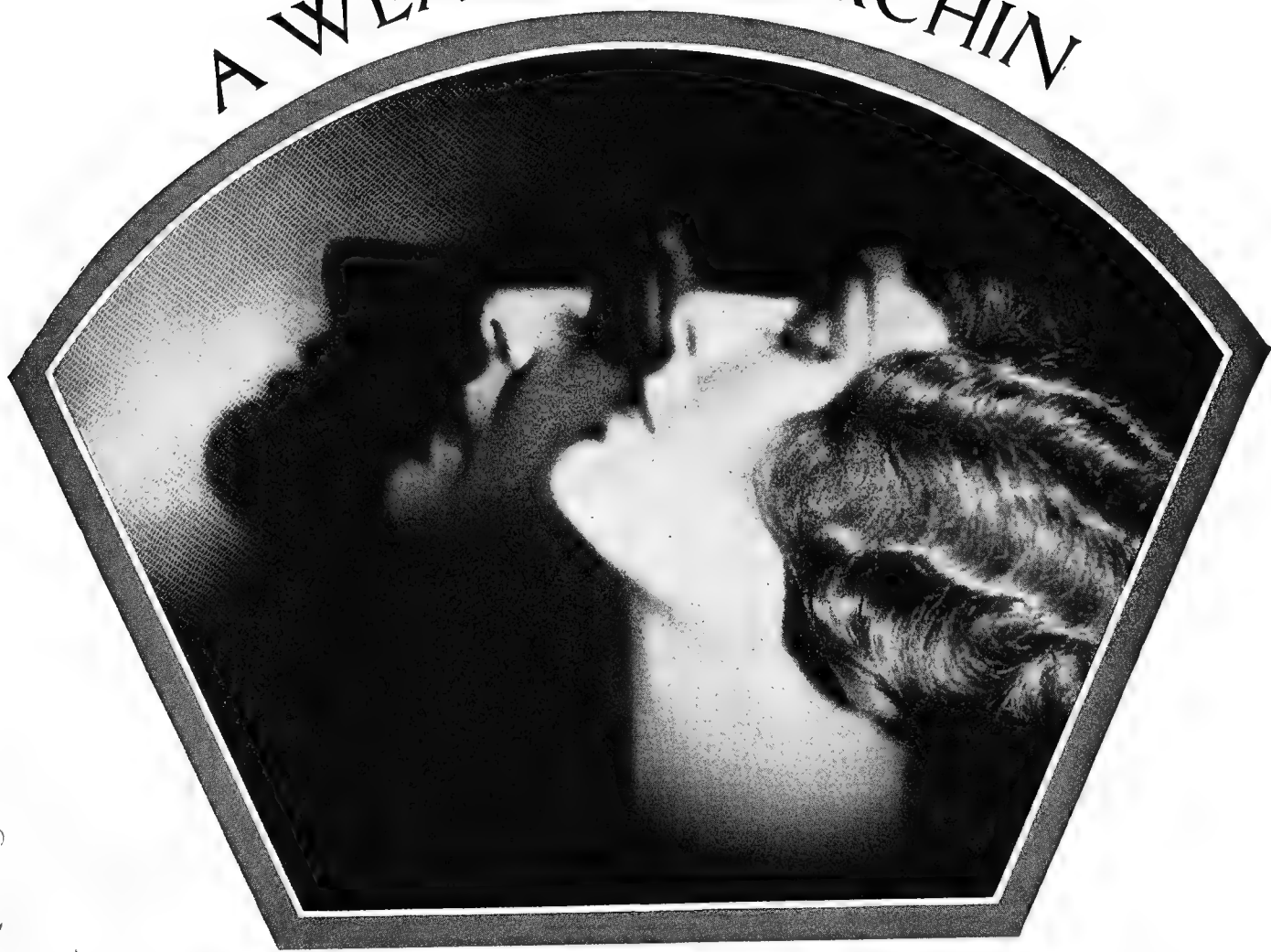
MODEL 652—Copy of a London Trades jacket suit with unlined jacket and skirt of moussa cloth and blouse of white angora fabric. Royal, bright red, soft green, beige, yellow, or white. 65.00
Sizes 14x to 20 - - -

MODEL 653—Copy of a Chanel silk frock with organdie pleatings. Flat crepe in chanel red, fern green, sapphire, black, or champagne. Sizes 14x to 20 - - - - 49.50



Dorothy Gray

A WEARY UNDERCHIN



WHISPERS THAT YOUTH IS WANING

STUDY your chinline dispassionately. Is there the slightest droop in the line that curves from chin to throat? If there is you must correct it at once, with intelligent daily care, or else you must resign yourself to a rapidly aging appearance.

The faintest drooping of the chinline is an unmistakable sign that time, or neglect, has begun its cruel attacks upon your youth.

There are simple, scientific treatments for pre-

venting double chin, and for correcting it—treatments which have long proved tremendously successful in the Dorothy Gray salons of six cities.

If you prefer to follow these treatments in your own home you can readily do so, for the same preparations used in the Dorothy Gray salons may be had at leading shops everywhere, and the Dorothy Gray method is clearly explained in the booklet which this coupon brings you.

DOROTHY GRAY

683 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Other Salons in

CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO WASHINGTON ATLANTIC CITY

DOROTHY GRAY

Six Eighty Three Fifth Avenue, New York

Please send me the new Dorothy Gray booklet, "Your Dowry of Beauty." I am particularly interested in:

☐ The Treatment for Lines and Wrinkles ☐ The Treatment for Double Chin ☐ The Treatment for Relaxed Muscles and Crêpy Throat.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

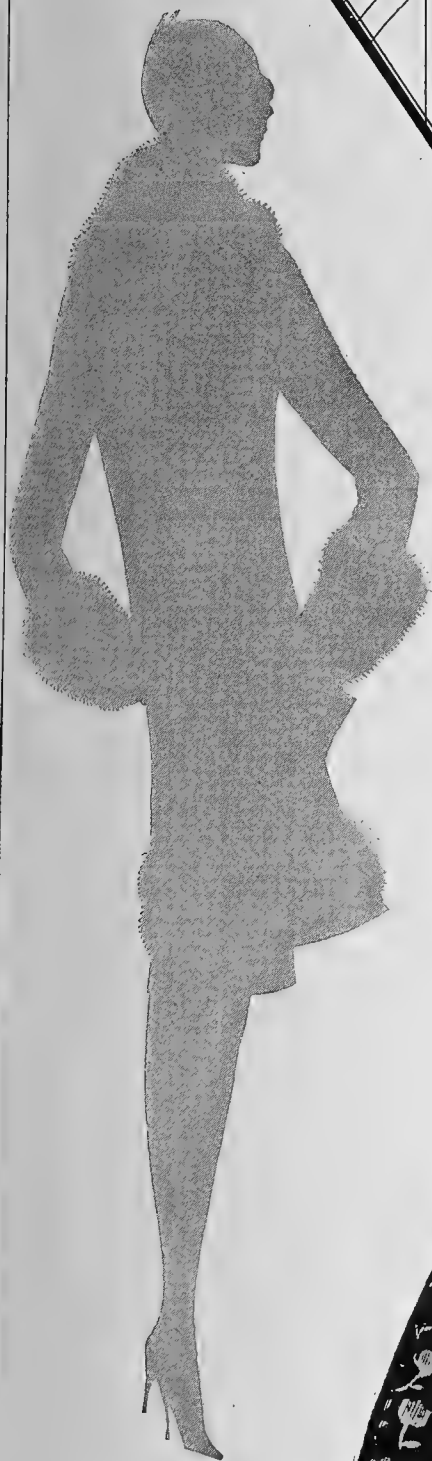
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H. B. 2-29

New Fabrics

*That weave a fascinating
story for Spring*

Their beauty of design and colour, the richness of their texture are a sheer delight to the woman of individuality who seeks distinctive fabrics to fashion her frocks and wraps. The newest woolens, silks and cottons are ready in all their diversity at Altman, where the material side of the mode is ever found in its most interesting and original aspects.

FABRICS—FIRST FLOOR

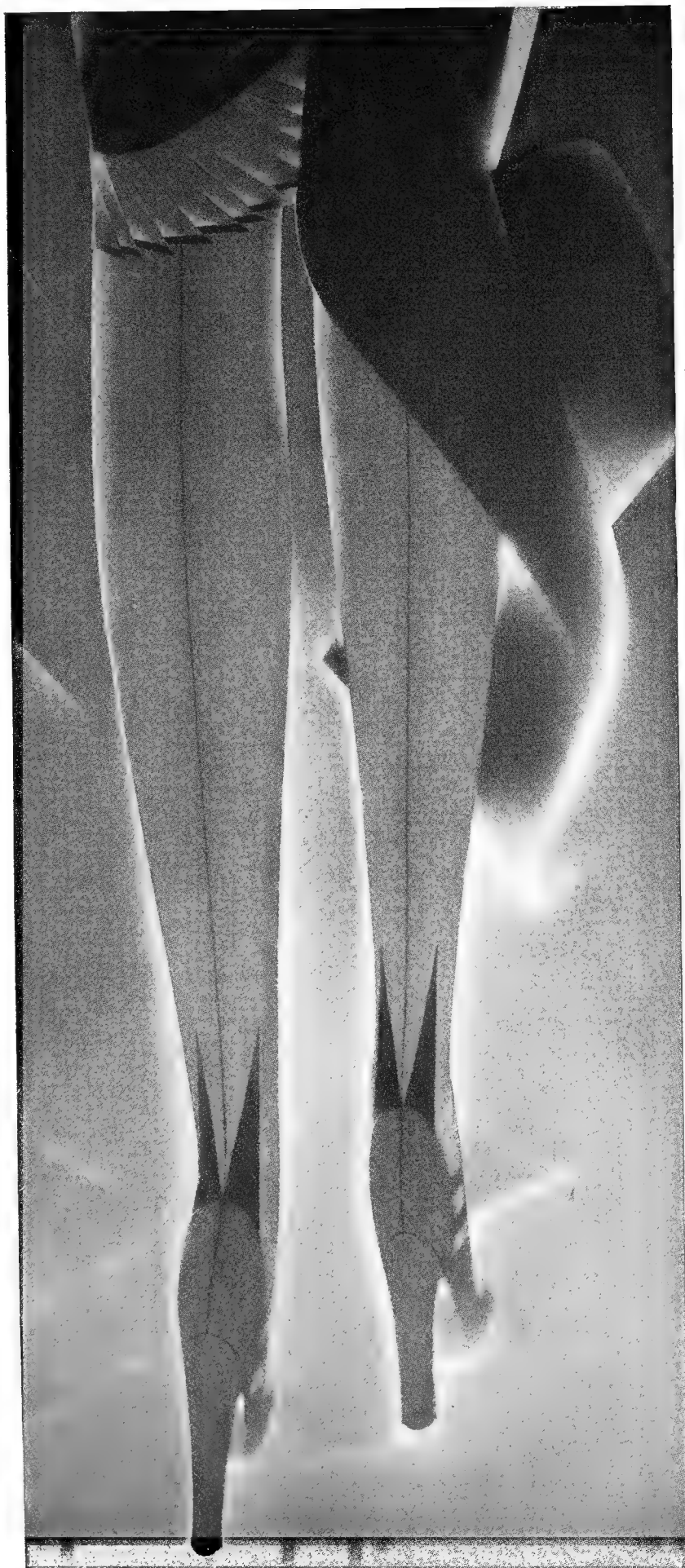


*Altman
for Yard Goods*

B. ALTMAN & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

MATCH YOUR SKIN TONES WITH THE NEW GORDON COLORS



This is a dictate of Fashion—and it's what the smart woman has been doing at winter playgrounds . . . matching her hosiery to the tone of her skin (always, of course, considering her ensemble).

And she chooses Gordon V-Line—not only because of the beautiful effect that Gordon V-Line gives to the wearer . . . but because the colors are absolutely authentic and have been created to meet her own and Fashion's newest demand.

FOR THE FAIR-SKINNED WOMAN: "Champagne" to match her natural coloring; "Noon" to lend it warmth of tone; "Fairtan" to match her suntan; and "Circe" for evening.

FOR THE WOMAN OF MEDIUM COMPLEXION: "Rachelle" to match her natural coloring; "Soudan" to lend it warmth of tone; "Blushtan" to match her suntan; and "Cymbeline" for evening.

FOR THE BRUNETTE: "Ormond" to match her natural coloring; "Coronado" to give it warmth of tone; "Pandora" to match her suntan; and "Casino" for evening.

Four very new deep suntan tones are "Alamo Tan" and "Sonora", with a golden cast; "Pocahontas", a coppery tone; and "Ramona", a daring adaptation for the suntan of brilliant complexions.

Gordon
HOSIERY

© B. D. CO. '29.



Jean - Dufas - 1928

**the important suit
is the softly-tailored suit**

... it will have a peplum flare ... a softly-
draped collar or perhaps no collar at all
... among other things we strongly
advocate the ensemble of the light-
colour suit with a darker blouse.

FIFTH FLOOR

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

New York

Mallory, famed for felts, sponsors in addition three important straws for the coming season: baku, sisol, and paris-meme. Havana, this smart little model of sisol, has grosgrain binding in various shades. Mallory felts and Mallory straws, in many colors and sizes, are to be found in smart shops at \$12 and up.



MALLORY

Hats of Quality since 1823

392 FIFTH AVENUE ~ NEW YORK

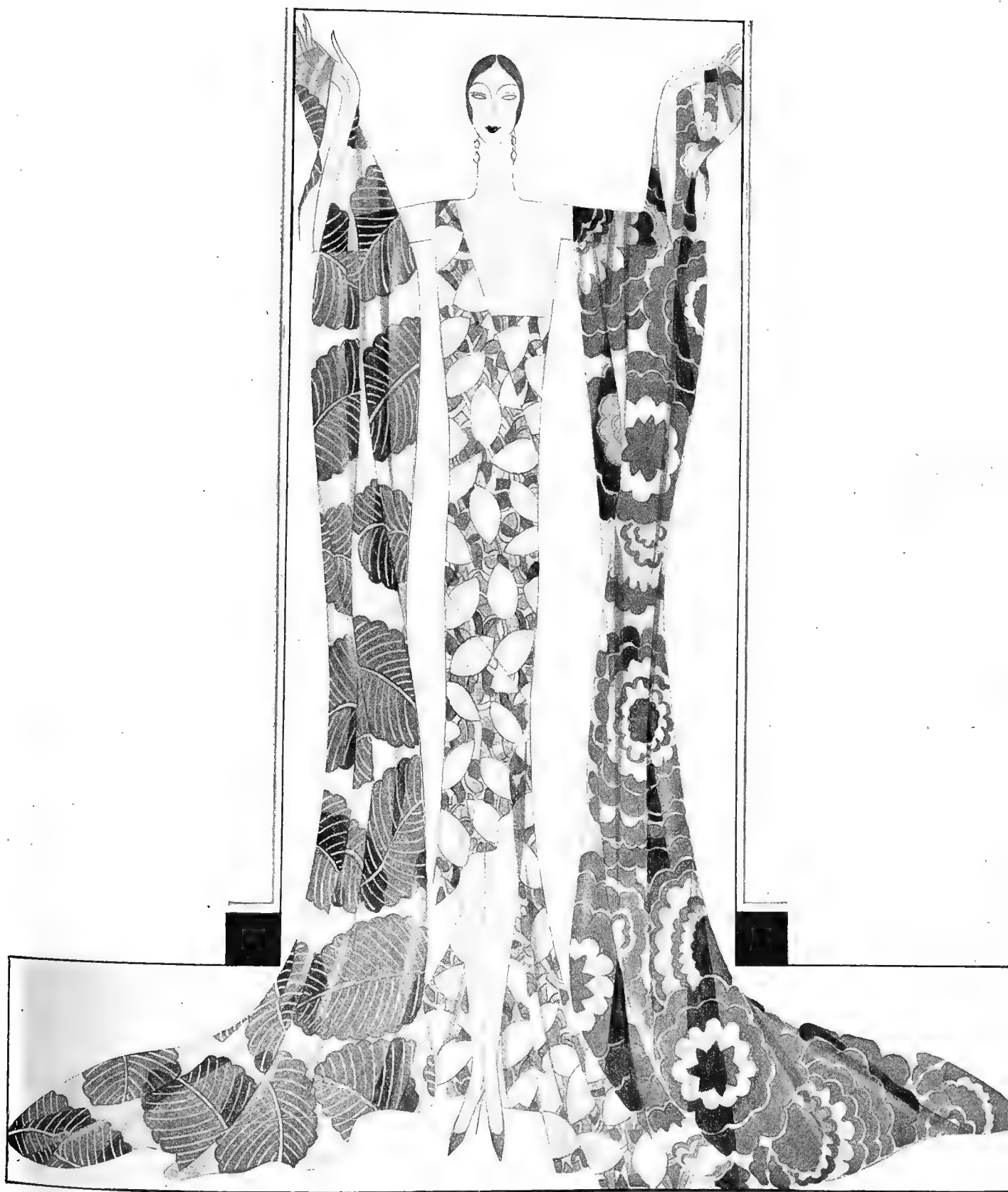
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Lord & Taylor

FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK



PRINTED SILKS OF A NEW SMARTNESS

This year one chooses prints quite new, quite different—and if one be wise, chooses them from these wide assortments. For here are Raoul Dufy's exotic designs, Ducharne's huge, flower-patterned effects, unusual French "gravure" prints, and many others, embodying the new, free drawing, the subtly lovely color harmonies of the Spring, 1929, season.

SILK DEPARTMENT — GROUND FLOOR

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I. MILLER

announces the

SPRINGTIME OVERTURE



The Rapiér



The Fresco



The Token



The Swanee

The overture . . . a suggestion of the harmonies to come . . . a preliminary glimpse of the newest blue, the newest reptile, the newest sunshiny tones in kidskin . . . a hint of the lovely things in footwear that I. Miller is preparing for your delight a little later in the season. ¶ The Springtime overture of footwear has commenced in all I. Miller shops and agencies.

I. MILLER
Beautiful Shoes



AND THE NEW "MILLERTAIRE" MODELS!

Low-heeled walking shoes, these, with all the rarity of style and beauty of material the name of I. Miller implies . . . Springtime has inspired many charming effects in new Millertaire models!

I. Miller
and his

INSTITUTION
INTERNATIONALE

Shops and Agencies in Principal Cities



Lena Rue



It's so natural to be lovely

If you are wishing—oh, so whole-heartedly—that you could make your skin *naturally* lovely, FRANCES DENNEY brings you this message.

"Nature will give you loveliness, if you will keep your skin *cleansed, stimulated and nourished*. You can do this by simple home treatments . . . in a few minutes each day.

"It is only through the normal, active functioning of the skin—and the maintenance of well-nourished tissues—that Nature can work her miracles of loveliness."

MISS DENNEY has made these home treatments easy and delightful. Her preparations are few in number and made only of the purest oils, balsams and herbal roots—many of them being imported exclusively for this purpose.

MISS DENNEY has designed special treatments and preparations for normal skin, dry skin, oily skin, blackheads, enlarged pores, freckles, double chin and relaxed muscles.

*In every store where the preparations of
FRANCES DENNEY are sold, you will
find a carefully trained staff to serve you.*

DENNEY & DENNEY
NEW YORK • PHILADELPHIA • PARIS
ESTABLISHED OVER 30 YEARS



Frances Denney

has written a little book—"The Affairs of Beauty"—which tells you of her treatments and preparations. A copy—with the compliments of the author—may be obtained at any store where her preparations are sold—or by writing to Miss Denney in Philadelphia.



A HANDBAG IS NO SMARTER THAN ITS FRAME



MANUFACTURERS who pride themselves on quality as well as smartness know that in Jemco Frames they are assured of *both*. And women who choose a handbag for wear as well as beauty are learning to look for the Jemco diamond trademark—on the frame, near or on the hinge cap. A Jemco Frame is usually proof of a good handbag.

The J. E. MERGOTT CO.

The World's Largest Producers of Ladies' Hand Bag Frames
NEW YORK, N. Y.



TRUHU
again elicits
EXCLAMATIONS
of DELIGHT

FOR years Truhu has set the highest standard of washability in silks. For years women have rejoiced to find that these lovely fabrics emerge from the suds with not the slightest damage in color.

Now to the solid tones are added a great variety of printed designs just as fast to repeated washing . . . and of a smartness that charms the critical eye and makes the enthusiast catch her breath.

In the creating of Truhu prints Europe has vied with America. An entire group,

notable for its glowing colors and original motifs, is contributed by Vienna's leading ateliers of applied design. Other groups are distinctly American, still others of French

inspiration. And all are printed on pure silk only, unweighted, unalloyed. Can you wonder that Truhu is again eliciting exclamations of delight?

The new Truhu silks are being shown at smart shops . . . in the piece or ready to don. See them . . . and look for the name Truhu on the selvage. That is your assurance of outstanding style and upstanding quality. Jersey Silk Mills, Inc., 200 Madison Avenue, New York. IF IT'S TRUHU IT'S WASHABLE



TRUHU
WASHABLE
SILKS

"Art is the making of
beautiful things useful
and useful things beau-
tiful."—RUSKIN



february fifteenth

our modern salon will present international styles in *classic* and
high novelty footwear... designs and materials ultra in character,
catering to the whim of the discriminating woman . . . we stress

• "kangola" •

. . . a smart leather featured in ebony and woodland tones.

LAIRD, SCHOBBER and COMPANY

Three-Sixty Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts



CHALLENGE GRAY DAYS...WITH A DURO-GLOSS

There's something brave in the flash of color against a drab, gray world. There's something gay in the smart, trim figure of youth in a bright-hued Duro Gloss. For Duro Gloss "Gray Day" Coats combine both style and color in a garment essentially practical. Neatly belted at the hips, turn-over collar framing the face, these very modern raincoats have joined the March of Fashion.

Choose the color which suits you best, and challenge "Gray Days" with a Duro Gloss.

Duro Gloss
"GRAY DAY" COATS
 FOR MEN AND WOMEN

J. C. HARTZ CO.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

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Original from
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Exclusive Features of Safety and Ease Make Your Fine Car Ideals Come True

If you were to name the features of your ideal fine car you could not very well avoid an accurate description of the new Cadillac.

You would, of course, picture your ideal as beautiful beyond compare. Cadillac more than fits this picture. Its compelling beauty, its aristocratic elegance, its individuality of style have established a vogue.

You would certainly demand the utmost safety for yourself and your family. With its new brakes, the quickest and easiest to operate and the most effective ever devised, with

its new transmission that forever eliminates effort, hesitancy and awkwardness from gear-shifting, with its crystal-clear, non-shatterable Security-Plate glass Cadillac offers vital safety features found only in Cadillac-built cars.

Your ideal car must steer with superlative ease. There is no car that men and women find so easy to drive, to master completely, as a Cadillac-built car. You would require also a brilliance, zest and smoothness of performance never known before and that is precisely what you can

expect from the more powerful, more flexible 90-degree, V-type, 8-cylinder Cadillac power plant. Check these requirements, point for point, against the New Cadillac. Any Cadillac-La Salle dealer will gladly provide a car for this purpose.

+ + +

Cadillac dealers welcome business on the General Motors Deferred Payment Plan. Cadillac prices range from \$3295 to \$7000. Exquisite and exclusive Fleetwood custom models to express your individuality. All prices f. o. b. Detroit.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Division of General Motors
Detroit, Michigan Oshawa, Canada

C A D I L L A C

Paris is celebrating the Centenary of Romanticism . . . fêting the golden time in France one hundred years ago when individualism led French thought to fresh and freer types of beauty.

This painting by Olga Sacharoff has caught the spirit of Romanticism . . . yet note how thoroughly its whole effect is modern.

Cheney Brothers have created their new Paysanne Silks in this spirit of modern Romanticism turning for inspiration to the costumes of the French provinces one hundred years ago . . . matching their naiveté and individualism in modern silks.

**CHENEY
SILKS**



**CHENEY
WEAVES**



Announcing...the Premiere of
"SHAGMOOR" TOPCOATS
for Spring & Summer

...in the Most Fashionable Shops in the United States and Canada.

*You Will Recognize Them
by Their Extremely Handsome Patterns,
Original Colour Schemes,
Beautifully Moulded Silhouettes
and Incomparably Smart Tailoring*



Shagmoor
*The Newest "Shagmoor" Fashion
Booklet Free on Request*

*Created Exclusively by The House of Shagmoor (Linder Bros., Inc.) 498 Seventh Ave., New York
...in Canada: The House of Shagmoor, 2050 Bleury Street, Montreal*

The GOSSARD *Line of Beauty*



Photographed by
Bertram Dorian Basabé

For women
who strike the
happy medium in
avotirdupois . . . women
who are neither exception-
ally slender nor yet stout . . .

Gossard has created this new combination. So designed that it follows Nature's own beauty curves, it softly supports the bust . . . smoothes the waistline . . . gives the much desired flat backline . . . outlines a graceful hip curve by means of wide elastic inserts. Because the entire garment, even to the adjustable and detachable shoulder straps, follows the natural figure curves, you will find new supported ease, new smartness of line the moment you try it on.

Design 3697; \$5.00.

THE H. W. GOSSARD CO., Chicago, New York, San Francisco, Dallas, Atlanta, London, Toronto, Sydney, Buenos Aires

Division of Associated Apparel Industries, Inc.

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UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA



Ensemble developed in
"Betsy Ross—Liberty
Bell"
design

Early American Prints

It is with justifiable pride that the house of Mallinson presents to the women of America its latest creations in the art of printed silk designing: "EARLY AMERICAN PRINTS."

Highlights of interest, both historical and biographical, depicting early American life, heroism and progress, are combined in a series of designs and color harmonies, the originality and beauty of which are beyond description. They are printed on Pussy Willow, Indestructible Chiffon Voile and Vagabond Crepe.

For the Spring and Summer seasons of 1929, the "EARLY AMERICAN PRINTS" will express the last word in fashion.

H. R. MALLINSON & CO., Inc.

FIFTH AVENUE at 31st STREET

NEW YORK

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"Crepe Rhapsody"—a lustrously colorful new material of modern design gives this new Peacock Model a distinctive style that copes with the exquisite brilliancy of Palm Beach daytime fashions.

THOSE whose sense of fashion fitness leads them to winter at Palm Beach also appreciate... and enjoy... the individual smartness of Peacock Hi-Arch Narrow Heel Footwear... Ten Dollars to Twenty-Five.

PEACOCK SHOES

PEACOCK SHOE SHOPS AND DEPARTMENTS IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

BY BOYD-WELSH

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UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

SOFT, translucent chiffon,
delicately patterned and
daintily touched with fine
beads, is a perfect medium
for the ethereal beauty of
these Blackshire Gowns.
Their every line proclaims
the character and taste for
which Blackshire is renowned
... as irresistible in the very
youthful frock as in the youth-
ful woman's dress.

The new Blackshire Gowns
for Spring offer a pleasing
selection of styles for many
different personalities — sold
by the best shops everywhere.

Blackshire

GOWNS FOR WOMEN

PARIS

NEW YORK

LOS ANGELES

MONTREAL

A Fabric from France

by Blackshire



A tennis frock of rayon flat crepe from Saks-Fifth Avenue is worn with a turban and jacket of flat crepe printed in a colorful small flower pattern. Rayon sport shoes by Delman.

in the season's smartest fabrics



rayon offers new color, new beauty, new charm

ALREADY Fashion has chosen her fabrics for Spring, and to the loveliest of them all rayon lends its individual, modern beauty.

Tweeds, in many striking new patterns and colors, for travel coats and sportswear. Here rayon is combined with wool to add a new life and luster, a new softness and resistance to wrinkling.

Jerseys, bright and varied, for blouses, skirts, and sports and beach ensembles — of rayon alone or of rayon and wool.

Flat crepes, pure dye, plain or patterned, for tennis frocks, for afternoon wear. These all-rayon crepes are unusually serviceable because they hold their color and texture through repeated washings.

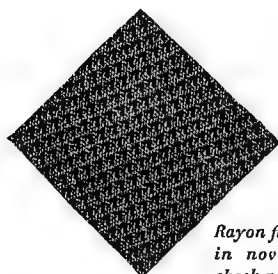
In the evening mode some exquisite moires—laces—satin weaves in a range of pearly colors. And, of course, the indispensable transparent velvets, which cling so surely, drape so superbly.

At the yard goods counter of your favorite store—in the most exclusive garments

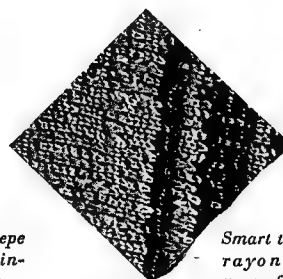
for every hour of the fashionable day—you will find these new rayon fabrics.

And remember that rayon is by no means a substitute or a compromise, but an entirely individual textile, sponsored by smart women everywhere. Rayon is indeed the modern textile, which lends to modern fabrics a new luminous quality, both of texture and of color—a new wearability—a new beauty.

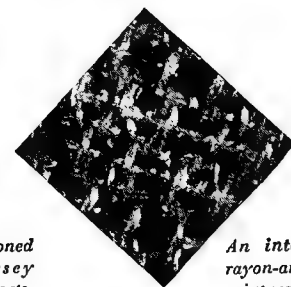
*Rayon Institute of America, Incorporated,
250 Fifth Avenue, New York City.*



*Rayon flat crepe
in novel pin-
check pattern.*



*Smart two-toned
rayon jersey
weave for sports-*



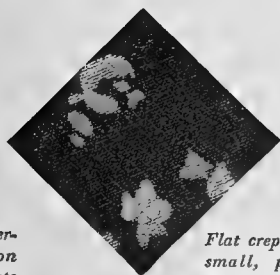
*An interesting
rayon-and-wool-
mixture tweed.*



*An evening ensemble from Jay-Thorpe—
combines rayon lace for the gown and
rayon velvet, superbly draped, for the wrap.
Rayon crepe slippers by Julianne.*



*A lovely flower-
printed rayon
moire, in delicate
evening shades.*



*Flat crepe with
small, precise
flower design.*

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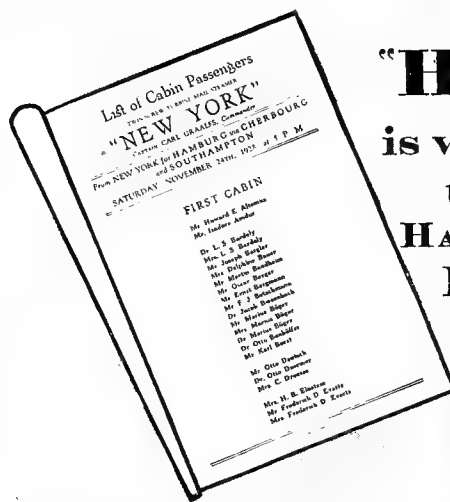
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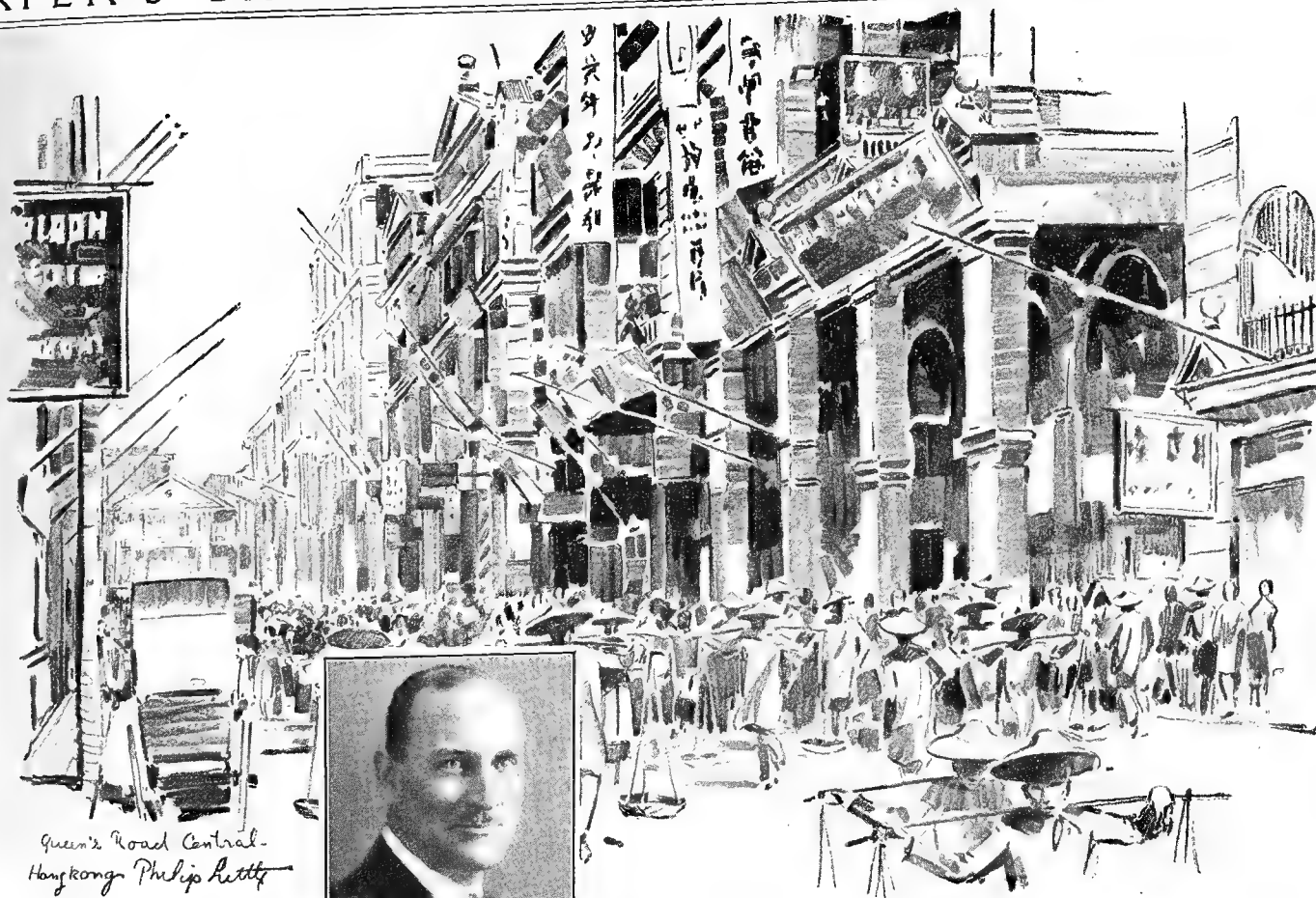
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*HARRY A. FRANCK

Noted traveler* explains new way to see the World

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Harry A. Franck, author-traveler, in the accompanying article, has described with great clarity the advantages of this unique steamship service. You go as you please, stopping where you please for as long as you like. Then when you are ready, continue on a similar ship in identical accommodations.

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Harry A. Franck

World Traveler and Author of
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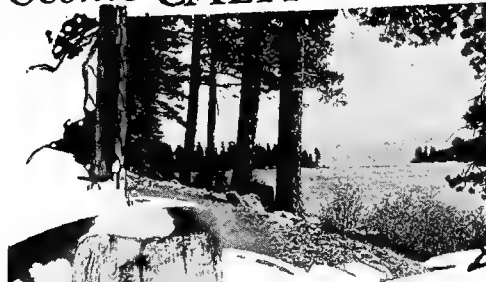
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ALAMEDA County Center of Scenic CALIFORNIA



Mission San Juan

Left: Beautiful Lake Tahoe

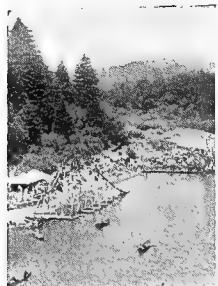


El Capitan, Yosemite Valley—one of the few national parks open all year



Above: Mt. Lassen. Only active volcano in the continental U. S.

Below: A Russian River Resort



Below: Giant trees lining the Redwood Highway and

Oakland Municipal Airport



SCENIC CALIFORNIA—a glorious wonderland offering the finest handiwork of Nature in greater variety than any like area on the face of the globe—invites you this year. Scenic California offers you desert stretches, ocean beaches, the only active volcano in continental United States, mountains which outstrip Switzerland, river resorts, medicinal springs which shame the famous spas of Europe, mountain lakes, tumbling torrents and rivers which have cut their way through solid granite, giant redwoods, the equal of which grow nowhere else; delightfully peaceful valleys, marvelous drives along the ocean shore—such is Scenic California.

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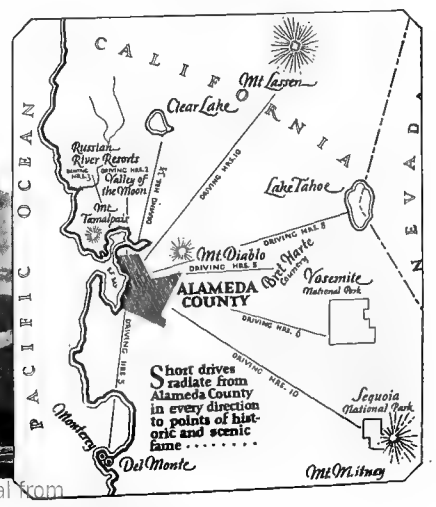
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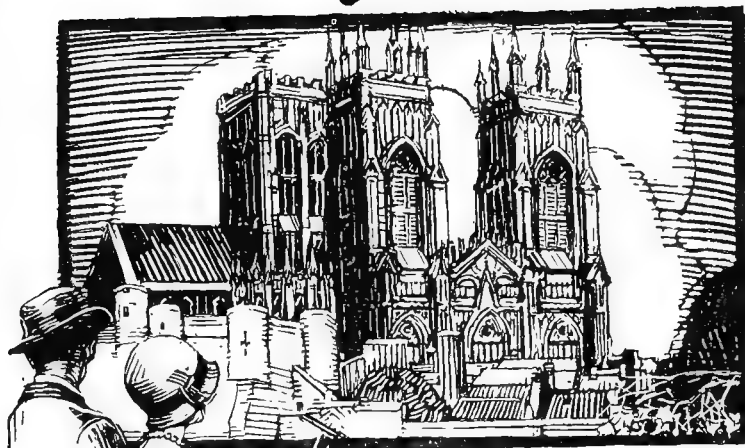


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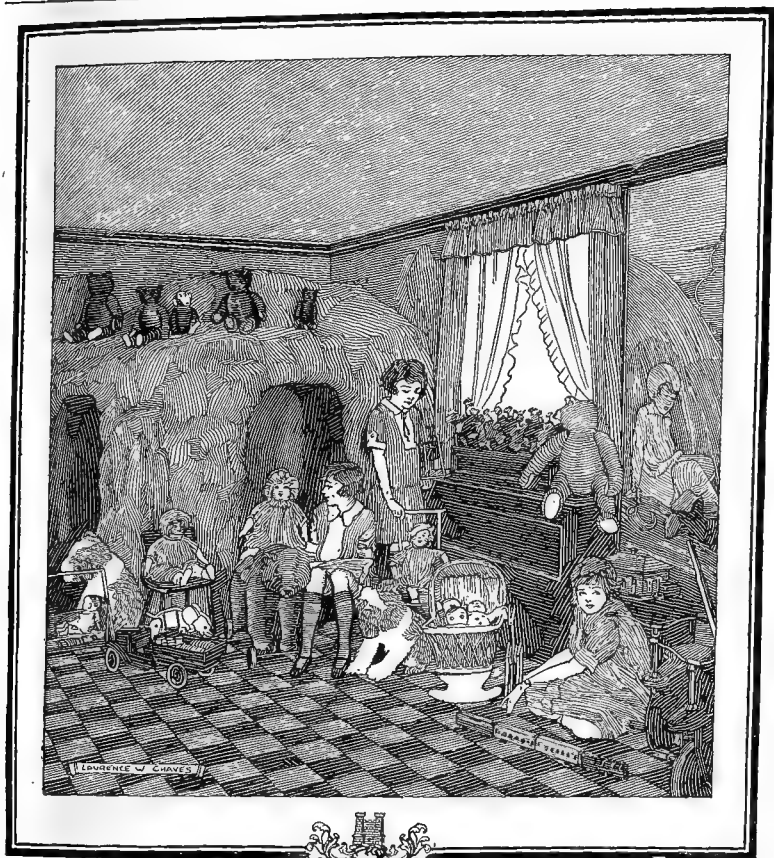
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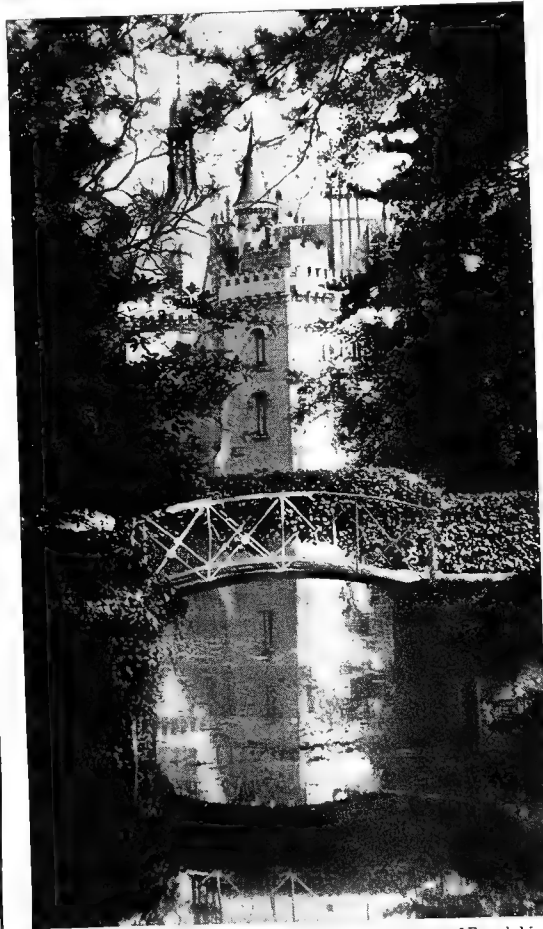
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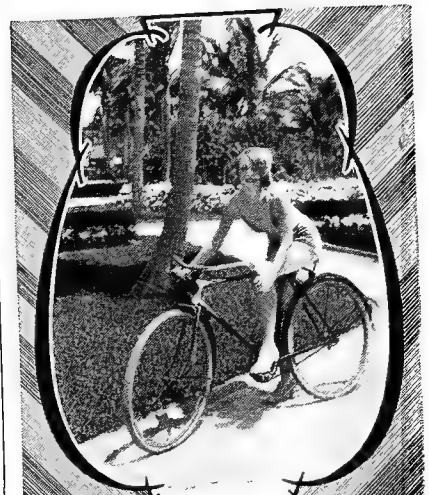
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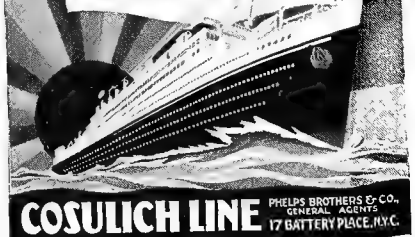
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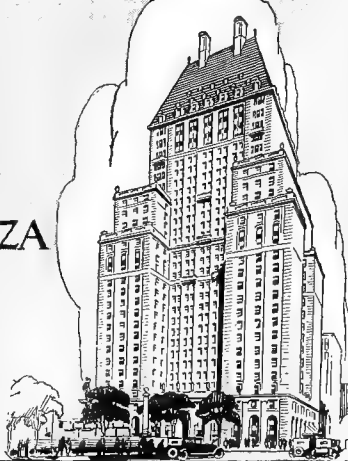
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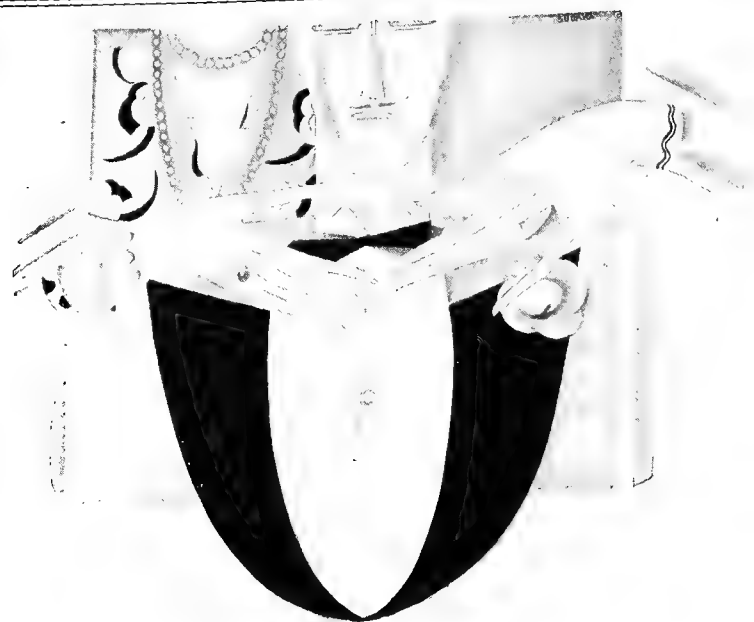
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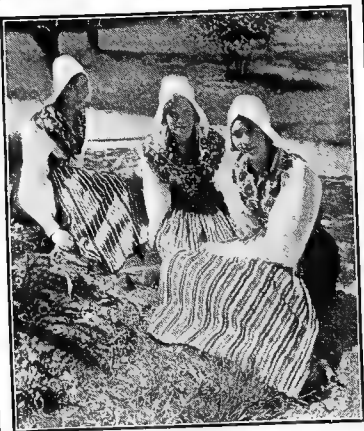


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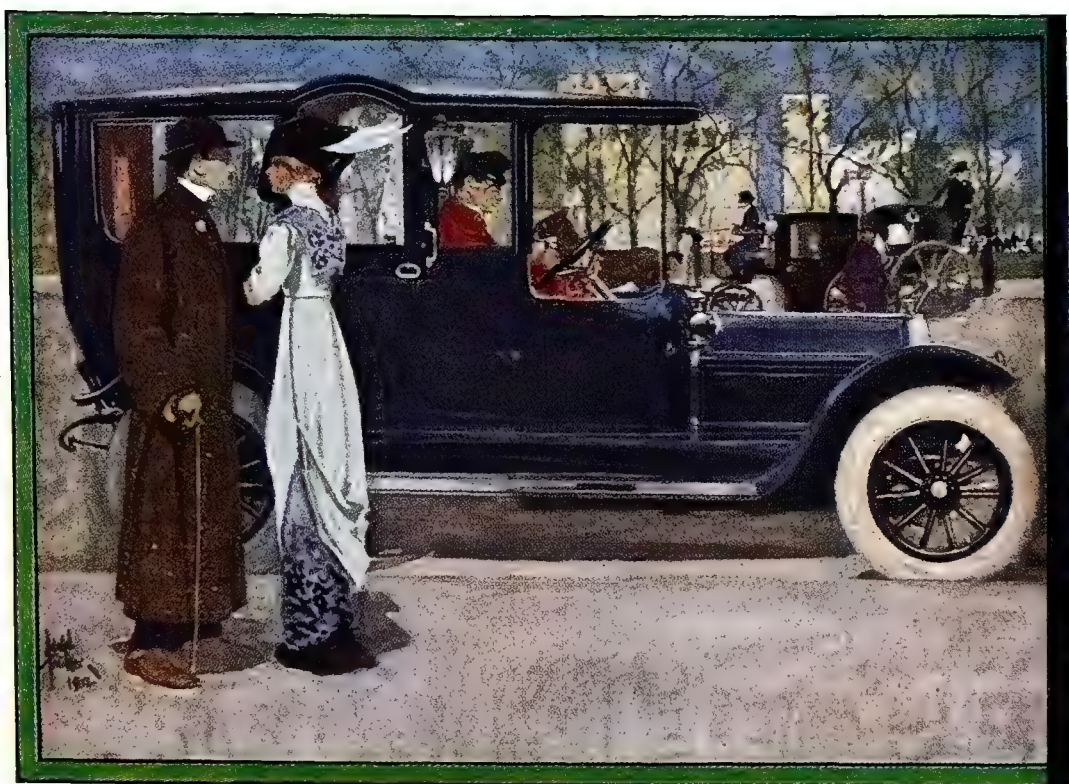
Pierce-Arrow believes that bulk and conflicting lines have too long prevailed among fine motor cars—that size no longer serves as an ex-

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Reproduced from a painting which has hung in the Pierce-Arrow Board-room since 1912. A full decade earlier, Pierce-Arrow had established its fame as America's Finest Motor Car.



PIERCE

in fine car history . . .

Today's Pierce-Arrow by Adolph Treidler who, in 1912, painted the illustration shown on the opposite page... the same artist, the same scene, the same make of car, seventeen years later.



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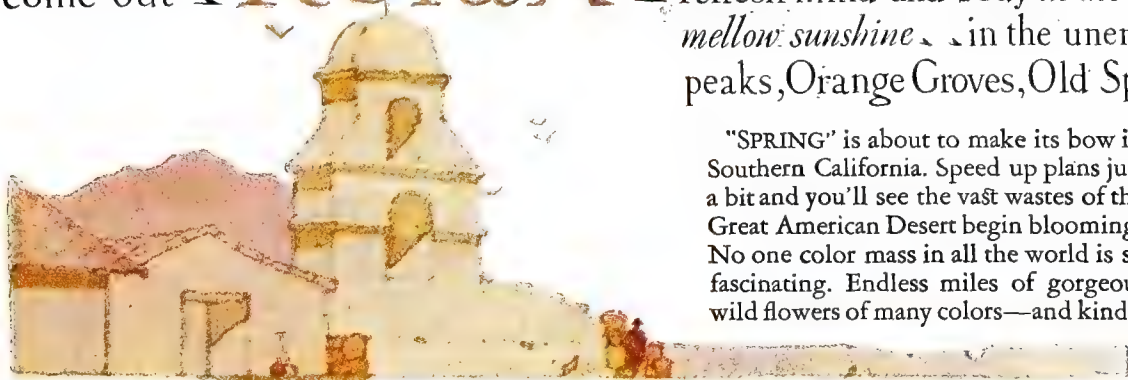
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Close-by mountain peaks—Wilson, Lowe, San Antonio, San Geronio, San Jacinto and many others, towering and impressive, from 6,000 to 13,000 feet (and still heavily snow-capped)—make an unforgettable contrast picture.

Even more balmy is this joyous Spring season with its extra abundance of flowers. Now is your time to come and relax and return home remade in health and spirit.

Bask on the broad, sunny beaches with the placid Pacific at your feet. Or, take a plunge! Two hours—and you may enjoy snow stunts on mountain tops!

In Southern California there is everything to do—or nothing! Never was such a prime place for intelligent "loafing." Every turn of the palm-lined country boulevards invites the luxury of leisure! But, if you are pleasure-bent, the program is endless—day and night!

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Spring, summer or winter, you'll find to your intense delight that Southern California is your kind of a land for a real vacation.



Just beyond the friendly Eucalyptus trees the blue Pacific's placid surf rolls gently upon Laguna's luring beach.—Painted by Joseph Kleitsch

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Rinse the hands with a small amount of Listerine before each meal. Thus you kill cold germs,

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Where to Shop in New York

SOCIAL CALENDAR

for FEBRUARY 1929

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1—Third of the Junior Assemblies at the Ritz Carlton.

Dog Show under the auspices of the Maryland Kennel Club, Baltimore, Md. To continue through February 2.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2—Dinner dance by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Joseph Cuddihy at Sherry's for their debutante daughter, Miss Emma Cuddihy.

Wedding of Miss Ruth Bemis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry H. Bemis of Boston, Mass., to Roger M. Burke in Chestnut Hill, Pa.

Dinner with dancing at Pierre's, by Mr. and Mrs. Howard Jerome Hildt for their daughter, Miss Frances Jerome Hildt.

Dance by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Slack at the Ritz Carlton for their daughter, Miss Rosalie Slack.

Dinner with dancing at the Ritz Carlton by Mr. and Mrs. Harold McL. Turner of No. 125 East Fifty-seventh Street, for their daughter, Miss Martha P. Turner.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 4—Schola Cantorum musicale at the home of Mrs. Harold Irving Pratt, No. 58 East Sixty-eighth Street.

Dance by Mr. and Mrs. S. Burt Wolbach for Miss Ruth Wellington, in Boston, Mass.

Wedding of the Countess Philippe de Varennes of Paris, to John Tobin Watkins of New York, in Paris, France.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 5—Wedding of Miss Janet Newbold, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fleming Newbold of Washington, D. C., to Allan A. Ryan, Jr., in St. Matthew's Church. Reception to follow at the home of the bride's parents.

Third in the series of Yorkville dances at the Ritz Carlton.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 6—Third in the series of Jink's supper dances at Pierre's.

Annual charity ball of New York Chapter, Knights of Columbus, at Madison Square Garden.

Dance by Mr. and Mrs. Thomas P. Lindsay at Hotel Somerset, Boston, Mass., for Miss Florence Lindsay.

Annual Midwinter Racing Handicap at Pinehurst, N. C.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7—Dog Show under the auspices of the South Florida Kennel Club, Tampa, Fla. To continue through February 8.

Club women's winter sports competition for More's trophy, Lake Placid, N. Y.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8—Third Senior supper dance at Copley Plaza, Boston, Mass.

Dance by Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Lyman at Women's Republican Club, Boston, Mass., for Miss Ruth Lyman and Miss Rosamond Gardiner.

Dance by Mr. and Mrs. Parker E. Marean in Cambridge, Mass., for Miss Gertrude Marean.

Friday morning musicale at the Biltmore.

Mayfair Assembly at the Ritz Carlton.

Dog show under the auspices of the American Pomeranian Club, New York City.

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this month, to two important services appearing on these pages. One is very familiar, and equally distinguished—the name of Senegas, a veritable artist of a hairdresser, at 9 West 46th Street. The other is a new idea—the blending of powder to match the individual complexion, shade, etc., done by Tourneur, at 580 Fifth Avenue.

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Where to Shop in New York

SOCIAL CALENDAR

for FEBRUARY 1929

(Concluded from page 34)



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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9—Wedding of Miss Ethel Robertson to Robert Clark. Reception to follow at the Park Lane. Supper dance at the Park Lane by M. O. Jordan. Second Knickerbocker dance at the Ritz-Carlton. Dog show under the auspices of the Cairn Kennel Club of America in New York City. Veterans' Squash Tournament at Yale Club, New York City.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 10—Dog show under the auspices of the American Fox Terrier Club in New York City.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 11—Fifth annual military and civil ball of the Department of the State of New York Veterans of Foreign Wars at the Waldorf-Astoria. Dance by Mr. and Mrs. C. Eliot Ware at Hotel Somerset, Boston, Mass., for Miss Alice de V. Ware. Dog show under the auspices of the Westminster Kennel Club, New York City. To continue through February 13. Annual Lake Placid Club Ski Tournament. To continue through February 13.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 12—Special winter sports at Lake Placid Club, Lake Placid, N. Y. Mardi Gras Costume Ball at Hotel Statler, Boston, Mass., by Copley Society. Princess Hotel Tennis Tournament, Bermuda.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14—Two-State Intercollegiate Tennis Championship at Ormond, Fla.

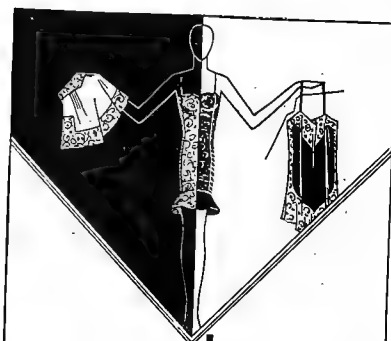
FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 15—Final mid-year dance of the season at the Ritz-Carlton. Benefit performance at the Tarrytown Music Hall, under the direction of the woman's board of managers of the Dobbs Ferry Hospital. Second Junior supper dance at the Copley Plaza, Boston, Mass. Dance by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Walcott in Cambridge, Mass., for Miss Anna Walcott.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16—Second of the After-Dinner Dances at the Ritz-Carlton. Sub-débutante dance at Brattle Hall, Cambridge, Mass. B. Championship Squash Tournament at N. Y. A. C.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 22—Washington's Birthday Ball at Palm Beach, Fla. Winter sports at Lake Placid Club, Lake Placid, N. Y. Friday morning musicale at the Biltmore. Miss Adeline King Robinson's Cinderella Dance at the Ritz-Carlton. Racing for Swigert Cup, Pinehurst, N. C.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23—Bermuda Amateur Tennis Championship, Bermuda. To continue through March 2.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 27—Annual Hurd Race at Pinehurst, N. C.



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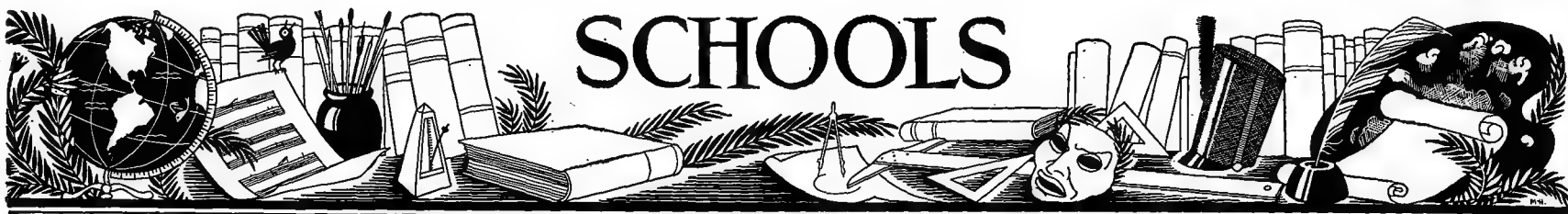
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Baron de Meyer Went to London

So much had Baron de Meyer heard of the dress-making establishments of London that he made a pilgrimage across the channel from Paris to visit them. His interesting findings, and his visits to ten prominent London dressmakers, are reported in his article in this issue.

American Women Are Shopping in London

in increasing numbers, appreciating the intimate quality and the special personal attention of the London houses.

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The Harper's Bazar office in London, located right in the center of things, at 175 Piccadilly, can give you further information about the delightful London shops appearing on this page, and those mentioned by Baron de Meyer.

Harper's Bazar is anxious to have its readers become further acquainted with the fashion-importance and the shopping-significance of London—therefore your inquiry will be welcomed.

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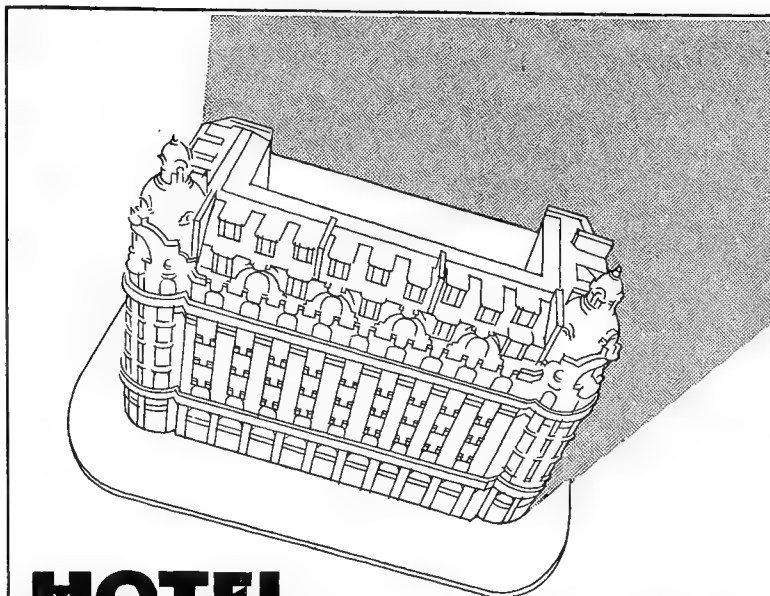
WHERE TO SHOP IN PARIS



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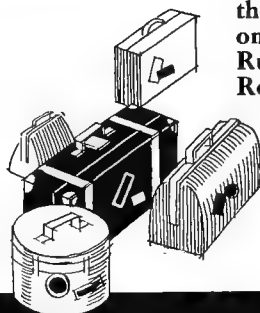
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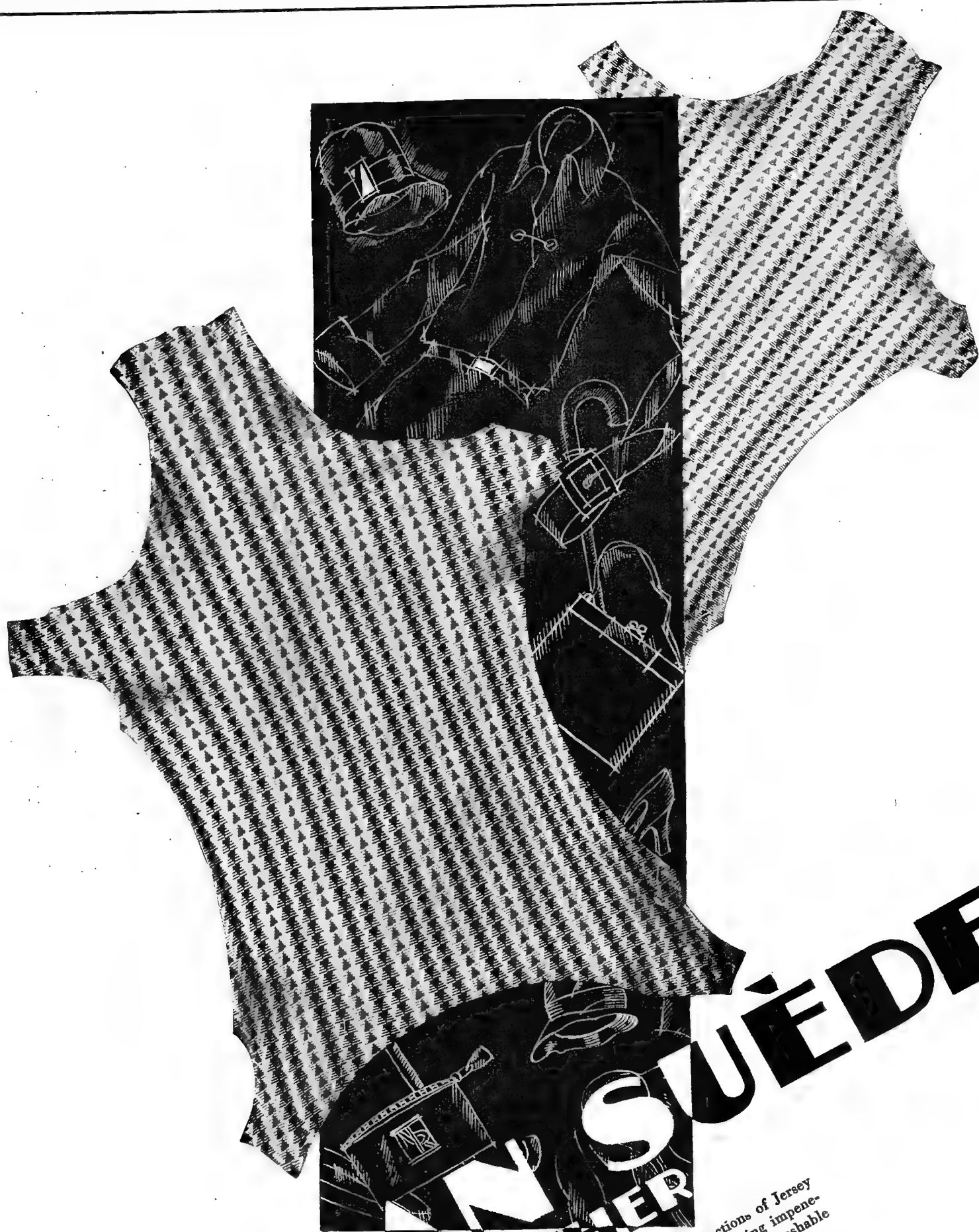
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pour sa tournée en Orient.

Pub. Wallace - Paris

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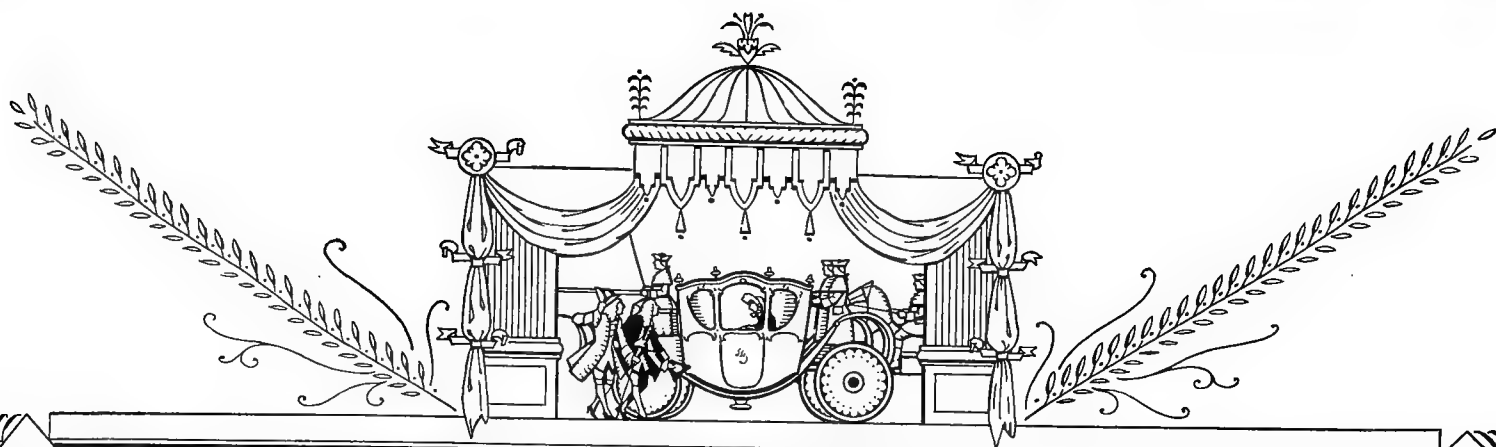
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The Ultimate in Luxurious Coachcraft

Nowhere in all the world will you find expressed in motor cars the distinction, individuality and prestige so inseparably associated with the new Fleetwoods. ¶ These supreme examples of the coachcrafters' art are offered for that clientele which seeks in a motor car the precise interpretation of its own personal tastes and preference in body styles, color, trim, upholstery and appointments. ¶ That the exacting motor car buyer might counsel with professional coachwork designers just as he counsels with his architect and interior decorator in the construction and embellishment of his home—General Motors acquired not only the plant and properties of the Fleetwood Body Corporation but the highly specialized services of those Fleetwood master craftsmen who have devoted long years to fashioning coachwork of surpassing excellence.

The twenty-two exclusive and exquisite Fleetwood models can be had only on Cadillac-LaSalle chassis. Many of these models are on display in Cadillac-LaSalle showrooms of the larger cities throughout the country; the Cadillac-LaSalle Salon, Palm Beach, Florida; and at our own Salon and Studios, 10 East 57th Street, New York City.

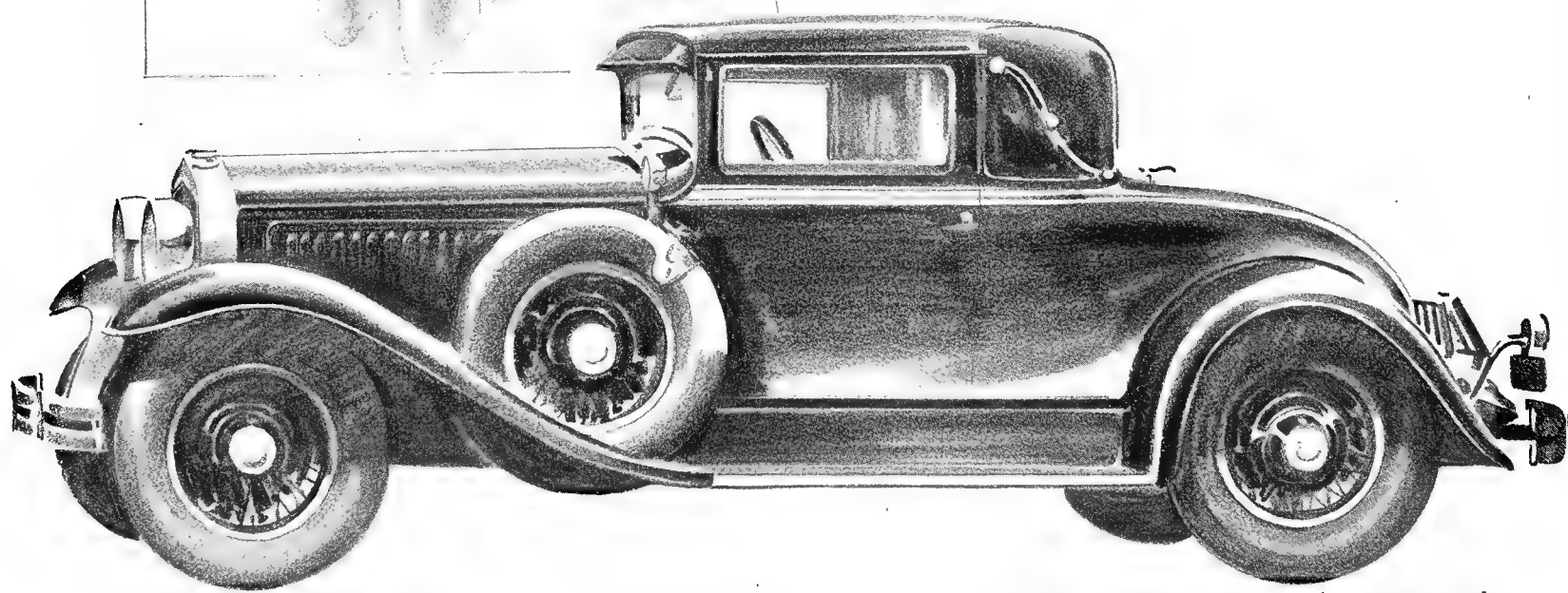
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UNIT OF FISHER BODY CORPORATION • DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS



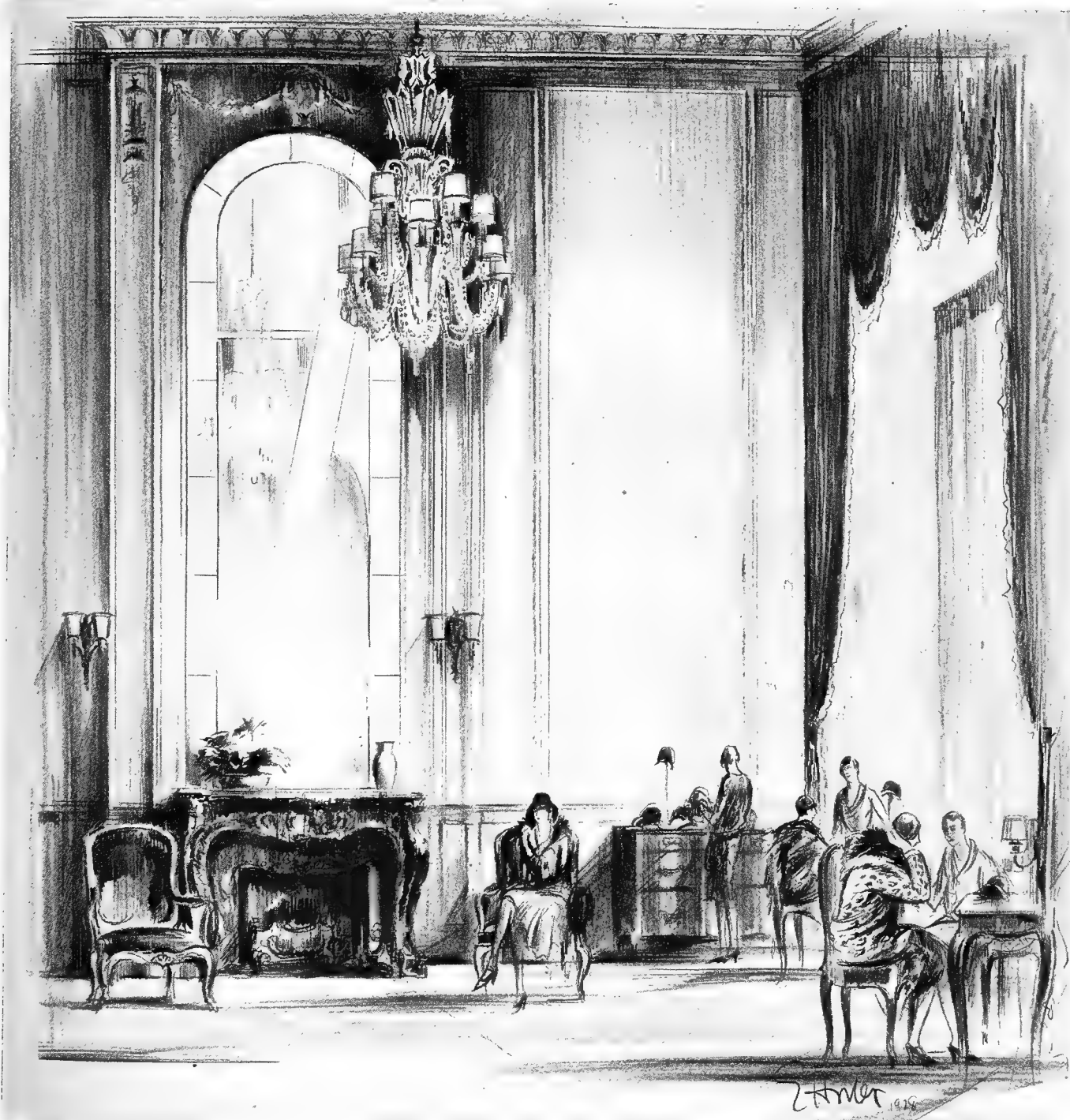
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EVERY woman of discernment will instantly recognize the style of the new Dodge Senior as something spirited, fresh, advanced. Here is a rare blending of smartest charm with large-car ease and stability. It is a Walter P. Chrysler achievement! Fine—large—luxurious—the new Dodge Senior has genuine character and appeal. Its superiority is many-sided. Its excellence of engineering insures fine performance. Its sound construction guarantees long life. And its vivid style commands universal admiration.



Sport Coupe with Rumble Seat (wire wheels extra)

NEW DODGE SENIOR



DISTINCTION IN DRESS FOR SOUTHERN RESORTS

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GOODMAN**

FIFTH AVENUE at 58th
NEW YORK

☆

surprise we share with the Place Vendôme . . . Crêpe sleeveless tennis dresses worn with pique corduroy coats . . . Imported sweaters cut and fitted by ourselves . . . French angora sweater dresses for Prado afternoons in Havana. A collection assembled with our inimitable and proven knowledge of southern resort demands.



KNAPP-FELT HATS FOR WOMEN

With the sparkling gladness of youth comes the Knapp-Felt Sunlight... a bright herald of gay Spring days! The graceful lines of the smart brim are particularly attractive. Every size in a vivid array of colorings.

THE CROFUT AND KNAPP COMPANY • 620 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

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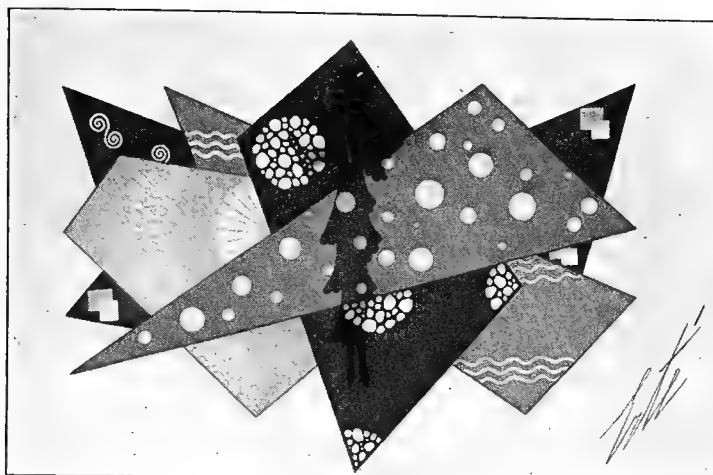
HARPER'S BAZAR

63rd Year

Number 2596

FEBRUARY

1929



Spring Fabrics Number

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MARCH is the month to buy just the car you have always longed for, and our pages will help you to choose. . . . You might just as well be smart, even if it is raining, and we will show you some of the practical and clever things for stormy weather, available in New York shops. . . . New evening wraps and gowns will be represented, and some beautiful

single rings will tempt the woman with lovely hands. . . . Paris will send its usual contribution of Baron de Meyer's photographs and Marjorie Howard's authoritative article covering the latest and most desirable clothes from the French capital. . . . A brilliant new serial, "Bright Intervals," by Nancy Hoyt, begins in the March issue.

Published monthly by HARPER'S BAZAR, Inc., 572 Madison Avenue, New York City.

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST
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Let the Sampler say it !



This year... *do it!* On February 14th send "her" a Sampler, with its Valentine message... and see her eyes sparkle. Women so appreciate such thoughtfulness, yet we men so often neglect it. Send a Sampler.... and win a smile!

Any Whitman agency will gladly take your order and deliver or mail the Sampler so it will reach its destination on Valentine's Day.



Whitman's
Chocolates
speak a language
every woman
understands—
and loves to hear

Whitman's Sampler is America's most loved... most delicious box of candy. Its contents are the public's choice of favorite pieces from eleven of Whitman's packages famous since 1842. Every piece a favorite... the finest quality... *fresh!*

Each Whitman agency is selected by us. And every pound of Whitman's is shipped quickly... *directly* to your dealer. Hence—guaranteed fresh!

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NEW fabrics show in woolens tremendous variety tweeds, many very light weights, also many jersey weaves combining many colors. Tendency in woolens toward very light, supple materials in interesting contrast with silk tendencies toward crisper or heavier weaves. Rodier's leading novelties wool voile, thin as chiffon, called Rodelic; also new un-stretchable jersey. Woven patterns taking place of printed patterns in woolen materials. Meyer specialties include silk and wool tussore, also crêpey fabric called Madiana woven with raised dot, sometimes self-colored, sometimes contrasted. Silks show many sports materials in crisper weaves; also heavier evening fabrics of this winter in satin, moiré, faille, taffeta. Tendency at Bianchini, Ducharme and Coudurier to enliven dull-surfaced materials such as crêpes with small satiny

FRENCH
FABRIC
CABLES
FROM
MARJORIE HOWARD

broché designs in weave, then printed overall. Immense quantities printed chiffons showing large and medium designs, but at Bianchini's some tiny sports designs in chiffon are new. Also many printed crêpes, but here tiniest designs are newest. Tendency of designs closely to cover materials; noted use of same design on two materials, such as chiffon and taffeta, or chiffon and lamé, continued in prints for evening ensembles. New color schemes stress reds, then greens, then blues. Note tendency to autumnal colorings in combinations, orange, yellow, tan, black and white, unusual in spring collections. While prints excellent in chiffons, crêpes and warp-printed taffetas, personally expect very smartest women to wear many plain colored silken fabrics this summer, enlivened by interesting individual color combinations typical of the season.

Cables and Comments

DID you know you could wear any color or shade nowadays? It all depends upon your makeup. You change it with your gown. A good rule is—the brighter the shade of the dress, the darker the powder. The darker the dress, the lighter the powder. Greens, grays, beiges, browns and most blues require quite a lot of rouge, for these kill the warm shade in your skin. Yellows, pinks, roses, reds and whites require much less. Black is your own to do with as you will, you may be either pale or rosy.

Imagine a black tulle evening gown, crisp with coq feathers at the knees, almost touching the ground in the back, worn with a huge coq feather fan and a gold lamé wrap. Thus Madame de Munoz in Paris.

In Paris, a few women who are distinctly individual in dress are wearing evening gloves loosely wrinkled on the forearm; always a gracious, feminine fashion.

Your head may be small and sleek in a beret or turban now, but later large capelines will frame your hair and eyes.

A rose velvet evening gown, with princess line, is enveloped in a wrap of quilted gray taffeta, high-shouldered with soft chinchilla.

Our new spring hats will be delightfully light; horsehair cloth and new flexible straw weaves, used exactly like felt, are featured.

An evening gown of flag blue flaunts a flat splash of red and white camellias—and they are real.

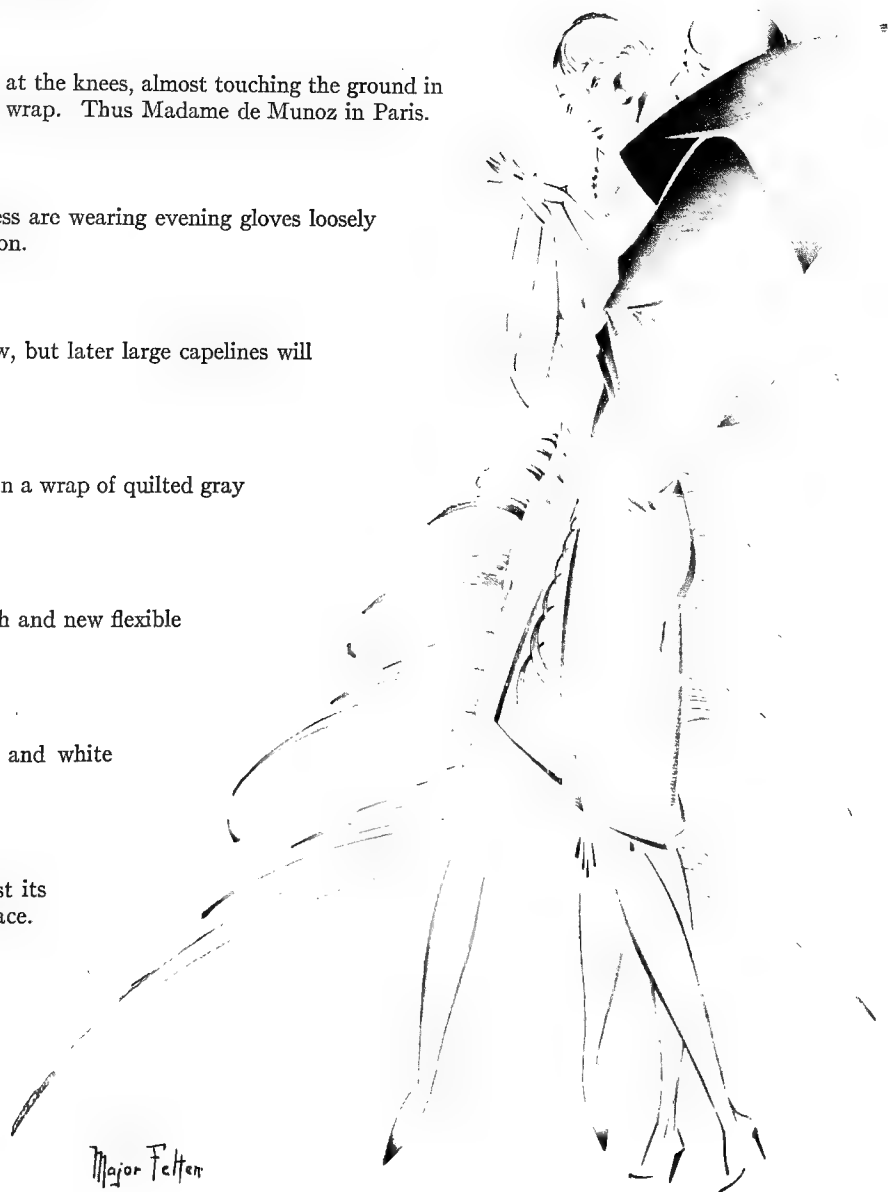
Black velvet for evening, with splendid jewels blazing against its background. Diamonds dazzle in relief upon its baffling surface.

Sparkling dresses are not favored, but allover jet beads and Chanel's flat, glittering, jet ovals are chosen by some.

The newest dresses proclaim their youth by trailing long points both back and front.

K. H.

Major Felten





ANNEK

*Lady Abby in a jacket of wool-
en material and brown and
cream tweed skirt; from Annek*

DECEMBER 1911
L

By *Baron de Meyer*:



Reboux makes a gray felt hat lined with black velvet for Lady Abdy.

REBOUX

ENGLISH CHIC IS INDIVIDUAL

*Sartorial London Blazes a Trail in
Fabrics and Design*

The Claridge, London.
"HULLLO! That you Baron de Meyer? Barbara Angelford speaking. Welcome to London. Glad you've arrived. Most London dressmakers are aware of your visit. It's causing quite a flutter. I have promised to persuade you to mention them *all* in Harper's Bazar. I thought your readers might be tired of everlasting Paris clothes. Why not, for once, tell them about English dressmaking? Do engage me as a guide to explain sartorial London to you."

"I'd enjoy it thoroughly."

"All right, it's a bargain."

"Let's make an appointment for to-morrow."

"My morning is taken up with fittings. I am due at Lady Victor Paget's at eleven, but I shall be free all the afternoon."

"Then come and lunch at Claridge's at one. By the way, has Lady Victor a dressmaking establishment these days?"

"I should think so! But I won't take you there to-morrow. I want you to see something more typically British first. Lady Victor's clothes are very French. She merely designs herself what cannot be found in Paris. She dresses the very young, the very slim, and the very smart—the sort of woman

who is at home in Cannes, Deauville, or Biarritz, as much as at Melton or Cowes."

"What are you going to try on?"

"Tweeds, of the kind one cannot get in Paris."

"And why not, if you please?"

"Because, when worn in England, French tweed clothes give the appearance of being much too dressy. As a matter of fact, golf clothes designed for the St. Cloud course invariably cause a sensation, when worn at Stoke Poges, more so even at St. Andrews, in Scotland. Remember, Englishwomen wear sports clothes merely for sports, not because they are told sports clothes are fashionable in Paris."

"It may be smart to dress up for sports abroad, but not so in England. Nothing but what is serviceable is considered chic for country pursuits. When in town we appear in real town clothes. By town, I mean London and London alone. Abroad (including Paris) we don't dress the same. We consider it unnecessary. We follow the Paris lead, dress in a darker edition of French 'sports attire,' the same as in Cannes or Biarritz."

"I am afraid, my dear Barbara, there is much in the French

way of dressing which escapes you, your point of view, to a certain extent, being inaccurate. However, we shall discuss this subject some other time."

NEXT day at luncheon, Claridge's Hotel. Much subdued lighting, the big restaurant lined with the famous Ranken mirrors painted from the back with white designs. Barbara is very smart, dressed all in black.

"I'm simply dying to know what else Lady Victor Paget is making for you. Please tell me."

"Some divine tea gowns."

"Why not pyjamas?"

"I rarely wear them in England. They are considered quite out of date over here. No longer smart! Besides, Englishmen don't care for their wives and daughters to appear in pyjamas."

"How conservative!"

"Possibly, but don't you realize that women in England dress entirely to please the men?"

"What about evening gowns?"

"Lady Victor is making me a few French models. They'd be of no interest to you."

"With full skirts, of course."

"On the contrary, quite narrow. Lady Victor does not favor wide skirts; she considers them unsuited for the divinely tall and slender. Even though we clamor for novelty," Barbara explains, "we call it 'Paris eccentricity' the day it makes its appearance in England, and avoid it with care. Lady Victor's clothes are mostly made of chiffon, georgette or crêpe de Chine. They are the most Parisian clothes in London. Except for tea coats, she rarely makes use of brocade."

"Why should this be surprising?"

"Because you'll find, excepting tweed, metal brocade is the most popular fabric in England. Lady Victor, however, following the Paris lead, neglects brocade entirely, this being one of the reasons why you are not to start your London visit in Lady Victor's establishment. You shall first be taken to Ospavat's, Ann Talbot, or to the sisters Wilson, or to Isobel Hayward, or maybe to Enos."

NEXT day 2:30 at Ospavat's, in Grosvenor Street. Madame Ospavat says she knows of me. A most agreeable woman (a foreigner, by the way). Her conversation denotes intelligence, clothes sense, and a great deal of sartorial experience. She designs her own clothes, does not import from France, and tells me she is shortly to open a *succursale* in Paris.

"What is your speciality, Madame Ospavat?"

"Garments which might prove useful to English and American women in England. I try to be my clients' best friend, always giving them good advice, guiding them in the choice of their clothes. I love color and line, in fact everything which makes a picture."

"Please differentiate between what is pictorial and the antiquated 'picturesque.'"

Madame Ospavat tells us she is devoted



REVILLE-LONDON

*Reville, London, creates a dream in white
net incrusted in rose and blue taffeta*

DEMEYER

for FEBRUARY 1929

to the new kind of "soft tweed" and admits having succumbed to the British love of metal brocade. She calls out for tweed suits to be shown. These seem to vary between heather mixtures and a kind of tweed called *Hopsack*, a square-weave fabric.

The coats we are shown in this house are long and plain. Some models are combined with beltless georgette jumpers, reaching well below the hip-line, discreetly embroidered in Persian patterns of harmonizing, even if slightly lighter, shades than the tweed.

The evening dresses might almost be called Continental in their very distinctive simplicity. One of them features contrasting shades of varied reds, while another is particularly noteworthy for its long lines of black ciré lace with touches of cerise at the ends of long scarflike panels.

Madame Ospavat now shows us what she calls her "little frocks for the tea or cocktail hour," which in some instances may be worn for dinner at home and even in restaurants.

Almost all the models she shows us are of brocaded metal georgette combined with a transparent long-sleeved coat of the same texture, glowing and rich in color and treated on the lines of an up-to-date chiffon evening gown.

At this point we are interrupted by a message from Barbara. She wants us to come to the fitting-room to see her in a new gown.

Venetian red velvet is used for a two-tiered frock, the flounces flaring. Worn above it is an almost fitted jacket of the same velvet reaching just below the hips. There is a large collar and borders of blackest black fox. This beautiful model exemplifies Madame Ospavat's excellent taste.

THE Misses Wilsons' establishment is close by, on the same street. I tell Barbara I remember the ladies when they first started in business. They greet me like a long-lost friend. How pleasant to meet again after so many years!

"Nothing but what is truly (Continued on page 60)



ISOBEL-LONDON

Silver gray net veils a silver sheath and is embroidered in steel. Isobel, London

DEMEYER

4



MAX-LEROY

A peach satin coat with peach-colored fox, from Max-Leroy

DEMETER

for FEBRUARY 1929



SUZANNE TALBOT

DRESS

*Silvered mirrors embroider white
chiffon; from Suzanne Talbot*



P A T O U

*Scarlet wool flares in a cape edged
with lynx, from Jean Patou*

British has any interest for me," I start telling Miss Wilson. "Show me clothes for Englishwomen in England."

Both Miss Wilsons call this a problem.

"Most of our clients," they say, "being conversant with Paris fashions, clamor for everything to be French. Quite true, we occasionally have to dress a Lady Mayoress or some sheriff's wife, who refuses to wear anything designed and executed out of England, but I wouldn't care to show you, Baron de Meyer, coming from Paris, what we are obliged to design for them. I'd rather show you a Harris tweed ensemble, the tweed coat trimmed with *blaireau*, and call your attention to the chamois leather cardigan waistcoat, which is part of the suit and worn beneath the coat."

Miss Wilson points out to me the stockinette jumper under the leather gilet, which matches the tweed skirt in shade.

"And what might 'stockinette' be?" I ask. "I don't know the term."

"'Stockinette' in England is the same as tricot or jersey in Paris," Miss Wilson explains.

Remarkable is their collection of tea gowns. We are shown a slip of gold brocade veiled in black chiffon, decorated by spangled borders and many green, rose and gold tassels; another of violet chiffon over a gold tissue foundation with a life-sized bird of paradise embroidered all over the front. This is combined with a navy-blue chiffon garment with flowing angel sleeves.

"Do tell me, Miss Wilson, exactly what constitutes a really British tea gown. We know so little about it abroad."

This is what Miss Wilson has to say on the subject:

"Any kind of gown too fantastic to be worn outside one's own home, provided it has a semblance of sleeves and a fairly high neck, may serve as a tea gown. It may be a much more elaborate garment than one's most gorgeous evening gown, especially nowadays, since the simpler one's evening gown is, the smarter it is supposed to be. We consider metal brocade to be the most suitable material for tea gowns, especially when combined with another rich-looking texture for a coat, always to be worn above such a gown.

"We use heavy materials almost entirely. Why? Because our cold English country houses are known to be very draughty. Chiffon and lace? Only, possibly, in summer, because of the cold."

Miss Wilson asks both Barbara and myself to step into the Hall. She wants us to watch a bride coming down the stairs, a client rehearsing for her wedding next week. She is lovely. White satin over a net petticoat, the long train starting from one shoulder, the entire wedding-gown enveloped in clouds of net. Simplicity, combined with distinguished elegance!

LADY ANGLEFORD at lunch said to us, "Be sure and visit Ann Talbot. Her clothes are divine. She makes most of mine."

An excellent recommendation. Barbara and I decided to follow her suggestion.

Madame Talbot proves to be a most agreeable woman with brains, very much out of the ordinary!

"I rarely leave this establishment," she says. "I attend most of my clients, supervise fittings and design for 'individuality.'"

"How different from Paris," I say, "where the head of the house is mostly invisible."

Madame Talbot tells us that most of her country clothes are of stockinette or tweed. She claims to be partial to bright colors such as geranium or yellow for country clothes, even in winter.

"They are so cheery, suit our rather gloomy climate. Remember, foggy weather has a way of being depressing. Most of my tweeds are unique pieces of fabric that are made exclusively for me. Alas! the more valuable kind, woven on hand-looms, is getting increasingly

DEMETER
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for FEBRUARY 1929

scarce. The younger generation finds hand-made goods not sufficiently profitable. Tweed, therefore, is sure to become, eventually, an exclusively machine-made material, thereby losing all its charm."

Madame Talbot wants to know if, like every one else coming from Paris, I find the average Englishwoman overdressed. I am very careful, and refuse to make any statement. She laughs and calls me a diplomat.

"Some of our Englishwomen," she says, "are undoubtedly very badly dressed, but the majority, on the contrary, are improving and are slowly getting to be as well-dressed as in Paris or New York."

I hasten to agree.

"No," says Madame Talbot, "there is no reason at all why beautiful metal brocades should not be worn, even though the younger generation, influenced by Paris, has somewhat discarded this rich material."

"Do show me some dresses for the cocktail hour." I'm told not to say "tea gown," this being no longer the correct term for such garments. Though, remember, it's to see British tea gowns I've come all the way from Paris.

"Let me point out to you," says Madame Talbot, "that besides being known for tea gowns, we are famed for cold houses, draughts and a great deal of dampness. Isn't it, therefore, wise on my part to design an additional coatee for every gown I produce? No, not necessarily in velvet and brocade. Lace and chiffon are at times a sufficient protection. Just as a transparent sleeve is better than no sleeve at all. Each evening gown, besides its coatee, has its own wrap. I call them my three-piece party ensembles.

"Here are two models, to give an example. A silver tissue gown, hardly décolleté, with its white net coat embroidered in white chenille snow-flakes and silver. The accompanying wrap of ermine is lined with silver.

"The second ensemble is a beige net gown, full-skirted over a silver foundation, combined with a three-quarter-length coat of flowered silver brocade, edged with wide bands of blue fox, the coatee beneath the wrap being of sheerest silver tissue and lace."

BARBARA now suggests taking me to Ulic's. "A first-class English *maison de couture*," she says, "Mr. Ulic being a man of great taste, and knowing just what his countrywomen are likely to need in the way of clothes."

The first thing we are told on reaching the Ulic establishment is that Mr. Ulic merely goes to Paris for recreation, never on business. "I am not an importer of French models," he says himself, "but, of course, use French materials. I buy them in England."

What he has to say on the subject of tweed is worth repeating.

Having started to tell him that tweed in Paris was no more exclusively restricted to sports purposes, I ask if London would follow suit.

"Are we likely to see tweed worn in London?"

"Hardly," he replied. "I see no reason for tweed to be transformed into something dressy, when so many other materials are so much more adapted for the purpose. So far, in London, it has its only *raison d'être* for lunch, on Saturdays before catching a train at Paddington or Waterloo. Unless, of course, like so many other typical English fashions, tweed clothes glorified and elaborated in France may find their way back to England, masquerading as the newest afternoon styles from Paris."

Barbara having told me Ulic specialized in country clothes, in fact was quite an authority on the subject, I took particular note of all he had to say. (Continued on page 140)



WORTH

Worth makes a lettuce-green
crêpe dress and a black jacket

WORTH



"HAD Miss Tessie gone suddenly mad? That was the question which framed itself in Mrs. Gayle's mind as she quickened her pace in a birdlike little scamper. 'Why, Miss Tessie!' she cried, drawing near. 'Why, Miss Tessie, what in the world!'"

A Story by Irvin S. Cobb:

AT THE FEET OF THE ENEMY

*A Lincoln's Day Incident which Recalls the Infinite
Compassion and Understanding of the Man*

Illustration by James Preston

SOMEHOW the figure of Lincoln, when done in bronze or even in marble, seems to take on a majesty and a splendor which is denied to others among our great men—contemporaries of Lincoln—who in their day and time surely were regarded as being infinitely more comely than the Rail Splitter was. Perhaps it is his tall shape, gaunt but, so they claim, not ungainly which, with its huge, powerful hands and its heavy, angular feet, lends itself so well to the sculptor's art. Not even the hideous garments of the period—the bee-gum hat, the square-toed boots and all—altogether can hide the strength of it. Or perhaps it is the long tired face in which those of his generation saw only an utter homeliness, but in which we of this generation think we see a compassion, a sweetness that makes it very glorious and very beautiful to look upon.

Still, it was so easy for the modeler in his straining after realism to exaggerate that shape and the contours of the face and the head, that one marvels not that there should be so many bad statues of Lincoln scattered about over the country, but that there should be so few of them. Now, in the particular case of the bronze statue which was done for our new State House, many of the critics agreed that the artist, whoever he was, had shown a commendable restraint. He may have emphasized his subject's features, but he had not distorted them.

Certainly it looked fine and imposing when set up on its dark pedestal at the end of the right wing of the new Capitol with the light falling from above upon it and the stone stairways flanking it. It was a gift to the State from a wealthy descendant of one of our distinguished families—a family whose members had been Unionists in the Civil War, and one of whom occupied a high place in Lincoln's political household and in Lincoln's private regard. It was, so people said, the first large statue of Lincoln to be erected south of the Ohio River. This circumstance was supposed to give the dedication a special significance. Prominent ex-Confederates served on the committee which had the ceremony in hand. If memory serves me aright, the governor who accepted it on behalf of the Commonwealth was himself an ex-Confederate. And the speakers chosen for the formal unveiling in their orations said that this gracious act symbolized the wiping out of the last vestige of sectional bitterness among us and marked the dawning of a newer and a better day, would be a lesson to posterity and all that sort of customary thing, whereupon the assembled audience applauded generously.

Nearly all the State officials were assembled on this notable occasion and a majority of the Capitol employees as well, on down to the ground-keepers and the janitors and the black doorkeepers. But little Miss Tessie Tate, the assistant librarian, was not there—not she. All through the day, in a state of tremulous and simmering indignation, she stayed at home in her little brown cottage overlooking the river. She hadn't seen the Lincoln statue yet. Nor did she mean to see it, ever. Miss Tessie was what you Northerners would call an unreconstructed Rebel, meaning by that, one remaining unreconciled to what happened one April morning so long ago at Appomattox Court House, Virginia. There are not nearly so many such as there used to be in the South. Still, at that, you now and then will run across one of them or a group of them. Nowadays they nearly always are women—elderly women, for the most part. To them the Lost Cause is not a dead cause, or if it is, they mean to be the last of the mourners to join in burying it.

Miss Tessie was one who had never abated

those whom invariably she called either "our heroic Confederate dead," or "our gallant immortals—the Wearers of the Gray." On Memorial Day, which is in nowise to be confused with Decoration Day, she was aquiver with patriotic sentiments. The Confederate monument up on Cemetery Hill was, in a way of speaking, her own handiwork. Largely through her efforts the funds to provide it had been raised. And the largest of the "floral offerings" which annually were deposited at its foot was sure to be Miss Tessie's. Her brother's name was carved on that monument.

To her, Lincoln was not Lincoln the Martyr, nor yet Lincoln the Saviour of the Union; she believed profoundly that the Union as constituted in 1861 should not have been saved. To her he was the Yankee Clodhopper, the Leader of the Black Radicals, the Illinois Nigger-Lover, the Mudsill President. In short, this small, spry, peppery partisan of a Miss Tessie was as old-fashioned in her prejudices as she was in her way of doing her mop of curly, lovely white hair, which is to say very old-fashioned indeed.

On the day following the dedication, and with her close friend and ally, Mrs. Jasper Gayle, for a witness to it, she made what amounted to a very solemn and very sacred declaration.

"My dear," she said, "never to my dying day do I intend to set foot in the place where that statue stands. My office is in that end of the building, but going and coming, I shall walk all the way around to the farther side. I can not conceive why the Governor, and he a gallant Southron, ever consented to accept it." (Miss Tessie was the kind who would say "Southron" instead of "Southerner.")

Mrs. Gayle said: "I absolutely agree with you, Miss Tessie—absolutely. But still, you know after all, Old Abe Lincoln was a native-born of this State and perhaps he—they—felt that—"

"Was not our own persecuted and beloved Jefferson Davis a Kentuckian, too? And has anyone given a figure of him to stand in the new Capitol? No! When there is a statue of Our War President in the other wing, then it may be time for me to countenance the presence of a statue to their War President under the same roof—but not before!"

Mrs. Gayle said: "There, you've put your finger on it! And I think you're exactly right, Miss Tessie. Your sentiments are exactly what my sentiments are."

Mrs. Gayle felt that it behooved her on all occasions to prove the loyalty that was in her. Because it was a shameful fact that Mrs. Gayle's family, like so (Concluded on page 122)

AFTERNOON VISIT

(With apologies)

By ELIZABETH LAROCQUE

"LOVELY that sunlight on the trees!"
(What does it matter—what do I care?)
"Strange that the perfume on the breeze
Drifts like a phantom through the air."

(God! if her voice would only break
With passion or hate or bitter fear.
What's the good of this give-and-take?)
"Nice that you came to-day, my dear."

of her principles nor hid her feelings under a bushel. She was an outspoken, quick-stepping, high-headed little body, still pretty in a faded and weather-beaten sort of way, and still full of the quality of spunk. She was the leading spirit in the local chapter of the U. D. C.; indeed, she was its ruling spirit. She had helped to organize it and she had been its president ever since it was organized. She read papers at its meetings dealing with the character of Alexander Stephens; and with the life and achievements of Morgan or Forrest or Stonewall Jackson or Judah P. Benjamin; and with the need for the caring for the graves of



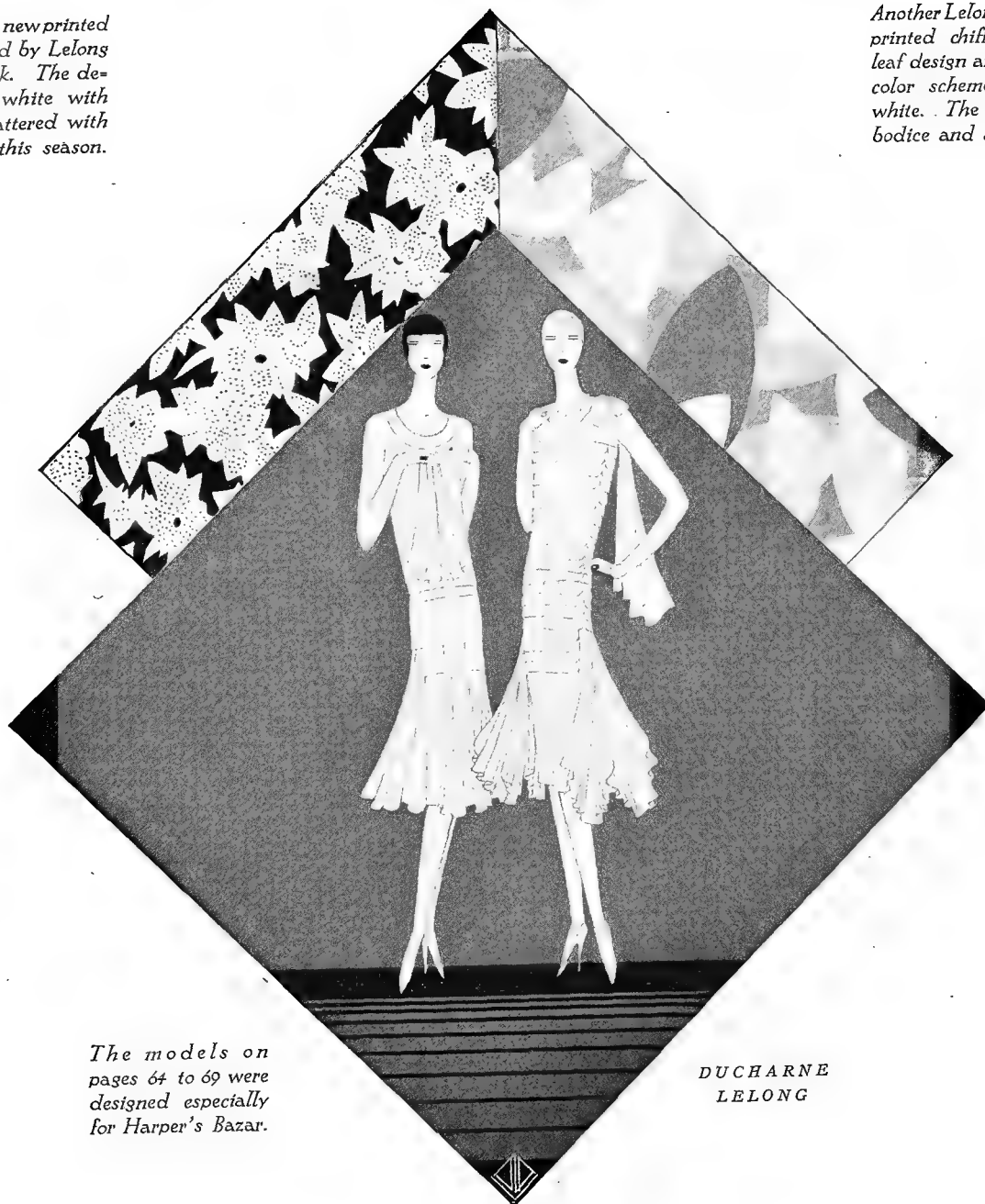
AGNÈS

RODIER

Agnès has made striking use of Rodier's new all-silk jersey called "djersasot" for this attractive little hat and scarf set. The material is woven in a fine zigzag, in three wide stripes, pale blue, dark bright blue and rich crimson. A set for informal wear.

One of Ducharne's very new printed crêpes de Chine is used by Lelong for this charming frock. The design is in black and white with the white surfaces spattered with black—a novelty of this season.

Another Lelong gown in Ducharne's printed chiffon in a modernistic leaf design and a Marie Laurencin color scheme of pink, blue and white. The gown has a slender bodice and a softly flaring skirt.



The models on pages 64 to 69 were designed especially for Harper's Bazar.

DUCHARNE
LELONG

PARIS FABRICS

Tweeds, Jerseys and Crêpey Weaves Lead the Woolens with a Tendency Toward Suppleness and Lightness. Crêpes, Chiffons, Satins and Sports Silks Lead the Silks with a Tendency Toward Greater Stiffness

BY MARJORIE HOWARD

THE situation in fabrics is like the situation in fashions. Instead of plunging each season into a sea of unrelated novelties, new for the sake of newness only, they develop slowly along indicated lines. Thus, the two main groups, woolens and silks, are gradually developing in diametrically opposite directions. This tendency began some time ago, when woolens took on a flexibility and thinness hitherto found only in silks; while silks for evening wear, on the contrary, revived the heavy qualities of an earlier epoch, and revolutionized the evening mode in doing so. So, in the spring collections, we find this stiffness in

silks spreading to the daytime mode, with crisper, firmer fabrics which will certainly bring about a less "floue" style of daytime frock; while woolens, in some of their new versions, are as ethereal as any silken fabric.

The tweeds, always thought of as bulky, solid materials, are appearing in feather weights, and even in the thicker versions they have gained in flexibility. They are still extremely important, and their popularity for general wear will certainly continue. Their place in the wardrobe is incontestable; at the same time we must not lose sight of the fact that this place is becoming more specialized. A few years ago, the

Ritz at lunch time saw many tweed costumes worn by the smartest women. Now, though they still wear their tweeds occasionally, there is no doubt that more formal fabrics have taken the leading place.

At the present moment, beautiful furs, breitschwanz, fine dark mink, beige ermine, well-cut Persian lamb, even occasionally sable, all cut on slender smart lines, are seen in quantities on a "good" day, worn over matching gowns in silken materials, or in very thin woolens, if the weather be very cold. Sometimes the short fur jacket is worn by a younger woman, and very well it looks on a trim figure,



Taffeta, printed on the warp, is used for this gown. The fern-leaf design, by Bianchini, is in cerise on pale gray. Many of the new designs for spring make interesting use of leaves. The gown, designed by Redfern, makes the best of a stiff material, using it in flat, trailing panels.

REDFERN
BIANCHINI

not too tall. If fur coats are not worn, I see handsome ensembles in cloth, sometimes but more rarely in velveteen or velvet, black, very dark blue, fur-brown, sometimes dark green, or even red, trimmed with rich furs, flat or fluffy, blending or contrasting. The gown may match in color, or there may be a blouse of another material and color, often satin; for the blouse is undoubtedly returning to favor. White satin blouses with black coats, putty with brown or dark blue, are good. In the spring we are promised many suits of silk or satin materials with three-quarter or shorter coats, fur trimmed to begin with, and important blouses.

The jerseys and crêpey weaves in woolens are as important as tweeds. The jerseys, of course, are frequently used in combination with tweeds for morning ensembles on semi-sports and sports lines. Some of the new ones are so thin and light as to be mere films of weaving. Many of them are extremely colorful, blending as many as five shades in the same material. On the Last-Minute pages, you will see a hat and scarf from Agnès, using one of these ethereal jerseys from Rodier, called "djersaplume," or "feather jersey."

On page 64, there is a new all-silk jersey from the same house, woven in three stripes, two blues and a crimson, which Agnès has

used in a set of hat, bag and sweater. The milliners are adopting these fabrics in their search for novelty. I think Maria Guy was the first to see the millinery possibilities of the Rodier fabrics. You remember I showed a hat of hers in one of them in the September number. Among Meyer's new jerseys is a series of very fine examples, woven in tiny openwork designs, imitating old-fashioned crochet patterns. These are so light in weight, that they weigh only four ounces to the square meter.

Another important new material, which illustrated the same tendency toward extreme thinness, is Rodier's "Rodelic," a voile that is made of a thread as fine as fine cotton. Schia-



Printed chiffon promises to retain all its popularity for afternoon and evening in the spring mode. This is a new design from Coudurier, featuring the autumn colorings, a combination of orange, yellow, black, and white. Molyneux has designed the gown on his evening silhouette lines.



MOLYNEUX
COUDURIER

parelli has made a gown of this, drawn by Luza on page 69, and I hear that all the leading dressmakers have ordered it. A special process is needed to spin a woolen thread even and thin enough for such a transparent material, and it is a great technical triumph of weaving. Rodier also continues his exquisite "tuslikashas," woven like a tussore in silk and wool, almost as fine as a batiste. A striking feature of his spring collection is the use of woven, designs instead of printed ones. He says that he has tried to do in weaving what has been done of late years by the simpler process of printing, and success is proved by a score of beautiful examples.

The tussore weaves are very important. Meyer's most attractive novelty is a tussore in silk and wool, which comes in an enormous range of plain colors, and also in a variety speckled in black. Speckled materials are well represented. A Rodier success is a "ziblikasha poudré," or brushed kasha with a surface spattered all over with black and white dots, like grains of salt and pepper. Agnès has made an attractive set of hat and bag in this material. On page 68 Luza has drawn a special model created by Chantal for Harper's Bazar in Meyer's tussore, which he calls "tusselya." Most of his novelties end in "lya," this year, but I feel sure that you do not care for a cata-

logue of French names of fabrics, hard to pronounce, and impossible to remember.

In the new crêpey woollens, we find an important Meyer novelty illustrated on page 68. Chantal designed this gown for us in Meyer's "Madiana Pointillé," a crêpey base, successful last year, which appears this spring in new forms. The most amusing is dotted all over the surface with raised woolen dots, sometimes matching, sometimes contrasting in color. Among Rodier's crêpey fabrics, there is a new crepella, called "crepellété," or summer crepella, very light and thin, with excellent draping qualities.

The mixtures of silk and wool are popular

in both these woolen collections. Often, this spring, they are woven with a frosted effect, more attractive in light than in dark colors. They all have names, but I spare you the list. You will undoubtedly see them in the new models imported after this month's openings.

In the Rodier collection, both cottons and linens appear in new guises. Schiaparelli has designed a most attractive suit in one of the heavy linens, like an old-fashioned crash, and with it is a blouse in a new openwork linen weave, something like a linen jersey. If the clerk of the weather should favor us with a hot summer, such as we enjoyed last year, cotton and linen materials will take a quite important place in smart wardrobes.

In Rodier's collection, there are about twenty-five different weaves of cotton, printed or embroidered with new designs. Among them, is a series of heavy materials, with raised cotton velvet patterns, designed for beach wraps.

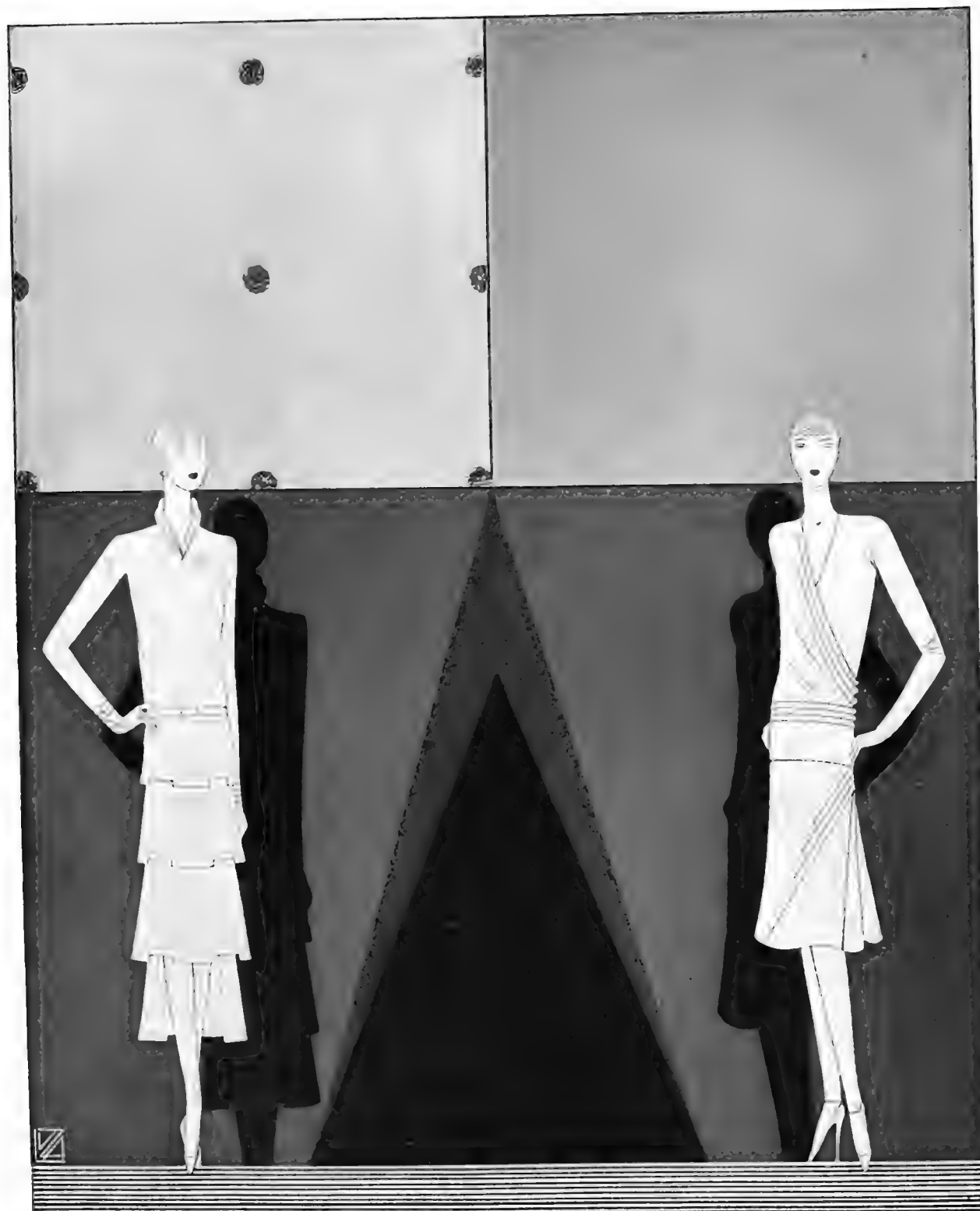
Beach life has become so important, that even the greatest fabric makers are designing materials especially for it. Rodier has found a new way of printing jersey with sun and sea water-proof colors especially for bathing suits. In cotton, he has done a series of big squares, printed with toile de Jouy designs taken from the native costumes of the old provinces of France, which are perfectly delightful. In his usual helpful way, he shows these cut out and appliquéd to various materials, such as a coarse peasant linen called "toilannam," that looks extremely well.

Among the new scarfs and squares, I must mention Rodier's new yacht club pennant designs printed in frank, bold color schemes on crêpe and on tuslikasha. Some of the designers are making attractive little frocks of these squares, combining them with plain tuslikasha in an écreu shade. As I am on the subject of scarfs, I will also note his little squares of

Scotch plaid woolens, gay and brilliant, with twisted fringes. Agnès has made a set of hat and scarf of them on the Last-Minute pages. Scarfs, you see, are as important as ever.

Both Rodier and Meyer have some interesting ideas about spring colors. Rodier notes an interest in the yellows. Combinations of colors, beige, cream, brown, for example, are conspicuous in his collection, but even newer are the combinations of many colors, particularly in the jerseys. Pastel colors are represented, but side by side with them are gay, brilliant shades, especially some splendid reds, particularly a new terra-cotta red. There are also rich blues, and a deep strong green. Meyer mixes many of his full colors with gray or grège, giving a soft effect. Here pastel shades are good. Beige and string color are more important than gray. Black and white effects are frequent and striking.

Among the dressmakers, Meyer reports special interest in yellow, pale beiges or put-



CHANTAL-MEYER

CHANTAL-MEYER

Chantal has designed this frock of Meyer fabric, "madiana pointillé," a light-weight crêpey weave with woolen dots. It is black with black dots, the only touch of color in the scarf, half of which is Chantal pink, the other half white. Note the triple, crenelated skirt tiers. The panels of the upper tier are longer in back, forming a chopped-off train.

A Chantal model, made to simulate a frock. Fashioned of "tusselya," a Meyer fabric of silk and wool tussore in a shade of light cinnamon brown. There is both a frock and a jacket, though the jacket fits so closely that the effect of a frock only is given when the suit is worn. The only trimming is appliquéd bands of the same material set on in diagonal lines.

ties, bright red, jade-green, slate-blue, pastel blue, "iron blue," pale gray. Both American and French dressmakers have bought heavily of these colors, but America has taken more red and green than Paris. There are many neutral colored tweeds, brownish tones being popular; but some of the tweeds are in very colorful heather mixture effects. There are also olive green, a light leaf green, and a good many dark blues. Many yellows, both citron and a creamy egg-yolk-and-milk tone. Mixtures of all kinds are strongly represented.

As to designs, Rodier shows many checks, some very tiny, some larger in line; moderate-sized Scotch plaids, some high colored; checks are very important here as elsewhere, and the couture is taking a great interest in them. They promise to be almost as popular as dots were last year.

Some stripes appear, especially in Roman colorings. Patterns are equally divided be-

tween flowers, conventional forms, and modernistic designs, the latter very striking.

I think the most interesting tendency in the silk collections is toward crisper, firmer materials. Akin to this is the new fashion of weaving the thinner types, crêpe de Chine, even occasionally chiffon, with a small satiny design, usually a small dot, tiny line plaid, or little Chinese broché design. This new weave gives more body to the material and at the same time brightens and enlivens its surface. When these materials are printed, the colored pattern falls on both the plain dull surface and on the satiny design, giving it an odd brilliance here and there.

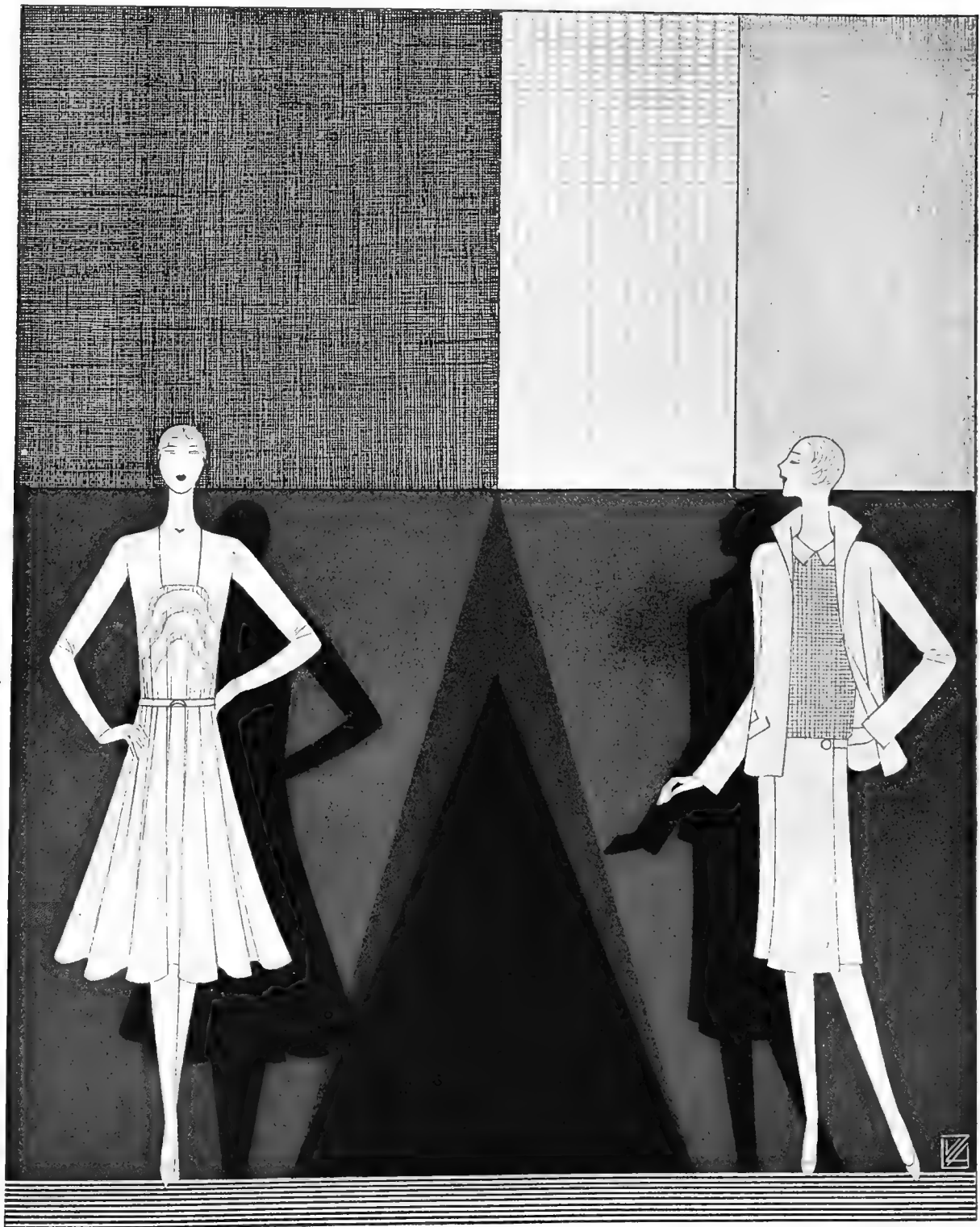
At Coudurier's, among the crisper silks, we find a new tussore, called "tussore façonné," woven with a small satiny broché design. This is designed for sports and semi-sports frocks. We find also "crêpe de Chine façonné," woven with a small shiny dot scattered over the sur-

face and then printed; "crêpe satin façonné" with shiny lines on a base of crêpe satin, printed; and "mousseline façonnée," a chiffon striped with both wide and line stripes in satin, then printed. Moire, also, is woven at this house with a small broché design this year.

At Bianchini's there are several of the firmer silks designed for sports frocks. These are not new, having appeared last year, but they are printed in new designs. They include, "surah brita," a heavy silk surah weave, especially adapted for beach wear, dyed with sun-fast colors, some being also sea waterproof. This is a vegetable silk material. "Irana" is a sort of silk alpaca woven with a wavy check. "Stuard" is a sports material in cotton and silk with a somewhat velvety surface. There is also a "tussore façonné" here, woven with a satiny broché design and then printed. In addition to these, there appears the famous "flamenga," (Continued on page 146)

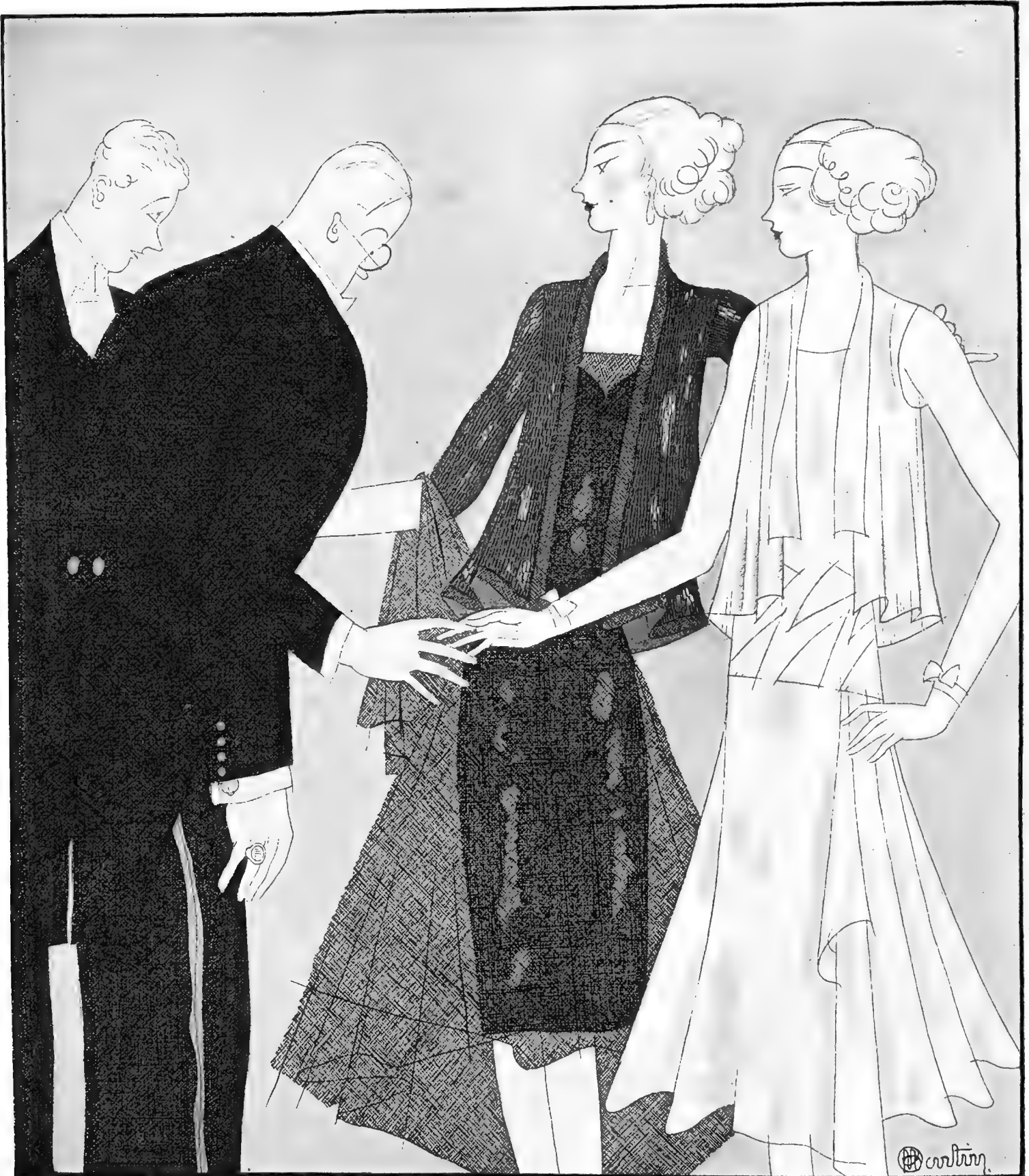
Schiaparelli has designed with her usual skill a charming frock in Rodier's striking novelty "voile rodélic". This is a thin all-wool voile, as supple and transparent as a silk voile. It is used in two layers, black over white, and on the white are curved bands of the black which show through the semi-transparent material with an altogether striking effect.

From Schiaparelli is this smart tailored suit made of Rodier's linen crash which he calls "toile-annam". It is the natural color of the linen thread, a grayish white, and both in weight and texture lends itself beautifully to tailoring. The blouse is of a loosely woven linen, almost lacy in weave, like an open-work jersey, in the same grayish white shade.



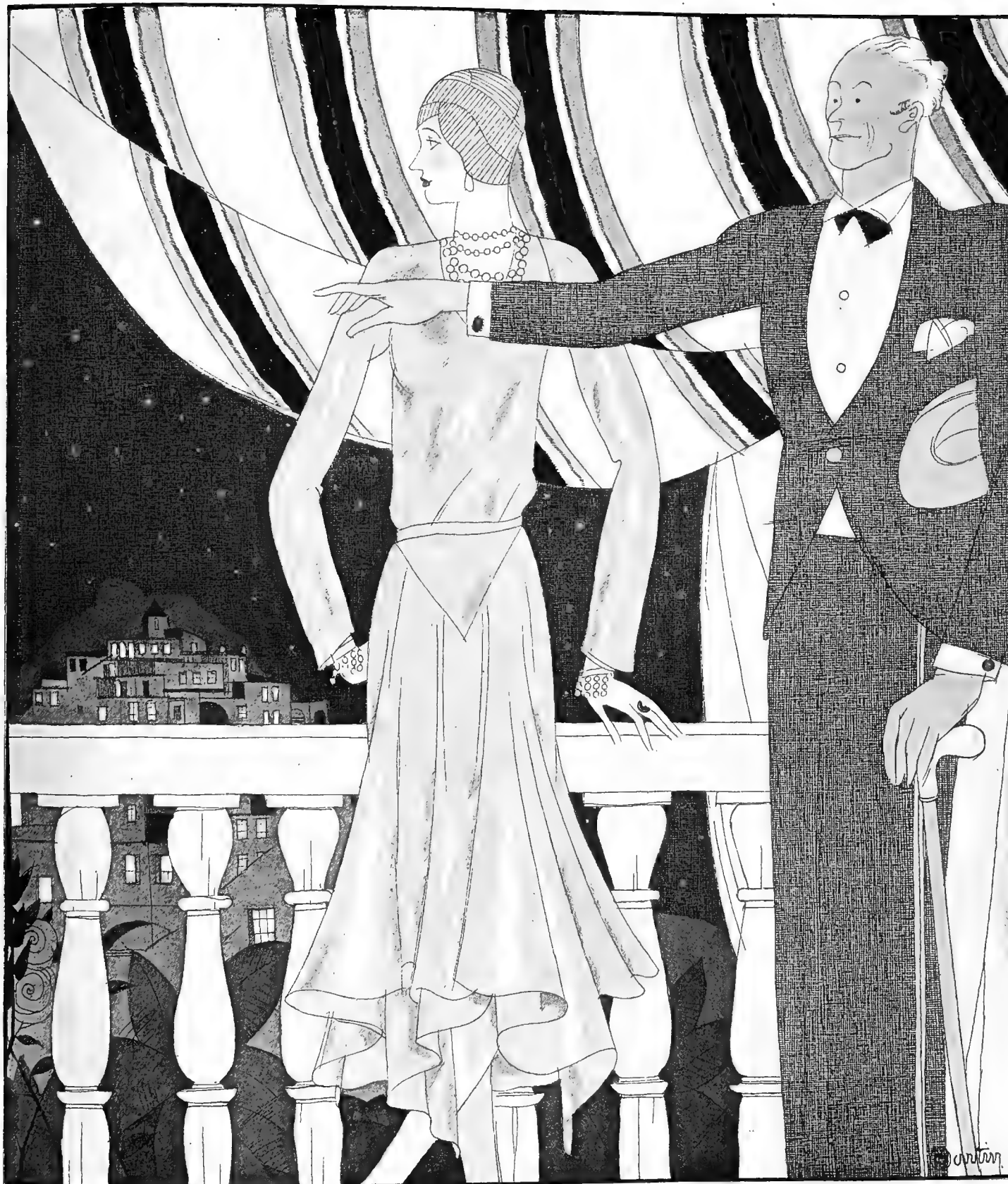
SCHIAPARELLI-RODIER

SCHIAPARELLI-RODIER



LA MÈRE ET LA FILLE ET LES AMIS, OU UNE
PRÉSENTATION QUI FINIRA PAR UN MARIAGE

Lanvin creates a striking contrast in these black and white costumes for mother and daughter. The mother's gown, of black tulle over satin, is very long in the back. The jacket of jet beads has elbow sleeves, finished with frills of the tulle. The daughter's frock of white chiffon has white satin triangles appliquéd around the waist and a sleeveless jacket with hanging ties of the brilliant white satin.



LE CICERONE IMPROVISÉ, OU LE VIEIL AMI COMPLAISANT ET LA BELLE JEUNE DAME

Vionnet made this gown of gold tissue, with long sleeves for restaurant and hotel wear, especially for Madame Agnès. The slim bodice is belted high with a band of the same fabric as the dress; the skirt is very full in front. The jewels worn with the costume are, a necklace of alternate gold and turquoise beads and bracelets of fringes of the same alternated beads. The turban, typical of Madame Agnès herself, is of golden mesh.

NOTES FROM PARIS ON FORMAL BAGS

A handsome purse shape for afternoon comes from Hermès, in black reindeer, fine and satiny. It is mounted in silver, lacquered with black enamel. The initials are either marcasite or diamonds.

One of Louiseboulanger's most successful evening bags is a small model in gold metal brocade. The shape is odd, and the fastening consists of a gold cord and tassels wrapped around the bag.

A novel-shaped bag to carry with formal afternoon dress. It is of black reindeer with mounting of the same, while the rings to hold the handles and the fastening are in ivory and marcasite. Hermès.

For evening is this handleless bag, from Germaine Guerin, which closes well and keeps its contents safely. It is in a new gold tweed, called "Casoar," made of woven strips of silk and gilded leather.

Another Germaine Guerin evening bag of heavy satin broché with a tiny sprig design in either gold or silver. The satin comes in black, white, cream, putty and other pale shades to match one's gown.



DA



Bags of fabric to match the costume are increasingly smart, especially in tweeds. This bag from London Trades is in a small design in gray, white and black. The mounting is in polished wood.

There are three leading shapes in present-day bags: the envelope, the bag with a handle, and the bag without. This Germaine Guerin bag belongs to the last group. It is of brown antelope.

Bags of reptile leather are excellent for travel or for morning. This bag from Louis Vuitton, the famous maker of smart luggage, is in brown crocodile, with fastening and mounting of gilded metal.

Also from Louis Vuitton is this bag, designed to complete an ensemble. It is made in fine seal in color to match the costume, in this case à rich dark green, with a fastening made of real jade.

Another bag with a handle, this time from Hermès, is made of gray-beige moroccan leather. The interest is in the unique handle, which is made of silver, snapped together like a dog's leash.

THE CHIC BAG MATCHES THE COSTUME



"UNAWARE of any inconsistency she stood up and stretched out her arms to the sea. 'Did I ask you to make me understand?' she said. 'I do not care to understand, I want to live . . . I want to love . . . to hate . . . to be happy!'"

A Story by Amory Hare:

SUNG IN THE STREET

*There Is but one Woman in any Man's Life
Who Loves Him until Death*

Illustration by Addison Burbank

SHE saw him first in tweeds, with his painting kit on his back, coming along the stony path beyond the lighthouse. At their feet the Mediterranean pitched lazily at the sheer cliffs, and behind them the Pyrenees overshadowed the neat vineyards tilting their pebbly, fertile soil almost to the edges of the little inland beaches. He stood aside for her to pass, so of course she was forced to do so, but after passing she found that she had paused involuntarily and looked over her shoulder. As he had done just that himself, they both smiled, and, pulling off his cap, he said in French, "Must we go in opposite directions?"

She sat down on a rock and suppressed a laugh. And, in English, she replied, "Anything is possible at Port Vendres."

He flung off his pack and ran his hands through thick, dark hair.

"Is it as bad as that?" he asked, in his native tongue.

"I see nothing iniquitous in my remark—" she began.

"I was referring to my French," he said with solemnity.

"Ah," she cried, "on the contrary! But I was merely making it known to you that your nationality was not an enigma to me."

"No?" he seated himself at her feet, and the sea sighed, for it had seen the curtain rise upon this drama since the beginning of time.

"And just what other things do you discover at a glance?" he continued.

"No, no. It is your turn."

"You have seen that I am an Englishman. My countrymen are never clairvoyants. What you are I cannot tell. I can tell you that you have brown eyes and little, tinted, conch-shell ears, and no one with both of these possessions ought to go about in Port Vendres, or any other part of France, alone. I assume that you are French, although you speak English with scarcely an accent, and I demand an explanation of what brings you to this backwater of the world."

"Explanations!" she said. "It is always so with you English. You must have the reasons for everything, foolishly forgetting that with this, the charm, the magic, flies out the window. Always you seek to secure those things which are essentially transient. Then you are sorry and angry, and become morose or cynical."

"You are wise as well as beautiful, O Queen,"

he said, but his voice contained a note of conjecture which she did not like. It was as if he weighed her acts in the days before they had met, which, as everybody knows, is not fair in any haphazard flirtation.

"We French know that human relationships, human feelings, are made up of fragile things," she said quickly, "like flowers which

hardwoods of England at that time are full of a somber beauty."

"You were thinking of trees!" she asked incredulously.

"Of trees," he said, "because, you see, in England we do rather give them a chance, whereas in France—"

"And what have they to do with that of which we were speaking?"

"Only this—that the way we regard our trees and the way you regard your trees, represents, in a way, an attitude of mind about a lot of other things."

Her eyes brightened. This was a personal, not an abstract, conversation, after all.

"Your way of taking each season's growth as it comes," he continued, "of casting it into the fire, and turning to other cuttings—how can you burn anything but fagots, really? We are damned, on the other hand, by a craving for that which will endure, and a child-like faith that it will endure, because we want it to so much. We want things to grow to a considerable size or be brought to the ground. That's why we leave our trees alone—or because of Tyne coal!" he added with a sudden smile. Then he looked up at her and said:

"At any rate, what I mean is, that what we cast into the blaze is bigger stuff than what you do."

"One does not think of the Anglo-Saxon as giving very greatly to his emotions. And surely you do not mean me to suppose that your countrymen make a better job of what the world calls 'morality' than mine!"

"The Anglo-Saxon makes as few conscious selections between these things as any other breed, that is, from the purely righteous standpoint. But he has a horror of appearing ridiculous which pursues him from birth to death. He is a self-conscious animal, inordinately shy. There have to be decent intervals between his inner experiences or he feels silly in his own eyes, and these intervals vary in the individual. The Anglo-Saxon was born grown up. You French never make that costly mistake. You are always children."

She laughed. "I am very curious about all your opinions," she told him. "Tell me, for one thing, why it is that your people always look so disillusioned and full of care—as if they could enjoy nothing. (Continued on page 126)

POST-SCRIPT

By JOHN V. A. WEAVER

VERY well. Please consider the incident
An incident—and closed. . . . Much safer so.
Safety is best. For we were never meant,
Apparently, being what we are, to know
The sweet satiety that gamblers taste
Winning a flaming moment. Start your dance—
Your doll=jazz once again, the while I waste
My hours in my dutiful, safe trance.
For such as we, Spring's trumpets sound in vain;
Yes, middle=age has caught us; we are done
With the voluptuous rhythm of the rain;
The thawing, hot insistence of the sun.

I echo to your vapid plea, "'Tis Fate"—
And hate you with a sullen, lifeless hate.

rise and bloom, and go to seed; we are wise, we accept the seasons, without bitterness. We instinctively know when a thing is gone not to return."

"Ah," he said, sitting down and lighting a pipe.

"Is it not quite, quite true?" she said at last in a small, deliberately humble voice.

"It is true that when things are gone, they are gone. It is not true that you make any less outcry against their going than we do. Desolation is desolation. The difference lies in your being temperamentally better fitted to escape it than we are."

He lapsed into complete silence, during which she felt very considerably beyond her depth.

"If you would kindly tell me what you are thinking about," she suggested.

"You mentioned the seasons, I think," he replied. "I was thinking of autumn. The



Sherril Schell

Opalescent in the morning sun, Havana lies day-dreaming before the visitor.

FEBRUARY ON THE CUBAN RIVIERA

*Rainbow-Tinted Havana, the Social World's Newest
Winter Pleasure City*

BY JOHN HERMES

WE WERE discussing excitement. How much could be jammed, with effort, into one waking, working day.

"I think I win," said Jocelyn, my niece, "with the day I flew over to Havana for the week-end. It began with toast and cocoa at Miami at nine in the morning, and ended with daiquiris next morning at four in the Montmartre atop the Metropolitan Auto Company storage garage in Havana. I lived the twenty-four hours in the life of a débutante that day.

"We flew high, wide, and handsome. The Gulf of Mexico was blue, as per schedule, and we were almost on time, reaching the vast open spaces which form the back yard of the Almendares Hotel about in time for an early lunch.

"You're five minutes late," said Susan.

"Step on it, Young Thing," said Bill. "We're due at the bathing beach in five minutes. Your clothes will be ready for you in Susan's room at the Almendares at one. We have a luncheon date with Joe Palma and some Beautiful Young Cubans at the Jockey Club at one-thirty. Young Harkness wants you to drop

over to the Polo Field about five. We have a dinner on for you at the Sevilla. To-night is the big night at the Jockey Club, and besides you'll probably want to see the Jai-Alai game, and the Casino, and we're all going in bathing again, around midnight, at the Yacht Club."

"I'd like to see Havana, please," I said. "Isn't it attractive? I've heard so. And, besides, I am hungry."

"The motor pulled up alongside an aggregation of bathing huts that seemed to cover acres, with covered terraces, and a dance band going, and exciting young men with shoulders like bronze statues. The sun was gorgeous, the sand hot, the water warm. It took four young Cubans—what eyes and biceps!—to get me out.

"From then on I really lose track. I remember luncheon which prolonged into tea on the terrace of a sizable clubhouse in a racing enclosure with horse-racing and considerable Cuban enthusiasm outside, and eating, dancing, and betting inside. I'd rush outside to see a race, and then inside to dance. You could see the horses' hoofs all around the course—much better than Belmont. The Cuban youth are

good dancers, and I am not one who dislikes suave manners. They even tried to explain the pari-mutuel machines to me.

"About four, two of the Cubans piled us all into a magnificent open car, all gleaming nickel-work, and dashed up into Havana and all around the old section. The contrast between the stolid somber Spanish Colonial architecture and new Havana was so dramatic as to be heavenly. I suddenly realized I was in a foreign city. Narrow streets, heavy, proud, overwhelming buildings, all stone and gloom, with glimpses into their wide open insides, stores with no side walls, everybody living most chummily on the sidewalk. Smart traffic policemen in blue linen uniforms, ironed to take a high polish, controlling traffic lights, automatic, electric, like those at home.

"Harkness and some of his Meadowbrook playmates were knocking a ball around the corner of the Polo Field to which I was punctiliously rushed by attendant Cubans. They said they'd see me later that evening at the Yacht Club.

"Then to tea on the terrace of the Country

Club. Have I mentioned Planters' Punch, and the omnipresent daiquiri, also El Presidente, and the Mary Pickford? They are not really as deadly as they sound; at least they didn't seem seriously to hurt my young Cubans. Joe Kirkwood was playing that day.

"I wanted a nap when I reached the Sevilla, but Susan hustled me into our clothes, and we took the elevator to the roof, where, after running into the Bradleys in the Ladies' Bar, we entered on a little serious eating. I saw at least a dozen people I knew at the various tables. About ten we all went to see Jai-Alai. Imagine four huskies playing handball in a court the size of an armory, with long wicker extensions on their hands, which they use to catch and deliver the ball. They worked so quickly I grew dizzy trying to watch them. The balls hit the concrete with a noise like a pistol shot, the Cuban proletariat were yelling at the top of their lungs as they won or lost their bets on the players—all in all, one refined hullabaloo. It was the only place during the day where I didn't dance.

"Thence to the National Casino, where I lost some money eight different ways, tried some more dancing, ate some more food, and saw some more familiar faces, including a headwaiter from the New York Biltmore. Thence on the run to the real dance of the evening at the Jockey Club. And again thence to the Gala at the old Yacht Club and more dancing and, just after midnight, into bathing suits and the Caribbean again.

"Well . . . the water gave me and Bill a new lease of life, so sometime around two we parked Susan at the Almenares and, with our ever valiant young Cubans still tagging along, we motored out to the Pirates' Club at Cojimar Beach for another dance and the cabaret. Bill had an argument with the modest young Cubans as to what cabarets I should not be shown, and we finally



Along the ramparts of Morro, where Romance still divides sentry-go with the Cuban garrison.

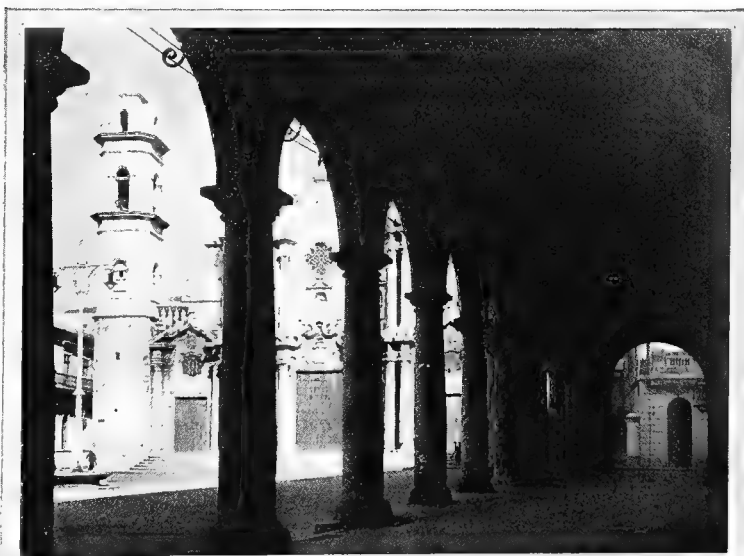
wound up at the Montmartre where, about four, —I think it was four—I suddenly realized there was probably a good bed waiting for me.

"A delegation of the young Cubans with whom I had danced helped Susan and Bill put me into the northbound plane that afternoon. I believe I had ninety dances in ninety different places, ate sterlet caviar forty-five times, and was told, several times, what a really attractive young girl I was . . . I've never been so scientifically rushed in my life."

Jocelyn's day in Havana may be taken as symbolic of what one with her enthusiasm for rapid motion may accomplish. It represents one point of view. A very popular point of view among Americans socially and financially equipped to follow the seasons to where they may be enjoyed most efficiently with others of one's own kind. At one time or another during the Havana season, which runs from New Year's to Easter, you will see at the race-track, on the floor at the Casino Nacional, in the surf at La Playa, on the terrace of the Country Club, everybody you know or have heard of, from Will Rogers to the Duchess of Sutherland.

Jocelyn's day may also be taken as the reason why one of the most astute of hotel and real estate entrepreneurs, Mr. John McEntee Bowman, is developing a combination Tuxedo Park-Monte Carlo in the general playground section of Havana which starts at the Almenares River, where the Malecon Drive ends, and runs west until it strikes the jungle. Mr. Charles Francis Flynn, sometime of Boston, later of Florida, and one of the five claimants to the title of Czar of Cuba, is in charge of operations.

The Cuban deprecates old Havana. There is an utterly unexpected streak of efficiency in the Cuban business man. One of the surprises of a first visit to Havana is to discover in how many shops are displayed the insignia of a Rotary member. The average Cuban citizen (Continued on page 116)



Cathedral Square—with the old cathedral seen picturesquely through the pillars of the high portico of a Spanish Colonial palace.



Morro Castle, the fort on the port side of the narrow bottle-neck harbor entrance, is a spectacular survival of a seventeenth-century type.



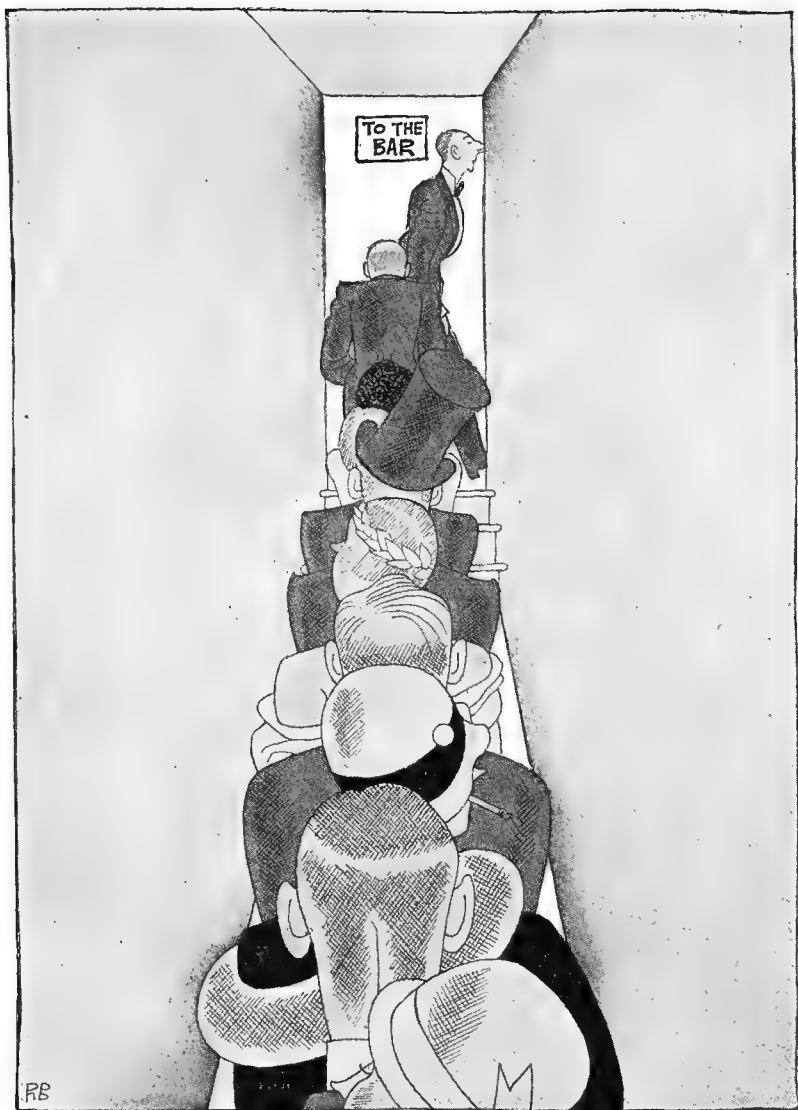
Old Havana is filled with homes centering up on an open patio with green foliage and cool shadows to offset the brilliant tropical sun.

By Frederick L. Collins:

DINING DE LUXE

*The Secret of Ordering Well
Seems to be One Long
Series of "Don'ts"*

Ralph Barton drew the Pictures



On the road to the Savoy Bar, London.

COCKTAILS? Certainly. But not in this golden place. Cocktails should be drunk in a small, low, dark, stuffy room. If possible, in great discomfort.

I have tried the other method: at Como, in the twilight splendors of the Villa d'Este; in the Bois, below the sunset waters of The Cascades; at Bertolini's, above Naples, with Vesuvius smoking lazily across the bay; in Algiers, on the sun-warmed flaggings in the hill-top garden of the St. George; in Cairo, on Shephard's immortal terrace. And I tell you: it won't do.

The great bars in history, with few exceptions, have been in cellars or back rooms. Prohibitionists may draw a moral from the fact. I don't. All I know is that the Hotel Cecil in London commands the Thames. So does its neighbor, the Savoy. The Cecil has a large, well-ventilated bar, comfortable chairs and tables, an excellent bartender, and at least six large windows opening on the historic river. And one drinks alone at the Cecil. The Savoy has a bar down a narrow passage, beyond an unused reading-room, in a little black pocket that has hardly any windows at all. And the Savoy bar is the most crowded bar in the world!

So to-night we'll drink our cocktails in "the Cambon end" of the Paris Ritz, in that little, low-ceilinged, heavy-aired cell which is sometimes called "The Black Hole of Calcutta." Frank shall make them for us—the same blond, pink, urbane Frank who used to stand so nobly behind the high mahogany at the old Hoffman House in Madison Square. No fruit juices, no extract of sugar, no creams, no flavorings, no disguises. Just cocktails. Just two. And very cold.

And over the cocktails we'll decide "what" and "where."

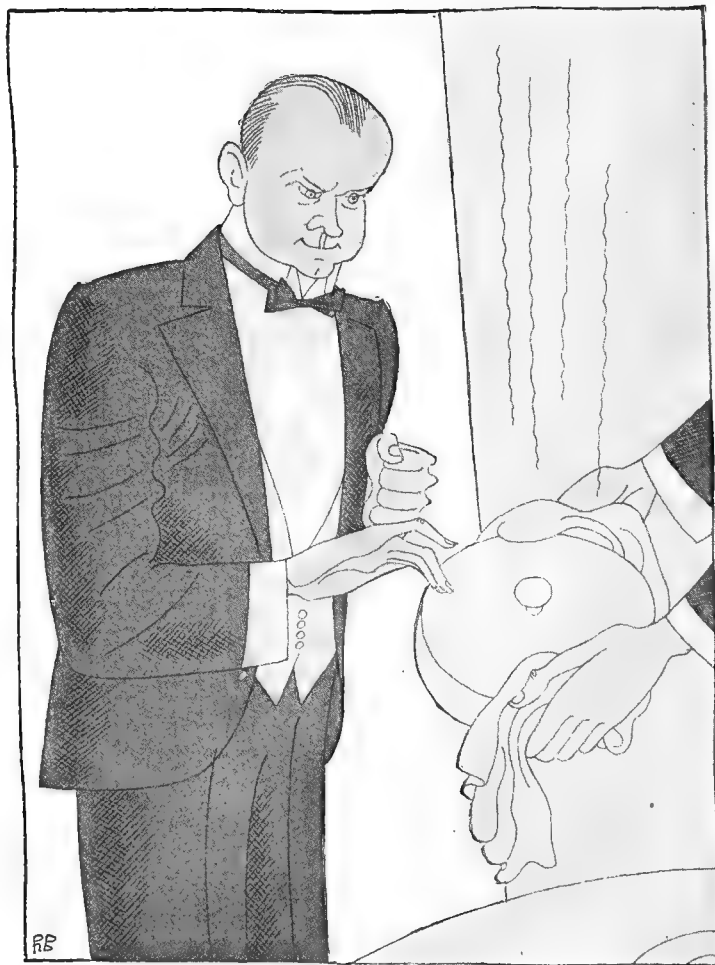
Of course, there is no good reason why we should stay in Paris for our dinner. Gourmets have wings and are never afraid to use them. Only the other day, I overheard a conversation between three experienced Americans, who were trying to agree on the best way to get to Italy from New York. The first man preferred the Mediterranean route. He liked the big new Italian liners that run to Naples and Genoa. The second objected to the nine-day trip. He intended to stick to Cherbourg or Havre; and, afterward, the Rome Express.

"You're both wrong," announced the third man. "The best way to go is to hop a Dutch boat and stop off in Holland for dinner."

He was indubitably right. The Restaurant Royal at The Hague is

the best restaurant in the world. I would defend that statement with my life. In fact, I have already done so—on many occasions. For dining at the Royal, especially if the menu includes that startling array of Dutch *hors d'œuvres*, is a strain which only the strong survive.

Every country has its Restaurant Royal, its restaurant *par excellence*. I have eaten notable meals at Biffi's in the Gallery at Milan; at Helder's and the Savoy in Brussels; at Tournie's in Madrid; at the Paris in Havana; at Antoine's in New Orleans; at the St. Francis in San Francisco; in the Everglades Club and at the Whitehall in Palm Beach; in Des Ambassadeurs at Cannes;



Theodore taking the soup's temperature before it is served.

at the Imperial in Vienna; in many Ritzes manywheres; and at Pierre's, Sherry's, Voisin's, the Colony, the Marguery and the Embassy Club in New York.

But since we are in Paris—

Well, anywhere but the Bois.

I admit that it would be celestial on a night like this in the fragrant old garden of the Château Madrid. Edmond is a skilful waiter. He would try faithfully to make us happy. But after cold cocktails, we must have hot soup. And hot soup must *not* be served in the open air.

Cocktails require discomfort. Soup requires temperature. I have seen bus-boys at Foyot's fairly gallop across the narrow hallway that separates the kitchen from the restaurant just in time to slip the great steaming crock under the upraised ladle of the waiting *maitre d'hôtel*. I have seen Theodore Titze, that little giant of the New York restaurants, run his soft white hand along the smooth surface of a steaming soup-crock before he would allow its contents to be served to an important guest. And I know few adventures of the table more exciting than the serving and eating of a plate of Maryland gumbo in the sedate dining-room at the Belvidere in Baltimore. The crock is glistening with heat. The soup plates are comfortably warm, and deep enough to hold the aroma. The manner of the old colored servant is respectful toward you and worshipful toward your food. The result is that a very simple okra-thickened soup-stock, into which a few crab-flakes have been thrown, becomes a gastronomic poem.

So we'll be very careful about our soup and the way it is served. We won't have *bortch* or *bouilla-baisse*, or that fascinating mixture of eggs, milk, flour, and mystery which the good people of Limoges call *clafoutis*. We'll be conservative and have a simple *petite marmite*. But we'll have it hot!

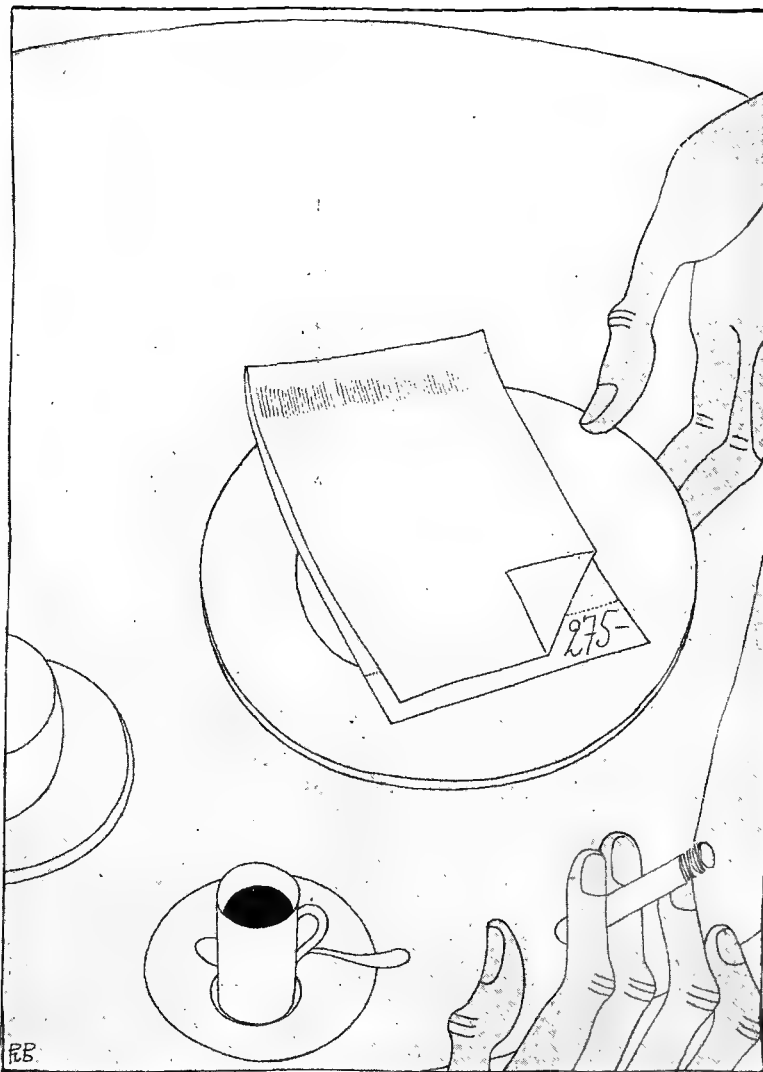
Cocktails—very cold.

Soup—very hot.

And now, fish—very clean.

I'll guarantee that a cold cocktail, a hot soup and a clean fish—perhaps the adjective "plain" is more appetizing—will bring you up to the entrée *hungry*. And that, after all, is what you should wish to be. But now that we have had a bite together, and maybe drunk a glass of pale sherry with our *marmite* and another glass of *haut Barsac* with our trout, I might as well confess that there isn't going to be any entrée in our dinner.

It may have been a cute trick for Philip the Good to sit down to



After dinner—l'addition.



The chef at Foyot's serves an appetizing duck with oranges.

an all-day repast of one hundred and ninety-two dishes. It may have pleased Catherine de Medici to "taste everything"—as a chronicler of the period recorded that she did—at a dinner whose main course alone consisted of pheasants, swans, capons, peacocks, herons, pigs, pigeons, rabbits, deer, hare, geese, quails, cranes, and bustards. It may have consorted with the fasting ideas of an early Archbishop of Paris, to sit himself down to a Lenten repast of "4 large fresh salmon, 10 turbot, 12 lobsters, 50 pounds of whale, 200 tripes of cod, a basket of mussels, 9 fresh shad, 18 trout, 17 pike, 62 carp, 18 lampreys, 200 large prawns, 200 white herrings, 200 sour herrings, 80 salted salmon, 18 plaice, 3 baskets of whitebait, and 600 frogs." But in these thyroid times, we must be more careful of our figures!

A dinner, to our modern way of thinking, is an exercise in "teasing." Each course is like an act in a play. All the acts, except the final one, should arouse interest, stimulate anticipation. Only the last act should satisfy. To serve too much too early in the meal is like trying to play the big scene and the final curtain in the first few minutes of a show. So the most popular dinner routes at the moment lead directly from the fish through lamb to the very small bird—a tiny woodcock or a fat little partridge; or through chicken, guinea hen, or young turkey to a distinctive salad like alligator pear, to artichokes, to asparagus, or to *aubergines*.

It is impossible to go wrong over either of these well-worn gastronomic highways. I took the first road with excellent results last summer, on the open terrace overlooking the Lichtenthaler Allee at Baden-Baden, and I have taken the second many times on the lantern-hung roof of the New York Ritz.

But to-night, we will take neither.

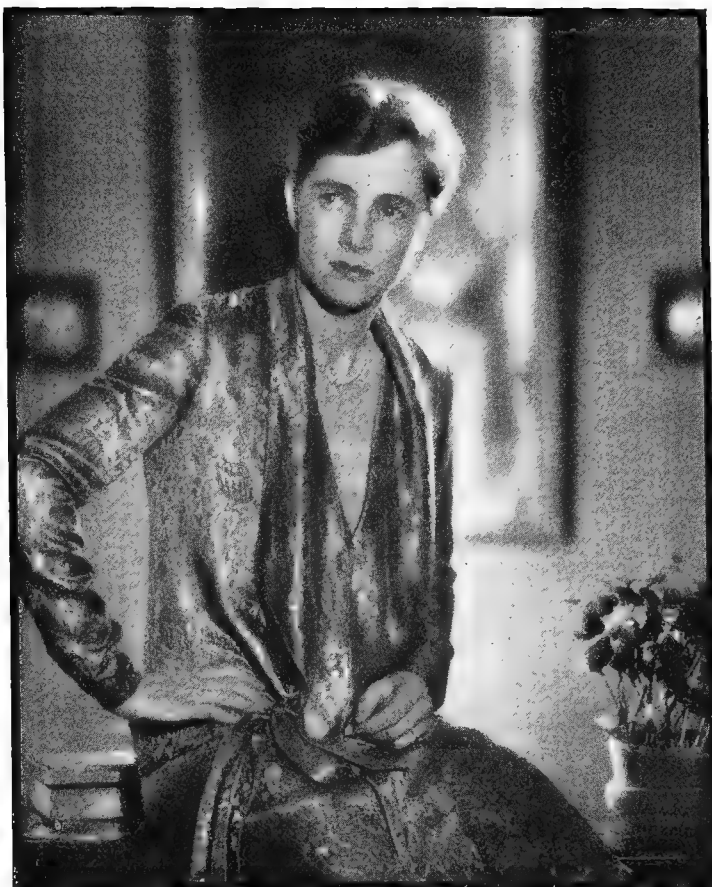
We will have duck.

At Frederic's? If you insist. But there is no more need of going to the Tour d'Argent for duck than there is for going to Prunier's for oysters or to the Pharimond in the Halls for tripe. The chef at Foyot's makes a duck, roasted, with oranges in the platter and golden brown *pommes Anna* on the side, that is infinitely more appetizing than Frederic's squeezed-out, soggy "mess."

And afterward, a salad? Orange and romaine, I think, after the duck; or lettuce plain, with a wafer-thin slice of Westphalia ham.

But—Rome is not burning. We'll eat again. (Concluded on page 129)

By St. John Ervine:



Arthur Murrough O'Neill

Hope Williams became a star almost over night. Last season she appeared in "Paris Bound" in a minor rôle. Philip Barry immediately wrote a comedy for her—"Holiday." It was an instantaneous success.

YOUR THEATRE AND OURS

*In Which a Distinguished British Critic
Tells of our Artistic Differences*

THE habit of generalizing about men and institutions is becoming commoner and stupider, and youths and maidens and even elderly persons, after a trip around the world lasting for anything from six to nine months, will boldly dispose of the races of the earth in a sentence apiece. The Americans are this, the English are that, the French are something else, and the Russians are either everything or nothing. The Americans are hustling money-grubbers, the English are humorless hypocrites, the French are immoral frog-eaters, and the Russians are mystical murderers. A lady lately attempted to dispose of the nations of the world in bright, brief and breezy paragraphs on their legs. It appeared that each nation has one sort of female leg—masculine legs were not mentioned—which may instantly be recognized as the leg of that race. In my ignorance, I had imagined that legs everywhere were various, male legs being as mixed and assorted as female legs, but the lady in her article assured me that there is one leg which is American, another leg which is English and a third which is French. Nor can the first be mistaken for the third, or the second for anything but its fat self. Connoisseurs, seemingly, taking one peep at a

woman's leg, can instantly tell that she was born and raised in the vicinity of Varengeville in Normandy, or Kettering in England or about seven miles from Montauk Point on Long Island.

That, ladies and gentlemen, is modern science as acquired from the Herren Freud and Jung. It makes me yawn. And yawn. And yawn. I envy anyone who is able to write a little label and affix it to a nation as who should say, "There, I've got you nicely sized up! There's not much more than that to be said about you!" But I have my doubts. I suspect that there is a great deal more to be said about any race than has yet been said or ever will be said. And so, although I am about to indulge in some generalizations myself, I beg my readers to believe that I do not consider that I am a sort of Moses bringing Tables of the Law down from any mountain. Infallibility is not my strong suit. I am, heaven help me, a weak and erring man, capable of making mistakes; capable, too, of being completely wrong.

When I am asked, therefore, to describe the differences between your theatre and ours, meaning by that, the American and the English theatres, I begin by replying that my knowledge of the English theatre is more extensive than

my knowledge of the American theatre, and that there are great gaps in my information about your theatre. When the New York World invited me to visit New York for six months to criticize the American drama, it could not foresee that I should arrive in America in time to see one of the worst seasons that has afflicted Broadway in many years. Had I arrived in New York in the season of 1927-28, I should have seen a remarkable number of fine plays. If I were to leave America with no other knowledge of its theatre than I have acquired during my present visit, I might go in a state of great gloom about its future. Notoriously, the New York theatre has had a bad time, not only in the quality of the plays that have been produced, but in the matter of money. Broadway has been badly hit, and plays have been collapsing in heaps. At one theatre, on one evening, the total takings were fifty dollars. There were twenty people "down-stairs" at one performance in another theatre. The running expenses of a third play are seven thousand dollars in excess of the actual receipts. Enormous sums of money have been squandered on trash since September, 1928, and panic-stricken producers are pacing (Continued on page 144)



Koshida

LADY MENDL

After a visit in New York, Lady Mendl has just returned to Paris to open her new apartment in the Avenue d'Iéna. Since her marriage to Sir Charles Mendl, who is connected with the British Embassy in Paris, the former Miss Elsie de Wolfe has spent the greater part of each year abroad. Her enchanting Villa Trianon, at Versailles, is a meeting-place for the cosmopolitan world in Europe. Lady Mendl is shown here in a smart coat designed for her by Loutseboulanger. It is of pale beige breitschwanz, and its cuffs and bow are beige and brown crêpe.



"In an instant the light and gaiety and charm had returned to Sylvia. 'Darling,' she said, and her arms were flung round his neck and her face was lifted, laughing into his."

A Story by Alec Waugh:

EXILED

*In which a Husband Learns a new Meaning of the old
Saying, "All that Glitters Is not Gold"*

Illustrated by John LaGatta

"IT'S a nice necklace; say it's a nice necklace, darling."
"Oh, yes," he admitted grudgingly. "It's nice enough."

"And it is worth five thousand dollars, isn't it? And you're pleased I've bought it? And it makes me look the cunningest thing, now doesn't it?"

And jumping across to the looking-glass she bent forward, the necklace held out in front of her. "It's a peach," she murmured. "I know you couldn't have borne the idea of anybody else wearing it?"

Dick Vinning laughed. Yes, it was a peach all right, and she was, this wilful, irresponsible wife of his, the cunningest thing, assuredly. Nevertheless, five thousand dollars. . . .

"It's worthy of you, Sylvia. I can't say more. And it's a notable triumph that you should have wrested it from competition. All the same, as Pyrrhus remarked after a costly battle, a few more such victories and we are ruined."

In an instant she was at his side, and her arms, her cool, soft arms, were about his neck, and the scented velvet of her cheek was against his hair, and her lips were pouted murmuringly against his cheek.

"Precious, you're not grudging me five thousand dollars? Not when those canneries shares have gone up all that much. You told me only yesterday that you'd cleared. . . ."

"But I was thinking. . . ." he expostulated.

She laid a refraining finger across his mouth. "You were thinking," she said, "how nice it would be to make your wife a nice present with all that money. And I knew you were thinking that, so I thought I'd be kind and thoughtful and save you all the trouble of choosing. And now that you've seen how happy it's made me, you'll want to work fearfully hard so that you'll be able to get some more things for me. Won't you, precious?"

And he nodded, and yes, he told her, that was exactly what he would be wanting. But it was not a question of wanting, but of having to. Every year he made more money, and every year his finances were more involved. He was always living upon a shoe-string with bills to be paid, instalments to be met. He never knew

quite how it happened. He was always telling himself that in a short time, when this had been settled and the other thing, he would be able to ease off a little, take afternoons off, work fewer hours, and then, always just before the time arrived, some fresh complication would turn up. A new car, jewelry for Sylvia, a new issue of bonds, an investment in real estate rushed into because he just happened to have handy the money for the first instalment, so that he would have to work harder than ever to meet his obligations. When the canneries investment had turned out so fortunately he had promised

from Norway; and orders for copra from the North, and jute and rubber from the East. And he bought and sold and shipped and stocked, insured and underwrote. And someone would bring in a card, and the representative of some firm would be announced, and there would be an "I'm real glad to meet you, Mr. Vinning. It's certainly good of you to find the time." And they would laugh and swap a joke, and in ten minutes he would get the fellow on his way to the elevator, with all that was necessary to be said, said; and the general impression given that they were regular fellows, both

of them. And the telephone would continue to ring and cables to arrive; and before he had realized that an hour had passed, it was lunch time, and he was out in Market Street on his way up to the Club, and there was a cheery crowd of fellows in the smoking-room, and, "You're going to help us empty this gin bottle, aren't you?" they called out. But no, he told them, he would come and sit with them but he wouldn't drink.

"If I have one," he said, "I'll have a dozen."

"And why not," they answered, "why not a dozen?"

"Because I've got to work this afternoon."

They roared at that.

"Cut it out!" they said. "You can chuck work for one day. We're all going to. You stay with us and then we'll have a round of golf and that'll pull you straight. To-morrow you'll be so fit they won't know you at the office. Why not, now?"

And, indeed, it was very tempting. It was one of those February afternoons when California justifies everything that has been said about

her climate. The sun was shining and the sky was blue, the air dry and warm. It would be jolly to sit here with these jolly fellows, and afterward, warmed with the glow of conviviality, to drive out toward Golden Gate and the green sward of the links, to an afternoon of clean air and healthful exercise. It was very tempting.

"Come along," they urged him; "at any rate sit down and have a drink with us."

But he knew that if he were to take one drink, he would take more than one; and that afterward he would be unable to resist the temptation to idle away the afternoon in pleasant company. And he mustn't; he knew he mustn't. He'd got (Continued on page 130)

MOON=MAGIC

By HARRY KEMP

THREE silver birches wait outside my door,
All-lovely in the silent evening air
That sunset and its following star make fair:
Yet something still they seem to tarry for,
In this strange hush, expectant everywhere
Of some new foot of wonder on night's stair,
Something till now the lords of dusk forbore—
As if, once lent, no beauty could be more!

Three haunted slender birches wait outside
My door, and shadowy-lovely are the three—
And lovelier still, the first great stars that shine!
Then in those birches stands the moon,—and she,
The amorous eve's enchanted, silver bride,
Takes night with single wonder, and divine!

himself a holiday. A fortnight's golf at Del Monte possibly, or a horseback trip through Arizona. But now here was Sylvia with that five-thousand-dollar necklace. . . .

Not that he grudged it her. She was a peach. And he wasn't afraid of work, he was fit and thirty. And, anyhow, there he was the next morning, on the day which he had hoped would see him driving along the Californian cliffs, southward to Carmel and Monterey, seated in the San Francisco offices of Martin and McKie's shipping agency, his desk piled high with correspondence and the telephone ringing and cables coming in; quotations for coffee crops from Mexico, for sugar from Hawaii, canned goods from California and timber and cement

"IN ALL those hours that were not given to better employment she wrought with her own hands; and sometimes with so constant a diligence, as if she had to earn her bread by it. It was a new thing, and looked like a sight, to see a queen work so many hours a day." So wrote Bishop Burnet about Queen Mary II., the mother of needlepoint in England. It is one of the curiosities of history that a Stuart should have become so transmuted by her marriage to a Dutchman that she was neither profligate nor absolutist, but pure housewife. Elizabeth had dabbled in needlepoint, so had Elizabeth's mother, Anne Boleyn, whose bed-tester embroidered by Anne herself for her husband's bed is one of the pathetic memories of Henry VIII.'s reign; but it was not until William and Mary, and, later, Queen Anne, that needlepoint, the only practicable form of embroidery as a furniture covering, came to perfection. Owing to the industrious example of Queen Mary, daughter of the exiled James II., needlepoint became so popular in England that all the Ladies of the Nobility vied with each other in creating coverings for the parlor furniture. Queen Mary, herself covered most of

The Function of Needlepoint in the Modern Home

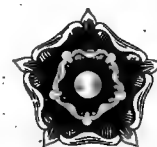
BY CURTIS PATTERSON

the chairs, love seats, and settees in the royal apartments in Hampton Court Palace.

It should be borne in mind that when Queen Mary came to England with William in 1688, and even when Queen Anne ascended the throne in 1702, almost all upper-class England dwelt in the dark wood interiors installed by Tudor, Elizabethan, or Jacobean ancestors. The

baroque tradition, with the robustious individualism of Elizabethan and Cromwellian times, prevailed. It was still an age full of movement and of color, requiring strongly individualized furniture to bear up against the mental and physical background. This function needlepoint upholstery, with its blaze of colors, its insistence upon catching and holding the attention, was most adroitly fitted to perform.

Those vast Palladian monuments of dignity, frigidity, and formalism so characteristic of eighteenth-century England, and demanding formal, impersonal furniture, were yet to build. Blenheim was being decorated about 1720, Castle Howard and Chatsworth, a few years earlier. It takes at least one generation to absorb a style, to make its acceptance general. By the age of Chippendale, the mid-eighteenth century, needlepoint had, generally, ceased of creation; by that time the old wood walls were being painted or papered over, and sedate chairs of the cabinet-maker period were in order. A Chippendale chair or settee upholstered in needlepoint is not a rarity; but it concludes the chapter. (Concluded on page 148)



Charles of London has used early eighteenth-century English needlepoint; on fireside chairs, as accents in this dark oak room. Vigorously colored in primary yellows, reds, greens, and blues, they fit with singular appropriateness into the baroque feeling of the background, and also serve to make the room eminently livable. The room is authentic James I. (1603-1625) and is an unusually perfect example of the flamboyant Jacobean school.

"St. George and the Dragon," typical English Queen Anne needlepoint; from Vernay.



"The Four Seasons," French early eighteenth century; from Kirkham and Hall.



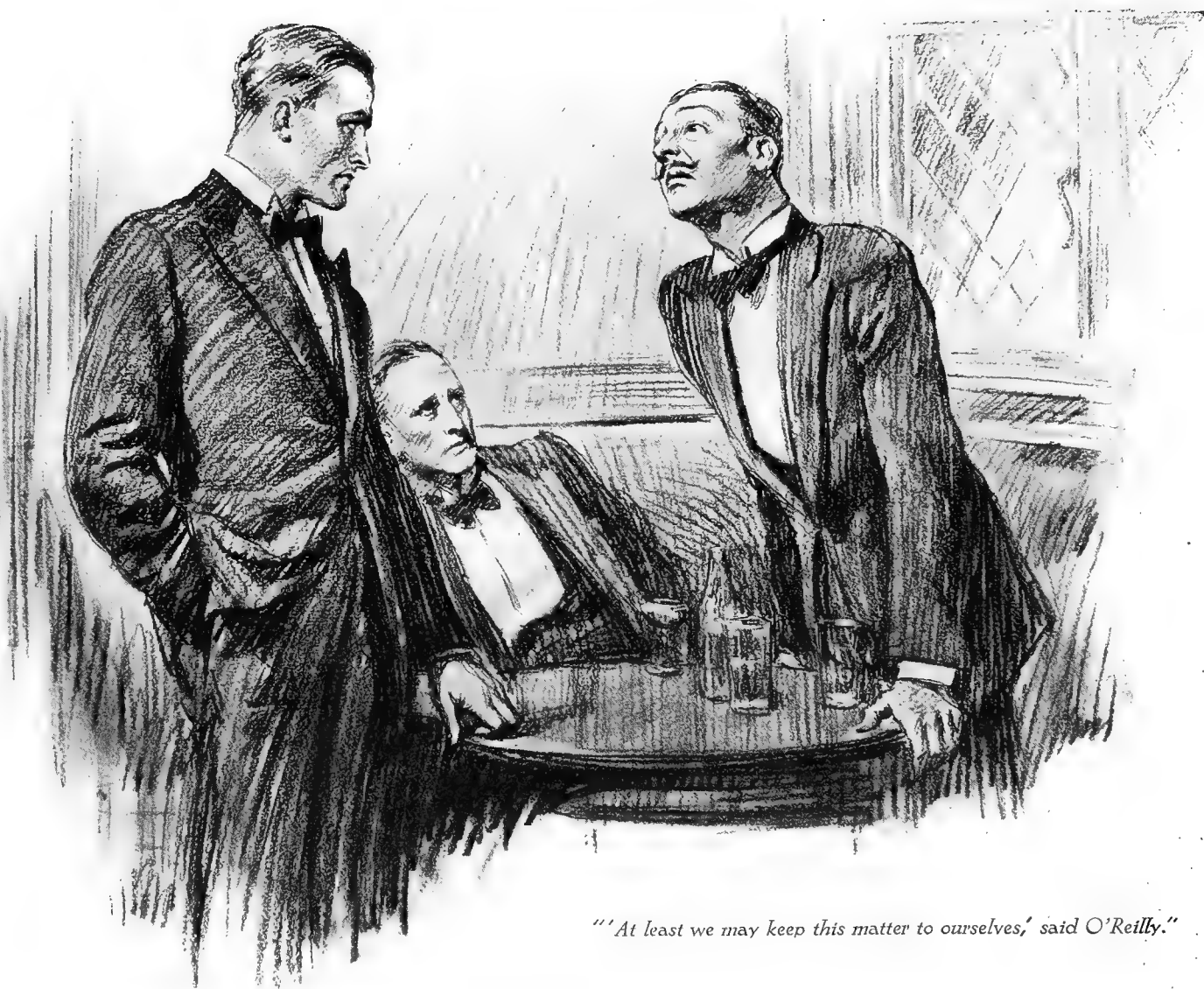
Two needlepoint-covered chairs and a wall-picture are used by Vernay to give life and animation to an oak room of the Carolean period. The chairs are in the vivid flower patterns, reflecting the Queen Anne taste for floriculture.

The special enrichment which a liberal use of needlepoint may bring to a sumptuous but sombre room may be studied in the treatment of this room assembled in the galleries of Frank Partridge. The forcefulness, the full coloring, the movement of the needlework pieces make an otherwise dark monotone setting glow like a jewel casket. The making and the use of needlepoint wall-pictures was characteristic of the late seventeenth century.



Photographs by
Dix Duryea

A Novel by Arthur Tuckerman:



"'At least we may keep this matter to ourselves,' said O'Reilly."

HIGH WALLS

*Continuing the Adventure of a Girl who Dared
To be True to Herself*

Illustrated by W. Smithson Broadhead

MRS. CASS-EVANS and her daughter, Greta, wandered from one European cure to another, living in depressingly respectable hotels out of season and rarely ever returning to America. Greta was a combination nurse and companion, and never had the opportunity to go about with people her own age.

Then Mrs. Cass-Evans decided to sail for America, and after several months in New York she arranged a tour of the West Indies for herself and Greta. In the hope of furthering the suit of Charles Winbridge, a smug young man of the world whom she favored for Greta's hand, she invited Charles and May Tenby, Greta's cousin, to accompany them. Greta, in desperation, prevailed upon Alexander Todd,

a bachelor friend of fifty-four, to come along.

At Panama City, Greta, May, Alexander and Charles went ashore for dinner in a notorious place called "Spotted Mike's," which, however, they found disappointing. At the next table were two half-drunken natives who fixed their eyes on Greta's blonde beauty and finally one of them asked her to dance. She refused gracefully, saying she was not dancing at all. Charles imprudently seized her arm and dragged her out on the floor. At this foolish act, a tall, dark man who had been watching from a nearby table came over and urged them to leave before there was trouble. As they stood in the street waiting for a cab, the two natives followed them, jostled past them and climbed

into the cab, while Charles stood by helpless. At that moment, a white bulk shot past, leaped into the cab, and sent the natives scrambling. It was the tall South American who had warned them of danger.

When Alexander turned to help Greta into the cab, he stopped, arrested by her beauty and by her trembling emotion as she gazed at the stranger, who, in turn, was staring at her with a look of honest amazement and admiration. Seated beside Greta, as they drove back to the ship, Alexander became aware of the faint, quick pulsations of her heart. . . .

By three the next afternoon, they were back on board the *Orinoco*, and they heard once again the swish of waves as the ship steamed

toward the open sea. "And that's the end of Panama," said May. "Now, Charles, get out your book and tell us some interesting facts about our next port of call."

Part Three:

CHARLES, opening the guide-book, embarked upon a half-hearted effort.

"Natividad, the capital of the South American republic of Calagua," he read, "was sighted by Christopher Columbus on his second voyage. At that time he believed that he had reached India—"

"Every time he saw land he believed that," May interrupted. Alexander paid little attention to the reading, or the interruption. He was in too drowsy a mood. . . . And then, suddenly, he was aware of a shadow between his chair and the bright blue panel of the sea. A tremendous figure stood before him.

May gave a little gasp. "Isn't he picturesque?" she whispered ecstatically.

Clad in straw-colored pongee, bareheaded, a wide-brimmed hat of plaited straw in his hand, their acquaintance of the night before stood facing them. The tropic sun shone down upon a pair of massive shoulders, upon bronzed and aquiline features as incisive, virile, as the profile upon some old Roman coin. Alexander's first impression of an imperious and dominating nature was softened, mitigated, by the unexpectedly soft gray eyes. They had in them the light of compassion, of an understanding spirit.

They were the eyes of a man who had known untold depths of suffering, who would always comprehend and pity the eternal struggle of human souls. . . . He stood there before them, a gentle, hesitant giant, as if nervously uncertain of the welcome he might receive.

Mrs. Cass-Evans awakened from a nap. "Who is this?" she whispered crossly to Alexander. And it immediately occurred to him that not one of them knew the man's name. May, while he was hesitating, saved the situation.

"We met this gentleman last night, Aunt Hilda. He gave us some very interesting sidelights on Panama, and for that reason we're greatly indebted to him."

She flashed a swift glance at the man. He looked at Mrs. Cass-Evans, bowed, gave May an almost imperceptible but reassuring nod of comprehension—a nod more mental than physical, as May afterwards remarked. With just the appropriate degree of formality, of implied homage, that would please her, he said: "Permit me to present myself, Madame: Ramon O'Reilly. To meet these young people last night was, for a lonely man, the greatest of pleasures."

Greta said timidly: "But you didn't tell us you were sailing on the *Orinoco*."

His eyes met hers. Alexander saw his great brown hands tremble; clutch the pliable straw brim of his hat in a crushing grip.

"I decided to—this morning," he replied. "I go only a short way. To Natividad, the next port, where I resume my duties as American

Vice-Consul. I have been in Panama on a little vacation."

Charles roused himself, and surveyed the other with a disagreeable scrutiny.

"But, surely," he drawled, "you're not an American?"

O'Reilly replied with a gentle dignity: "I was born an American citizen, sir. My father was Irish-American, my mother a Calaguan lady." He paused, with a slight and provocative smile, as though he were asking Charles: Is there any more information that I can supply you concerning myself?

Charles said airily: "I was in the Foreign Service myself, for several years. Do you happen to know Halstead at Bogota? Or Bendix at Caracas? Poor fellows. . . . Slaves. Eventually I had the sense to give it up, you see. I found it a thankless, undersized task with few prospects."

With admirable politeness the other answered: "That is only too true—but there are, unfortunately, a great many tasks in this pitiable scheme of things called civilization which require considerable perseverance and which gather very little glory. Somebody must accomplish them. . . . Isn't that so?"

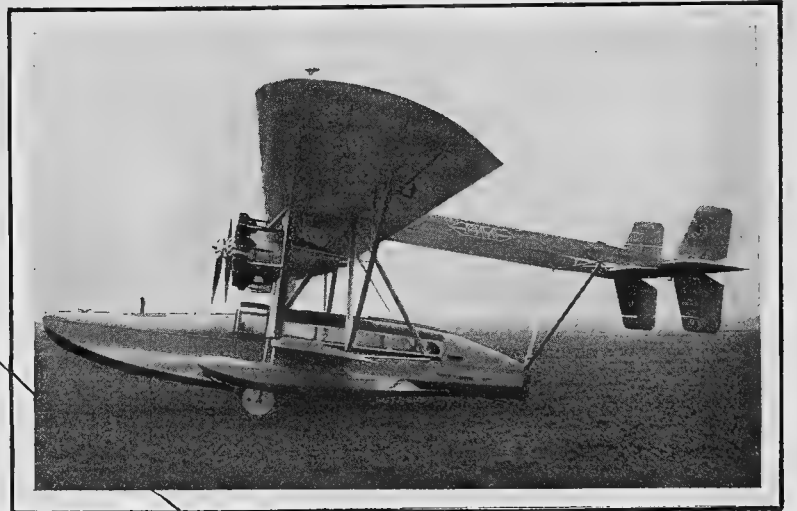
Charles, somewhat red in the face, looked for a moment as if he wasn't sure whether he should take exception to the statement; and ultimately decided to ignore it. Half turning his back upon O'Reilly he suggested to Greta: "Shall we take a stroll?" Greta, with a friendly little nod to (Continued on page 150)



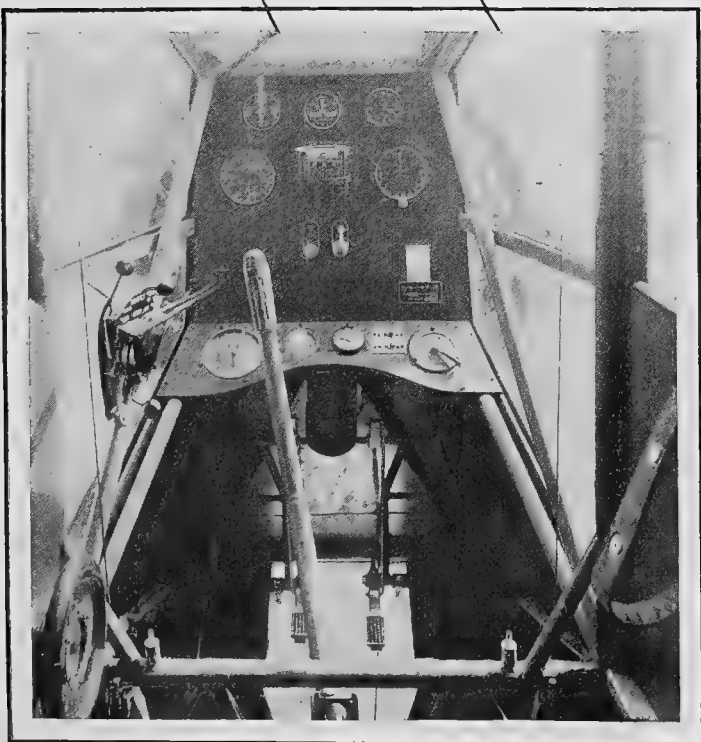
"Here, amid a tangle of lifeboats and ventilators, were Greta and Ramon O'Reilly, engaged in earnest, subdued conversation."



Two-seater open cockpit Simplex sports monoplane, the type destined to be the most popular with the younger set who fly pour le sport.



Curtiss Flying Boat of the type used on the Miami-Havana run of the Pan-American Airways. The twelve passengers wear their usual clothes in a protected cabin.

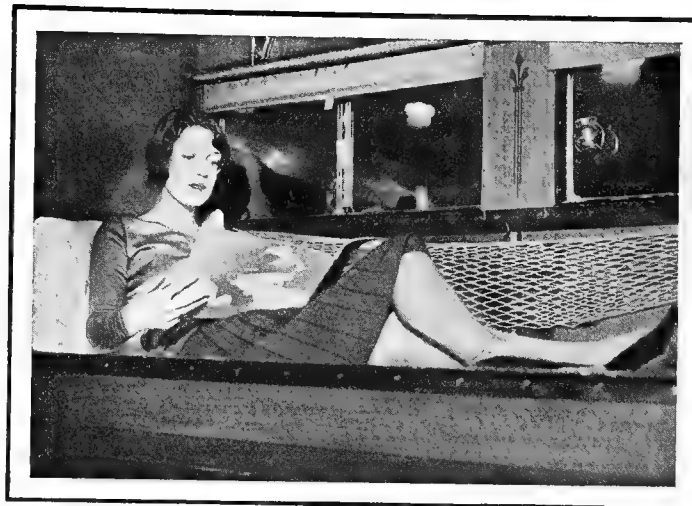


The simplicity of achieved practicality marks the instrument board of the Fairchild—no multiplicity of gadgets or controls. The "stick" is the main difference between the driver's seat in a car, and the pilot's in a plane.



What the pilot faces as he flies this Curtiss Robin will look reassuringly familiar to anyone who has ever sat behind the windshield of an auto. There is even an engine hood in front to make the tyro feel at ease.

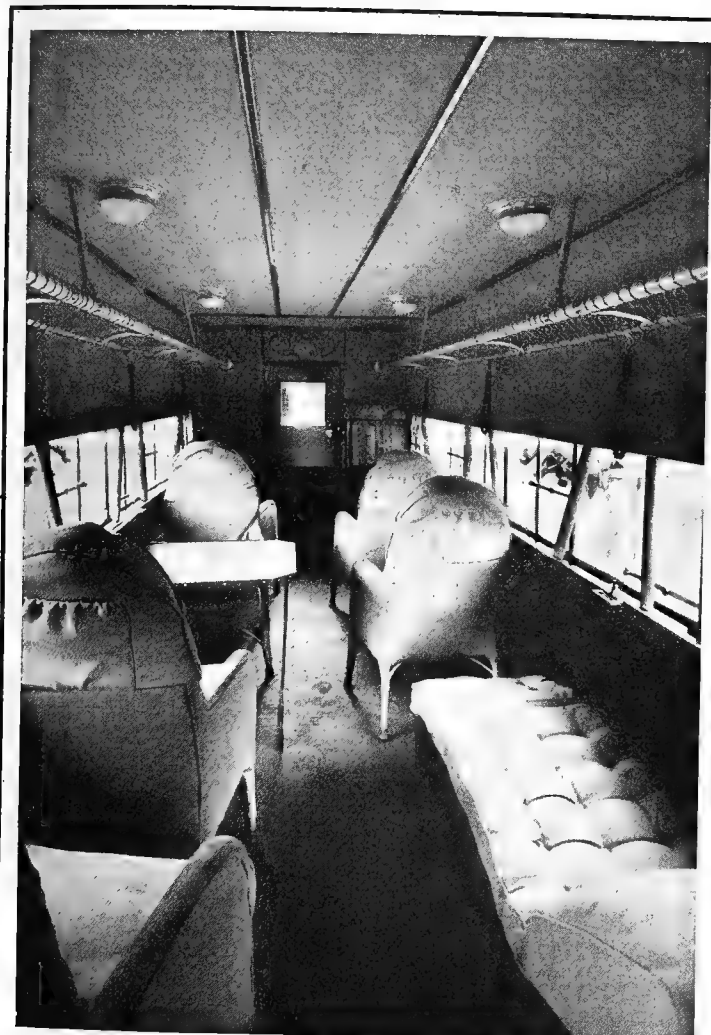
*1929 Answers by Making
Air Travel Simple, Practical,
Comfortable, Luxurious*



If you are dégagé enough to become bored with the landscape, just lie down in your bunk, or read; this in a Ford.



Lady Heath tries for altitude in an open cockpit and dresses for the part, sensibly and effectively, in helmet, boots, coats, and gauntlet gloves of leather and beaver fur.



Could anything be more comfortable than this cabin of a Fokker plane, fully equipped and with room enough to move around in?



That air travel has ceased to be a thing of hardship, a complicated endurance test, is evidenced in the cabin of the air yacht Pegasus, built for Mr. John Hay Whitney of New York by Sikorsky. The accessories extend even to carafe and ashtrays. An air yacht is designed in its fittings to owner's specifications precisely as its senior sister for marine use.



Arthur Murrough O'Neill

The coming season has issued an insistent demand for color for evening, and the fabric-makers have responded with an endless variety of prints, imaginative and colorful enough to make any evening gathering a vivid spectacle. At the top is a gay piece of Stehlé hand-blocked ninon in red, white and ink. Below it is a Chenev design of yellow-green chiffon of Sea Ferns on a blue background, intertwined in lines that have a slenderizing effect. Velvet, of course, retains its importance, and this exquisite piece in purple aster from the Shelton Looms is representative of the noncrushable velvets that are adding luster to evening affairs. Haas Brothers have a lovely chiffon print in dull and pale greens on a black ground,

Printed chiffon gown and jacket, Jay Thorpe.

Most of the new prints are in chiffon, georgette and ninon, but many new textiles are also seen, among them those from the Celanese Corporation of America. At the top of the page is an example of Celanese printed ninon, in a pattern of yellow, orange and purple dahlias on a pale pink background. Below it, nasturtium-red daisies, green leaves and graceful wheat-stalks on a brown background form a lovely georgette print from Schwarzenbach-Huber. Next is one of the many beautiful Mallinson silks, an exquisite chiffon in shades of beige, purple and orange. The modern note appears in an unusual pattern in black, white and gray ninon which could be used for day or evening wear. Made by Mischel.

FABRICS FOR EVENING



Drix Duryea

The designer's ingenuity has had full play in the new printed silks for daytime wear. Marshall Field include some original prints in their Speed Age series, one of which, shown above, is called "Tire Treads." In spite of the muddy implication of its name, it is a print of corn-yellow and white on a rosy pink background. Cheney's twin design is a pussy-willow print of daisies in blue, white and scarlet and is also made in a smaller pattern to be combined in the same frock or developed into the ensemble. Schwarzenbach-Huber make an interesting beige, green and yellow leaf pattern on black crêpe. One of Cheney Brothers' Peasant Prints is this interesting design of vari-colored flowers on a background of beige crêpe.



Frock of printed silk, from Bonwit Teller.

From the house of Corticelli comes a lovely print in an effective blending of red, pink and rose in a tracery of leaves. Haas Brothers combine the new mustard yellow with black in a striking printed crêpe. One unusual feature of many of the new prints is the duplication of the same design in crêpe and chiffon or taffeta and chiffon, so that the two materials may be combined in an ensemble. An example of this combination comes from Corticelli in a design of greens, yellows, reds and white on a black background. The distinguishing feature of an attractive brown and cream crêpe print from the Onondaga Silk Company is a futuristic border in chartreuse and dull orange, forming a swirling pattern.

PRINTS FOR DAYTIME



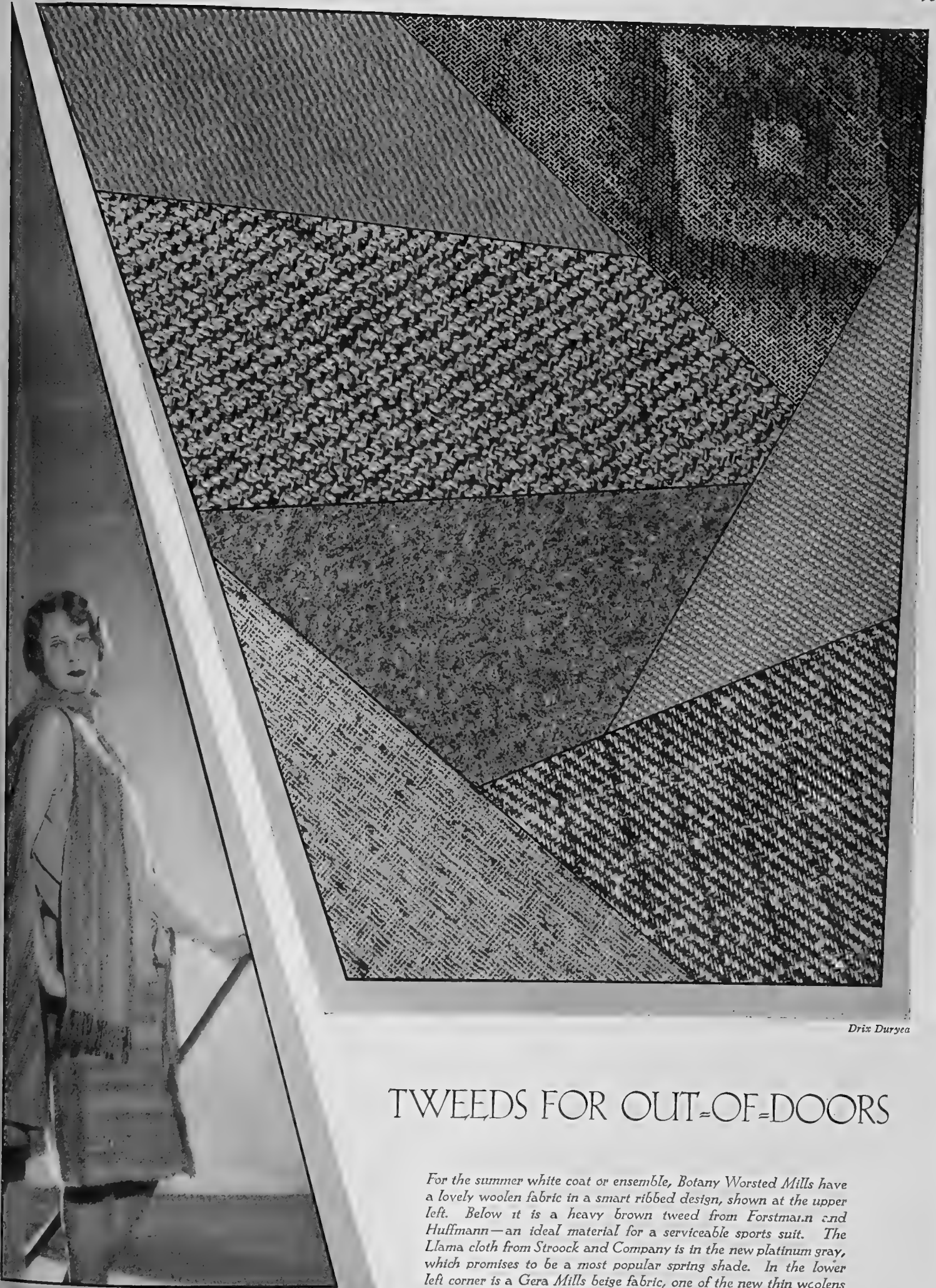
Arthur Murrough O'Neill

FABRICS FOR SPORTS WEAR

For sports or morning wear, the well-dressed woman has a choice of a wide variety of heavy silks, woolens and kashas. The black and white wool material from Lombardi Knitcraft, shown at the top of the page, is especially adapted for sports ensembles. Below it is Haas Brothers lustrous silk piqué, a material which shows every indication of becoming one of the leading summer fabrics. Cheney Brothers are proud of their "Debonair," a broken-check silk in brown, yellow, white and black. Next to it is a beautiful piece of natural-color kasha from the Botany Worsted Mills. Above it is the Security Mills "Ondula" pattern, a graceful design in a knitted material. Stehl Silks have a quaint pattern called "Cloisonné," and the lovely flat crêpe from Skinner, shown here, is in a new shade called "Brioche."



Model of Debonair silk, from J. J. Jonas.



Drix Duryea

TWEEDS FOR OUT-OF-DOORS

For the summer white coat or ensemble, Botany Worsted Mills have a lovely woolen fabric in a smart ribbed design, shown at the upper left. Below it is a heavy brown tweed from Forstmann and Huffmann—an ideal material for a serviceable sports suit. The Llama cloth from Stroock and Company is in the new platinum gray, which promises to be a most popular spring shade. In the lower left corner is a Gera Mills beige fabric, one of the new thin wools which will be extremely good. Next it is a striking brown tweed from the Walther Manufacturing Company. The material above it is a light brown jersey combined with rayon, manufactured by the Lebanon Mill Company. At the top is another Forstmann and Huffmann tweed, in green with the design in a darker shade.

Tweed cape costume, from Bergdorf Goodman.



TRAILING DRAPERIES LEND ELEGANCE

Extremely simple but flattering in line is an evening ensemble from Bergdorf Goodman, of buff crêpe Elizabeth. The circular cape on the coatee, which may be gathered around the neck into a crush collar, is banded with soft beige fox in an exactly matching tone.

Louiseboulanger uses a gorgeously flowered silk lamé for the medium of a charming evening frock, placing a hip bow at the left in her own inimitable manner. Side panels, one longer than the other, achieve the desired unevenness of the hem-line. Jay Thorpe.

Very elongated side drapes characterize this Vionnet gown of dragée blue crêpe Elizabeth, an import from Lord and Taylor. The slightly decolleté diagonal neck-line at the front gives no hint of the low line in the back which extends in a deep V almost to the waist.



TAFFETA'S BOUFFANT LINE IS YOUNG

A black taffeta dress, with princess back, from Hattie Carnegie, is both bouffant and crisp. The skirt, short on one side, barely escapes the floor on the other. Flat tulle flounces are used on the skirt, joined under a band of seed pearls and tiny mirrors.

Lanvin makes a charming evening frock of two shades of flat crêpe, an ideal dancing frock for the young girl. Apple green is used for the body of the dress, with inset and loose panel on the left side of contrasting Nile green. Imported by B. Altman and Co.

An effective floral design in Bianchini warp printed taffeta, featuring slate blue and gray, makes this dancing frock from Franklin Simon. The circular side panels achieve a delightfully youthful silhouette; the bands on the bodice suggest a high waist.

ONE MAY SHOW HER EYEBROWS WITH IMPUNITY

Flecker



This large, floppy hat for spring has the deep sou'wester back. A Patou creation of greenish gray from Saks-Fifth Avenue, it is bound in matching grosgrain ribbon with a bow posed at the brim's edge.



This black felt hat from Reboux is worn quite high on the forehead. A scalloped cuff brim, inset with black straw, turns back. From Altman.



A dark blue felt, poke shape, from Reboux, lifts in a sharp arc over the brow, banded in three violet tones of velvet ribbon. Imported by Bonwit Teller.

Agnès varies her conventional beige tricot turban by a crown of black satin, placing two ears amusingly at the top. From Saks-Fifth Avenue.

Interest centers at the left of this rosy beige felt from Knox, with elongated brim and small strips of felt forming cross bars and tight rolls.



BY AN EQUALIZING PROCESS BACKS GROW LONGER

A black felt close-fitting cap from Rollee called "Chauve Souris". The brim is slashed clean off across the front with ends drawn back and tied at the back, forming flaps over the ears.



In a henna soleil from Mari-may, Agnès cuts a straight line across the brow. The brim droops sharply downward from the front over the ears.

Saks-Fifth Avenue imports a black felt hat from Marie Christiane with bands of soleil outlining one point over the eye, another at the back.



A green felt hat from Mignori lifts in a point over the brow. One quill lacquered in darker green extends off the brim, another crosses the crown.

Reboux lifts the brim high on the crown of a black soleil hat from N. Gibson Clark, pulling a felt bow through the crown at the right side.





The charm of intricate French workmanship is evident in this black satin daytime ensemble from Yvonne Carette, imported by Bergdorf Goodman. The loose coat has a scarf attached; the blouse of absinthe green satin has stitched bands radiating from the center. The Suzanne Talbot hat of felt with straw brim imported by Kurzman.

Lanvin makes an afternoon ensemble of sheer black crêpe romain, edging the sleeveless coat and bell sleeves of the frock with bands of ermine. Fine hand-tucking forms a band on the sleeves, another on the bodice, while the whole of the full circular skirt is tucked. A higher waist-line is suggested by the tucking. Saks-Fifth Avenue.

The slenderizing V line is much accented in a charming rose-brown crêpe de Chine frock for afternoon, from London Trades. Deep inlaid plaits subtly furnish fulness to the skirt front. A belt of the crêpe, leather-lined, suggests the normal waist-line. A smart little bow is pulled through slashes on the front of the bodice. Wanamaker.

AFTERNOON GOWNS OF OUTSTANDING CHIC



Lord and Taylor import a delightful sports ensemble from Louiseboulanger. The frock of wool jersey in a lacy weave has a yoke back and front, which sets rather high on the neck. The unlined coat is of tan and brown checked tweed. The belt, wide at the back, is bound with leather at the edges and joined with a narrow band of suède.

Jay Thorpe import an intriguing sports ensemble from Suzanne Talbot, the skirt of navy blue kasha, the blouse of chartreuse green jersey. Narrow pointed bands form the skirt front. The loose coat has an attached scarf collar and interesting shaped pockets. A gob hat of navy blue felt with stitched cuff completes the outfit.

A navy blue crêpe ondemoussa frock from London Trades, imported by Best, shows intricate fabric manipulation and the very important new princess line. The turnover collar, cuffs and flower are of stiffly glazed white linen. The narrow belt is of the material of the dress, lined with leather. The hat is of dark navy blue balibuntl.

THIN WOOLENS HAVE BEAUTY AND CHARM

Something quite new and different in accessories is the fan with evening sandals to match. This set from I. Miller is of gaily flowered lamé with rich gold background. The sticks of the fan are gold color; the shoes have a gold kid saddle and heel. An evening purse of excellent design is this envelope of silver lamé with carved jade buckle, lined and fitted with green moire. From N. Gibson Clark.

Bonwit Teller imports a soft vagabond hand-bag in black antelope with a turn clasp of a jade-green semi-precious stone, set in marcasite. On top of the glove pile is a Worth gauntlet in two shades of beige, with five buttons and godets at the wrist. Imported by Saks-Fifth Avenue. Underneath are two pairs of beige pull-on suede, imported by Bonwit Teller, one from Alexandrine, with black stitching, the other from Powell's. The stockings from B. Altman are distinctive for their fish-net stripes, and come in all the new sunburn tones. The sulphur-green bandana for sports wear is ingeniously cut to tie snugly about the head, with two smoked crystal rings to pull the ends through. From Saks-Fifth Avenue. The triple strand necklace, from B. Altman, is made of lustrous Richelieu pearls, in pale pink tint, with platinum and diamond clasp. These new flowers in all the pale shades are being seen all over Paris. Of silk, with finely fluted edges, they belong distinctly to the carnation family. Imported by Jay Thorpe. Bonwit Teller imports an exquisite necklace of rare flawed emeralds, the graduated stones joined by four strands of seed pearls. Something entirely new in bathing jewelry is this solitary earring of gold and turquoise, from Nowitzky, which, when worn by the bather, renders her safe in the water, so the legend goes. Imported by Jay Thorpe.

COMPLEMENTARY CHIC

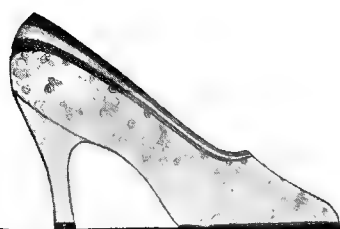
Arthur Murrough O'Neill

This black silk umbrella from Lord and Taylor has an especially good-looking handle of dark, egg-shell enamel, with alternating strips of black, and a black ferrule. Jay Thorpe imports a Lelong hand-bag in wood-brown calf, made entirely of leather thongs in a latticed weave. A scarf of silk and wool shantung has a border of mustard on beige, brown and red. Franklin Simon.

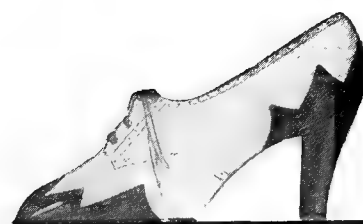
Best and Company import a pouch hand-bag from Worth of fine black antelope in a quite new shape. One large gold ball marks the apex of the bag, another acts as slide for the flexible gold chain of the handle to slip through. Most ingenious, extremely practical and quite new is a collapsible umbrella of brown and blue plaid silk. It folds compactly and fits into its own compartment in a commodious bag of brown calf. From Saks-Fifth Avenue. B. Altman imports from Marcel Rochas an unusual oblong purse of silk tapestry, with belt to match, in which three bright shades are effectively combined in the cubistic block design: burnt orange, brown and red. A silver watch with oblong face and enameled ends is conveniently placed in the leather handle of a hand-bag of blue and white check tweed, an ingenious device from Worth imported by Franklin Simon. In these two necklaces of semi-precious stones imported by Borwitt Teller, the soft blue of chalcedony forms an interesting color contrast with the pale pink of rose quartz. In the one at the right, small square-cut stones of rose quartz alternate charmingly with pointed stones of chalcedony. At the left, the large square cabochon of chalcedony set in marcasite forms an effective ornament for the chain of small blue stones and carved pink rosebuds. It is just such creations as these which have glorified costume jewelry.

IMPORTANT NOVELTIES

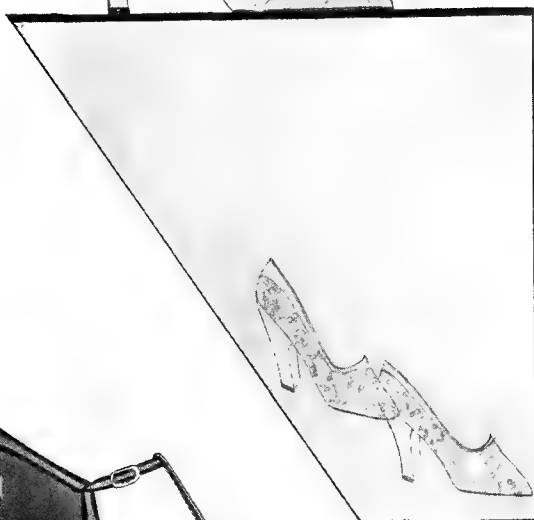
ADVANCED TYPES OF NEW SPRING FOOTWEAR



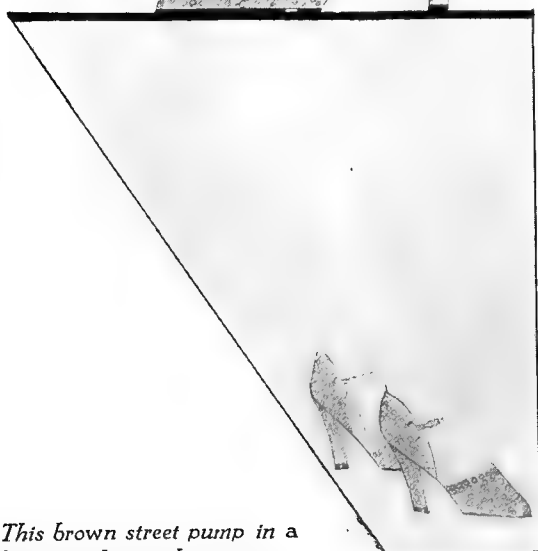
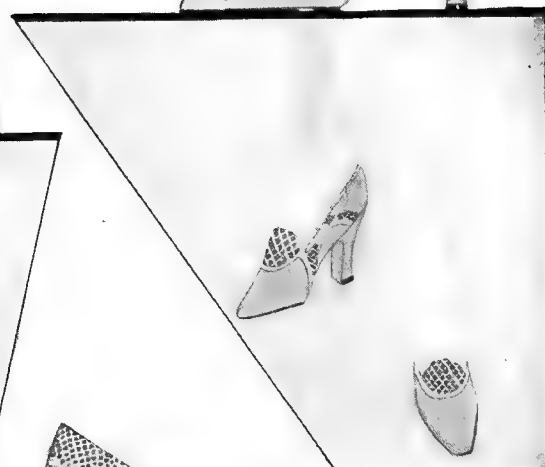
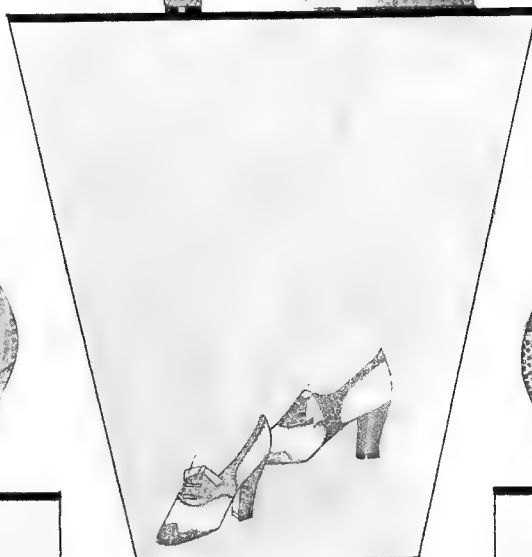
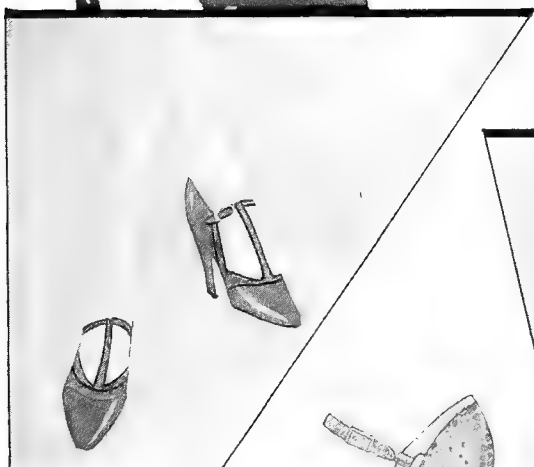
Delman makes this opera pump of pink sequin brocade, with bands and heel of silver, and overlay of pink satin kid. It is a simple and charming type of evening shoe and deservedly popular.



An excellent sort of shoe with solid leather heel, suitable for tweeds and day clothes, of brown suède. Saks-Fifth Ave.



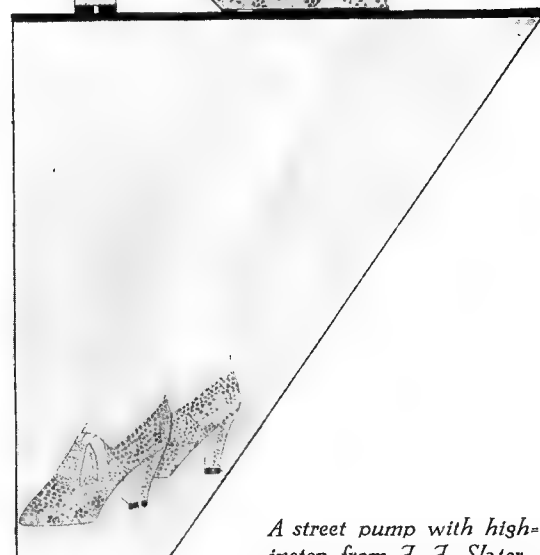
Beige suède forms the body of this street oxford, which has tip and saddle of lizard in the same shade, and the smart solid leather heel. Delman.



This brown street pump in a T-strap design has narrow bandings of darker brown kid accentuated by narrow pipings of black patent leather on all the edges. From Henning.

A stunning daytime sandal of black and white lizard, trimmed with strappings of pure white lizard. This type of reptilian is smart with all light-colored sports clothes. From Henning.

A practical type of shoe for street or sports wear is this gray lizard from J. J. Slater. It is a three-eyelet modified oxford with the moderately low heel which is so very practical.



A street pump with high-cut instep from J. J. Slater. It is of antelope in a deep beige shade with high heel and shaped insets of brown lizard at both the front and sides.

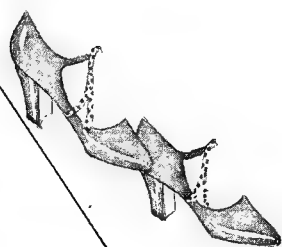
SHOES THAT WILL GRACE SMART GATHERINGS



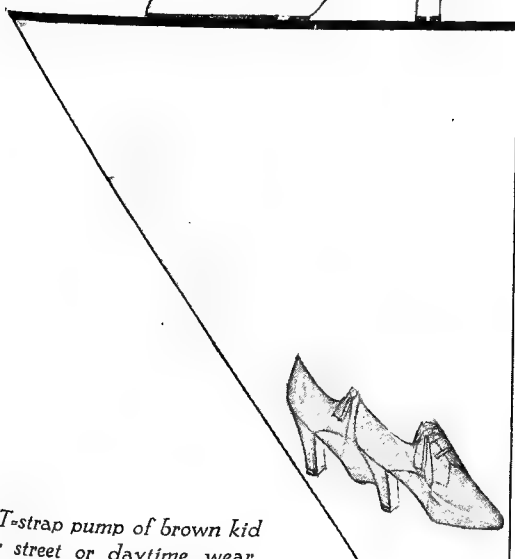
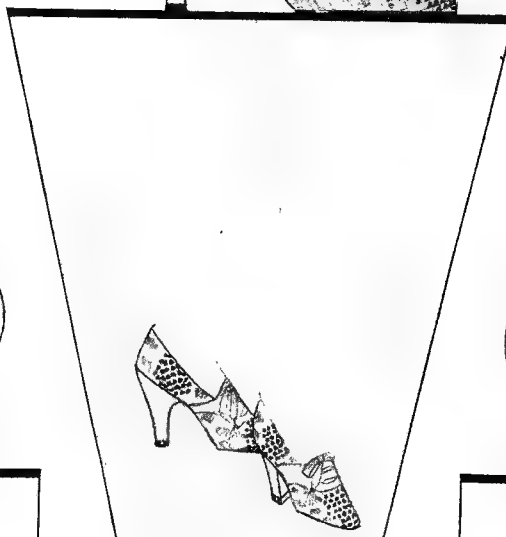
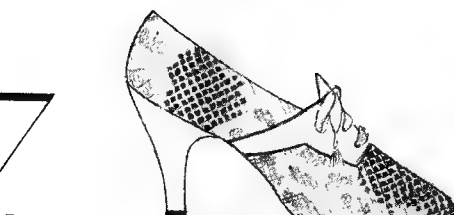
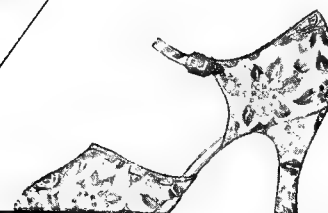
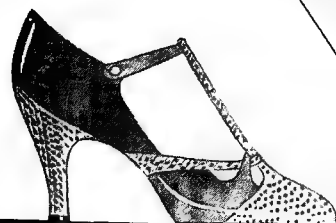
A patent leather street pump from I. Miller featuring extremely good lines. Side straps of beige lizard are held together at the center by a tiny strap of patent leather with a metal buckle.



A semi-formal colonial pump of dull black calf with stunning square buckle of brilliant marcasite. From Saks-Fifth Ave.



This three-eyelet street oxford from I. Miller is made of beige lizard, with parchment kid piped in gold used for the saddle and high heel.



A tan kid modified oxford for street wear from Frank Brothers, with high heel, two eyelets and a blucher effect. An excellent model of conservative lines for general daytime wear.

Gray suede one-strap street pump with crescent-shaped perforation at the sides from Martin and Martin. The gray shoe is an excellent complement to the all-gray costume.

A T-strap pump of brown kid for street or daytime wear, with heel and strappings of matching brown lizard from Frank Brothers. The T-strap is a universally becoming type.

This evening sandal from Martin and Martin has particularly becoming lines. Of gold and cerise flowered brocade, it is trimmed with narrow pipings of gold leather.

G. Hart

By Stephen Vincent Benét:
THE KING OF THE CATS

An Eerie Tale by the Famous Author
Of "John Brown's Body"

Illustration by Chris Marie Meeker

"BUT, my dear," said Mrs. Culverin, with a tiny gasp, "you can't actually mean—a tail!"

Mrs. Dingle nodded impressively. "Exactly. I've seen him. Twice. Paris, of course, and then, a command appearance at Rome—we were in the Royal box. He conducted—my dear, you've never heard such effects from an orchestra—and, my dear," she hesitated slightly, "he conducted *with it*."

"How perfectly, fascinatingly too horrid for words!" said Mrs. Culverin in a dazed but greedy voice. "We *must* have him to dinner as soon as he comes over—he is coming over, isn't he?"

"The twelfth," said Mrs. Dingle with a gleam in her eyes. "The New Symphony people have asked him to be guest-conductor for three special concerts—I do hope you can dine with us some night while he's here—he'll be very busy, of course—but he's promised to give us what time he can spare—"

"Oh, thank you, dear," said Mrs. Culverin, abstractedly, her last raid upon Mrs. Dingle's pet British novelist still fresh in her mind. "You're always so delightfully hospitable—but you mustn't wear yourself out—the rest of us must do our part—I know Harry and myself would be only too glad to—"

"That's very sweet of you, darling." Mrs. Dingle also remembered the larceny of the British novelist. "But we're just going to give Monsieur Tibault—sweet name, isn't it! They say he's descended from the Tybalt in 'Romeo and Juliet' and that's why he doesn't like Shakespeare—we're just going to give Monsieur Tibault the simplest sort of time—a little reception after his first concert, perhaps. He hates," she looked around the table, "large, mixed parties. And then, of course, his—er—little idiosyncrasy—" she coughed delicately. "It makes him feel a trifle shy with strangers."

"But I don't understand yet, Aunt Emily," said Tommy Brooks, Mrs. Dingle's nephew. "Do you really mean this Tibault bozo has a tail? Like a monkey and everything?"

"Tommy dear," said Mrs. Culverin, crushingly, "in the first place Monsieur Tibault is not a bozo—he is a very distinguished musician—the finest conductor in Europe. And in the second place—"

"He has," Mrs. Dingle was firm. "He has a tail. He conducts with it."

"Oh, but honestly!" said Tommy, his ears pinkening, "I mean—of course, if you say so, Aunt Emily, I'm sure he has—but still, it sounds pretty steep, if you know what I mean! How about it, Professor Tatto?"

Professor Tatto cleared his throat. "Tck," he said, putting his fingertips together cautiously, "I shall be very anxious to see this Monsieur Tibault. For myself, I have never observed a genuine specimen of *homo caudatus*, so I should be inclined to doubt, and yet . . . In the Middle Ages, for instance, the belief in men—er—tailed or with caudal appendages of some sort, was both widespread and, as far as we can gather, well-founded. As late as the Eighteenth Century, a Dutch sea-captain with

means complete. For that matter," he beamed around the table, "what can we call the last few vertebrae of the normal spine but the beginnings of a concealed and rudimentary tail? Oh, yes—yes—it's possible—quite—that in an extraordinary case—a reversion to type—a survival—though, of course—"

"I told you so," said Mrs. Dingle triumphantly. "Isn't it fascinating? Isn't it, Princess?"

The Princess Vivrakanarda's eyes, blue as a field of larkspur, fathomless as the center of heaven, rested lightly for a moment on Mrs. Dingle's excited countenance.

"Ve-ry fascinating," she said, in a voice like stroked, golden velvet. "I should like—I should like ve-ry much to meet this Monsieur Tibault."

"Well, I hope he breaks his neck!" said Tommy Brooks, under his breath—but nobody ever paid much attention to Tommy.

Nevertheless, as the time for M. Tibault's arrival in these States drew nearer and nearer, people in general began to wonder whether the Princess had spoken quite truthfully—for there was no doubt of the fact that, up till then, she had been the unique sensation of the season—and you know what social lions and lionesses are.

It was, if you remember, a Siamese season, and genuine Siamese were at quite as much of a premium as Russian accents had been in the quaint old days when the Chauve-Souris was a novelty. The Siamese Art Theatre, imported at terrific expense, was playing to packed houses at the Century Theatre. "Gushuptzgu," an epic novel of Siamese farm life, in nineteen closely-printed volumes, had just been awarded the Nobel prize. Prominent pet-and-newt dealers reported no cessation in the appalling demand for Siamese cats. And upon the crest of this wave of interest in things Siamese, the Princess Vivrakanarda poised with the elegant nonchalance

of a Hawaiian water-baby upon his surfboard. She was indispensable. She was incomparable. She was everywhere.

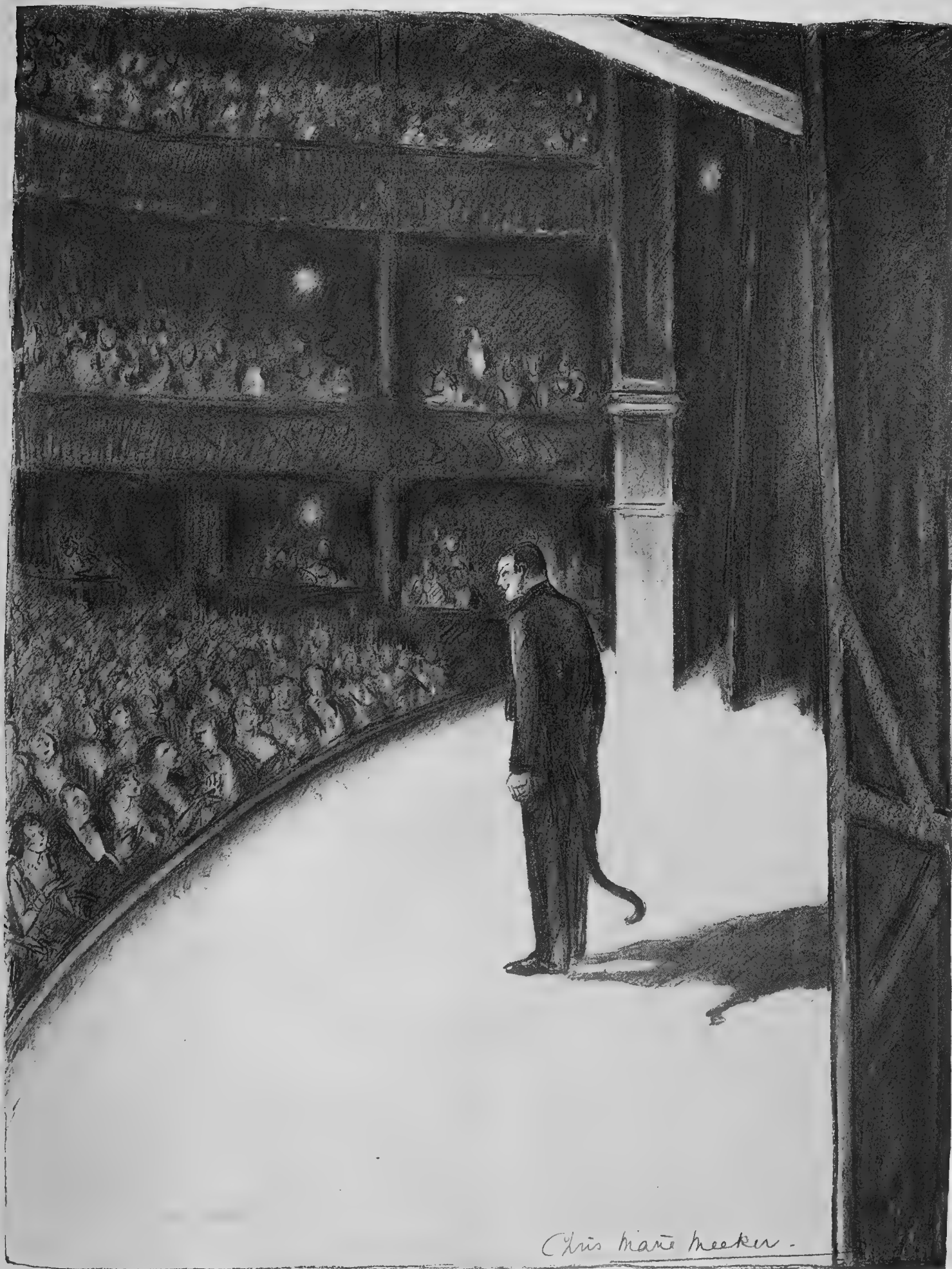
Youthful, enormously wealthy, allied on one hand to the Royal Family of Siam and on the other to the Cabots (and yet with the first eighteen of her twenty-one years shrouded from speculation in a golden zone of mystery), the mingling of races in her had produced an exotic beauty as distinguished as it was strange. She moved with a feline, effortless grace, and her skin was as if it had been gently powdered with tiny grains of the purest gold—yet the blueness of her eyes, set just (Continued on page 110)

TO A LADY'S COUNTENANCE

One of ELINOR WYLIE'S Last Poems

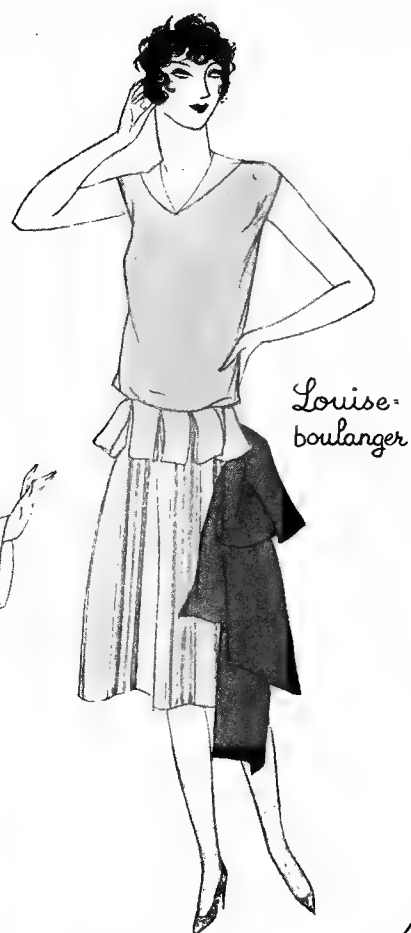
THIS unphilosophic sight;
This silly mask of silken white,
This thing which has, to hide its grief,
Less than a rose's lesser leaf,
This web a spider might have spun
With patience and precision;
This veil concealing sorrow's face,
Arranged with elegance and grace,
Which shall remain, when all is said,
After sorrow itself is dead,
In color, a camellia flower;
In shape, a whim of the glass-blower;
The mind's eye hollowed and made blind,
But not the brow above the mind;
And, whatsoever may be starved,
The little lips uncut, uncarved;
God's power has disdained to mould
This clay so delicate and cold.
Perchance he took it for the flesh
Of mushrooms, or the silkworm's mesh,
Stuff too slight to bear the fine
Fingertip of the divine
In lines of noble heritage;
And so, you do not show your age.

some character for veracity, recounts the discovery of a pair of such creatures in the island of Formosa. They were in a low state of civilization, I believe, but the appendages in question were quite distinct. And in 1860, Dr. Grimbrook, the English surgeon, claims to have treated no less than three African natives with short but evident tails—though his testimony rests upon his unsupported word. After all, the thing is not impossible, though doubtless unusual. Web feet—rudimentary gills—these occur with some frequency. The appendix we have with us always. The chain of our descent from the ape-like form is by no



"THEY called him theatric—but how well he understood the uses of theatricalism! Dressed in unrelieved black from head to foot, he did not walk on, he strolled, leisurely, easily, aloofly—the glittering darkness of his eyes unmoved by any surprise or elation."

Last - Minute Sketches from Paris



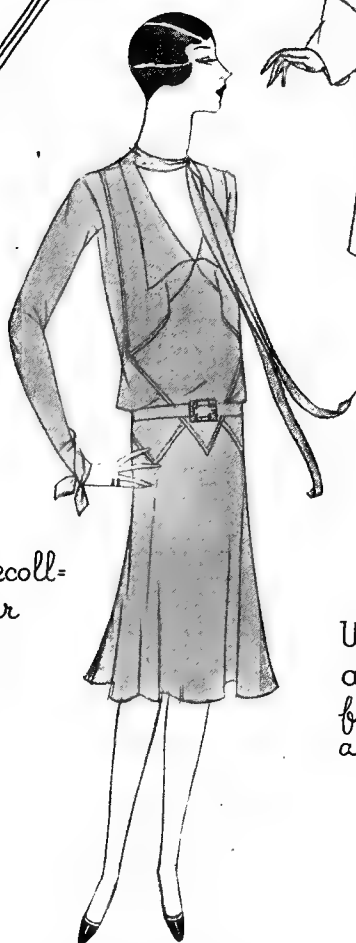
Louise-
boulanger

Worn on the stage
by Spinelly: Tussore
costume in red and
blue



Jane Regny

Pastel blue broad-
cloth, very thin,
with white cuffs
of broadcloth

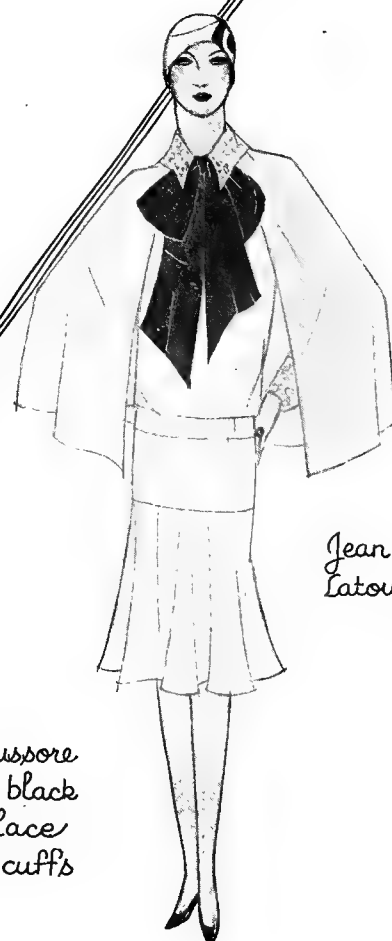


Drecol-
Beer

Amethyst crêpe de chine with
bolero effect and jabot revers

Lanvin

White cheviot coat
and red crepella
frock. Tie in black
and white. Red shoes



Jean
Latour

Pale pink tussore
with large black
tie and lace
collar and cuffs



Tollmann

White stiff satin evening gown, skirt and large bow lined with orange



Jenny

Spring coat in yellow wool reps with cape effect in back and beaver collar



Agnès-Rodier
Hat with Scotch
plaid wool scarf
in red, blue, green,
white and yellow

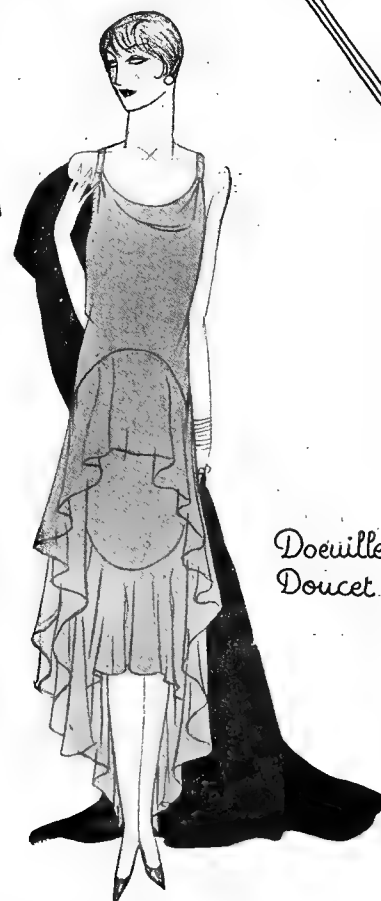


Agnès-Rodier
Hat and scarf in
Djerzaplume.
Hat of rust felt.
Jersey in grey, white,
brown and rust



Tollmann

Sports ensemble
in two shades of
rose wool jersey



Doeuillet-
Doucet

Evening frock of midnight blue
chiffon. Double skirt long in the back



Lanvin

Black faille
gown with
motif in
silver beads



OUR ENTERTAINERS

*Let the Jester Be His
Spontaneous Self!*

BY GEORGE S. CHAPPELL

Drawing by Hans Flato

HANS
FLATO

THIS is a plea for "I Pagliacci," our mountebanks and mimes, not of the opera variety who tunelessly wring our hearts across the vastnesses of the Metropolitan, but for those members of society "in our own set" whom Fate, perhaps unkindly, has invested with something of the antique taste for motley. We all know the type, so standardized that it is described in phrases which have become clichés. It is he who is counted on to be "the life of the party"; his are the witticisms supposed to "set the table in a roar!" It is this obligation to be amusing which makes him, frequently, an object to be pitied.

We write seriously, for we have studied these kindly clowns. We are, perhaps, one of them; at least, we feel for them.

Time was when the jester was an institution, embodied usually by a crack-brained unfortunate whose irrationality was esteemed mirthful. Loved by few, derided by many, he was the sport of king and court. Does not something of this mixed estate cling to those who currently play the fool? And yet, how ruthlessly Society hunts them, corners them, and bids them stand and deliver!

It is amazing how quickly a reputation for "being funny" attaches itself to these hapless individuals, how devastatingly they are exposed to the demands of committees and chairmen, how constantly they are besought to make speeches, act in plays, or auction off kewpie dolls. Be their daily work ever so serious, they are never without the menace of a call from some lovely and disarming lady who says sweetly, "You are *just* the man, and you

mustn't disappoint us!" A highly developed technique, born of the instinct for self-defense, enables the victim to wriggle out of many of these office and telephone importunities. But what can be said of their private appearances at social functions, dinners and supper-parties, where they are expected to "do their stuff" whether or not they are in the mood! Unfairly enough, it is their very social status, their "amateur standing," which makes a refusal seem ungrateful if not actually discourteous. The professional is protected by his box-office contract; the social contract knows no such mercies. Indeed, there is no sight more pitiful than that of a reluctant "entertainer" in the hands of an adamant hostess.

For the most part this is an unconscious cruelty. The mental make-up of the parlor "pantaloon" is rarely understood. He is often so gay, so debonair, so light-hearted, that he is assumed to be so always. But he is, after all, human. Not to put too tragic a face on it, he has his moments of mental fatigue and dullness, even of depression. Probably his very ability to sparkle, on occasions, springs from a sensitiveness which makes him peculiarly the prey to mood. Too infrequently this sensitiveness is neither recognized nor respected. He must rise to the occasion and "be as funny as he can" when his inner impulse is to shriek a rude imprecation at his audience and flee into the night.

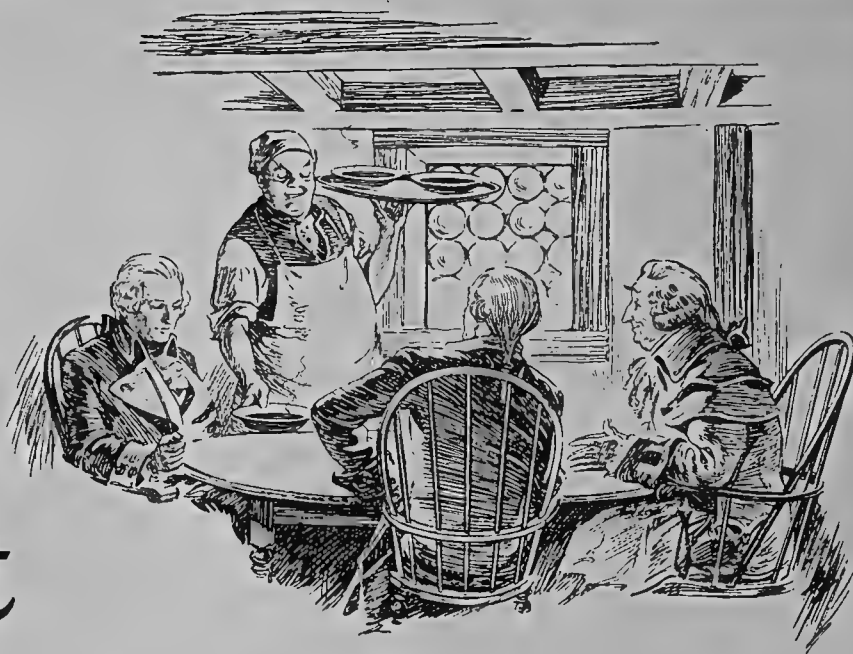
There are, of course, two sides to this question of society's attitude toward its entertainers. There are performers whom nothing can down, and it has been justly said that there is nothing

more terrible than "a bird that can't sing, but will." But these we may dismiss. They are not of the true guild of amateur artists who really entertain: they are merely bores. Yet the sufferings of both audiences and actors could easily be done away with by the simple expedient of dispensing entirely with pre-arranged diversion, with "set-pieces," so to speak, leaving the delight or dolefulness of one's guests solely to spontaneity.

This, we confess, would not be as simple as it sounds, or, if simple, might well result in an evening of pontifical solemnity. This, however, is a contingency of which we stand in far too great awe. An evening may well be solemnly serious and yet vastly entertaining. We recall with delight Addison's comment on his coffee-house companions whom he cultivated not because they amused him but because they were "a gentle preparation for sleep."

But it is safe, we believe, to assume that, given to any social group a fair proportion of entertaining "talent," and assuming, likewise, a cheerful do-it-or-not attitude on the part of the hostess, the party will not be a failure. A charming matron confided to us that she "never asked anyone to do anything and they always did!" Though involved, we got her meaning.

This is a sage suggestion. For our blithe jesters do love their work, especially when it springs from within, unprompted save by such subtle influences as we have mentioned. Then their gay songs, recitations, impersonations and other social "stunts" are essentially expressions of gratitude, an indirect but very real way of saying, "I'm glad I'm here!"



Philadelphia Pepper Pot

What a soup for hungry men!



There's a pungent invitation to good eating, a hearty savor and sound body about real Philadelphia Pepper Pot that promises good cheer and grateful satisfaction to robust appetites.

No wonder that in Philadelphia, where Pepper Pot originated, it is still a great, popular dish. Once you, too, taste it, you'll readily understand why. It's a soup your appetite remembers!

For no other soup is quite like Pepper Pot — no other soup can be! A rich stock, velvety smooth and bland, brimming with

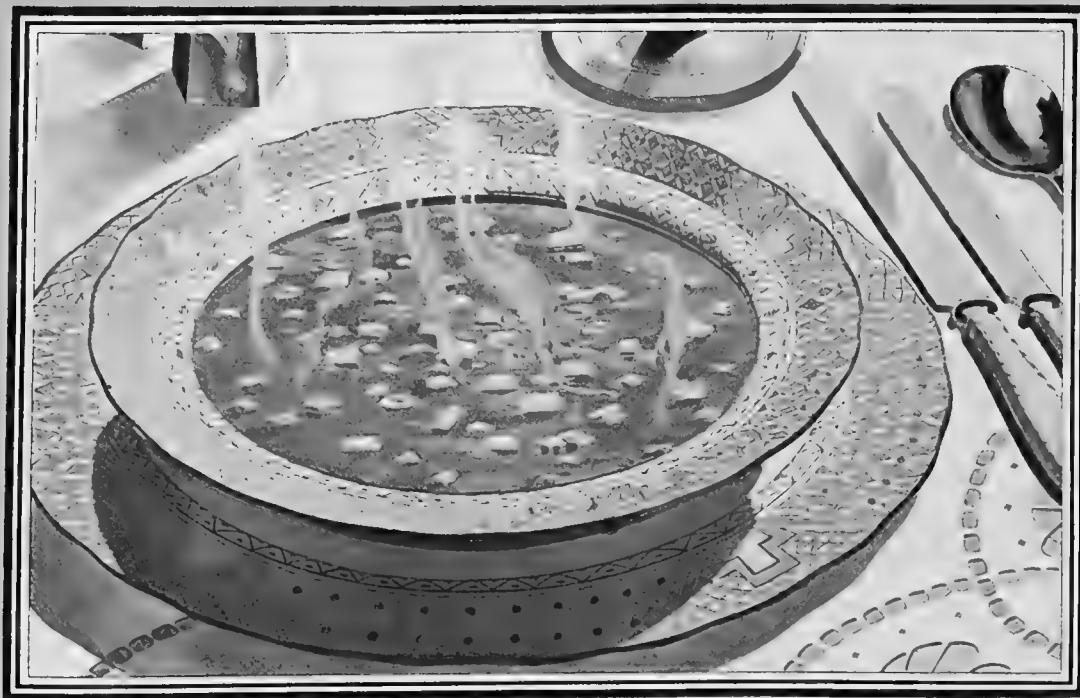
pieces of delicious meat, diced potatoes and carrots. Seasoned to a nicety with ground black peppercorns, savory thyme and marjoram, fresh parsley, sweet pimientos. And further generously endowed with wholesome macaroni dumplings.

What a soup indeed for hungry men! Serve Philadelphia Pepper Pot as Campbell's make it for you from a famous old colonial recipe. Once you and yours taste its unique savor, its piquancy and zest—you will want to serve it often. Your grocer has it. 12 cents a can.

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



A Man's Soup



WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

THE KING OF THE CATS

(Continued from page 104)

a trifle slantingly, was as pure and startling as the sea on the rocks of Maine. Her brown hair fell to her knees—she had been offered extraordinary sums by the Master Barbers' Protective Association to have it shingled. Straight as a waterfall tumbling over brown rocks, it had a vague perfume of sandalwood and suave spices and held tints of rust and the sun. She did not talk very much—but then she did not have to—her voice had an odd, small, melodious huskiness that haunted the mind. She lived alone and was reputed to be very lazy—at least it was known that she slept during most of the day—but at night she bloomed like a moonflower and a depth came into her eyes.

It was no wonder that Tommy Brooks fell in love with her. The wonder was that she let him. There was nothing exotic or distinguished about Tommy—he was just one of those pleasant, normal young men who seem created to carry on the bond business by reading the newspapers in the University Club during most of the day, and can always be relied upon at night to fill an unexpected hole in a dinner-party. It is true that the Princess could hardly be said to do more than tolerate any of her suitors—no one had ever seen those aloofly arrogant eyes enliven at the entrance of any male. But she seemed to be able to tolerate Tommy a little more than the rest—and that young man's infatuated day-dreams were beginning to be beset by smart solitaires and imaginary apartments on Park Avenue, when the famous M. Tibault conducted his first concert at Carnegie Hall.

TOMMY BROOKS sat beside the Princess. The eyes he turned upon her were eyes of longing and love, but her face was as impassive as a Benda mask, and the only remark she made during the preliminary bustlings was that there seemed to be a number of people in the audience. But Tommy was relieved, if anything, to find her even a little more aloof than usual, for, ever since Mrs. Culverin's dinner-party, a vague disquiet as to the possible impression which this Tibault creature might make upon her, had been growing in his mind. It shows his devotion that he was present at all. To a man whose simple Princetonian nature found in "Just a Little Love, a Little Kiss," the quintessence of musical art, the average symphony was a positive torture, and he looked forward to the evening's program itself with a grim, brave smile.

"Ssh!" said Mrs. Dingle, breathlessly. "He's coming!" It seemed to the startled Tommy as if he were suddenly back in the trenches under a heavy barrage, as M. Tibault made his entrance to a perfect bombardment of applause.

Then the enthusiastic noise was sliced off in the middle and a gasp took its place—a vast, windy sigh, as if every person in that multitude had suddenly said "Ah." For the papers had not lied about him. The tail was there.

They called him theatric—but how well he understood the uses of theatricalism! Dressed in unrelieved black from head to foot (the black dress-shirt had been a special token of Mussolini's esteem), he did not walk on, he strolled, leisurely, easily, aloofly, the famous tail curled nonchalantly about one wrist—a suave, black panther lounging through a summer garden with that little mysterious weave of the head that panthers have when they pad behind bars—the glittering darkness of his eyes unmoved by any surprise or elation. He nodded, twice, in regal acknowledgment, as the clapping reached an apogee of frenzy. To Tommy there was something dreadfully reminiscent of the Princess in the way he nodded. Then he turned to his orchestra.

A second and louder gasp went up from the audience at this point, for, as he turned, the tip of that incredible tail twined with dainty carelessness into some hidden pocket and produced a black baton. But Tommy did not even notice. He was looking at the Princess instead.

She had not even bothered to clap, at first, but now—He had never seen her moved like this, never. She was not

applauding, her hands were clenched in her lap, but her whole body was rigid, rigid as a steel bar, and the blue flowers of her eyes were bent upon the figure of M. Tibault in a terrible concentration. The pose of her entire figure was so still and intense that for an instant Tommy had the lunatic idea that any moment she might leap from her seat beside him as lightly as a moth, and land, with no sound, at M. Tibault's side to—yes—to rub her proud head against his coat in worship. Even Mrs. Dingle would notice in a moment.

"Princess—" he said, in a horrified whisper, "Princess—"

Slowly the tenseness of her body relaxed, her eyes veiled again, she grew calm.

"Yes, Tommy?" she said, in her usual voice, but there was still something about her . . .

"Nothing, only—oh, hang—he's starting!" said Tommy, as M. Tibault, his hands loosely clasped before him, turned and faced the audience. His eyes dropped, his tail switched once impressively, then gave three little preliminary taps with his baton on the floor.

SELDOM has Gluck's overture to "Iphigenie in Aulis" received such an ovation. But it was not until the Eighth Symphony that the hysteria of the audience reached its climax. Never before had the New Symphony been played so superbly—and certainly never before had it been led with such genius. Three prominent conductors in the audience were sobbing with the despairing admiration of envious children toward the close, and one at least was heard to offer wildly ten thousand dollars to a well-known facial surgeon there present for a shred of evidence that tails of some variety could by any stretch of science be grafted upon a normally decaudate form. There was no doubt about it—no mortal hand and arm, be they ever so dexterous, could combine the delicate élan and powerful grace displayed in every gesture of M. Tibault's tail.

A sable staff, it dominated the brasses like a flicker of black lightning; an ebon, elusive whip, it drew the last exquisite breath of melody from the woodwinds and ruled the stormy strings like a magician's rod. M. Tibault bowed and bowed again—roar after roar of frenzied admiration shook the hall to its foundations—and when he finally staggered, exhausted, from the platform, the president of the Wednesday Sonata Club was only restrained by force from flinging her ninety-thousand-dollar string of pearls after him in an excess of esthetic appreciation. New York had come and seen—and New York was conquered. Mrs. Dingle was immediately besieged by reporters, and Tommy Brooks looked forward to the "little party" at which he was to meet the new hero of the hour with feelings only a little less lugubrious than those that would have come to him just before taking his seat in the electric chair.

THE meeting between his Princess and M. Tibault was worse and better than he expected. Better because, after all, they did not say much to each other—and worse because it seemed to him, somehow, that some curious kinship of mind between them made words unnecessary. They were certainly the most distinguished-looking couple in the room, as he bent over her hand. "So darlingly foreign, both of them, and yet so different," babbled Mrs. Dingle—but Tommy couldn't agree.

They were different, yes—the dark, lithe stranger with that bizarre appendage tucked carelessly in his pocket, and the blue-eyed, brown-haired girl. But that difference only accentuated what they had in common—something in the way they moved, in the suavity of their gestures, in the set of their eyes. Something deeper, even, than race. He tried to puzzle it out—then, looking around at the others, he had a flash of revelation. It was as if that couple were foreign, indeed—not only to New York but to all common humanity. As if they were polite guests from a different star.

Tommy did not have a very happy evening, on the whole. But his mind worked slowly, and it was not until much later that the mad suspicion came upon him in full force.

Perhaps he is not to be blamed for his lack of immediate comprehension. The next few weeks were weeks of bewildered misery for him. It was not that the Princess's attitude toward him had changed—she was just as tolerant of him as before, but M. Tibault was always there. He had a faculty of appearing as out of thin air—he walked, for all his height, as lightly as a butterfly—and Tommy grew to hate that faintest shuffle on the carpet that announced his presence as he had never hated the pound of the guns.

And then, hang it all, the man was so smooth, so infernally, unruffably smooth! He was never out of temper, never embarrassed. He treated Tommy with the extreme of urbanity, and yet his eyes mocked, deep-down, and Tommy could do nothing. And, gradually, the Princess became more and more drawn to this stranger, in a soundless communion that found little need for speech—and that, too, Tommy saw and hated, and that, too, he could not mend.

He began to be haunted not only by M. Tibault in the flesh but by M. Tibault in the spirit. He slept badly, and when he slept, he dreamed—of M. Tibault, a man no longer, but a shadow, a specter, the limber ghost of an animal whose words came purringly between sharp little pointed teeth. There was certainly something odd about the whole shape of the fellow—his fluid ease, the mold of his head, even the cut of his fingernails—but just what it was escaped Tommy's intensest cogitation. And when he did put his finger on it at length, at first he refused to believe.

A pair of petty incidents decided him, finally, against all reason. He had gone to Mrs. Dingle's, one winter afternoon, hoping to find the Princess. She was out with his aunt, but was expected back for tea, and he wandered idly into the library to wait. He was just about to switch on the lights, for the library was always dark even in summer, when he heard a sound of light breathing that seemed to come from the leather couch in the corner. He approached it cautiously and dimly made out the form of M. Tibault, curled up on the couch, peacefully asleep.

THE sight annoyed Tommy so that he swore under his breath and was back near the door on his way out, when the feeling we all know and hate, the feeling that eyes we cannot see are watching us, arrested him. He turned back—M. Tibault had not moved a muscle of his body to all appearance—but his eyes were open now. And those eyes were black and human no longer. They were green—Tommy could have sworn it—and he could have sworn that they had no bottom and gleamed like little emeralds in the dark. It only lasted a moment, for Tommy pressed the light-button automatically—and there was M. Tibault, his normal self, yawning a little but urbanely apologetic, but it gave Tommy time to think. Nor did what happened a trifle later increase his peace of mind.

They had lit a fire and were talking in front of it—by now, Tommy hated M. Tibault so thoroughly that he felt that odd yearning for his company that often occurs in such cases. M. Tibault was telling some anecdote and Tommy was hating him worse than ever for basking with such obvious enjoyment in the heat of the flames and the ripple of his own voice.

Then they heard the street-door open, and M. Tibault jumped up—and jumping, caught one sock on a sharp corner of the brass fire-rail and tore it open in a jagged flap. Tommy looked down mechanically at the tear—a second's glance, but enough—for M. Tibault, for the first time in Tommy's experience, lost his temper completely. He swore violently in some spitting, foreign tongue—his face distorted suddenly—he clapped his hand over his sock. Then, glaring furiously at Tommy, he fairly sprang from

the room, and Tommy could hear him scaling the stairs in long, agile bounds.

Tommy sank into a chair, careless for once of the fact that he heard the Princess's light laugh in the hall. He didn't want to see the Princess. He didn't want to see anybody. There had been something revealed when M. Tibault had torn that hole in his sock—and it was not the skin of a man. Tommy had caught a glimpse of—black plush. Black velvet. And then had come M. Tibault's sudden explosion of fury. Good Lord—did the man wear black velvet stockings under his ordinary socks? Or could he—could he—but here Tommy held his fevered head in his hands.

HE WENT to Professor Tatto that evening with a series of hypothetical questions, but as he did not dare confide his real suspicions to the Professor, the hypothetical answers he received served only to confuse him the more. Then he thought of Billy Strang. Billy was a good sort, and his mind had a turn for the bizarre. Billy might be able to help.

He couldn't get hold of Billy for three days and lived through the interval in a fever of impatience. But finally they had dinner together at Billy's apartment, where his queer books were, and Tommy was able to blurt out the whole disordered jumble of his suspicions.

Billy listened without interrupting until Tommy was quite through. Then he pulled at his pipe. "But, my dear man—" he said, protestingly.

"Oh, I know—I know—" said Tommy, and waved his hands, "I know I'm crazy—you needn't tell me that—but I tell you, the man's a cat all the same—no, I don't see how he could be, but he is—why, hang it, in the first place, everybody knows he's got a tail!"

"Even so," said Billy, puffing. "Oh, my dear Tommy, I don't doubt you saw, or think you saw, everything you say. But, even so—" He shook his head.

"But what about those other birds, werewolves and things?" said Tommy.

Billy looked dubious. "Well," he admitted, "you've got me there, of course. At least—a tailed man is possible. And the yarns about werewolves go back far enough, so that—well, I wouldn't say there aren't or haven't been werewolves—but then I'm willing to believe more things than most people. But a wer-cat—or a man that's a cat and a cat that's a man—honestly, Tommy—"

"If I don't get some real advice I'll go clean off my hinge. For Heaven's sake, tell me something to do!"

"Lemme think," said Billy. "First, you're pizen-sure this man is—"

"A cat. Yeah," and Tommy nodded violently.

"Check. And second—if it doesn't hurt your feelings, Tommy—you're afraid this girl you're in love with has—er—at least a streak of—felinity—in her—and so she's drawn to him?"

"Oh, Lord, Billy, if I only knew!"

"Well—er—suppose she really is, too, you know—would you still be keen on her?"

"I'd marry her if she turned into a dragon every Wednesday!" said Tommy, fervently.

Billy smiled. "H'm," he said, "then the obvious thing to do is to get rid of this M. Tibault. Lemme think."

He thought about two pipes full, while Tommy sat on pins and needles. Then, finally, he burst out laughing.

"What's so darn funny?" said Tommy, aggrievedly.

"Nothing, Tommy, only I've just thought of a stunt—something so blooming crazy—but if he is—h'm—what you think he is—it might work—" And, going to the bookcase, he took down a book.

"If you think you're going to quiet my nerves by reading me a bedtime story—"

"Shut up, Tommy, and listen to this—if you really want to get rid of your feline friend."

"What is it?"

"Book of Agnes Repplier's. About cats. Listen."

(Continued on page 114)

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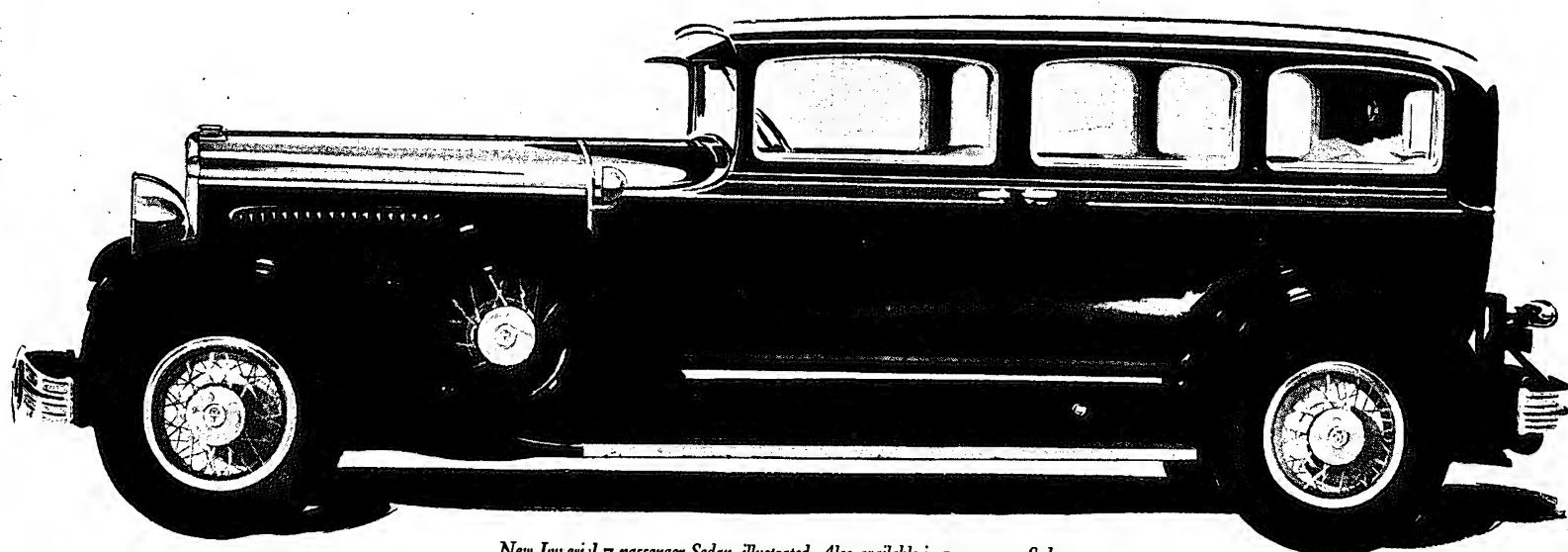
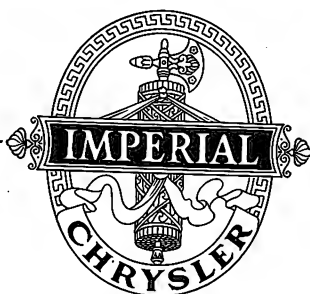
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THE FAMOUS TWO CREAMS

THE KING OF THE CATS

(Continued from page 110)

"There is also a Scandinavian version of the ever famous story which Sir Walter Scott told to Washington Irving, which Monk Lewis told to Shelley and which, in one form or another, we find embodied in the folklore of every land—now, Tommy, pay attention—the story of the traveler who saw within a ruined abbey, a procession of cats, lowering into a grave a little coffin with a crown upon it. Filled with horror, he hastened from the spot; but when he had reached his destination, he could not forbear relating to a friend the wonder he had seen. Scarcely had the tale been told when his friend's cat, who lay curled up tranquilly by the fire, sprang to its feet, cried out, 'Then I am the King of the Cats!' and disappeared in a flash up the chimney."

"Well?" said Billy, shutting the book. "By gum!" said Tommy, staring. "By gum! Do you think there's a chance?"

"I think we're both in the booby-hatch. But if you want to try it—"

"Try it! I'll spring it on him the next time I see him. But—listen—I can't make it a ruined abbey—"

"Oh, use your imagination! Make it Central Park—anywhere. Tell it as if it happened to you—seeing the funeral procession and all that. You can lead into it somehow—let's see—some general line—oh, yes—'Strange, isn't it, how fact so often copies fiction. Why, only yesterday—' See?"

"Strange, isn't it, how fact so often copies fiction," repeated Tommy dutifully. "Why, only yesterday—"

"I happened to be strolling through Central Park when I saw something very odd."

"I happened to be strolling through—here, gimme that book!" said Tommy. "I want to learn the rest of it by heart!"

MRS. DINGLE'S farewell dinner to the famous Monsieur Tibault, on the occasion of his departure for his Western tour, was looked forward to with the greatest expectations. Not only would everybody be there, including the Princess Vivraknarda, but Mrs. Dingle, a hint if there ever was one, had let it be known that at this dinner an announcement of very unusual interest to Society might be made. So everyone, for once, was almost on time, except for Tommy. He was at least fifteen minutes early, for he wanted to have speech with his aunt alone. Unfortunately, however, he had hardly taken off his overcoat when she was whispering some news in his ear so rapidly that he found it difficult to understand a word of it.

"And you mustn't breathe it to a soul!" she ended, beaming. "That is, not before the announcement—I think we'll have that with the salad—people never pay very much attention to salad—"

"Breathe what, Aunt Emily?" said Tommy, confused.

"The Princess, darling—the dear Princess and Monsieur Tibault—they just got engaged this afternoon, dear things! Isn't it fascinating?"

"Yeah," said Tommy, and started to walk blindly through the nearest door. His aunt restrained him.

"Not there, dear—not in the library. You can congratulate them later. They're just having a sweet little moment alone there now—"

And she turned away to harry the butler, leaving Tommy stunned.

But his chin came up after a moment. He wasn't beaten yet.

"Strange, isn't it, how often fact copies fiction?" he repeated to himself in dull mnemonics, and, as he did so, he shook his fist at the library door.

Mrs. Dingle was wrong, as usual. The Princess and M. Tibault were not in the library—they were in the conservatory, as Tommy discovered when he wandered aimlessly past the glass doors.

He didn't mean to look, and after a second he turned away. But that second was enough.

Tibault was seated in a chair and she was crouched on a stool at his side, while his hand, softly, smoothly, stroked her brown hair. Black cat and Siamese kitten. Her face was

Tommy, but he could see Tibault's face. And he could hear.

They were not talking, but there was a sound between them. A warm and contented sound like the murmur of giant bees in a hollow tree—a golden, musical rumble, deep-throated, that came from Tibault's lips and was answered by hers—a golden purr.

TOMMY found himself back in the drawing-room, shaking hands with Mrs. Culverin, who said, frankly, that she had seldom seen him look so pale.

The first two courses of the dinner passed Tommy like dreams, but Mrs. Dingle's cellar was notable, and by the middle of the meat course, he began to come to himself. He had only one resolve now.

For the next few moments he tried desperately to break into the conversation, but Mrs. Dingle was talking, and even Gabriel will have a time interrupting Mrs. Dingle. At last though, she paused for breath and Tommy saw his chance.

"Speaking of that," said Tommy, piercingly, without knowing in the least what he was referring to, "Speaking of that—"

"As I was saying," said Professor Totto. But Tommy would not yield. The plates were being taken away. It was time for salad.

"Speaking of that," he said again, so loudly and strangely that Mrs. Culverin jumped and an awkward hush fell over the table. "Strange, isn't it, how often fact copies fiction?" There, he was started. His voice rose even higher. "Why, only to-day I was strolling through—"

and, word for word, he repeated his lesson. He could see Tibault's eyes glowing at him, as he described the funeral. He could see the Princess, tense.

He could not have said what he had expected might happen when he came to the end. But it was not bored silence, everywhere, to be followed by Mrs. Dingle's acrid, "Well, Tommy, is that quite all?"

He slumped back in his chair, sick at heart. He was a fool and his last resource had failed. Dimly he heard his aunt's voice, saying, "Well, then—"

and realized that she was about to make the fatal announcement.

But just then Monsieur Tibault spoke. "One moment, Mrs. Dingle," he said, with extreme politeness, and she was silent. He turned to Tommy.

"You are—positive, I suppose, of what you saw this afternoon, Brooks?" he said, in tones of light mockery.

"Absolutely," said Tommy sullenly. "Do you think I'd—"

"Oh, no, no, no," Monsieur Tibault waved the implication aside, "but—such an interesting story—one likes to be sure of the details—and, of course, you are sure—quite sure—that the kind of crown you describe was on the coffin?"

"Of course," said Tommy, wondering, "but—"

"Then I'm the King of the Cats!" cried Monsieur Tibault in a voice of thunder, and, even as he cried it, the house-lights blinked—there was the soft thud of an explosion that seemed muffled in cotton-wool from the minstrel gallery—and the scene was lit for a second by an obliterating and painful burst of light that vanished in an instant and was succeeded by heavy, blinding clouds of white, pungent smoke.

"Oh, those horrid photographers," came Mrs. Dingle's voice in a melodious wail. "I told them not to take the flashlight picture till dinner was over, and now they've taken it just as I was nibbling lettuce!"

Someone tittered a little nervously. Someone coughed. Then, gradually the veils of smoke dislimned and the green-and-black spots in front of Tommy's eyes died away.

They were blinking at each other like people who have just come out of a cave into brilliant sun. Even yet their eyes stung with the fierceness of that abrupt illumination and Tommy found it

(Concluded on page 118)



"Oh, it's a Parsee coat I picked up at Malta," Mrs. Iselin says of this becoming frock, gorgeously embroidered in the hues that best set off her beauty. She designed it herself, like the debonair caped highwayman's coat worn with the chic small Reboux tricorne of the larger portrait.



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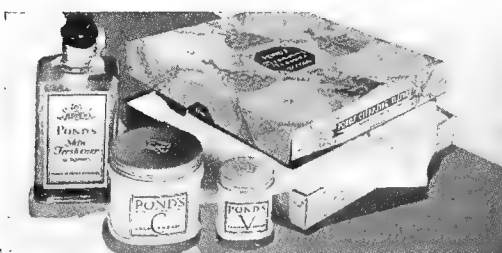
Color is her hobby. Color can make or mar a woman's beauty. For her own auburn type she chooses tawny browns and tans, yellows and greens. Her home is a magnificence of color. Every tint but pink is in the great living room—red lead floor, lemon yellow walls, sapphire and magenta, flame, emerald.

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FEBRUARY ON THE
CUBAN RIVIERA

(Continued from page 77)

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D O B B S
FIFTH AVENUE AT 57TH ST.

has precisely the attitude toward the future of his city as the booster member of a Mid-West town. He regards old Havana with the same air of bored tolerance that the Mid-Westerner displays toward his slums. On the other hand he is immeasurably proud of the new suburban development.

STRIKE Havana armed with letters of introduction to a native Cuban, and he will spend precious hours piloting you through the parklike suburbs centering on the Avenida Carlos Miguel de Céspedes. His pride in this wide boulevard may be judged from the fact that he nicknames it Fifth Avenue. It is bordered on each side to an extent of some five miles by stone and stucco villas with tiled roofs in the thoroughly familiar American seaside resort manner. To an American it is just unremarkable. To a Cuban it is a district exquisite and set apart. It is to him the romance of progress. He fails utterly to understand the American who has come to Havana seeking the romance of the past.

One of the minor amusements of being shown around Havana by a native is the interchange of enthusiasm and polite boredom. The Cuban's weariness with Cathedral Square and the way his eye lights up when he shows you the ornate, Italianate villa of Sarra, the chain drug-store proprietor, in the Vedado suburb, is amusingly balanced by the uh-huh attitude of the American before the gaudiest of his suburban palaces and his reverence before a picturesque Spanish Colonial remain.

The Céspedes, in whose honor the main street of the Vedado and the various repartos of the suburbs is named, is the Minister of Public Works, one of the most accessible, most agreeable, most dynamic men on the island and, in the opinion of his friends, another claimant to the rank, privileges and responsibilities of being Czar of Cuba. (Every visitor is allowed to pick his own.) He represents better than any one man the native enthusiasm which has made possible those five miles. At the western end of Céspedes Avenue is the Marianao District which contains two good Havana clubs, the Country Club and the Yacht Club, private organizations both. Immediately surrounding them are the Playa de la Marianao, the Casino Nacional, where Cuban laws countenance public gambling, and the Oriental Park race-course containing the clubhouse of the Havana-American Jockey Club. These last are all owned by the Cuban National Syndicate. Just beyond and surrounding the institutions just mentioned (and "institution" is used advisedly) the National Syndicate has created the reservation of the Havana-Biltmore Yacht and Country Club, with a clubhouse opening this season, a projected hotel, a private bathing beach, a golf course, and sites for private residences.

Havana is not Paris, of which there is only one. There is a naïveté about the gaiety of Havana which is as unlike the quality of the brutal and brilliant city on the Seine as may well be. That both cities have open-air cafés does not make them similar in mental quality. Havana, however, does offer opportunities for going into gala that are unobtainable elsewhere in the Western hemisphere. Number one hotels, a temperature of 81 degrees F. in January, and the Latin temperament are a choice combination, and they do their combining most adroitly for the socially minded visiting American in the Marianao District.

There is another Havana, however, a shy, remote city, best seen alone, a city of narrow, silent streets, of open, sun-drenched and deserted squares, of dismantled ramparts. Stand in a seaward embrasure of La Fuerza and you can hear the clank of de Soto's armor as he takes farewell forever of Madame de Soto before he set out to die in Florida. They say the ghost of Donna Isabella still walks the seaward wall waiting for de Soto's return; one at least likes to believe she did die of a broken heart. In front of the modern

Presidential Palace, stark and alone in the midst of an open square, like a huge wedge of cake, is an angle of the old city wall, with its stone sentry-box. One may stand there and shiver with the young Spanish rookie just out from the Catalonian Hills and on his first sentry-go, as he hears, borne in on the night air, across the mists of the harbor, the tom-toms of runaway slaves. That backfire of an automobile in the Street of the Angels may be the rattle of musketry as the home guards mount the barricades to meet the annual visits of French and English buccaneers.

Romance is a very fragile creature. She needs tender watching and sympathy or she melts in the hand like a piece of sea-foam. But if there was ever a city where romance stalked unabashed and unashamed through the streets it is in old Havana.

When the Spaniards built, the Colonial Spaniards of the eighteenth century, they built well. That stiff, silent, proud race built stern and proud buildings. Stand some morning in Cathedral Square about eleven, when the sun is strong enough to make black shadows underneath the porticoes of the old Colonial palaces on each side of the square. Fallen from their original estate to being combination tenements and warehouses, they yet have, even in decay, unmistakable grandeur. Ample proportioned, with strong high Tuscan pillars, huge doors and barred windows, they were planned, though this be treason, to a more generous scale of living, a more settled social background, than any contemporaneous buildings on the adjacent American Continent.

IF YOU have only seen Havana in photographs, you have not seen it at all, because you have totally missed its color sensation. There is a local ordinance to-day that all buildings (which are automatically of stucco) must be painted in shades either of gray or buff. During the eighteenth century, however, they were painted practically any color which struck the owner's fancy, not only the pastel shades, but the vital, unabashed colors one would see on a stand of vegetables, aubergine, pumpkin-yellow, spinach-green, potato-brown. It was also a tradition of that period never to repaint a house the same color.

As I stood in front of the house on the east side of Cathedral Square it was possible to trace, owing to the weathering and bad repair of the walls and columns, the various layers of paint: gray, magenta, pink, sky-blue and buff in irregular patches; the walls up to shoulder height looked like a garden of hollyhocks. Above, the pale buff led up to a beamed roof (we were standing inside the arcade) of royal blue, faded but positive.

What with its antiquity and its modernity one does tend at times to become confused in Havana. They are a very clever people, the Cubans. If you seek romance, they leave you alone to seek it, which is a highly intelligent thing to do. If you want modernity, they give it to you in large chunks, which may be seen in their arrangements for taking care of the visitor's thirst and of his desire to spend.

One of the world's three best-known bar-rooms is Sloppy Joe's in Havana. It ranks with Zelli's in Paris and The Raffles in Singapore. Most visitors to Havana go there once. It is a perfectly ordinary American bar-room, filled with Americans. Incidentally, during the season there is a force of sixteen "white helmet" policemen who speak English, and are prepared by official instruction and endowed by natural disposition to be tactfully efficient in solving the problems of visiting Americans. One seems to be on perpetual peg-post duty outside of Sloppy Joe's.

Havana, on the other hand, is, for certain limited matters, a remarkable shopping center. Chiefly, of course, for Spanish shawls and for French perfumery. Owing to the liberal attitude of the Cuban Government in the matter of taxes it is, incredible as it sounds, possible

(Concluded on page 118)

THERE IS BEAUTY IN THE NAME

Elizabeth Arden



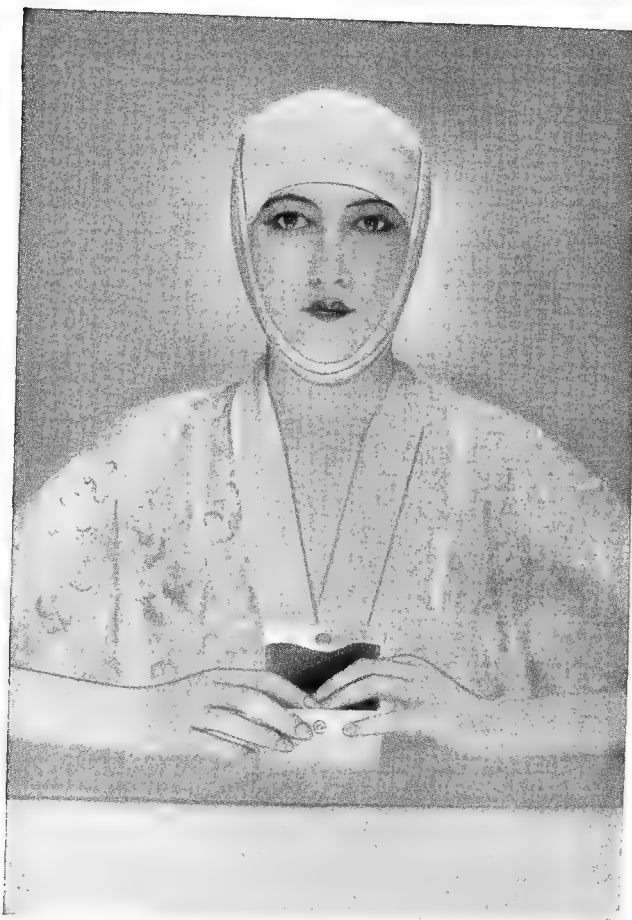
MUSCLE OIL



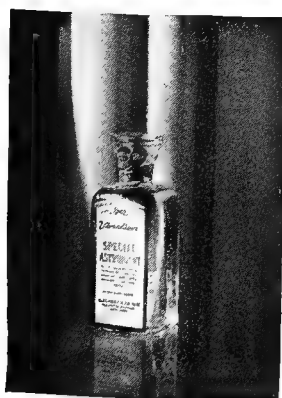
ANTI-WRINKLE CREAM



ILLUSION POWDER



CLEANSING CREAM



SPECIAL ASTRINGENT



ARDENA SKIN TONIC

*And there is beauty in Elizabeth Arden's
Venetian Toilet Preparations which
she has created for cleansing, toning
and nourishing every type of skin*

Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations are on sale at the smartest shops in all cities of the world

VENETIAN CLEANSING CREAM

Melts into the pores, rids them of dust and impurities, leaves skin soft and receptive. \$1, \$2, \$3, \$6.

VENETIAN ARDENA SKIN TONIC

Tones, firms, and whitens the skin. Use with and after Cleansing Cream. 85c, \$2, \$3.75, \$9.

ARDENA VELVA CREAM

A delicate cream for sensitive skins. Recommended for a full face as it smooths and softens the skin without fattening. \$1, \$2, \$3, \$6.

VENETIAN ORANGE SKIN FOOD

Keeps the skin full and firm, rounds out wrinkles, lines and hollows. \$1, \$1.75, \$2.75, \$4.25.

ILLUSION POWDER

A pure, vaguely scented powder, made for those who demand the extreme of quality. Tints: Illusion shade (a flesh tint), Rachel, Mat Foncé (a flattering shade for the average skin), Ocre (a sunburn shade), White, Minerva (a warm, natural color), Banana (warmer and deeper than Rachel), and Poudre de Lilas (a mauve shade for evening). \$3.

VENETIAN MUSCLE OIL

A penetrating oil rich in the elements which restore sunken tissues or flabby muscles. \$1, \$2.50, \$4.

VENETIAN ANTI-WRINKLE CREAM

Fills out fine lines and wrinkles, leaves the skin smooth and firm. Excellent for an afternoon treatment at home. \$2, \$3.50.

VENETIAN SPECIAL ASTRINGENT

For flaccid cheeks and neck. Lifts and strengthens the tissues, tightens the skin. \$2.25, \$4.

VENETIAN PORE CREAM

Greaseless astringent cream, contracts open pores, corrects their inactivity. Smooth over coarse pores at bedtime. \$1, \$2.50.

VENETIAN SPECIAL EYE LOTION

Use with an eye-cup, morning and night, to cleanse and tone the eyes. \$1, \$2.50.

VENETIAN SPECIAL EYE CREAM

Fills out lines and wrinkles around the eyes. Leave a little on the skin around the eyes overnight. \$1.50.

Write for Elizabeth Arden's book, "THE QUEST OF THE BEAUTIFUL," which will tell you how to follow her scientific method in the care of your skin at home. And a second book, "YOUR MASTERPIECE—YOURSELF," will tell you about Elizabeth Arden's Home Course for beauty and health.

ELIZABETH ARDEN

NEW YORK: 673 FIFTH AVENUE

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BERLIN W: Lennéstr. 5

PARIS: 2 rue de la Paix

CHICAGO: 70 E. Walton Place

BOSTON: 24 Newbury Street

PALM BEACH: 2 Via Parigi

PHILADELPHIA: 133 South 18th Street

ATLANTIC CITY: Ritz-Carlton Block

BIARRITZ: 2 rue Gambetta

WASHINGTON: 1147 Connecticut Avenue

LOS ANGELES: 600 West 7th Street

CANNES: 3 Galeries Fleuries

MADRID: 71 Calle Alcalá

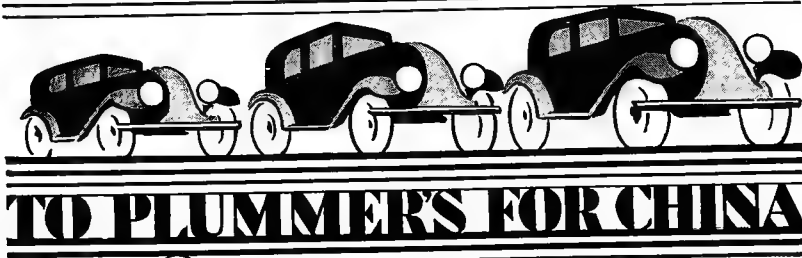
DETROIT: Book Building

SAN FRANCISCO: 522 Powell Street

ROME: Via Condotti 65

FEBRUARY ON THE
CUBAN RIVIERA

(Concluded from page 116)



For the same reason EXCLUSIVENESS

There are no surging seas to cross when Madame is thinking in terms of exclusive china and glass. Right here in Little old New York—at Plummer's—is a shop that has corralled the world's most eminent creations in china and glass of far-famed quality. Many of the patterns so delightfully displayed were made for Plummer's *exclusively*! Patrons are therefore spared the fear of duplication in the gifts they make or table service placed before their guests. Those who have never visited Plummer's have yet to experience the acquaintance of the only shop of its kind anywhere. Five radiant floors are devoted *entirely* to china, glass, earthenware and pottery, the one exception being a vastly interesting antique collection on the third floor. If you are harried with a problem concerning gifts or an individual service for your own festive board, Plummer's is ready with a happy solution.



Wm. H. PLUMMER & Co., Ltd.

IMPORTERS OF
Modern and Antique China and Glass

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Near Fifth Avenue

NEW HAVEN, CONN.
954 CHAPEL STREET

HARTFORD, CONN.
36 PRATT STREET

to sell both of these articles in Havana cheaper than it is in Madrid or in Paris. The jewelry stores in Havana are also unusually good, as there is no tax on diamonds in Cuba. Embroidered linens, especially those originating in the Canary Islands, are both abundant, good and cheap. Either owing to a certain native intelligence, or government supervision, the larger department stores in Havana are every bit as reliable as those in an American City. Havana is interested in repeat orders. She wants a customer to go back and tell other people in the States what a bargain she got in order that next year two customers may come instead of one—and so on in geometric progression.

One store in particular, El Encanto, makes a special bid for American trade. Most of the clerks, men and women, wear labels reading, "I speak English." They sell dresses they have purchased themselves in Paris, together with all imaginable feminine accessories, and English golf and sports equipment. They will, psychological touch, supply you, "promptly," with a photograph of yourself, draped in a Spanish shawl or costume, from the store collection, *pour epater la bourgeoisie* in your local community.

THE quickest way to get to Havana from New York is in thirty-nine hours, by rail to Miami and air to Havana. The next quickest is two days flat by rail to Key West and ferry to Havana. Last year there was one train daily. This year there are six, three from New York, and three from Chicago, St. Louis, and the Middle West.

For persons with more leisure, there is the sea trip. All ships engaged regularly in the coast to coast, South American, and West Indies trade stop at Havana. Of the eighty-three or more cruises scheduled for this winter to leave New York, some sixty go to the West Indies or South America and stop at Havana, as do also all four of the round the world cruises. The growing importance of Cuba has been recognized even by the transatlantic steamship companies, which this

year have delegated regular transatlantic liners to the regular run to Havana during the season.

I made my first trip by boat, and arranged to be on one that approached Havana Harbor before daybreak. If you choose this method, have your steward rouse you with a cup of coffee just as the light begins to break. Slip on a bath-robe and go up on the forward deck. If you've been very nice with the chief officer, he will, though this is strictly contrary to company's regulations, let you duck into a corner of the bridge. There is just a faint, far glimmer of dawn against a background green-black, the color of axle grease. A single light stands high in the air on the port side, a scattered necklace of street lamps far off on the starboard. The green-black begins to change to purple, a shapeless mass on the left assumes contour as a dramatic and menacing fortress, the indistinctness on the right takes form as a string of low-lying, dull-colored houses—looking like the back-drop of a stage set. The screws begin to throb, and the ship points its nose slowly toward the darkest spot in the landscape, the bottle-neck harbor entrance. Already the purple has kaleidoscoped to brown, to brown-drab, to gray. The honk of a solitary bus comes faintly from the right, which is now seen in the rapidly gathering light to be a wide sea-bordering boulevard, with waves dashing against it. The jangle of a trolley car seems absurd against the bastions and moats of Morro Castle, which has its full daylight color of mottled gray with pink overtones. In less than three-quarters of an hour you have been in the midst of one of nature's most theatrical transformation scenes; the sun is full up, Morro and Cabanas Castle are passed, and the anchor is dropped opposite the big seventeenth-century iron gateways of the Customs House. It is strange. It is stirring. It quickens the pulse. It sets it in tempo with the past. It prepares you for the romance of Havana. It is a spectacularly perfect introduction to our nearest foreign city.

THE KING OF THE CATS

(Concluded from page 114)

hard to make out the faces across the table from him.

Mrs. Dingle took command of the half-blinded company with her accustomed poise. She rose, glass in hand. "And now, dear friends," she said in a clear voice, "I'm sure all of us are very happy to—" Then she stopped, open-mouthed, an expression of incredulous horror on her features. The lifted glass began to spill its contents on the tablecloth in a little stream of amber. As she spoke, she had turned directly to Monsieur Tibault's place at the table—and Monsieur Tibault was no longer there.

Some say there was a bursting flash of fire that disappeared up the chimney—some say it was a giant cat that leaped through the window at a bound, without breaking the glass. Professor Tatto puts it down to a mysterious chemical disturbance operating only over M. Tibault's chair. The butler, who is pious, believes the devil in person flew away with him, and Mrs. Dingle hesitates between witchcraft and a malicious ectoplasm dematerializing on the wrong cosmic plane. But be that as it may, one thing is certain—in the instant of fictive darkness which followed the glare of the flashlight, Monsieur Tibault, the great conductor, disappeared forever from mortal sight, tail and all.

Mrs. Culverin swears he was an international burglar and that she was just about to unmask him, when he slipped away under cover of the flashlight smoke, but no one else who sat at that historic dinner-table believes her. No, there are

no sound explanations, but Tommy thinks he knows, and he will never be able to pass a cat again without wondering.

Mrs. Tommy is quite of her husband's mind regarding cats—she was Gretchen Woolwine, of Chicago (you know the Woolwines!)—for Tommy told her his whole story, and while she doesn't believe a great deal of it, there is no doubt in her heart that one person concerned in the affair was a *perfect* cat. Doubtless it would have been more romantic to relate how Tommy's daring finally won him his Princess—but, unfortunately, it would not be veracious. For the Princess Vivrakanda, also, is with us no longer. Her nerves, shattered by the spectacular dénouement of Mrs. Dingle's dinner, required a sea-voyage, and from that voyage she has never returned to America.

Of course, there are the usual stories—one hears of her, a nun in a Siamese convent, or a masked dancer at Le Jardin de ma Sœur—one hears that she has been murdered in Patagonia or married in Trebizond—but, as far as can be ascertained, not one of these gaudy fables has the slightest basis in fact. I believe that Tommy, in his heart of hearts, is quite convinced that the sea-voyage was only a pretext, and that by some unheard-of means, she has managed to rejoin the formidable Monsieur Tibault, wherever in the world of the visible or the invisible he may be—in fact, that in some ruined city or subterranean palace they reign together now, King and Queen of all the mysterious Kingdom of Cats. But that, of course, is quite impossible.



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FOR THE SPRING

—the soft tailleur expresses the new feminine mode—

Stein & Blaine
INC.

FURS MODES

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UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA



MOONLIT GLAMOUR *in a silver box*

Le Pirate—a daring, ardent perfume by Lenthéric echoes its moonlight magic in an enchanting companion—a face powder—the very secret of beauty in a silver box. Not scented with a dull, unfaithful adaptation of this poetic fragrance, but miraculously *Le Pirate* itself, a triumph of powder-making and perfume art . . . Poudre *Le Pirate* smooths itself upon a lovely skin—lightly and caressingly, and by its clinging fineness, its delicate tones, gracefully complements



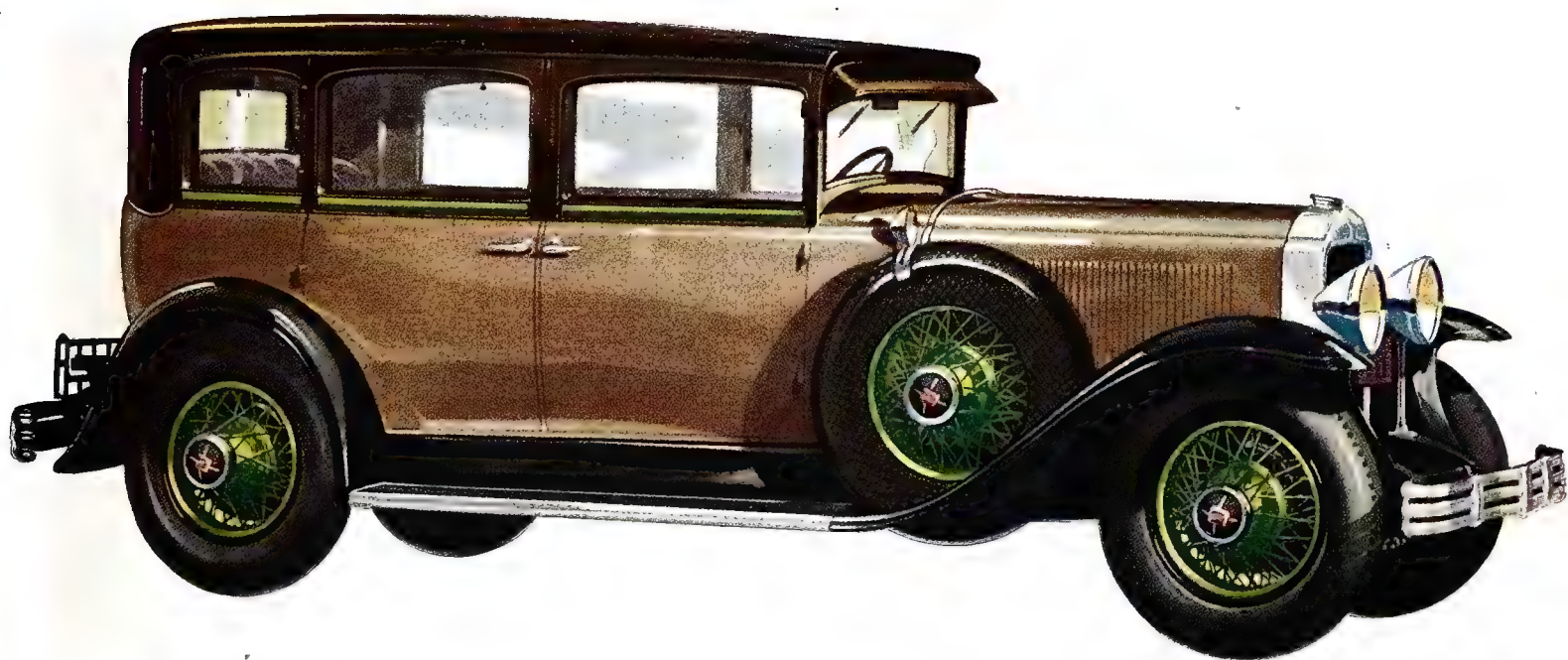
Nature . . . Every woman may find a Lenthéric powder to accent her loveliness . . . there are 8 shades cleverly toned to beautify any coloring. Every woman, too, will be enchanted to discover that each box holds its own soft, velvety puff—and that she can buy *Le Pirate* at a price lower than any comparable powder.

Lenthéric, Paris
Parfums · FIFTH AVENUE AND 58TH ST., NEW YORK
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Dependability WITH BEAUTY . . . BUICK OFFERS
BOTH !



Like A. A. Milne's king, who liked a "bit of butter to his bread," truly smart men and women demand fine appearance *plus* fine performance in a motor car. ♦ ♦ They know the value of surface things and fundamental things; and they choose Buick because it provides the fullest measure of these two important qualities—beauty *and* dependability.

BUICK

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

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Celanese adds Washability to the smartness of

MOIRÉ

Celanese moirés present a beauty that is altogether modern...and they are washable! They intro-

duce effects that are refreshingly novel...striking combinations of moiré with woven designs...moiré with embossed patterns...plain watered effects, large or small, simple or sumptuous...and all are washable! Lovely to the eye, lovely to the touch, these superb fabrics are miracles of practicality. Their patterns are permanent, their colors are fast. You can tub them and iron them with no more care than you give to any fine fabrics. + Styled in the mode's

preferred colorings, including the smart new blues and browns... and unique among moirés for

those practical qualities found only in Celanese brand yarn...Celanese moirés are being featured everywhere by stores which stress the distinctive. + *The Miracle of Celanese*, a richly illustrated brochure containing samples of these and other Celanese fabrics, and a copy of our new moiré booklet, will be sent on request. Address Style Bureau, Celanese Corporation of America, 15 East 26th Street, New York, or Canadian Celanese, Ltd., Montreal.

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Lucien Lelong, Paris

Scatoni

Lucien Lelong's perfumes "A," "B," and "C" have been made for the chic woman of the world.

THE COSMETIC URGE

By REBECCA STICKNEY

IT IS amazing to note that famous couturiers can turn their attention to cosmetics and be thoroughly successful. It must be their infallible knowledge of what pleases the smart woman of to-day. Take Lucien Lelong, for example, who created three distinctive perfumes, "A," "B," and "C." Quoting his own interpretations of them: "I would put movement into the taste for scents—as much movement as there is in taste for dress. I would have a changing mode in odors—a fashion that would leave behind perfumes grown out of tune with the times. Parfum A is a brooding odor, suited to an intense temperament. It goes with warm dress materials and dark colors, and is best suited for occasions of formal nature. Parfum B is sophisticated, feminine, and of broad general appeal—the perfume of the typical woman of the world. It goes with smooth, soft dress materials, and bright, strong colors. Parfum C is youthful, dainty, light, delicate, very feminine, and responds to fluffy, light dress materials and fall colors." Monsieur Lelong also advises that the best way to use perfume is to take a brisk rub down after the bath with toilet water, then with an atomizer spray the same perfume over the body before dressing. The heat of the body beneath the clothes diffuses a steady, subtle odor which lasts for an amazingly long time.

Worth's line at Franklin Simon's is beautifully put out. Of course, his perfumes, "Dans la Nuit," and "Vers le Jour," are great favorites, and these two odors may be had in powders, soaps, sachets, and extracts. Twelve tiny cakes of "Dans la Nuit" guest soap, packed in a blue and silver box, make a charming bridge prize, as does a glass star-studded powder globe with a large eider-down puff for a guest's dressing table, or a packet of fragrant dark blue satin sachets to tuck away in one's lingerie and clothes.

Elizabeth Arden has just perfected a brand new treatment which she calls her "Spot Pruf Treatment," for even the loveliest of skins have their off moments. A jar of this marvelously healing "Spot

Pruf" cream, which is the basis of the treatment given in her salons, is an indispensable addition to any woman's collection of cosmetics. For a generally unruly skin, this treatment is remarkably corrective. First, the skin is cleansed and glaring deficiencies carefully removed, then the "Spot Pruf" cream is worked in gently and patiently and given plenty of time to nourish and purify the deepest tissues. Patting follows with the "Spot Pruf Lotion," a clear, slightly drying liquid, which is extremely soothing and healing. After a couple of these treatments the most obstinate "spots" vanish.

Made to order for the woman who adores to take long motor trips is Miss Arden's new handbag which contains a tiny kit of her preparations, essential for cleansing and making up, in a separate section of the bag. The main bag is roomy enough for overnight equipment, yet light enough to tuck under the arm like a pocketbook. It is very smart looking and comes in brown, blue, black and red leather, lined with contrasting moire.

Pinaud's three-in-one cream, which made its debut in that most attractive green jar, is an outstanding success. It appeals especially to the woman who wants a simple and effective method of keeping her skin thoroughly cleansed, yet well nourished. All she has to do is rub the cream over her face and neck, allow it to penetrate into the pores for a few moments, and then wash it off. "But creams won't wash off," you will say. True of most of them, yet this one does, carrying off whatever oils the skin does not want to absorb, as well as dirt and dust, and leaving the face soft and cool without the slightest trace of grease. This same cream, only much stronger, is being brought out for washing the hands instead of using soap. It should be very popular, as its softening properties counteract the drying effects of soap and hard water, and remove the necessity of using hand lotions. If you are a person who has too little leisure for all these pleasant beautifying processes, such saving of time is not to be overlooked.

simplify that southern shopping

...with the new Sommers ensemble



now starring
(as usual)
the Sommers shoe



Supported by a brilliant cast including
HAT SCARF BAG

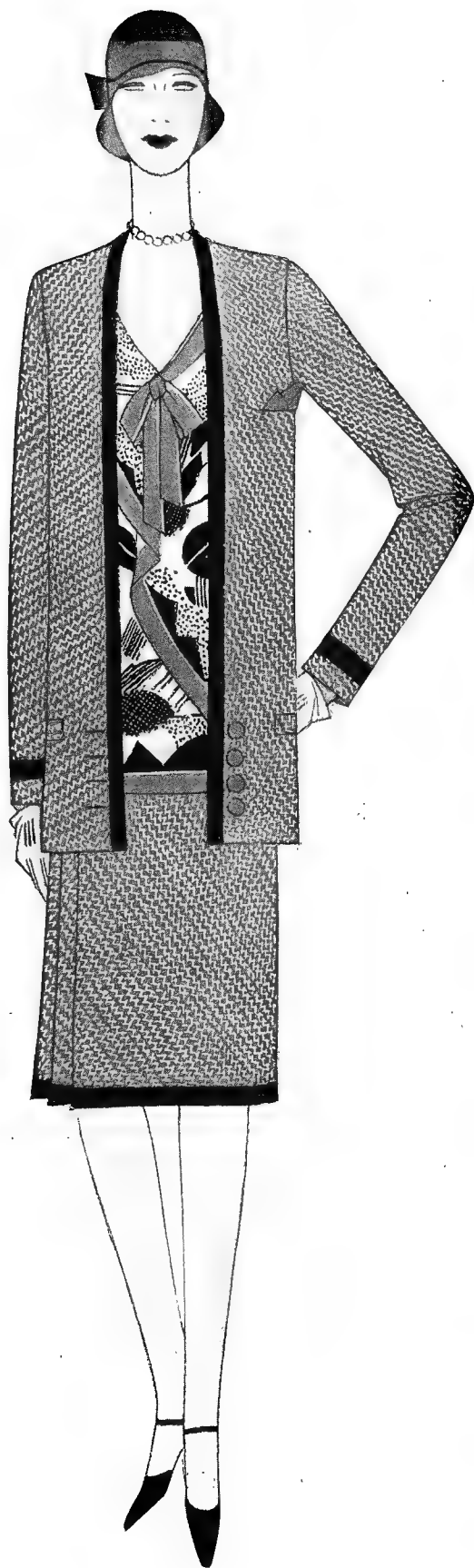
"all of a piece" of silken Labyrinth cloth Zephyr cloth and crepe in orchid, beige, green tan

Confidential
"Every Sommers shoe is designed to make the foot look smaller."

SOMMERS INC.
27 WEST 50th STREET
NEW YORK

AT THE FEET OF THE ENEMY

(Concluded from page 63)



MODEL BY

Mangone
NEW YORK

MANGONE MODELS ARE FEATURED BY THE
BETTER STORES IN OVER TWO HUNDRED CITIES.

many prominent families in this Border country, had been divided on the issue of Secession. A misguided uncle of hers had actually served with the Northern armies. Of him, though, Mrs. Gayle never spoke. With her it was as though he had not existed. Another uncle was the one whose memory she extolled. For this uncle had been a major in the Orphan Brigade, and wounded at Shiloh and promoted after Stone's River and honorably mentioned in dispatches to Richmond during the Retreat from Atlanta or, as they put it at chapter meetings, the Withdrawal from Atlanta.

But Miss Tessie had no such inky blotch on her ancestral escutcheon. Her U. D. C. membership was based upon the splendid record of a brother, the late John William Tate, who, enlisting as a private, had volunteered for secret service and, being captured within the enemy's lines, had been condemned to death by hanging as a spy, but while awaiting execution had managed to escape from a military prison at Washington and, with his health undermined by earlier privations and by the rigors of his confinement, had died, still in age a mere boy, as he tried to make his way back home. The place where his wasted body found burial was unknown; and since he died before he reached his comrades, even the manner of his escape remained a mystery. All his people knew about it was that he managed to get out of his captivity and that he fell, alone and exhausted and spent and dying, somewhere along the dreary way in the territory occupied by the Federals up in West Virginia. It made a pathetic, moving story as Miss Tessie told it—the agony in the stricken household when first word came that he had been taken and then, quick on that, the word that he'd had a summary trial and had been sentenced to die a shameful death, and then the suspense of the waiting and then finally, by delayed and roundabout sources, the news that having gotten clear of prison and off and away for freedom, he had dropped on a mountain roadside, and as one of the minor, unconsidered tragedies of the war, had been shoveled underground by strange hands.

She, who was only a child then, away back in '63, had idolized this somewhat older brother of hers. She grew up worshipping the image of his remembered youth. She counted him—and rightly so, as you'll agree—as great a hero as any who took a mortal wound in battle. She never married. In her heart this brother's memory took for her the place of a husband, the places of the children she might have borne. So, at seventy-odd, she hated all that was Northern. She hated it because of the cruel, ruthless machinery set in motion to speed Private John William Tate to the gallows and because no answer, no acknowledgment even, had been made to the frantic, hurried appeals for mercy sent to Lincoln at the White House through former friends of her family who, being faithful to the Union, were said to have influence in that quarter; and most of all she hated because hating had come to be a very part of her warp and fiber.

LAST year, as you may remember, Lincoln's Birthday fell on a Sunday and was celebrated—in the sections where they do celebrate Lincoln's Birthday—on Monday. On that Monday, February 13th, Mrs. Gayle had occasion to call on Miss Tessie upon patriotic business connected with an impending meeting of the Daughters. In the librarian's office they told her that Miss Tessie wasn't there, hadn't been there at all this morning, hadn't telephoned either—possibly she was sick or something. Mrs. Gayle was turning away when one of the old negro attendants of the Capitol force who had entered in time to hear the latter end of these remarks, spoke up:

"None, I reckon she ain't sick—leastwise I jest now seen her down-stairs on de main floor. I jedge mebbe you'll find her down dere."

"Whereabouts down-stairs, Uncle?" asked Mrs. Gayle.

"Right down below yere in de

right-hand rotuinder wuz whar I seen her."

"Oh, you must be mistaken," stated Mrs. Gayle. "She never comes in that way. She never would, no matter how big a hurry she might be in."

"Mebbe not, heretofore, lady, but not five minutes ago I seen her comin' in the front do' jest ez I waz startin' up the stair-steps myself. I ain't mistaken, lady. Ain't but one Miss Tessie 'round dis yere State House, nome."

So the puzzled Mrs. Gayle went to find her friend. She descended the curving stone treads and, descending, saw how the winter sun, filtering through the skylight in the roof above, made a sort of golden nimbus about the head of the statue and she saw a skimpy little garland of bronzed oak leaves which early that day the surviving members of the local G. A. R.—two feeble old white men and one feeble old black man—had placed at its foot and then, almost touching the oak leaves where with drooped head she clung against the pedestal in a posture which, oddly, might betoken devotion, Mrs. Gayle saw the shape of Miss Tessie.

Had Miss Tessie gone suddenly mad? That was the question which framed itself in Mrs. Gayle's mind as she quickened her pace to a bird-like little scamper.

FILLED with distress and bewilderment, she reached the level and skittered across the marble floor.

"Why, Miss Tessie!" she cried, drawing near. "Why, Miss Tessie, what in the world!"

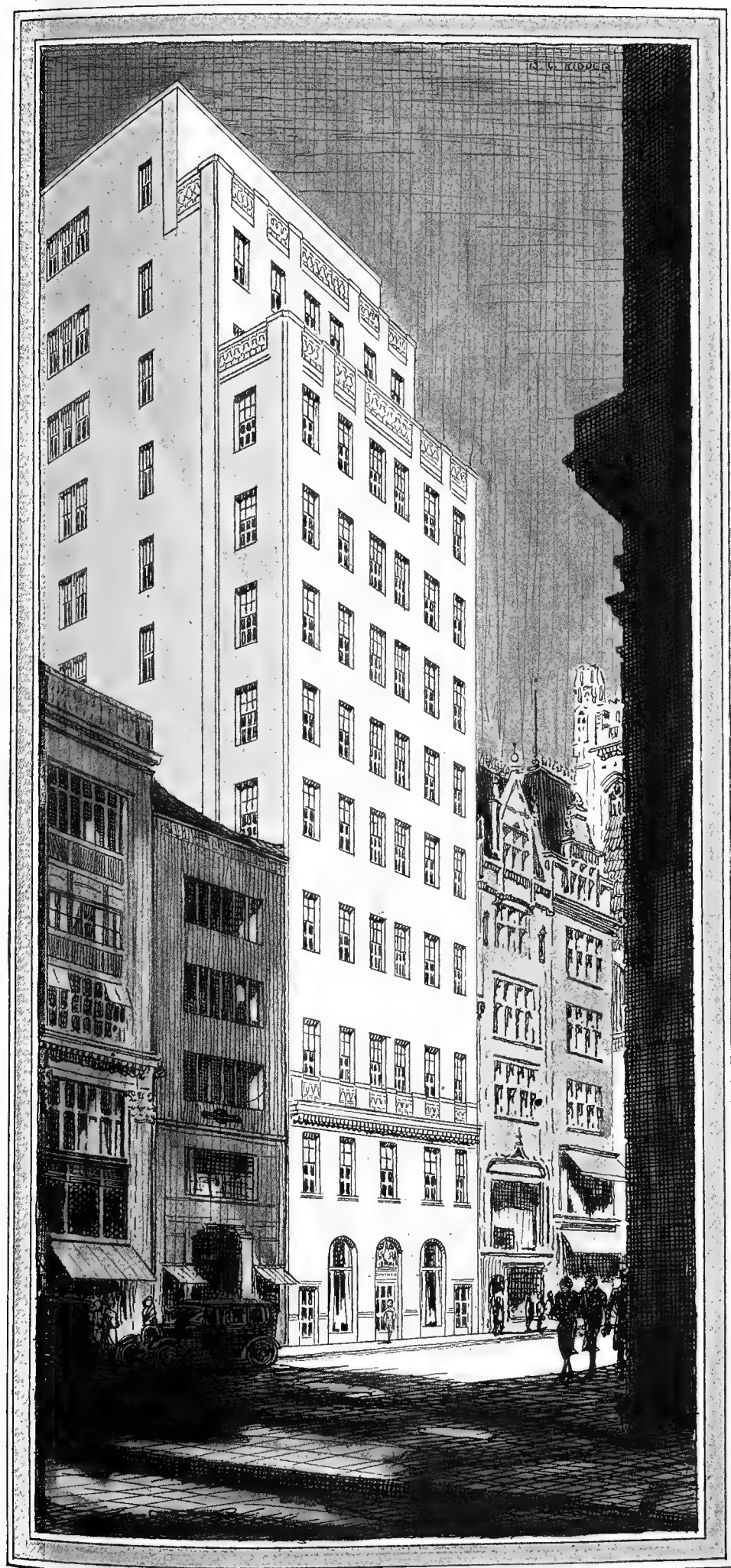
Miss Tessie raised her white head and Mrs. Gayle saw that while the face of her friend was swollen from weeping it was a face transfigured and glorified by some tremendously uplifting emotion.

She said nothing, though. She handed to Mrs. Gayle a scrap of paper crumpled by close pressure of her hands, and in amazement Mrs. Gayle unfolded it and flattened it out. It was a half page torn from one of yesterday's big city papers—part, evidently, of a Sunday "feature article."

Mrs. Gayle's agile eye caught the page-wide heading: "A New Light on Lincoln's Life for Lincoln's Birthday." Then swiftly she skimmed through the florid introductory paragraphs, sensing that the story dealt with discoveries of interesting and, so it was alleged, previously unpublished documents belonging to a collector of rare manuscripts in the North, and so on, skipping along until at the top of the second column she came to a reproduction in facsimile of a letter, or note. She read it and it read as follows: "Dear Stanton: There is a young Rebel named Johnnie Tate under sentence of hanging for being a spy. Don't hang him. Speed brought me a letter to-day from his old mother down in Kentucky. I understand this boy is mighty sick. If he were turned loose he couldn't do any more damage to the Union and, anyhow, Speed promises me he'd go home, should he live to get there, and behave himself from now on. So since you've been fussing at me for letting so many spies off with their necks unbroken, and some of the newspapers have been jumping on me for being what they call too soft-hearted, I wish, as a personal confidential favor to the writer, you'd keep this particular case out of the official records and instruct somebody whom you can trust with the secret, just to leave the door of this youngster's cell unlocked and the gate ajar the next dark night. I know this is irregular, but everything seems to be irregular these times and if there is any trouble over it, I'll take the responsibility on my own shoulders. Much obliged. (Signed) A. LINCOLN."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Gayle understanding. "Oh, Miss Tessie!"

Miss Tessie appeared not to hear her. Miss Tessie was on tiptoe flat against the pedestal, stretching her two arms upwards as though seeking to reach the hem of The Emancipator's garment. She couldn't make it, though. She just could manage to touch with her reverent lips the tip of one huge, ugly, box-toed bronze boot.



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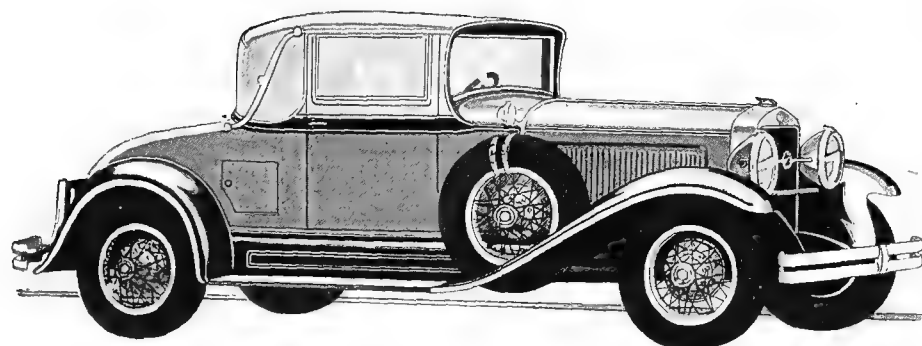
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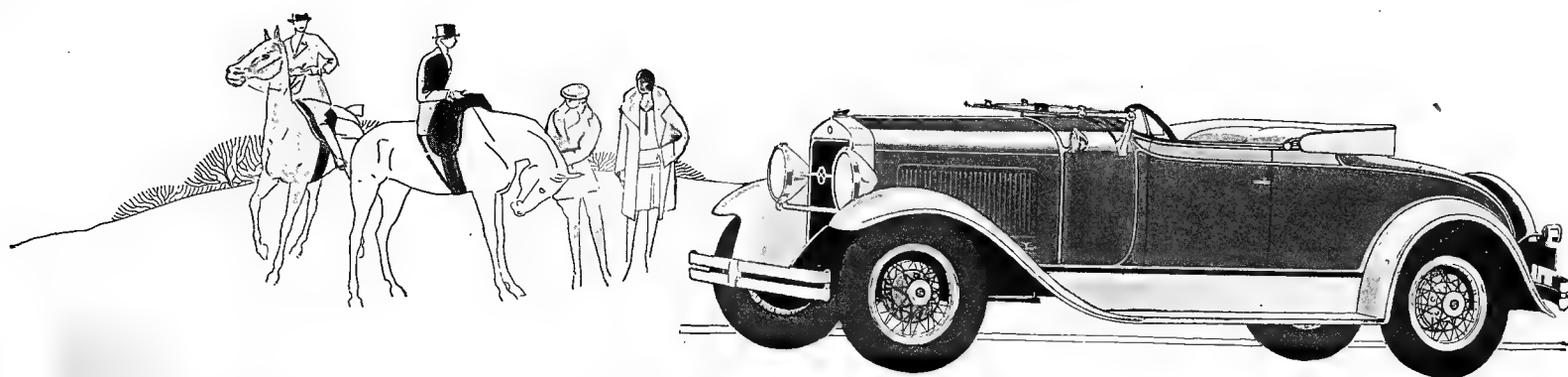
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SUNG IN THE STREET

(Continued from page 75)



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One sees them at the cafés night after night, regarding the world, solemnly."

"I know," he said thoughtfully, "looking out upon the world with a kind of mirthless courage. My only solution of it is that they know that while their solemnity is rather frightful their mirth in public is even more so. They have to look like that to keep from appearing ridiculous. Fancy an Englishman waving his arms, gesticulating, and roaring with sprightly mirth as the Frenchman may be seen disporting himself—that would be too frightful! He could never get away with it. So your Englishman must be ponderous, for he never quite forgets that he must appear to be dignified even if he feels quite the contrary. In England we are expected to do something by middle age, in middle age we get a glimpse of an elderly gentleman, whom people will call by our name, who will be either a silly old thing, or a person of decorum; we know that our experiences will have either lopped off our branches, year by year, like your French trees, or that we will have grown into a decent-sized old oak. We are dogged from first to last by the thought of subsequent old age, we cannot risk appearing ridiculous then. So we forget to be happy while we can; happy and irresponsible; we are afraid."

"Ah," she said, "I have never thought a great deal about old men."

Regarding her from under his brows he admitted to himself that he saw no reason why she should.

"Just because an Englishman has not the facility of speech which is common to every Frenchman, no matter what his origin, you make a grave mistake to under-rate his emotional existence. We are born of a stonier soil; we go to ground with our personal feelings, and we resent impermanence. We resent what we have known and loved passing, like something sung in the street, and going out of our lives forever. We try to perpetuate it. We are slower to feel, if you like, but we are also slower to forget. We haven't your facility for adjusting ourselves to things as they are. . . . I told you I could not make you understand."

Unaware of any inconsistency she stood up and stretched out her arms to the sea.

"Did I ask you to make me understand?" she said. "I do not care to understand. I want to live. . . . I want to love. . . . to hate. . . . to suffer. . . . to be jealous, to be miserable, to be happy! In France we are content to take life day by day; we do not weigh the wine—we drink it. It is the better way."

"It is the better way for Frenchmen," he said. And the sea sighed and the sun dropped behind the horizon, for they both knew that in a week's time, perhaps even sooner, she would have persuaded him that it was the better way for Englishmen as well.

THE streets of Port Vendres are paved with small round cobbles from the beach, and the tiny inland harbor is so narrow that a man may call across it to his neighbor and discuss the price of French or Spanish wine. The smell of wine and ropes and oakum hangs above the sunny streets, and garlic issues from the open doors where dark-eyed children sit prattling to each other in French and Spanish. Nothing moves in Port Vendres for hours at a time except the slow gray dappled Percheron stallions, pacing decorously, one behind the other, with kegs of wine on two-wheeled balanced carts that rumble drowsily up the short hill to the railroad station. Once a week there is a steamer arriving or departing for Algiers. On other days one may see the whole town with but a dog scratching a flea, or a rooster crowing and flapping his wings. Two people may walk along the stone quays out to the harbor's stone-paved entrance, and rounding the point, disappear into the folds of the hills beyond where the vineyards pitch down to the sea, and the sea lifts to the land and falls away again with a sharp sigh like an indrawn breath of frustration, and the amber light runs like old wine over the rocks and tiny beaches.

Here, discovering a peasant in his vineyard with a little house for rent,

Eric took life day by day with Germaine who wished to live and not to understand. She, too, of course, had come there to paint, being herself an artist. But nothing that either of them painted was as exquisite as playing at being married. She knew what charmed him and what left him cold, and always she made it her occupation to awaken and to charm, while that thing in him which he had himself described as "a stonier soil" led her on and on with its suggestion of eluding her desire for possession. And in this way a year slipped by, and three months more, and, strangely, one evening when there was a chilly light upon the sea for once, Eric remembered that there would be shooting in Scotland if he were there, and, indeed, if he were not. He held forth upon the "hielands" for a matter of an hour, warming to the subject as retrospection always warms the trusting mind, and the next day when he slipped his kit and palette over his shoulder, she felt too tired to go, and he went off whistling, thinking idly that it was the first time she had let him go alone.

He came back, radiant, having accomplished the best large canvas he had attempted since coming to France; and found a tear-stained and averted face to greet him at the door.

"Good heavens! What's happened to it since its man went painting?" he said, obviously dumfounded.

She flung away from him and rushing to their tiny room, fell face downward on the bed.

"What have I left undone that I ought to have done, or done that I ought not to have done?" he said on his knees beside her.

And getting no answer he sat back looking at her mute with male amazement.

"Oh, you are all such stupid, stupid brutes!" she cried. "Why do we women love you, ever?"

"Can't imagine," he admitted patiently, "but as you sometimes do, what has this brute done to forfeit it?"

"If you ever gave me one real moment of sober reflection, you would know without my telling you."

He cast his mind back over her moods and tenses of the last few days and gained exactly nothing by the process.

And she lay there sobbing quietly for a long time, until he realized that he himself must make some move or the situation, whatever it really was, would go on indefinitely. He got up and lit a pipe, and went to the window where he stood looking out with eyes which saw nothing. So it was ending. As the little wind at home, which sprang up from nowhere and shook from the silver beeches a single leaf presaging a change of season, so now he felt an air, alien to their summer, moving past the reaches of his mind. It had been such a lyric year, brief as a sonnet, and as lovely; the artist in him rebelled against a fifteenth line, less beautiful; the man in him already knew regret for all that had been dear. He stood there very miserable and sorry, waiting for her next move.

But his ability to detach himself from her at such a time only angered and frightened her. You could not reach these Anglo-Saxons with tears or reproaches. A woman was merely an episode, a plaything; the real aim of their lives was not love, but achievement; of the nuances, the inflections of the game of love, of the delicacies and interplay of human associations, they knew nothing; the finer technique of the art of living was lost upon their cruder sensibilities. They insisted upon establishing bulky and easily recognizable codes of procedure and making them traditional, and for these things they died in deserts, contracted fevers under tropical suns, froze, with a jest upon the lips, in Arctic and Antarctic snows. All this she told him with the instinctive choice of diction which women find at the service of their tongues on such occasions.

AT LAST, seeing only his face grown straight-lipped and controlled instead of full of the anger and despair for

(Continued on page 128)



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SUNG IN THE STREET

(Continued from page 126)



"Ruona"

The unimpeachable elegance of the Blue Fox Scarf accentuates the classic lines of this recent triumph in Spring Street Tailleurs. Silverdale Suiting is the fabric. A snug-fitting hat of gray French felt and the gleaming severity of a white satin blouse contribute the correct harmony.

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which she had been seeking, she burst out:
"Even if you knew that I was going to have a child, it would make no difference! You will be going soon! You will go back to your shooting in Scotland, to your cold women who give themselves only in exchange for what they think so valuable—the foolish dignity and the disgusting security of matrimony."

When she had finished speaking there was silence for a long while, and Eric traveled very many miles away from the exquisite, disheveled wisp of humanity upon the bed. He saw the long shadows on the lawn at The Place; the swans in the late light on the garden pond; his mother in her gray gown, pouring tea; the tennis-court beyond the kitchen-garden; his father with his pointers emerging from the mists of morning; the stable clock would chime in just a moment! Eric Claverly. The Claverlys, of Sussex.

And he said slowly, "Germaine, are you going to have a child?"

She stared at him for some moments and then said suddenly, "Yes."

"Very well," he said.

"What do you mean, 'very well'?" she cried. "I cannot tell what you are thinking now any more than in the beginning."

And her words froze the reply on his lips, so that again he did not answer, and he sat there on the window-ledge, utterly miserable, utterly unable to meet the situation with anything to rectify it.

And into this palpitating silence old Stephan Lerouge walked with a letter. Taking in the scene with a single glance he went away down the sea path, shaking his old head.

"It was from England," he said, "yet he would have been going soon, anyway."

"BUT I tell you you cannot go—you cannot leave me, now, Eric! What is one soldier more or less to a country like yours? There is nothing in this war scare. How can the shooting of a single man throw the whole world into such a conflict as this would be? The situation will be over by the time you arrive in London. It is unthinkable that you should be taken from me just now!"

They had walked down to the cliffs and the moon was rising out of the east like a child's balloon with a broken string.

He took her little cold hands in his own and kissed them in that way she loved.

"Child," he said, "were I to stay with you now, in a month's time you would revile me, and toss your heart to some Frenchman marching away from the village. I must go. It is settled. But I will come back to you. I sha'n't be killed, you'll see!"

She knelt, so that her eyes were on a level with his own, as he sat above her on the grassy slope, and taking him by the ears she said, "Eric, tell me the truth. Is it to me that you would return, or to that little child to come?"

Over his face there passed a look so odd that she could not tell the meaning of it at such a time. He closed his eyes for a moment and when he looked into hers again, his own were serene.

"We must not weigh the wine," he said, using her own words of an earlier meeting, "we must drink it."

She wrung her hands together, for he had released them.

And then he caught her up in his arms and began to comfort and tease her, so that soon she was laughing, too. For the time being they were there on the cliffs with her heart replete again and the immediate present all that he would let her think of. She cried out suddenly, "Eric, it is forever! I shall love you until I die."

He made mock of her, for he was determined to be gay on this last evening.

"Do not blaspheme," he told her, "there is but one woman in any man's life who can claim the right to such a protestation."

"And she?" she asked.

God had given him a rich baritone, and he tilted back his head and sang all three of the verses, for the love of home, and of his people, was strong upon him with the thought of war.

"If I were hanged on the highest hill, Mother o' mine, I know whose voice would follow me still, Mother o' mine."

"If I were drowned in the deepest sea, Mother o' mine, I know whose tears would come down to me, Mother o' mine."

"If I were damned of body and soul I know whose prayers would make me whole, I know whose prayers would make me whole, Mother o' mine, Mother o' mine."

THEY packed away the trifles and the household goods which they had accumulated in the past fifteen months, and old Stephan Lerouge took them in a cart to the station. They went up to Paris together and there they parted, and the flood tide of the war began to flow between. Soon the high-tension existence, which was forced upon men and women alike, absorbed Germaine's capabilities in all the diverse ways of her essentially diverse nature.

Eric wrote to her with frequency, not regularity; but as time went on her replies became less fulsome, for she had had, in one of them, to admit that she had never been going to have a child and had merely said so in her rage and her indominate desire to be sure that he had loved her for herself.

To this letter and several which she wrote him afterward, she received no reply, and this was not altogether to be wondered at, for Eric had already been posted as missing.

Germaine, like many a greater soul, was forced to accept the seasons as they came. And during the war they came in many strange disguises. Three years after the war, she found herself occupied at the moment with one Alfred Destina whose murals were beginning to attract attention among the wise in art circles. He decided to show her something of his native France; not the tourist places, but the little towns the world had hurried by.

"Wait till you see it," he told her, "a very bijou of a place—a tiny gem. There is an hotel on the quay, and we will have a room on the water-front with a balcony."

THEY went down by omnibus the following week; and of course the place was Port Vendres. Something in her bones told her it would be Port Vendres when she met him at the Gare and he had whispered the name to the ticket agent. Something in her bones told her that it would take her out the cliff path—that it would be the first place they would walk. And all the way out, as she dragged along behind him, she remembered fragments of that other life, bits of conversations, shadows of gestures.

"Dear as remembered kisses after death." One of his English poets had said that. She could not remember what Always he had had that way of quoting from his English poets. Sometimes it had bored her. But now—"all that" was dead. "All that" was lying underneath the grass, and she was here, alive, eager for life, and just beginning—well—"another season" of her existence. Why not, indeed? Did not the very earth upon which they trod do likewise, triumphant over frustration?

Now they were passing it. That little house of love. The Villa Mirage. Life and death and chance were strange! A tall old woman in a gray gown was sitting quietly in the garden. Someone who had bought the place and lived here for the climate, perhaps.

On the way back after an afternoon of desultory flirtation in which Alfred had accused her of being in the clouds, they had just reached the town when they saw coming toward them on the cobbled street, a tall man in a blue peasant's smock. Looking into his face, as he approached, she saw that he was a mutilated man. It was as if shod hooves had galloped over that countenance, or irons had burned it to the bone again and yet again.

(Concluded on page 129)



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THE new Ford is a remarkably fine car for one that costs so little. It is simple in design, constructed of the finest materials, and built with unusual accuracy.

These are the reasons it performs so wonderfully. These are also the reasons its service requirements are so few and the up-keep cost so low.

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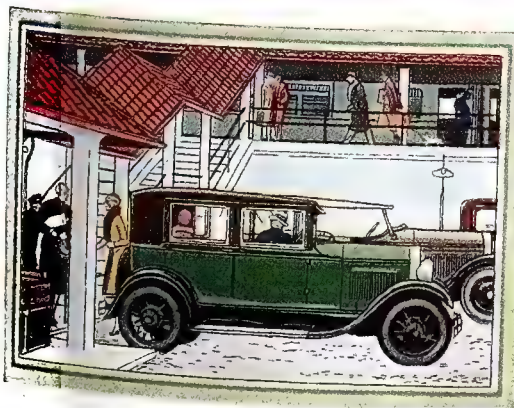
The oiling and greasing of an automobile is so important and means so much to economical, satisfactory performance that it ought not to be neglected or delegated to inexperienced hands.



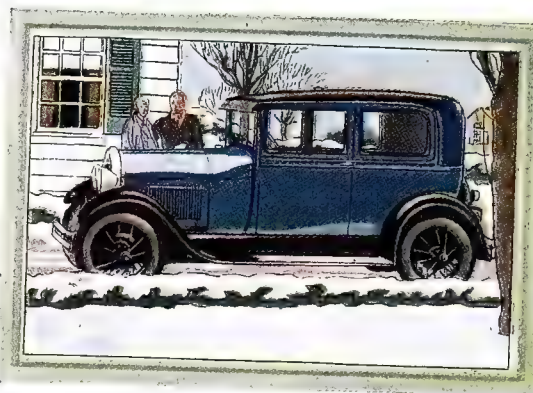
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DINING DE LUXE

(Concluded from page 79)

What I am really worried about is the wine. The dinner we have ordered cries out for good old Burgundy, perhaps a fine *Romanée Conti*, or a *Richembourg*, or a *Beaujolais*. But there is always the desire for champagne; and if there are a few bottles tucked away somewhere of *Lanson 1911* or *Giesler 1906*, the temptation is strong to desert the French routine. It is almost worth ordering an entrée, a *jambon soufflé* or a simple mushroom dish, just for the pleasure of drinking both kinds of wine!

But why worry?

There is no universal rule about the "correct" wine. Gourmets and nations of gourmets have never been able to agree.

WHICH reminds me that we have ordered a very simple—to some, a disappointingly simple—dinner. As I look back over the menu, it seems to be composed mostly of "Don't's." But, as I look back over several years of fairly habitual eating, the secret of dining well seems to be one long series of "Don't's":

Don't order the whole *cuisine*.

Don't order *minestrone* in Moscow and *bortch* in Rome—eat what the Romans eat.

Don't order at the last moment—if you can help it.

Don't order one course at a time—whether you can help it or not.

Don't let everybody "order his own meal"—it's fatal to everybody else's good time.

Don't order "made dishes" in a crowded restaurant—when the *plat du jour* will do as well.

Don't order two hot things at one time and at one serving—no human being can do justice to them both.

Don't order your meal from an ordinary waiter—the *maitre d'hôtel's* interest is essential to success.

Don't be afraid to order small courses—a green vegetable, for instance, by itself.

Don't be afraid to order new dishes—after talking them over with the *maitre d'hôtel*.

Don't forget to compliment the *maitre d'hôtel* if your first course is good—if you do, your next course will be better.

Don't serve "messy" dishes early in the meal—better still, don't serve them at all.

Don't let the wine man open a bottle until you've looked at the label to see if it is the "mark" you ordered.

Don't let the wine man pocket the cork until you've seen and felt it—corks in old wine should be straight, hard, and discolored.

Don't mix colors in wines—unless you are an expert.

Don't serve red wines cold or white wines warm.

Don't serve too many cocktails before the meal—they destroy the taste and the appetite.

Don't serve spirits with the meal, for the same reason.

Don't forget the little things—a cheese service with the soup, a glass of port with the cheese, a small slice of *pâté* or *jambon* with the salad—these things make the dinner.

Don't go against the tradition of the restaurant you are patronizing—*restaurants* are human beings—they rebuff rebuffs and appreciate appreciation.

Don't let the waiter crowd your table with useless butter plates and serving dishes—space is essential to the enjoyment of food.

Don't stand for anything that isn't "just right"—it's your due.

Don't forget to tip well when things are "just right"—it's the waiter's salary and his due.

Don't tip a poor waiter—report him.

Don't tip too much—it doesn't get service and it may get a giggle.

Don't tip in advance—but look as if you were going to.

Don't tip the regular waiter more than ten per cent.—he throws whatever you give him into a general fund and doesn't benefit especially by your generosity.

Don't tip bus-boys—they share in the waiters' fund.

Don't forget the wine man—he is "on his own."

Don't forget the *maitre d'hôtel*—he is the god in the culinary machine.

AND don't forget that it is now nine-thirty—and we haven't decided where we are going to dine. But since we are in Paris, and in the Ritz, why don't we stay right where we are? It is just the right hour for the Ritz—or, in a pinch, there might be time for a second cocktail. Half of the people who have reserved their tables for nine-thirty have been accustomed most of their lives to "supper" at six and "bedtime" at nine, but there won't be a dozen diners in their seats when Ollivier welcomes us at the entrance to the sacred corridor.

Ollivier has been the *maitre d'hôtel* of kings. Now he is the king of *maitres d'hôtels*. An autocrat of autocrats. But, unlike Julian at Ciro's, Ollivier is a very gentle autocrat. He persuades one to take the table with the lovely view of the pantry door as if he were doing the greatest favor in the world. He is suave, Ollivier. And to-night, he is generous. He is willing we should sit in the very heart of the Ritziest Ritz. And after he has served us the few simple dishes we have ordered, he will bring us the usual *crêpes Suzette*, the usual *café*, the usual *fine*—and the usual *addition*.

He is a very nice man, Ollivier!

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SUNG IN THE STREET

(Concluded from page 128)

"Monsieur," she said, "could you perhaps tell me who has the little house of Stephan Lerouge these days, the Villa Mirage?"

The face before her did not change expression, for that was something which it had lost the power to do. There was a short pause. He stood looking down at her quietly. And then the travesty of a smile passed over the obliterated features.

"Mademoiselle, I am unable to inform you. The people are unknown to me." He stood aside to let her pass. The movement was utterly familiar. Looking back, something in the head-carriage and the swinging stride made her heart turn over.

"Horrible! Oh, horrible!" Alfred was saying. "No wonder you tremble. They say that many men thought dead are still alive, hiding away, seeking the little places of the world where they may live out their lives without burdening

their fellows. No woman could endure the pain of having such a visage by her side. It would not be fair to ask it."

Through the sun and silence a voice drifted back to them across the narrow harbor.

"If I were hanged on the highest hill
Mother o' Mine,
I know whose voice would follow me still,
Mother o' Mine.

"If I were damned of body and soul
I know whose prayers would make me whole—"

The sea and the cliffs caught the voice away to themselves, leaving the tiny town in silence.

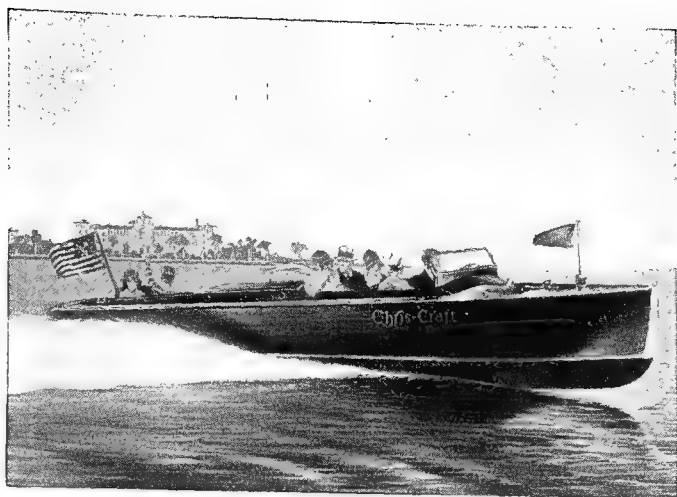
"What is it, Germaine? What is the matter? Is the man known to you?"

"The song is known to me," she said.

"It is an English song. It seems strange to hear it here—sung in the street."

EXILED

(Continued from page 83)



SIXTEEN CHRIS-CRAFT MODELS FOR 1929



Whatever your boating needs may be, there is a Chris-Craft that will meet them exactly. With the busiest and most successful year of its history behind it, the Chris-Craft organization further emphasizes its international leadership by offering for 1929 a complete line of quality-built craft, each expressing three generations of priceless boat-building experience.

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Runabouts • Sedans
Commuters • Cruisers
22 to 38 feet
30 to 45 miles an hour
8 to 22 passengers
82 to 200 horsepower
\$2235 to \$15,000

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All-Mahogany Motor Boats

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to work. That necklace of Sylvia's . . . there were too many obligations. And the pace was so fast. You couldn't afford to dawdle. You couldn't afford to let people pass you. He was sorry, he said, he really couldn't.

They shrugged their shoulders. They were sorry, too. They couldn't understand it. They had heard that Englishmen didn't bother about anything but sports.

An Englishman. Dick Vinning smiled. There were times when he found it rather hard to remember that he was an Englishman. It was so far away; so long ago since that September morning when he had waved good-bye from the window of a train to the three or four friends who had come to Victoria to see him off.

"Good luck and good-by!" they had shouted. "Mind you're back in time for the cricket!"

He was twenty-three, just down from Oxford, and was setting out on the conventional *wanderjahre* before settling down as a barrister in Lincoln's Inn. He had planned a world tour, to last about eight months, that would see him back in England by the beginning of the cricket season. He had booked matches for the first week in May, arranged about the chambers he was to work in, the diggings he was to share. And as a souvenir of those plans, he still kept the unused portion of the ticket that was to have brought him back to them.

FOR it had happened just as it does in books, as it so rarely does in life, on a liner from Honolulu to San Francisco. She was the first thing he had seen when he came on board, a frail wisp of a thing, with a wreath of flowers about her neck, waving farewell to a little knot of friends. There was laughter in her eyes and on her lips. And it was the first time that he had heard the accent of a well-bred American, and just as there is no pitch that can be harsher, there is no pitch that can be more musical: it was pure and rich and sweet, golden-sweet like Château Yquem. "If she were to look at me like that," he thought, "I'd be lost completely." And he did not know if he wanted to be or not. She was marvelous. But Dick Vinning was an indolent and pleasure-loving person. And falling in love with an American six thousand miles out of London would complicate life confoundingly. "I'll leave it to chance," he said; and chance next morning chose to draw them as partners in deck tennis; and there is companionship in sport that is to be made nowhere else. Before the first set was finished they were friends. And long before the time had come for them to acknowledge their congratulations laughingly, Dick Vinning knew he was head over heels in love, for the first time in his life.

"For the last time too, I'm certain," he explained to her two evenings later as they leaned against the taffrail, watching a baby moon wax goldenly. "And I'm going on pestering you till you say 'Yes.' So it would save you an awful lot of trouble if you were to say it now."

She looked him steadily in the eyes. And there was a brooding, self-questioning look behind her smile, and he felt that this frail, irresponsible creature had a most exact idea of what it wanted, and a very shrewd resolve of getting it. And, "How soon are you suggesting that we should get married?" was what she said to him. At that he hesitated.

"It's a terrible thing," he said, "but I don't see how I'm to make enough to marry for at least six years."

She shook her head firmly. "That won't suit me at all," she said. "I'm much too much in love to wait six years. If that's all that England can give you, you'd better see if America can't do better."

THAT was how it had begun. And Richard Vinning, who had been brought up to believe that there was something mysterious and not quite honorable about trade—it was one of the things one didn't do, or, if one did do, did not discuss—found himself working eight hours a day in a shipping agency. And

in not too long a while actually making money at it.

That, more than anything, astonished him. Money, he had always pictured as something you were born with or had to do without. It could be earned, of course, but only by extreme brilliance or by a species of low cunning that gentlemen did not possess. Now, however, he found himself making money with the exercise neither of brilliance nor of cunning, but simply of honest energy. It was very difficult for him to understand. He did not seem to be doing anything in particular. He just sat at a desk and things happened at a tremendous pace; and the commissions on the business that he supervised sprang up.

He tried to explain it to himself, but the only simile he could find was that of going down-hill on a bicycle with the wind behind you. You just hung on and in the end you got there. That was, probably how it was. America, a young people with its vast resources, was like some great wind, and all you had to do was to get before that wind, and keep steady in it, keep your head straight and your handle-bars; just cling on, and it would do the work for you. But if you started looking round and dawdling, well, you got knocked over and passed, and it was the end of you.

That, anyhow, was how he explained it to himself. "If I keep steady and hang on, I'll get there."

And so he shook his head when jolly people asked him to take drinks in the middle of the day, and drive out to the golf-links afterward. He couldn't afford to, he told himself, if he was to stay the course. So he contented himself with three sandwiches and a cup of coffee. And within forty minutes he was back again in his offices, and there were a row of telephone messages and a cable from Champerico. Would he buy a coffee crop at such a price, and he rang up a broker and said, "I can let you have so many bags of coffee for so much." And after a pause the broker answered, "You can keep your coffee." So he rang another broker. "I can let you have so many bags of coffee for so much," he said; and after a pause the broker said, "We'll have them." And Dick Vinning sent off a cable to Champerico. And this was business he had brought himself, and the commission on it would be between two and three hundred dollars. It didn't seem quite real. But then nothing seemed altogether real in this amazing country. Still, since that was the way things went. . . .

And he took out from the top drawer of his desk the long list of his obligations; mortgages that would fall due, instalments that must be met, bills that would be presented. And he set one item against another and the list did not seem as formidable as he had fancied. It would not be so very long before the columns balanced. Then, maybe, he'd be able to take things easier. In the meantime, though. . . .

BUT the telephone rang, and the typewriters were tapping; there were figures to be compared, cables to be dispatched, callers to be interviewed. It was six o'clock before he knew it. And then he was out in Market Street again, starting the engine of his car, driving northward up the steep hill toward his home, and there was Sylvia, gay and laughing, bubbling over with the excitement that was the prelude to a new plan. "Darling," she cried, "I've got the heavenliest idea. We're going to build ourselves a house at Pebble Beach."

He was so amazed that he could not answer. Pebble Beach was a good hundred miles away. What on earth should they be wanting with a house at Pebble Beach?

"It'll be such fun," she was saying. "I don't say that we'd be able to use it much. Not now, at any rate. But later on, for week-ends and things it would be just the thing."

But the price, he objected. You couldn't run up a cheap bungalow at Pebble Beach. There was no need for

(Continued on page 132)

Winter . . . Is Ruthless to Your Beauty

Bitter winds that rob the skin of its precious oils and mercilessly etch in crow's-feet, wrinkles . . . biting cold that casts the face in a mold of weariness, dullness, age . . .

"Science alone can keep your youth, your beauty safe from the ravages of winter!" warns HELENA RUBINSTEIN. And you who are beauty-wise will heed the warning, for it comes to you from a master chemist and dermatologist—from one who has awakened the beauty consciousness of millions of women all over the world.

For you has Helena Rubinstein created her amazing beauty-builders and protectors of beauty . . . unique washes and cleansing creams that work down beneath the skin's surface, swiftly rendering every pore immaculate . . . unguents that restore to ageing, weathered skin its youth essences . . . animating lotions that are veritable elixirs of beauty!

Build your beauty from day to day . . . make it immune to Climate, to Time itself, with these marvelous creations whose work begins where nature's ceases!

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For Smart Make-Up

Water Lily Foundation—makes powder and rouge doubly adherent, doubly flattering. 2.00



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EXILED

(Continued from page 130)

them to build yet, she continued. The main thing was to get the ground. A real estate man, it appeared, had called that afternoon. "Such a sweet person, darling, so good-looking. Blond and tall with hair that crinkled. An angel, truly."

A real estate man who had pointed out how everyone wanted land along there, now that the oil fields and the films were making the West richer than the East, that Del Monte was going to become the playground of the West, that soon all the best sites would be snapped up. "And it's such a sweet site. We could have such fun there, darling."

In dismay he stared at her. Fun. Did she think about anything except fun? She was like a spoiled baby, who saw a toy in a shop-window and couldn't be happy till she had it. And this was such an absurd, such an expensive toy.

"Darling," she was saying, "we needn't build at once if it would be too expensive. We could just get the land and wait till we had more money."

She explained to him what her plans were for the house: how many rooms there would be; how they'd arrange the garden; what pets they'd have. Patiently, but wearily, he listened to her. Was there no limit, he asked himself, to her irresponsibility? For he knew so exactly how it would turn out. At enormous trouble and inconvenience he would meet the instalments on that property, only to find long before they were in a position to build, that she had lost interest in the house. She was just like a child in a nursery; displaying for a few hours a child's intense concentrated absorption in a new toy, to lose next morning all interest in that toy forever. That was how it would be.

And slowly, gently, persuasively, he began to explain to her the impracticability of her scheme. He did not say it would be impossible for them to buy the land. But it would be difficult, extremely difficult. And there were so many things they could spend their money on more amusingly. One by one he produced his arguments.

But she did not listen. She had been standing at his side, her arm through his, while she had babbled excitedly, but the moment he began to bring forward his objections she turned away, walked over to a sofa, huddled herself, a dejected figure, in its corner, all the vitality and glow gone out of her. Her eyes were lusterless. Her lips were pouted, and on her husband, who knew well these premonitory signals, there descended a depression infinitely denser than that which had settled when Sylvia broached her plan.

"Heavens!" he thought, "she's going to pull her stuff."

AND when she did that . . . oh, but it was just impossible. In his early days of marriage when he had tried to reason with her, he had let her go her limit, and it had been just too much. She would not argue, she would not discuss. She withdrew into herself, was polite, pleasant, but behind barriers. You simply could not get at her. She would agree to everything you said. "Fine," she would say, "splendid." From the outside she would seem the perfect wife. But actually, she was so distant that there was no getting near her. She made life unbearable. She would keep it up just as long as she was denied her way. Twice he had tried to be equally determined, but he had capitulated. Life on those terms was not worth having. Now, when he saw the mood coming, he gave way. It was no good trying to reason with her; she was not, he told himself, a reasonable person.

It was no good arguing about that house. If she wanted it, then she must have it. He stopped speaking, walked over to her, laid his hand upon her shoulder.

"Will it make you very happy," he asked, "to have that house?"

In an instant the light and gaiety and charm had returned to her.

"Darling," she said, "so happy."

And her arms were flung round his neck, and her face was lifted, laughing into

his; her lips were parted. It was seven years since he had kissed those lips for the first time. There was still only one thing in the world he really wanted.

It meant debts, of course; more debts, more obligations, more instalments. But to his surprise Dick Vinning did not find that the situation worried him particularly. As a boy he had always symbolized debt as an immense burden that hampered you, weighed upon you, prevented you from breathing. That was how debt was presented in sermons and in stories. But actually when the time came he found that you accepted it as part of the fabric of your life. You did not bother about it much. At the office he had not time to. Things went too fast. Going down-hill on a bicycle with the wind behind you is an exciting business; and at home he never had time to think about the office. Sylvia saw to that. She was so busy having a good time herself that everyone who was associated with her could scarcely help having one as well.

HE NEVER had to bother about entertainment. She saw to that, all right. For every evening, for every week-end, something was arranged. Bridge, dancing, a theatre, picnicking. He did in truth leave his office behind him the moment he stepped into his car at six o'clock. In ten minutes he would be home, and there would be Sylvia, fresh and radiant and laughing. She would throw her arms round his neck and kiss him and, "Darling," she would say, "get out of those hot things quickly. Your bath's on, your Tuxedo's ready, the Fresham's are calling for us in half an hour." And while he changed she would mix a cocktail and chatter about all that she had been doing during the day: whom she'd lunched with, whom she'd had tea with, the frock she'd bought at Mangin's, the Chinese porcelain she had coveted at Gump's. By the time he would be ready, the car would be at the door. And that would be the last he would see of Sylvia. She would lose herself in the crowd, abandoned utterly to this business of having a good time. She would be laughing and chatting with other people, taking them aside to confide secrets to them. If it was a dinner party she would be sitting at the other side of the table. If it was a dance she would be surrounded by young men. She was always surrounded by young men, whom she called "Darling," and held hands with and kissed occasionally. Her "beaux" she called them.

"Darling, you aren't jealous? You aren't so silly as to be jealous. I must have my beaux. I'd feel old if I didn't. Me, with my three babies and all my wrinkles. And, darling, you wouldn't want me to feel old."

She was amazing, he told himself. One would never stand for it in an English woman, but then in an English woman it would mean something different. You couldn't judge them by the same standard. The American woman: what were you to make of her? Was she anything but a spoiled child? Had she a single idea in that pretty head of hers beyond the having of a good time; the good time to which, by the mere fact of being a woman, she considered herself, without any effort on her part, to be entitled? What was she? The product of a world in which men had been too busy to bother about their women, had not had time to make comrades and associates of them, had taken the easier course of turning them into goddesses. Was that it? Did Sylvia see in marriage anything but a stepping-off place for enjoyment? Had she any conception of how much this good time of hers was costing him: in work and strain and effort? And would she regard it as any part of her duty as a wife to have any such conception? Would she? But then, what would it matter if she would? Did anything matter as long as they loved each other and were together? For however much fun these parties were, and they invariably were good fun, for if the Californian does not understand the art of

(Continued on page 134)



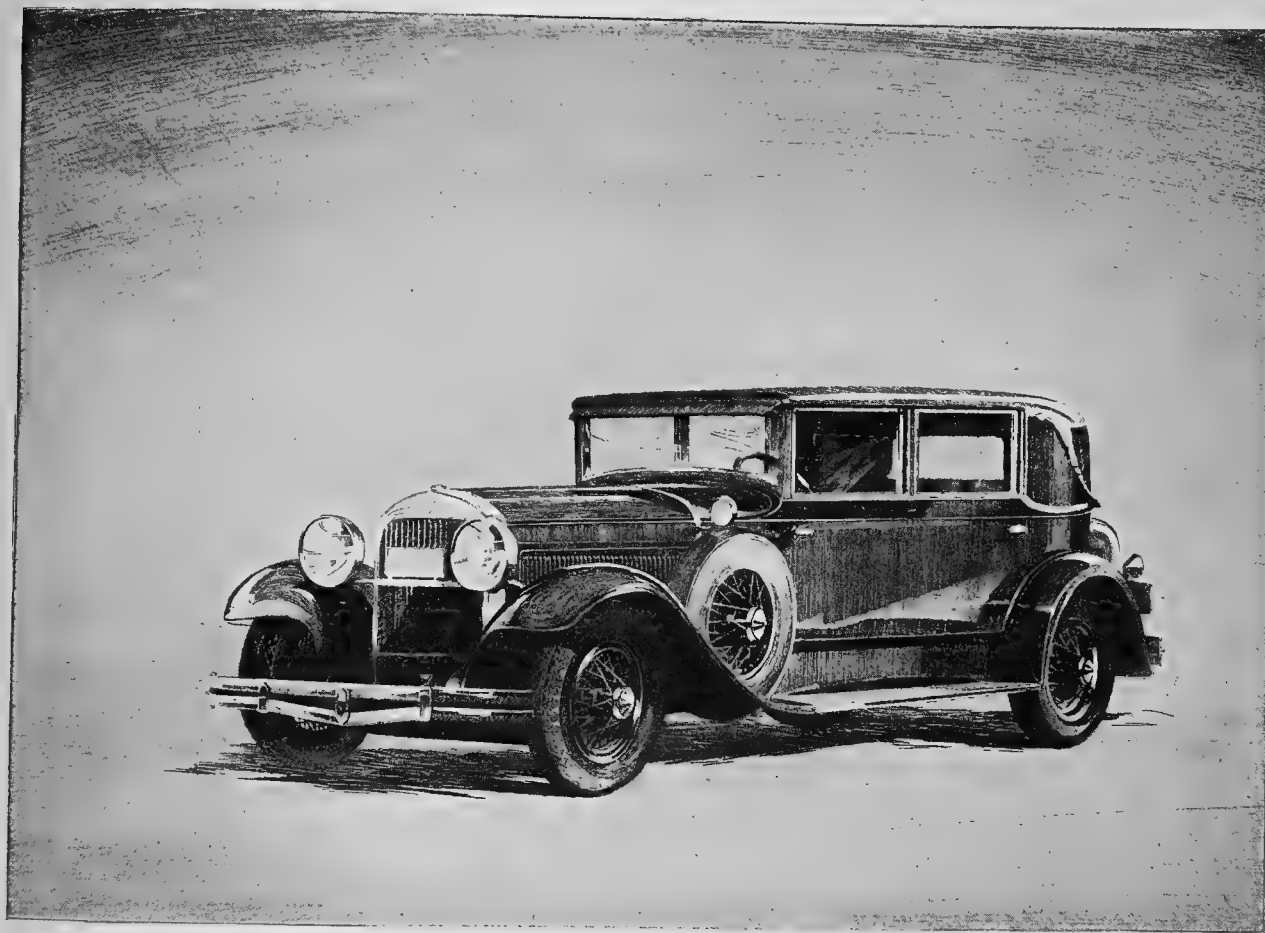
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COMMANDING beauty and richness distinguish each of the 14 body types available on the Greater Hudson.

The five-passenger Club Sedan here illustrated suggests the smartness that marks these new offerings. In every detail of finish and fittings they express the utmost in comfort and luxury.

Never in Hudson history have we presented such beautiful bodies. Never such value. Never such price advantage. And those who know motor leadership say that speaks for the entire industry.

To the wider number of models presented a further variety of personal choice is provided in two chassis lengths of identical quality.

On the standard chassis nine models are offered—the Coach, Standard Sedan, Coupe, Roadster, Phaeton, Town Sedan, Convertible Coupe, Landau Sedan and Victoria, ranging from \$1095 to \$1500 at factory. On the long chassis there are five models—the 4-passenger Sport Phaeton, the 7-passenger Phaeton, the 5-passenger Club Sedan, the 7-passenger Sedan and the 7-passenger Limousine, with a price range from \$1850 to \$2100 at factory.



92 DEVELOPED HORSE POWER — ABOVE 80 MILES AN HOUR

EXILED

(Continued from page 132)



In One Day 1193 WOMEN HAVE COME TO R. LOUIS from all parts of the world

By ANN FRANKLIN

For years R. Louis has gathered from the wide world, a knowledge of beauty, tested it, and brought it to a superb point of perfection. Today, R. Louis has taken his place with those inspired men who have given their lives to the supreme creation of beauty for women—Paul Poiret and Lucien Lelong.

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Crème Rouge Compact Rouge Lip Stick Cleansing Tissue Face Powder Dusting Powder

having a good time then there is no one in the world that does, the best moment was always at the end when the last good-bye had been said, and he and Sylvia were alone together in the car, and she would snuggle up against him, her head upon his shoulder, and "Kiss me," she would whisper.

They would always kiss the moment they were alone. Sometimes it was a drowsy comfortable kiss, the kind of kiss with which you tuck a child up for the night. And it was as a child that he would think of her, a child that was tired suddenly of its play. But often it would not be at all that kind of kiss. There would be a fever in her voice and upon her lips, and her fingers would clench tightly on his coat, as though all the evening they had been hungry to be clenched there, and the ten minutes' drive home would seem an exasperating eternity of time.

He was terribly happy with her.

Not that there were not moments of self-questioning. Had there not been, it would not have been a human marriage. In the history of every marriage there is one moment when the whole edifice appears to rock.

TO Dick Vinning that moment came in his thirty-seventh year, in the sound across a dinner table of an English voice; a voice that was low and a little blurred, a little rushed, a little indistinct; a voice that was not particularly musical, but that pronounced its "a's" as though an "h" followed them, and in the sound of that voice came with a sense of overpowering nostalgia the memory of everything he had abandoned fifteen years back. He remembered London, and its quiet squares, and the buses going down Piccadilly, the curve of Regent Street, and Whitehall as you saw it from St. James's Park, a medley of minarets, in the lilac of a November dusk. And he remembered the English countryside; the honeysuckle hedges, and the Sussex downs; green and brown with the slow sun going over them, and the windmills and the grazing sheep; the wealth and softness of those colored counties.

"And am I never," he thought, "to see any of it again?" And he looked across the table toward the voice, toward a calm, oval face, its head coiled round in a helmet of brown hair; to brown eyes that were soft and kindly, below a high, clear forehead; to lips that were full and smiling and unrouged; to cheeks colored slightly by air and sun, that had never known more than powder. She was everything that Sylvia was not. "That must be a very sweet person," Vinning thought.

DIRECTLY after dinner he went across to her. There seemed no need between them for the conventionalities of conversation.

"You're English," he said. "It made me homesick to hear you talk."

"And doesn't it make you more homesick," she answered, "to know that in a month from now I'll be in London?"

In two days' time she would be returning by Panama. She was at Cambridge, she told him, reading history, and had been left some money by an aunt—not much, too little to invest—that she had thought she'd spend in traveling. So she had come out here. She had had a wonderful time. "I love America," she said.

But he did not want to talk about America. He wanted to talk of England, to hear pronounced, in accents so long unfamiliar, the names he had not heard for fifteen years. Did she know the west country, he asked. Yes, she had been born in Paulton. Then she knew Bath. But, of course. And the Wiltshire villages. Lacock and Corsham with its Almshouse, and Pickwick with its yellow houses. And Sussex. Did she know Sussex?

Yes, she knew Sussex; slightly but not well; she had stayed at Ditchling. Then she should know Westmiston. Why, of course. That deep sunken road below the church, was there anything lovelier than that in springtime? And Fittle-

worth; she had spent a week-end there once.

So eagerly did they talk together that he did not realize that all the other guests had gone, and that Sylvia was left alone talking with their hostess. He was reluctant to say good-bye.

"Look here," he said, "you've only two more days here and I imagine that they are pretty well filled up. But if you're looking for anyone to show you round San Francisco, I'll be very glad to."

She looked him steadily in the eyes.

"That's very nice of you," she said. "I'll be very grateful. To-morrow afternoon. It'll be fun seeing San Francisco."

NOT that they saw a great deal of San Francisco, though they drove for two hours through its climbing streets northward and along its cliffs to the Golden Gate; though they had tea at the little restaurant that looks out over the clustering piers, and the shipping and the ferry-boats paddling their way across to Oakland. It was of themselves they talked, of themselves that they were thinking, of themselves and England; the England she was returning to, the England he was exiled from. And it was to one heavy with homesickness that at length, leaning across the table, her eyes looking softly into his, a soft voice said:

"Surely you must miss it terribly. You don't belong here. Life must be very exciting, and very new. But is it worth it, do you think, all this frantic hurry about getting on in the world, about getting rich? We live such a little while. Do you think it's worth it?"

And she quoted to him; how

"She bade him take life easy as the grass grows in the weirs
But he was young and foolish and now
was full of tears."

"Do you think it's really worth it?" she repeated.

And he thought of England: of how leisured and gracious life was there; gentle and quiet-skied. He recalled the peace of it, and the beauty. And, "What am I doing here?" he thought. "In this foreign country: working myself to death to satisfy the caprices of a wife who has no object in life other than the having of a good time. What do I matter to her, really? I'm just the provider. Anyone else would do just as well. I am a stranger among strangers here."

And the appeal of the soft-voiced woman at his side was very strong. And that soft voice and quiet, oval face seemed to symbolize everything that was most truly English, everything that he was exiled from. And his emotion was so fierce that he could hardly speak.

"I think," he said, "that I shall go mad if I never go home again."

She smiled sadly.

"And is it so very necessary," she asked, "for you to stay here?"

There was little doubt of that which she was offering him. To-morrow evening her boat would sail. She was free; he could be. And there was upon him a heavy longing; if only he could go! If only he could win back to that lost tranquillity. But even as he longed, he knew the impracticability of that longing. How could he be free? He, who was bound hand and foot by bills and obligations. Sylvia might not really need him. He might be the provider for her, the meal-ticket man, that, and nothing else. And yet . . . he shrugged his shoulders. Practically, it was just impossible. He probably wouldn't be able to lay his hand on a thousand dollars. He was bound hand and foot by debts. He could not go without leaving an intolerable mess behind him. It was no use dreaming.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"You'll never know," he said, "quite what it'll mean to me to-morrow evening when I watch the *Logaric* sail."

HIMSELF he never quite knew what it had meant. There was a mist before his eyes, and his ears were deafened. And it was in a mist that he drove

(Continued on page 136)

Louis XIV Pattern
by Towle



Gown from Altman

Vivacious, graceful, feminine to her finger-tips is the bride who finds her personality expressed in the Louis XIV Pattern by Towle. Here delicate ornament, exquisitely feminine in its design, chooses precious Sterling as its medium for expressing the modern girl's love of adorned simplicity.

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Your Sterling Pattern must express YOU

There is a certain group of modern, beauty-loving girls who, the finer jewelry shops tell us, prefer the Louis XIV Pattern in Towle Sterling to any other *Schid* Silver pattern!

These girls like simplicity in their home surroundings but their taste is too lively for plainness. Do you share their feeling? Then this Louis XIV pattern probably expresses you, too.

Every Towle pattern is like somebody! The chief distinction of all Towle designing is that it expresses the temperament and personality of individuals.

It is quite possible that you may not find your own personality expressed in

the Louis XIV pattern but in one of the seven other lovely Towle solid silver patterns shown at left.

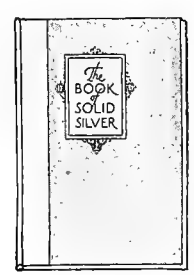
The point is: What expresses you *belongs* to you. Imagine these patterns on the tables of the various brides you know. Don't you feel instantly that certain designs belong to certain girls?

Of course, all these Towle patterns are wrought into the precious solid metal with confident artistry and exquisite craftsmanship. You will find Towle Sterling displayed in the finer jewelry shops throughout the country. Ask your own jeweler what it will mean to *you* to have silver with such an illustrious heritage.

The Book of Solid Silver—Bound in blue and silver, full of helpful silver information and delightfully illustrated. If you will fill out the coupon in full and send 25 cents for postage and handling costs, we shall be delighted to mail you this book.

The Towle Silversmiths, Newburyport, Mass.
I enclose 25c: Please send me *The Book of Solid Silver*.

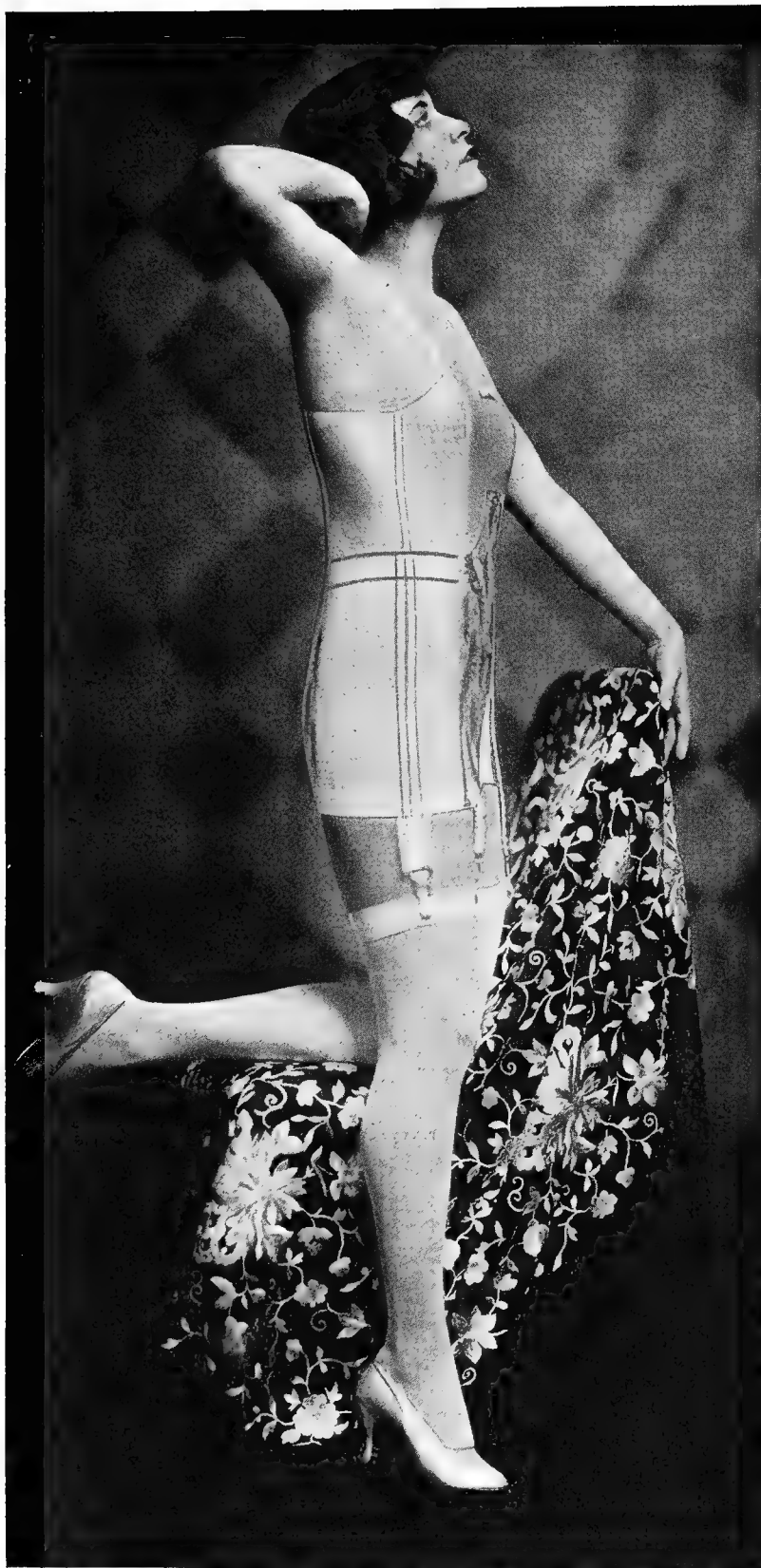
NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY AND STATE _____
My jeweler is _____ C-2



(left to right, upper four) Lady Mary, Virginia Carvel,
Lady Constance, D'Orleans.
(lower three) La Fayette, Seville, Mary Chilton.

EXILED

(Continued from page 134)



BIEN JOLIE

FOUNDATIONS

More exquisite than ever, smarter in every detail, lovelier in every line—are the spring offerings in Bien Jolie Foundations. And there are models exactly right for wear under your new frocks and ensembles—awaiting your selection at all good stores

Send for illustrations of the newest Bien Jolie models

BENJAMIN & JONES
Department B, 358 Fifth Avenue, New York

Loveliness in Every Line

FOR SALE IN LONDON BY MARSHALL & SNEEGROVE

back up the steep hill toward his house. And from his doorstep he looked down upon the city. In the harbor the ferry-boats were tooting, their lights moving backward and forward like a swarm of fireflies. And England was six thousand miles away. "What am I doing here?" he thought. And there, threading its way among the fireflies was the large lit shadow of the *Logaric*, and, "It's taking a part of me away with it," he thought. And his heart was lead.

Sylvia was not in the drawing-room when he got back; she was up-stairs, the maid told him, and as he came into her bedroom she turned eagerly from before her mirror.

"Darling, I feel all restless to-night," she cried. "Let's go some place."

Her eyes were shining and her lips were parted in excitement. "I wonder what she would say," he thought, "if she knew how close I had been to never coming back to-night." But, "Hurry, darling," she was urging him; and there was nothing for him to do but to take his bath, and long before he had tied his tie, she was shouting through the door to him. "Dicky, dear, if you knew how warm your cocktail's getting."

He had no time to indulge his sorrows. He was rushed down the hill toward the town, and they had parked their car and walked along Union Square to the St. Joseph. And there was a table booked in the corner, and they had hidden their bottle of bootleg whisky on the couch; and Sylvia was excitedly running her eyes along the menu.

"Darlingest, let's have all the most expensive things," she cried. "I feel so gay to-night."

Their dinner began with caviare, and ended with a foies gras savory, and things like plovers' eggs and truffles weaved their way between.

"If only this had been Chinatown, we could have had shark-fins soup," she sighed.

Vinning laughed. It was so like her, that. That regret at not being able to get a thing both ways. She was still, in her thirties, as she had been in her teens, the harassed child fretful because it had not enough hands to play with all its toys at the same time. But as always she was the ideal companion; gay and affectionate and witty. Never had he known her more merrily kittenish.

"Isn't it fun being just ourselves?" she said. "When did we go out together last? Do you think we've had a meal together once in the last six months?"

He laughed, and supposed they hadn't.

"Which makes it all the jollier," she said. "We appreciate each other more like this."

And for the first time for many months all her gaiety and liveliness were displayed for him alone. She did not, as usual, spend half her time waving to acquaintances across the room. And when one of her beaux came across the room and asked her if she would dance with him, she shook her head. No, she was with her Poppa to-night, she said. And they danced over half the dances, as they had when they had been engaged; and her eyes were bright and her laughter silvery; and Vinning forgot his homesickness, and the lights of San Francisco shining faintlier to the decks of the *Logaric*. England was far away, and England was his home, but were he there would he not be more homesick for Sylvia's laughter than ever he could be here for the green fields and the leisured ways? And one of his arms as they drove home was tight about her shoulders. But as they paused in the hall on their return it was wistfully that she looked up at him.

"IT'S been a happy evening, hasn't it?" she said.

"Very," he answered her.

"If you only knew," she sighed, "how terribly happy you make me. If only I could make you one-half as happy as you make me. No, no, don't interrupt. I'm so seldom serious, when you must let me be really serious when I am. And, darling, you do realize, don't you . . . I may seem just a fliberty-gibbet running round among my beaux, and that it's

just the crowd round me that I want, but, darling, if it wasn't for you . . . darling, you do know, don't you, that nobody could take your place?"

Her arms were about his neck, and the *Logaric* might well be a million miles away.

AND the years went by, swift and pleasant, without life altering very much for Vinning. There were new problems, of course: problems of children and education and careers. But at root it remained unaltered. The days devoted unremittingly to work, the nights, as ever, to that having of a good time; with the same framework of debts and obligations. Every year he made more money, and every year he spent more. He never had any spare balance at the bank. When his eldest daughter married he had to sell out the property they had bought at Pebble Beach, the property on which they had never built, but whose value had been quadrupled. Sylvia was sad to see it go. "We could have built such a sweet house on it," she said. It had been bought at hazard and sold at hazard, but the whim had brought them several thousand dollars. And Dick Vinning shook his head. Did she realize anything, he wondered, of the realities of life?

And the years passed and their sons went out into life, and they were alone again, he and Sylvia, though now in a much larger house, with the old life going on, the work, the bills, the parties. And they were growing old. His hair was white and thinner. And she was a little plump, and there were pouches below her eyes, and wrinkles about her mouth. But she was still the most vital figure at any party. There was still the crowd of beaux to "darling" and hold hands with, and still the best moment of every party was at the end when they were alone together in the car; when she snuggled her face against his shoulder. And though they were close on sixty it was not always, by any means, that it was the tired child that whispered, "Kiss me."

He was still terribly happy with her. But the pace had begun to tell on Vinning. There were odd moments of dizziness; of forgetfulness; when nothing seemed to be quite there; when the world around him seemed to be unreal; moments that ultimately sent him to the doctor.

It was a long and thorough examination, and at the end of it the doctor shook his head.

"I'm sorry, Vinning, but you've got to quit. You've got to retire from work."

"What's wrong?"

"Not much, not yet. But if you go on working as you do now I wouldn't guarantee you twelve months more."

"So that's that," he thought, as he walked away from the doctor's consulting-room. He was finished. The end had come to this incessancy of work. So that was that. He had had close on forty years of it, and there was not much to show for it. His children were well settled, but for himself and Sylvia there would not be a great deal left. There might have been, there should have been. But there had been so much extravagance. By no means all of their investments had turned out well. And now that he was retiring, he would have to surrender a good many of them, at a heavy loss. There would be precious little left for himself and Sylvia.

Well, and it had been her fault, he told himself. It was she who had forced him into these speculations. She who had been extravagant, with her insistence on a good time. And as he drove his car homeward, he smiled ironically over the dramatic fitness of this curtain to their marriage. It was right that he should be able to say to her now, "I'm sorry, my dear, but you wanted it both ways, and that's something that can't be had. You set a harder pace than I could keep. We'll have to amble along, I'm afraid, these last few miles." That was how he felt as he drove homeward. But the moment he saw Sylvia that spirit of partial revenge completely left him. And he was ashamed, horribly, that he should ever have felt like that. It had been

(Concluded on page 138)

au matin



. . . fragrance of flowers

at dawn finds rendezvous in a parfum and poudre that are the
achievement moderne of Houbigant and the notable vogue in Paris.

HOUBIGANT
PARIS

EXILED

(Concluded from page 136)



confessions of a half-time wife

... "Men make me furious! John wanted me to take bridge lessons from that new teacher, but I couldn't, because they came at the same hour as my beauty treatments. He said I was such a face-slave that I was nothing but a half-time wife! Imagine it, Nadine, when we were giving a dinner that very night, and he'd have been the first to notice it if I hadn't looked my best.

"You don't take beauty treatments? ... You do it all yourself? ... And only yesterday I told John nobody would believe you and I went to school together, you look so much younger!

"You never use anything but Nina Geranium Cream? ... Two minutes at night and two in the morning? ... You just rub it in and hop into bed—and pat some more on in the morning and rub it off and put on your make-up? ... Nadine, it's just too marvelous! ... That lovely, smooth, clear skin—no lines—none of that terrible flabby look I'm always fighting—no circles under your eyes—not even a shiny nose!...

"It's only 3.50 a jar, and yours lasts 6 months? ... Why, Nadine, I can pay for those bridge lessons as well as have time to take them! When I tell John, he'll send you an orchid a day till you die, or would you rather have your window boxes kept in geraniums... They must be your favorite flower!"



nina
geranium
cream

C O U P O N

If you want to save time on your face—and save your face at the same time—ask your local Department Store for Nina Geranium Cream. If you don't find it, send three-fifty to Produits Nina, Inc., 580 Fifth Ave., New York. If you want advice, ask Miss Nina Nestor, at the same address. H

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

uncourtly, it had been malicious. Sylvia had been so sweet to him. She had made so gay, so friendly a thing out of their life together. It was he that had failed her. He ought to have been able to have kept life facile and ample for her to the end. He had failed. And it was humbly, like some one making a confession, that he went across to her.

"My sweet," he said, "I'm afraid that I've bad news for you."

He told her.

AS HE talked she drew her fingers slowly, caressingly, through his hair. And when he had finished, she bent forward and rested her cheek on his.

"I'm sorry," she said. "It's my fault. I should not have let you work so hard."

They moved him, those few simple words, more than anything she had ever said to him. It had never occurred to him that she could care for him in that way, for his own sake.

"My dear," he said, "I wanted to. I wanted you to be happy. I wanted you to have a good time."

She smiled wryly.

"Did you think that was all I wanted—just having a good time?"

He looked up at her, puzzled.

"Well, my dear, I don't ... I mean ..."

"You did. Ah, I see you did. Well, ... why shouldn't you have? I gave you every reason for thinking it; but if you knew. ... She paused. Then more quietly, more slowly: "Darling, I wanted a good time, of course I did. Who doesn't? I'm gay. I'm lively. I like having people round me. It's the atmosphere I need, it's the atmosphere I'm most myself in; but if you knew just how much of a sideshow it all was really." And again she hesitated as though at all costs she must choose the right words to explain her meaning.

"You see, my sweet, I knew you, and I knew America. I knew that in America one's got to be one of two things: a failure or a success. And I wanted you to be a success; for both our sakes, for our children's sakes. And I knew, because I loved you well enough to understand you, just how easy it would be for you to fail here. You're lazy, you know. And you'd have found it terribly easy to have wasted your afternoons on golf and gin. And if you had, I knew just how you'd go under. So I resolved to save you at any cost from that. So I said to myself, 'He's honorable. If he's incurred obligations, he'll see them through. If I can so tie him up with bills that he must work, then he will work.' So I encouraged you to be extravagant. I forced you into all those complications. It wasn't just for the sake of having a good time. I wanted that, of course. But it wasn't only that. And that good time: it was for your sake as much as mine, every bit as much as mine, I wanted it. I wasn't going to let you be worried about the office when you were at home.

"No, no, darling, don't interrupt. I know what you are going to say. Was all that necessary? Couldn't we have been happy without all that, just ourselves together? My sweet, of course we could. If I could have been certain of you, that's to say. But I couldn't be. I loved you so much. I was afraid of losing you. And I knew that a time would come; oh, no, it wasn't another woman I was frightened of; I could hold my own

against another woman, though it would be in the shape of another woman that I guessed the hit would come. It was England I was jealous of. You were an exile here. And by wondering how I should feel if I had to leave America, I knew just what that must mean to you. I knew that a time would come when the longing to go back would be greater than your love for me; as it was, darling, wasn't it? Oh, yes, I know, just for a little it was. I had to be prepared against that time. And how better could I be prepared than by making it impossible for you to go; by making your life so involved here that you'd have to stay? 'He's an honorable man,' I said. 'Whatever he might be tempted to do, he would never leave a mess behind him.' I was right, my dear."

And her eyes were smiling, and very fond.

For a few minutes he could not trust himself to speak. To think that all these years she had been that!

"My dear," he whispered, "I don't know what to say. Only that ... well, I don't feel that I've failed you so badly after all; that you won't be quite so wretched leading a quiet life with me."

She laughed. "I'd never be anything but happy with you, but there's no need for it to be quite as quiet as all that. I've been prepared for most things. I've been prepared for your retiring as well."

In an evening of many surprises this was the most complete.

"Prepared; but, Sylvia, how can you be?"

"I've a good many dollars put away!" She had never had more than a bare allowance of her own. Saved, how could she have? "I don't understand," he said.

She smiled.

"Have you forgotten all that jewelry?" she said.

"Why, you're not going to sell that; and besides, you've given the greater part of it away; what's left wouldn't bring you much. You can never get more than a quarter of what you pay, if that."

"For real jewelry, my dear."

There was an enigmatic smile upon her lips. Never in his life had he felt more blank. "I don't understand," he said.

"No? Well, suppose, then, that you were a jeweler and some one came to you and said, 'I want a fifteen-dollar imitation necklace, but if you'll make out a bill charging five thousand dollars, I'll give you a hundred dollars for that dud.' What would you say?"

HE GASPED. So that was how it had been done; and she must have saved. ... Oh, but he had no idea how much he had spent on jewelry for her during their forty years of marriage. Enough, anyhow, to free the last fifteen years of his life of any worry.

And there at her breast was gleaming an immense brooch that he had believed to be sapphire, and round her neck were the heavy strings that he had believed to be pearls, and on her fingers and at her wrists were glittering the white stones that he had taken for diamonds.

"And they are all sham!" he gasped.

Her lips were smiling; and suddenly that smile was against his lips, and about his neck the jangled bracelets were pressed tightly, and, "Darling," she was sobbing, "I'm the one thing you've got in your arms that's real."

G O D

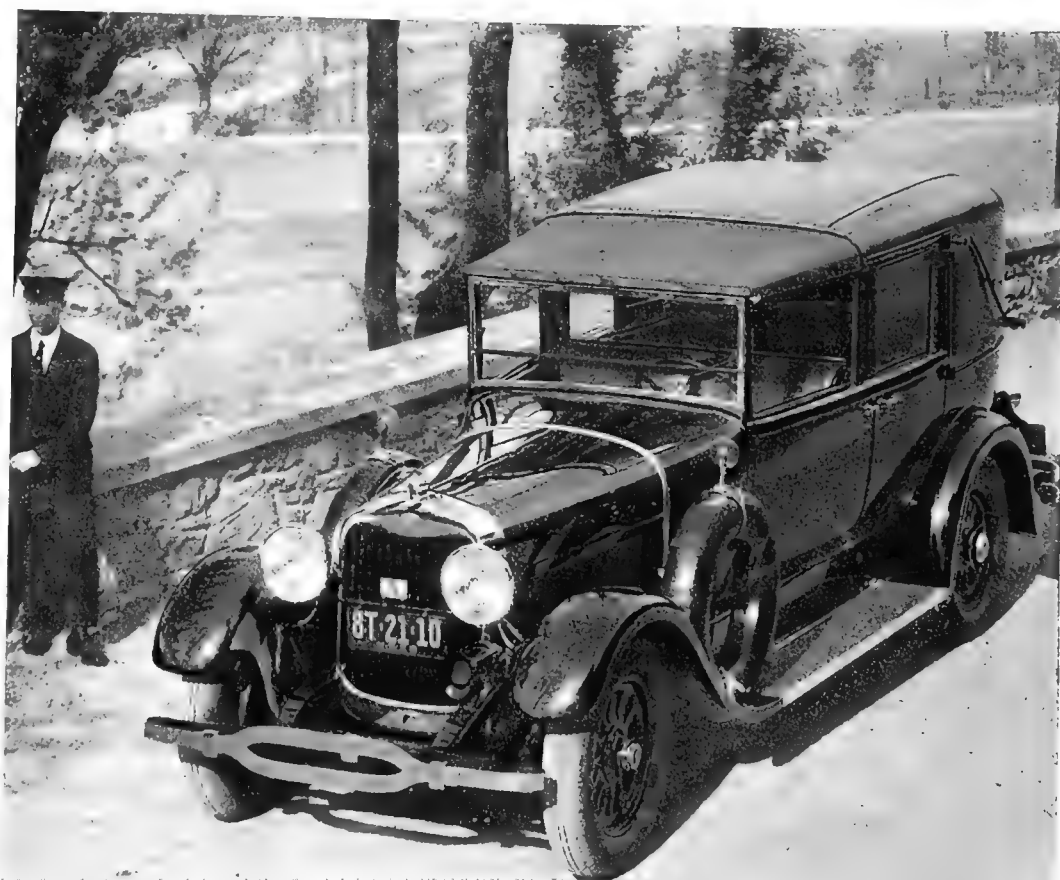
THERE'S grandeur in the buildings

That tower up so high,
There's wonder in the engines
That skim across the sky,
There's terror in the trumpet
That mourns for what it kills—
But, oh, the beauty of the mist
That hangs upon the hills!

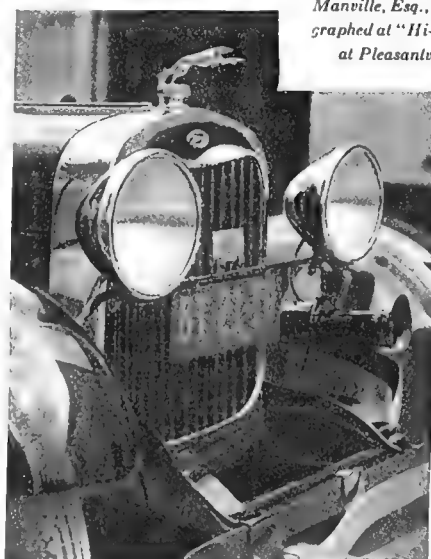
Kathleen Millay



BENEATH ITS OUTWARD BEAUTY IS UNFAILING POWER AND STRENGTH



A Lincoln all-weather cabriolet, with body by Le Baron, specially designed and built for H. E. Manville, Esq., of New York, photographed at "Hi-Esmaro," his estate at Pleasantville, New York.



"AS NEARLY PERFECT A MOTOR CAR AS IT IS POSSIBLE TO PRODUCE"

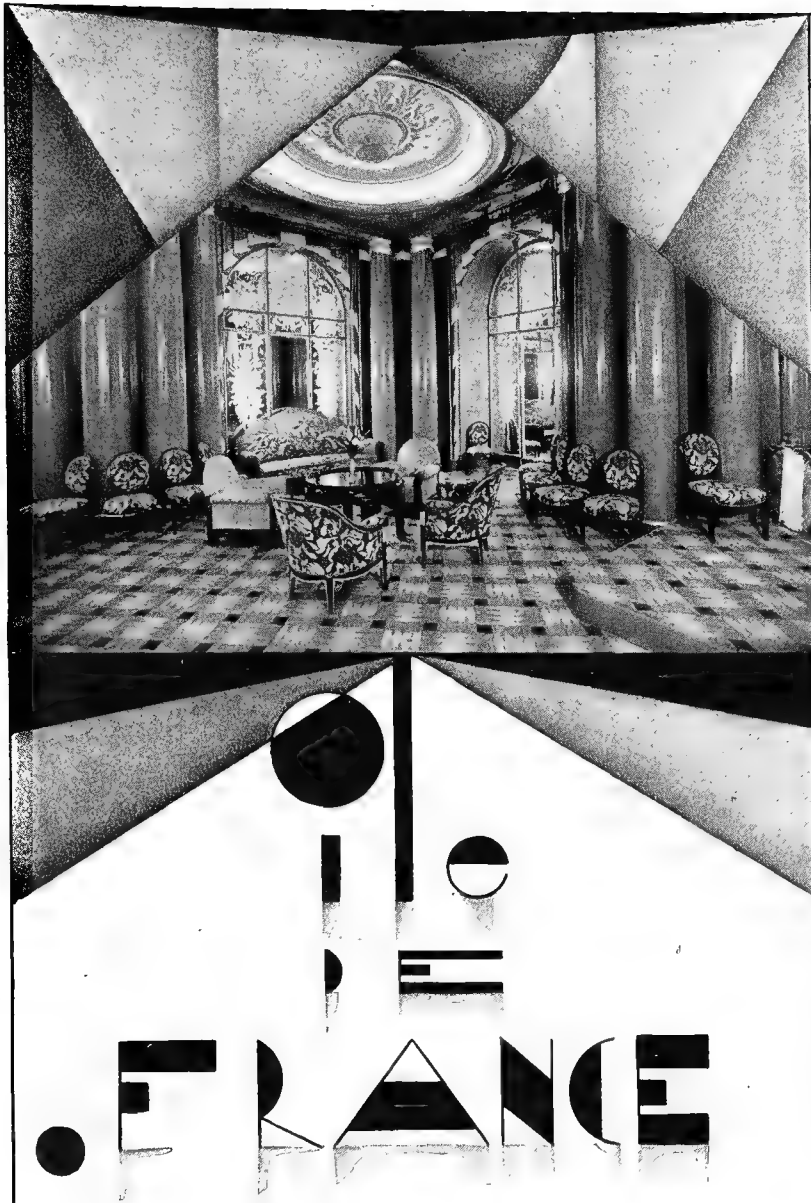
THE LINCOLN

You can take your Lincoln abroad with you and feel proud to drive it down the Champs Elysées . . . you can go anywhere in London's West End, and see nothing smarter . . . you can tour day after day in it, and ride in perfect comfort. . . . For here is a car designed by the most famous coachmakers . . . Le Baron, Locke, Dietrich, Judkins, Willoughby, Brunn. (There are no yearly models. The Lincoln that you buy today will not be out of date tomorrow. Like all fine things, it grows old gracefully.) . . . A car so finely constructed that you do not even have to break it in. A car that has the timeless beauty of things in perfect taste. . . . In a word, an automobile so quietly distinguished that you will never cease to congratulate yourself upon your own good judgment in selecting it.

The Lincoln Motor Company, a division of the Ford Motor Company of Detroit, Michigan, U. S. A.

ENGLISH CHIC IS INDIVIDUAL

(Continued from page 61)



Centering about Paris, taking in the five great rivers, the ancient district called Ile de France contained all that was loveliest, gayest, most scintillantly alive in Europe... kings, statesmen, poets, beautiful women whose names are spells... Palaces, chateaux, gardens... The wars of Clovis, the fêtes of Le Roi Soleil, the thrilling story of Jeanne d'Arc, the pitiful tragedy of Marie Antoinette... What would be left of history if the old Ile de France had never been?... and carrying history to its completion today comes the new "Ile de France", the most modern ship afloat... with the "Paris" and the "France", the "Ile de France" provides a Weekly Express Service, the most enjoyable trans-Atlantic interlude, "the longest gangplank in the world" where France begins the minute you come aboard... Fastest and most direct service to Plymouth... then Le Havre, a covered pier... three hours... Paris itself!

Mediterranean Cruises by the "France",
Feb. 7th and March 14th

• French Line •

Information from any authorized French Line
Agent or write direct to 19 State Street,
New York City

We are shown a new kind of reversible tweed, the juxtaposition of both sides, dark and light, giving originality to even a quite conservative suit. Next, a new sort of stockinette, woven to match the tweed it would be combined with, is brought out for our benefit, and thirdly, a waterproofed covert coating stuff, of which shooting suits are made.

An attractive golfing outfit, in shades of brown, is now being presented. The texture used for this garment is a woolen fabric, much softer than tweed, the armholes being quite a feature, meant to expand when a full swing is taken. The jumper is of stockinette, and the skirt of a tartan-like checked material.

Ulic lines many of his shooting jackets with fur. "Anything to keep out the dampness on a rainy day, when out with the guns," he says; adding, "English country life makes the designing of warm and serviceable garments a feature of English dressmaking."

Here came an unexpected interruption from Barbara who says she is tired of hearing this continual reference to "our English climate."

"No one but foreigners complain of it. We never do. Though we may suffer, we consider it bad form to be constantly grumbling about it. We bear it, so why not others?"

Having had her say, she complimented Mr. Ulic on the excellence of a shiny black leather coat cut on the slenderest of lines with a Scottish shawl material as a lining, identical in quality to the one used by peasant women in Scotland, for shawls over their heads.

Here is the description of some of Ulic's afternoon and evening clothes:

A Quaker-like black satin afternoon gown. The close-fitting bodice being buttoned all the way down from neck to waist. The costume is finished off by a white cambric collar and cuffs. A model only suitable for the *extremely* young.

A heavy white satin gown spotted all over with gold polka-dots, the flat sash in the middle of the back having long ends reaching to the ground.

I was much impressed by Ulic's beautiful chiffon clothes. Innumerable layers of this sheer material, used in sufficient quantity, make the usual crêpe de Chine slip unnecessary.

A DRESSMAKER I've heard much about and was anxious to visit is Isobel in Regent Street. Barbara agreed to take me there. "Let's go now," I said; "I am impatient to see her clothes."

What follows is part of what Madame Isobel said to me during my visit:

She assured me, to start with, that having never in her life been inside a French dressmaking establishment she had never seen a Paris collection.

"I am much too busy with my own," she says, "besides, I never buy Paris models. I always create my own. Yes, my clients are wonderful; they spend thousands of pounds a year in my establishment alone. Of course, most profitable, but hardly satisfactory. Quantity is apt to create confusion. Fewer gowns and completed by the right hat, coat and accessories are conducive to far better results."

"Yes, England is undoubtedly the homeland of tweed. A material so far not sufficiently exploited over here. I know Paris is by way of transforming what England considers merely fit for the country into something sufficiently dressy for town wear. However, no English woman not versed in Continental ways thinks herself well-dressed in tweeds except in the country, while any French woman with dress instinct just knows what kind of a dressy hat, scarf or bit of jewelry to wear, in order to transform her tweed costume into something more elegant than velvet. Mind, I call this dress instinct, not fashion knowledge."

"What kind of evening dresses do you find particularly suitable for England?"

"There is but one way of being smart in 1929," says Madame Isobel. "Only one line being fashionable at a time. It is the same in Paris, London, or New York."

We were now shown a series of beautiful

evening dresses. Noticeable are the close-fitting bodices of most models which are entirely beltless. Madame Isobel explains this to be the renovated Princess line. She seems to have made a careful study of the modern silhouette and given it her own individual touch. Two noticeable models are: one of ruby velvet with many points, front and back, reaching to the floor, and a mauve lace gown with taffeta incrustations. Evidently typical Isobel successes.

I had been told furs were a specialty of the house. "Personally," Madame Isobel says, "I always wear my ermine as a lining, but, so far, in England, this is still termed reckless extravagance. Therefore, please notice the exquisite quality of these spotless ermine wraps, of my silver-gray squirrel coat, and of this gorgeous red velvet wrap, trimmed with finest silver fox."

On my taking leave, Madame Isobel exclaims, "Give my best love to Paris. Oh, to live in an atmosphere of fashion, with the air one breathes imbued with dress knowledge and understanding. The French word *chic* is hardly as popular in England as it should be. Few grasp its meaning. Some women still consider *chic* to be a doubtful asset—something a good woman has to avoid. Indeed, it has been a great pleasure to chat with you, Baron de Meyer."

"Let it be *au revoir*."

NORMAN HARTNELL, Barbara tells me, is a name at present much to the fore in the London dressmaking world. He is, she says, a young man with much sartorial talent, getting on splendidly. He designs all his own clothes himself, and though his present is entirely assured, he has a brilliant future before him. Alas! when we called at his pale blue *Maison de Couture*, in Bruton Street, we found him absent.

"Mr. Hartnell has gone abroad, he is at present decorating his new establishment in Paris," the saleslady told us. "As a matter of fact we are opening our Paris branch next month."

"Would you, in Mr. Hartnell's absence, care to see some of our new clothes? We don't go in for country clothes at all. Yes, principally, Mr. Hartnell prefers designing evening dresses, though we make day gowns as well."

Here is a description of the few we were shown: A street costume consisting of a red and blue Tartan skirt, combined with a short black velvet jacket and gold buttons.

A very full-skirted pink net gown, the very tight-fitting pink lace bodice shimmering with gold and rhinestones, this, the mannequin tells us, being the replica of the one made for Lily Elsie for her new play.

A black lace gown over pink, with a very full underskirt of net. The bodice part close-fitting (decidedly a London fashion), with long lace sleeves, the entire waist being very lightly embroidered in rhinestones, shading to steel and jet.

I promise to call again and meet Mr. Hartnell on his return from Paris.

ON OUR way to Reville's in Hanover Square, I tell Barbara of my visit to this establishment some years ago.

"Still going strong," she says. A most enterprising firm. Fancy an establishment giving satisfaction to so exalted a personage as Queen Mary, while on the other hand specializing in astounding costumes for famous movie stars in both England and America.

On reaching the house, Mr. Symonds greets us most affably. He gives instructions for his most noteworthy models to be presented to us.

Some of the stage gowns take my breath away. They are not only full of imaginative qualities, but have an excellent line.

"What do you call this type of gown, Mr. Symonds?" I ask. "An indoor dress for stageland," is his reply, "designed in view of photographic values" (how thrilling for me), adding, that to design for successful rendering by the camera is quite a study in itself. I heartily agree with him.

(Continued on page 142)

Smooth Out the Lines of Age and Strain



From the Very First Application Of the Amazing New CHARLES OF THE RITZ Home Method, Youthful Skin Smoothness and Beauty Begin to Return.



CHARLES OF THE RITZ, head of the CHARLES OF THE RITZ salons at the Ritz-Carlton, Plaza and other New York hotels.

Now Give Yourself at Home CHARLES' Secret Youth-Bringing Treatments

THE thousands of beautiful and fashionable women who daily go to the exclusive CHARLES OF THE RITZ beauty salons have no fear of ageing lines, sagging skin, coarse pores and other ruinous disfigurements. Because for all of these discouraging marks CHARLES has evolved his unique preparations and treatments which work seeming wonders. With amazing speed they act to bring back to your skin the fresh soft smoothness and loveliness of a young girl's.

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Purchase just one of CHARLES' unique creams or lotions and try it. You will be amazed at the almost instant difference in your skin. It is but a promise of the wonderful improvement CHARLES can bring.

Also send for CHARLES' fascinating Beauty Book, *The Four Secrets of Youthful Beauty*. Simply mail the Request Slip below. If you wish special information, check the slip for CHARLES' personal advice. Send today.

CHARLES OF THE RITZ Advises for Home Use

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ANTI-WRINKLE CREAM RITZ—Excellent for dry, shriveled, crepey skin and all lines. \$2.

For Large Coarse Pores

PORE PASTE RITZ—Acts to quickly reduce, refine and smooth coarse, rough pores. \$1.50

Note: If unable to obtain at store, order direct. Address Charles of the Ritz, Suite 118C, Ritz-Carlton Hotel, New York.

For Sagging Skin, Pouches

ASTRINGENT RITZ—To firm and smooth flabby, sagging skin, drooping chin, puffiness. \$2.

For Sallow Muddy Skin

BLEACH CREAM RITZ—Helps keep skin beautifully white and soft. Prevents blackheads. \$2.50

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Please send me your Beauty Book, *The Four Secrets of Youthful Beauty*, and advise treatment for

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ENGLISH CHIC IS INDIVIDUAL

(Continued from page 140)

"A Garment is no finer than its Fabric"

The Spring Coat

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of fabric and color*

Haas Brothers' coat wools are new in weave—rich in color—with that marvelous softness of texture that distinguishes all their weaves.

Featuring RIPPLEVEL—a cashmere cloth smartly flecked with white . . . In pastels, bright and subdued shades.

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RIPPLEVEL COAT BY BRUCK-WEISS

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Alas! I am quite unable to give my readers an adequate description of the stunning creations we are shown.

To start with, there appeared a gown with an enormously full white net skirt, both short and very long, the waist part held in its place by a garland of taffeta flowers in pastel shades carried up around the neck, the head apparently incased by the same flowers. Both garland and neck-piece were made in one.

Next, we are shown a red and gold brocade gown, the skirt part formed by a short frilled petticoat of gold tissue entirely covered in the front by a square piece of brocade, one corner of which is fastened under the chin, the other end reaching to the floor, leaving the two other ends hanging limply on each side.

Beautiful is a lavender georgette tea-gown, "a Greek pepulum," leaving one shoulder bare! It is embroidered with a large sheaf of wheat ears in sparkling rhinestones, which covers the front part of the garment.

Barbara asks Mr. Symonds for the two evening wraps she had recently ordered in this establishment. Being quite finished she slips them on for my benefit. One of them is of lustrous white satin with a low-hanging cape attached, lined with mushroom brown velvet and profusely trimmed with blue fox.

The other is of sapphire blue velvet encircled with bands of sapphire blue fur. They suit her admirably.

"I call these the most beautiful wraps I've seen in London," Barbara exclaims.

THE name "Hayward" of Bond Street has a most aristocratic sound for any one familiar with London during the past twenty-five years. It conjures up visions of all the smartest and most elegant women in England.

Madame Hayward, when I called, told me that what she did not design herself, she imported from Paris.

"I am, myself, or one of my daughters is, at all seasons of the year to be found worshipping at the shrine of fashion."

The fact is, Mesdames Hayward are eminently Parisian, in both their taste and point of view.

"What on earth am I to show you, Baron de Meyer? You tell me. You don't wish to see anything bearing the stamp of Paris," Madame Hayward says to me. "Yet most of my clothes are Paris clothes, with exceptions, of course."

"Yes, I am quite aware metal brocade is very popular in England, yet, for some reason or other, none of my clients seems to care for it. I sell very little brocade; I use it merely for indoor gowns and dinner frocks of the kind worn at home. Nor do my clients care for taffeta. In fact, for nothing which does not cling to the figure."

"What else do they dislike? It interests me to see the difference which exists between Paris and London."

"They don't care for pyjamas, for one thing, even though they are aware that the more elaborate kind is worn in Paris. The fact is, unless women spend much of their time abroad and are familiar with what's being worn, they don't readily accept new styles. The true Britisher is very conservative, afraid of anything too novel or unusual."

"What have you to say about tweeds and jerseys, Madame Hayward? When I say jersey, I, of course, mean stockinette, as you call it in England."

"That we sell it continually. Of course, tweed happens to be our national fabric, quite a feature of our British industry. The newest departure in treating this texture makes it as soft as kasha. Such softness is the result of silken threads being woven into the fabric. It takes all harshness out of the tweed, just as velvet and brocade have lost their old-fashioned stiffness. I combine a great deal of leather with tweed, leather being another British specialty. Of course, leather garments are only suitable for country wear. I often line my tweed coats with leather and my leather coats with tweed. Such coats are extremely popular for shooting parties."

"Let me show you one of my latest

creations, designed to be worn at a country house-party next week."

The costume which is being presented is of a hand-woven tweed (homespun), a tan heather mixture; the skirt side-plaited, the top part of beige stockinette incrustated with bands of homespun. Above it is worn a short tan-colored coat of shaven lamb, lined with the same tweed as the skirt. A scarlet knitted muffler, almost the size of a shawl, lends much gaiety and brightness to this most serviceable outfit.

NEXT day Barbara had to keep several appointments elsewhere. I, therefore, for once start out by myself.

"Madame Dove, if you please."

"My name is Hart. Dove is merely the name of the firm."

"What is your specialty, may I ask?"

"Everything."

"Then show me your most typically British clothes."

"And why do you expect to find our clothes so different from those abroad?"

"Because of your climate and your mode of life. As a matter of fact, on the Continent we imagine all Englishwomen, when not dressed in tweeds, to be picturesque in flowing chiffon tea gowns."

"Indeed! And is that what you expected to find in London?"

"Why, of course. It might have been a delightful contrast after seeing nothing but Paris sports clothes suitable for 'indoor' sports only. The fact is the English tea gown is entirely out of date on the Continent. A thing of the past."

"Why, so it is over here," says Mrs. Hart. "A tea gown nowadays is merely an attractive frock for the tea hour to play bridge in—pyjamas being relegated to the boudoir, and merely brought out in summer for the beach."

Mrs. Hart tells me she, of course, designs all her own models. In fact, says she has no idea of what is worn in Paris.

"Strange to say, none of my clients seem to care. I adore creating garments for women who are as devoted to color as I am."

"Shall I give you the 'Dove' formula for designing a tea gown? (I should remember to say 'cocktail-gown,' it sounds so much more up to date). To start with I make a sleeveless brocade slip, short in skirt but fairly high in the neck. For this slip, or gown, if you prefer, I combine an elaborate, sometimes fantastic-looking, coat of velvet, brocade, or, if you prefer, of an embroidered texture. For winter, I trim it with fur. Agatha, show us 'Tiger.'"

Agatha appears in a short olive-green velvet coat lined with gold and decorated with leopard skins. Beneath it she wears a green and gold brocade gown, exaggeratedly short, length being given by many low-hanging tassels.

"Pharaoh's daughter" next, if you please," Mrs. Hart calls out.

A young woman appears in a metal brocade striped garment—blue, pink and yellow, with an Egyptian looking drapery hanging down in front, held up by a large topaz ornament.

"Gowns," Mrs. Hart says, "for women wishing to look particularly feminine and alluring." She calls them "The Enchantress Gowns."

In spite of having repeatedly been told how unpopular pyjamas are in England, I cannot see how any woman manages to resist a pair of pyjamas composed of thousands of tiny pink and yellow chiffon frills and worn with a long chiffon coat to match.

"It might possibly be worn in summer," Mrs. Hart says, "for no woman in such flimsy attire could possibly appear in a country house during the winter without being frozen to death."

I NEXT find my way to "Enos" in Mount Street. I am much impressed by their magnificent premises, which might almost be termed palatial.

Miss Enos receives me in person. A most courteous lady, who tells me she buys a number of models in Paris, but merely because part of her clientele refuses to wear anything else. Most of her

(Concluded on page 145)

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YOUR THEATRE AND OURS

(Continued from page 80)

Broadway in a state of dread lest they should suddenly find themselves bankrupt.

In London, I learn from the latest reports, the situation is the same, so that in this respect there is no difference between your theatre and ours. In May, 1928, a whole series of calamities befell the English theatre. Play after play was produced, ran for three or four nights, and was withdrawn; and nearly all of these plays ought never to have been produced at all. They were of an incredible fatuity. They caused persons of average intelligence to feel that managers and producers had become demented. One actor-manager, now deceased, produced two plays in succession which achieved a run of one week between them. They were so stupid that they had to be seen to be believed, and even then one felt doubtful that there could really be so much stupidity in the world.

THE theatre everywhere, in America as in Europe, is suffering terribly from the effects of the war. Some twenty millions of people died as a result of it, and those millions were mainly composed of men and women who would now be of an age at which they would be in control of the mind and destiny of the world. If corn be cut before it is ripe, people will go hungry in the following winter. We killed the youth of the world in four murderous years, and to-day all of us, Americans and Europeans, are suffering from mental and spiritual hunger because the people who should be making our bread and preparing our food are in their graves. We must subsist as best we can on the substitutes that are prepared for us by ignorant and incompetent cooks until such times as we can rear up a better batch of people. Thus far, then, the differences between the American and the English theatres are less than the identities.

The stage in America is suffering from the debility of Europe almost as heavily as is Europe itself, for the American theatre still largely draws its drama from Europe. The Theatre Guild of New York has produced fifty-eight plays, of which twelve were written by American authors! The Civic Repertory Theatre, the other organization in New York which seriously attempts to follow a consistent policy, has produced two plays by Americans out of at least thirteen pieces which have been performed in three years. I have no information about the activities of the other theatres in New York, but it is evident that, except in musical comedy, America still owes much to Europe in drama, and therefore if Europe suffers, America suffers with her. In the war for culture, culture was the first casualty: it remains in the sick-ward and some pessimists assert that it has been mortally wounded.

In minor details, the differences between the American and the English theatre are striking. I found the New York stage infested by plays in which loose speech was mistaken for free speech. "Jarnegan," was a notable example of this sort of play. So was "The Front Page." Neither of these plays would be permitted on the London stage without the excision of the greater part of the dialogue. If the Lord Chamberlain were to license them, the general public would probably boo them off the stage. There is here no question of prudery, but one of taste. The English people do not consider that it is either clever or funny to repeat in the presence of well-bred people of both sexes and all ages the language of the gutter. They consider, too, that it is a small boy's notion of realism to insist on the inessentials of life as if they were supremely important. The oaths of an illiterate coal-heaver and the foul speech of boozy reporters may be, and no doubt are, faithfully reported by the authors of some of the plays current in New York, but what of it? Mere fidelity to inessential fact is not realism in any important sense, and I am obliged to believe that some of our authors were more eager to include the oaths and the dirty dialogue in their plays than they were to interpret human lives.

There is no substance in this assertion that since people do this or that and say this or that, therefore the author must be allowed to use such acts and words in his play so that he may be faithful to actual existence. There is an immense amount of activity in life which we prefer not to reproduce in works of art, not only because they are unpleasant, but because they have no relevance to anything that is significant. It is true that people do and say these things, but it is not true that they are illuminated by them. We are no nearer to knowing or understanding people because we see these actions or hear these words. Vulgar people have habits which, though not immoral, are tasteless. A dull-witted realist would say that the vulgarity of such people can only be properly portrayed by the reproduction of such habits. To which we may retort that this is the statement of a man without any imagination and, that if the assertion be true, then we prefer not to be made acquainted with the people. Will any author defend the proposal that a man shall come on to the stage and perform certain organic functions in full view of the audience? These functions are among the commonest actions of mankind, performed regularly and several times by everybody every day, and, in accordance with the doctrines of the dismal realists, no representation of human life can be complete or faithful which does not include them. A demented German dramatist, Wedekind, has included a functional scene in one of his daft plays, but I doubt if anybody, not qualified for the madhouse, will attempt to imitate him.

It is in their attitude toward such matters as these that I detect the greatest difference between the English and the American authors. The first have some reticence: the second have none; and the first are reticent, not because they are squeamish, but because they know that there is no need to say everything, while the second are unreticent, not because they are bold and brave in their language and without prudishness, but because they have not learned the value of reserve and silence. The man who blurts out everything often tells less than the man who keeps back some of his information. The American author seems not to be able to distinguish between facts which are significant and relevant and facts which are not. When Cromwell insisted that his portrait should include the wart on his nose, he attached an importance to mere wartiness which does not belong to it and reduced himself to the level of an excrescence. One has to be discreet in deciding this question of "strong" language in plays. In certain pieces, for example "What Price Glory?", what we may call trench language is relevant and significant, and to forbid it there would be to rob the play of its veracity. It is because of this danger that I am opposed to censorship in principle, although censorship in practice are sometimes inevitable. A people trained in taste or with a natural sense of taste can soon decide these matters for themselves.

THE American author is reader, I think, than the English author to experiment with the stage and reader, too, to take risks and to examine unexplored regions. He may not have much judgment or taste, but he has courage and resource, and these, perhaps, are more important, since the first two can, with luck and application, be acquired. He has a greater sense of unrestrained and uncultured life than his English comrade, but he has almost no sense of the language and life of highly civilized people. That is why he so conspicuously fails to achieve fine comedy, although he is immensely successful in achieving farce and low comedy. He has humor and rough-and-tumble fun and a most attractive homeliness of wagish speech, but he has little or no wit, little or no sense of satire, and is nearly destitute of any delicacy. The number of American authors who can write what is called drawing-room comedy can be counted on the fingers of one hand, without using all the fingers.

(Concluded on page 145)



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THE DOCTOR LOOKS AT SOCIETY

By DR. JOSEPH COLLINS

MODERN woman may be a mirror of the times, but modern society woman is a mirror with a convex surface. The image that she reflects is grotesque. The average woman of fashion is a cyclone of energy, a whirlpool of pleasure, a vacuum of sense. Her determination seems to be either to get out of her own house or to fill it when she is there with persons who live elsewhere. She is apparently heedless of the morrow, thoughtless of yesterday. Absorbed by the present and what it entails of obligations and engagements, she gives herself to it with abandon. Should she do in a spirit of self-sacrifice a tithe of what she does for vanity she would make a heroine of herself, and no reward would be too great.

The history of society has come down chiefly from diarists and novelists. The society woman has always been a source of envy to her social inferiors, of incentive to her equals, of interest to her observers. The trends of the period are reflected in her. She has wielded the wand that has changed the destinies of kingdoms and empires time and again. She has ruled monarchs and influenced generals. She has given the *ton* to fashions, furnishings and fancies. By a frown she has smothered budding geniuses, by a smile she has made them.

Two hundred years ago, she was the reigning though uncrowned queen of Europe. Reputations were gained and lost at the foot of her chaise-longue. Ideas and ideals were embodied in poems written for her. The words she adopted became part of the academic language; those she rejected fell into disuse.

Her power over her contemporaries was mostly due to her alert intelligence and stimulating curiosity. She was an active member of the artistic and intellectual life of her time. Taste, tact and a trained sense of touch, constantly shaping but never breaking, were essential to her success. When she passed on, she left a real achievement of higher civilization, prettier manners, improved refinement. Poets and musicians, writers and thinkers blossomed in the train of her perfumed life.

Fifty years ago the woman of society was wan and pale, tired and melancholy, and she mixed comparative idleness with an aristocratic measure of languor. These, with some blue blood and much riches, at least in this country, were her main social assets. She had not discovered the necessity of displaying endless efforts or developed a passion for turning in circles and landing nowhere.

Her daughter and granddaughter are making up for her waste of time. Their capacity for going somewhere and doing something at all hours is amazing. The contagion has spread the world over, but nowhere is it so apparent as it is here.

THE casual observer of the activities of the so-called "social set" wonders and pines on. The student of conduct interested in behavior and in its effects upon the individual and the race ponders and meditates.

And of the questions that come into his mind, two are vital to the understanding of the modern society woman:

How does she stand the pace? What does she get out of it?

Not only does she stand the pace, but she seems to thrive and prosper under the strain. Figures show that there are more widows than widowers in the world, and observation of even a limited circle of American society reveals many more of the former than of the latter. This would seem eloquent of the benefits to be derived from being an orthodox follower of the fashionable set. But it applies, of course, to the generation now in its decline—women who took infinitely more pains with their health and observed more carefully the fundamental laws of common sense and of wise living, with an eye to the calendar and a keen desire for delayed obituaries, than their successors do. Husbands, then, were the active members of social life, from the

standpoint of energy-expenditure. Should the number of widows exceed that of widowers in the generation that is now in flower, it will be due to Prohibition rather than to inhibition.

There are many reasons why the modern society woman keeps abreast of the race and does not lag behind, save on rare occasions.

It may be harsh to say it, but there is no doubt that to-day most of the energy expended by women who are actively and constantly "in the thick of it" is of a physical nature. The successful society lady neither needs nor expends much mentality. It will, of course, be said that it takes much thought and not a little talent to be able to become and remain a shining light in any social set. But in this country most of the work consists in following an acknowledged leader as closely as possible, allowing no one to interfere with the rank one occupies in the procession. It is eminently true of America, where half-measures are despised and deep thinking abhorred, save by a handful of scholars; their names rarely penetrate the social set.

IN ENGLAND, by way of contrast, most of the social life has a definite and important political color. In France, intellect has not entirely given way to jazzy frolics and ejaculatory conversation, and in Italy, the emotional element holds out despite the constant importation of American society manners. Here, the social set serves no constructive purpose; empty gossip, spicy scandal, trite trivialities, form the basis of our social intercourse. Let any one attempt the introduction of a subject that calls for thought, logic, or reasoning, and a sudden chill, a turn of the head, a raising of the eyebrows, a look of boredom will discourage the most energetic militant. Vapid-ity is the key-note of the social set at its worst.

Characterization takes the place of comment; censure that of discussion. The liveliest interest is displayed in "hands" or "shots," but preferential tariff or mental hygiene is met with a yawn or an ejaculation.

"Have you been to Epstein's Exhibition yet?" "No, but I must go. I hear his 'Unknown Soldier' is marvelous."

"Yes, I think it is too, but I don't like his 'Bacchante' at all."

"You know, I thought Epstein was English."

"Well, isn't he?"

"No, he is an American."

"I'll go to his Exhibition just the same."

Let any one attempt to contrast Epstein with Rodin, or to discuss the symbolism of modern plastic art and he would be given the cold shoulder and the wide berth simultaneously.

Mental exertion and social activity may not be antipodal, but no one doing intellectual work could go the pace set by society. Mind or body, possibly both, would give way.

American children of the upper class are brought up with infinite hygienic care. Rushed to mild and temperate climates so that neither frost nor heat can affect their enjoyment of life, made to eat only the sort of food approved by doctors and proved by chemical tests, wrapped in cotton wool at the slightest approach of any disturbing factor, whether of a material or moral nature, they grow up in an atmosphere of bodily perfection which no other children have the world over. At eighteen, they are let loose, as it were. Late parties, sometimes two or three in one night, blind following of fashions that are in constant clash with common sense, lack of all moderation in eating, drinking, smoking, uncontrolled freedom in sleeping and waking hours are only part of the change that comes suddenly to the young society women of America. Perhaps the solid foundation of health that has been implanted into them in their early years helps them resist the strain and exhaustion that follow in the wake of "coming

out," but more likely the main reason for the physical preservation of these women is their awareness that pleasure will end with the first signs of age, with the first irremediable prostration, with the realization that art and medicine are no longer successful in restoring what time and thoughtlessness accomplish.

One must be attractive in order to succeed in the social whirl, and one must be in good health; thus one takes some precautions, not visible to those for whom it is done, but of which the beauty specialists of the world hold the secret. It would serve little purpose, should they tell us of their success in warding off wrinkles and effacing sagging lines, of how they keep the bloom of youth on middle-aged cheeks and the sparkle of adolescence in fading eyes. It would merely destroy some of the gossamer threads that surround the legend of youth and charm of society belles to whom no special grace of heaven has been vouchsafed. They hold out because of sheer desire to do so, helped by all the resources of art and carried through by an overwhelming amount of bodily comforts. There is no service a society woman does not receive, no exertion she must make if she does not choose. She is denied no measure that makes for increased comfort. If she should overdo physically, some magician in the guise of masseur, osteopath, or gymnast will take away all pernicious effects. Noises are muffled, voices modulated, tempers restrained, foods prepared and duties adjusted to fit into the scheme of the life led by the modern society woman. Only her husband jars her. She stands that because he is a great social asset. All these help her hold a pace that would be fatal to any one confronted with the cares and distresses of life to-day.

Her nervous system is constantly stimulated and therefore always a step in advance of the demand that will be made upon it. And the demands are of such an unemotional nature that it does not wear out as rapidly as it might otherwise do. Another element of preservation is to be found in the fact that society women, to-day, are contraceptive experts. Child-bearing is antipathetic to present-day social activity, and quite incompatible with any degree of social supremacy, even though the rearing of children is given over to hirelings. Though it often improves "that school-girl complexion" it usually injures that schoolboy figure which is so prized!

THESE reasons may serve to explain the amazing energy, relentless activity, astonishing power of endurance which the modern woman, in the whirl of social life, displays to the world at large. But they scarcely explain what she, as an individual, as a collaborator of nature's scheme, as a soul, indeed, derives from it all that makes her keen to keep it up, desolate when she has to leave it, inconsolable when circumstance forces her out of it.

The answer is easy: it nourishes her vanity.

To see her name occasionally on the front page of the newspapers, and frequently in the society columns; to see her portrait heading or separating the contents of fashionable magazines; to know that the echo of the noise made by her bathing costume at the Lido or at Deauville is heard at home; to feel that a rival has been drenched with green and soused with depression by the brilliancy of her ball or the beauty of her garden-party, are as nourishing to her as fish is to a cat, and cod-liver to a rachitic.

Vanity is the force that pushes the woman of society on to further efforts, keeps her in the race, makes her find pleasure in it, unable to forego it. And who is more flattered, adulated, catered to, waited upon and admired by her own world than she is?

And if imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, what can be said for vanity-ticklers of the countless women who do not belong to the social set and yet ape

its ways, manners, customs, speech and fashions?

Ease, comfort, luxury, popularity—all that makes in her mind for a high degree of civilization—are hers for the sheer wishing. She finds, in her life, the sensual joy of being beautiful and admired and she has the physical assurance of her mirror that nothing good and joyful can be denied her as long as she retains her grace. This satisfaction of the senses is sometimes the only one she is apt to get in her endless whirl of stimulations. And to that she clings.

Some may believe that in this carrying-on of activities, the society woman is following a tradition that has been set by an early ancestor of whom she is proud, whose name stands for wealth and achievement, but the chances are that it is a small factor in the reasons why she keeps up the pace. Just as good an explanation may be found in the thought that her education has seldom fitted her for a thorough and searching knowledge of any one particular subject. A coat of glossy veneer is passed with a silk brush over whatever original endowment of intelligence she brings with her at birth, and satisfies her that she is getting a goodly portion of the world's cream.

AND perhaps the last and most unanswerable objection to her getting out of her set is "Where shall she go?" She belongs nowhere else. Few who have tried it have been fully successful, save those whose intelligence refused to see the beginning and the end of all worlds in a few years of social amenities, in an endless pouring of gossip into avid ears, in the vague reading of a popular novel, in a constant going somewhere else, never finding pleasure or thrills in moderate activity or prolonged station in any one place.

Now and then one woman leaves it and lives a life useful to herself and others. She has learned the ropes of publicity and she uses them to lasso some straying cause, to support some sinking venture; she identifies herself with an activity the purpose of which is welfare and enlightenment: to nourish ideals and starve prejudice.

The majority, however, stay in so long that they become effectively immobilized, emotionally stereotyped, intellectually rigid, like physicians who stay too long attached to hospitals for the insane. There is no place for them to go—not even home.

Marriages of society are no longer made in heaven; it is doubtful whether they ever were. They are frequently made between two cocktails by fond parents and with an eye to the exchequer if it is a man whose marriage is under consideration, with two eyes to the pedigree if it is the girl. That fair exchange between the aristocracy of Europe and the plutocracy of America of a name against a dot has at least the advantage that neither participant can claim, with any degree of justice, that he or she has been swindled. Whether happiness will flow from the deal—let alone prosperity or even a measure of harmony or of contentment—that is a secondary consideration.

We are tremendously concerned with the spiritual welfare and physical betterment of the lower classes. The upper classes need our attention too. We should have a Settlement House on Lenox Hill, and the workers should confine their uplift narrowly to residents of that section. The work would be harder than in Henry Street, and may be not so profitable, but should the uplifters succeed in rescuing and reforming one notorious social leader, they should feel that they had been adequately rewarded. Society ladies follow a leader much more slavishly and unerringly than sheep. This social service might drive many of them not only into a field of usefulness but into an arena which would permit self-expression and the development and display of standards of good taste upon which the future and spiritual prosperity of this country depends.

Active Women of Today are Free From the Handicap of Yesterday's Hygienic Worries



Easy Disposal

and 2 other
important factors

- ① Disposed of as easily as tissue. No laundry.



- ② True protection—5 times as absorbent as cotton. Deodorizes,* too.



- ③ Obtain without embarrassment, at drug or dry goods stores, simply by saying "Kotex."

This new way provides absolute protection besides ending forever the problem of disposal.

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Registered Nurse

FEW women today still employ the hygienic methods of yesterday. There is now protection that is absolute—protection that enables one to meet every day unhandicapped.

Wear gayest gowns and sheerest frocks. Dance, motor, go about for hours in confidence and security.

Protection women KNOW is real

Kotex is more than a "sanitary pad"—it is scientific protection in the full sense of the term.

(1) Kotex is the only sanitary pad in the world today filled with Cellucotton absorbent wadding, the super-absorbent of modern scientific attainment. Thus Kotex absorbs 16 times its

own weight in moisture! Thus Kotex is 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton pad!

(2) Kotex is scientifically designed for safe and comfortable wear. It is scientifically measured to allow ample gauze covering and strong gauze ends for pinning.

(3) Kotex actively deodorizes.* Years of scientific research were spent in developing this obviously important factor.

No laundry

Kotex, too, ends for all time the problem of disposal. One uses it, then discards it—as easily as tissue.

Buy a box today—comes in two sizes . . . the Regular and Kotex Super. 45c for a box of 12 (Regular) at any drug, dry goods or department store; also obtainable through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

Kotex Company, 180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Use Super-size Kotex

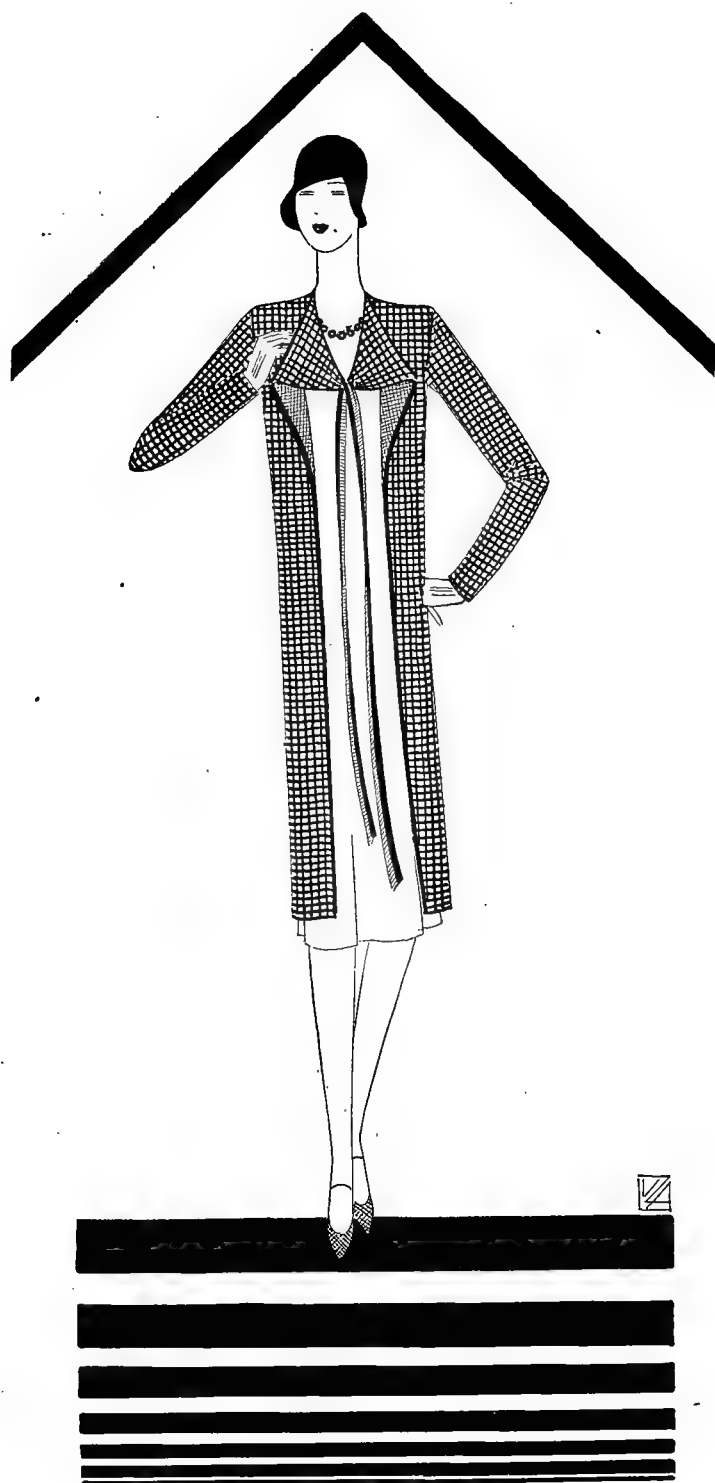
Formerly 90c—now 65c

Super-size Kotex differs from Regular Kotex only in giving the extra protection of additional layers of Cellucotton absorbent wadding. The advantages in using it in connection with the Regular are thus obvious. Disposable the same way. Doctors and nurses consider it indispensable where extra protection is needed. At the new low price, you can easily afford to buy one box of Super-size to every 3 of Kotex Regular. Its extra layers of filler mean much in added comfort and security.

*Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by patented process. (Patent No. 1,670,587).

KOTEX
The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

No laundry—discards as easily as a piece of tissue



Harper's Bazar

Have you never watched the models sway across the floor in costumes sleek, sophisticated, perfect—watched longingly and waited in vain for one that has a meaning in it for you, until at last one comes and you cry, "I want that."

In Harper's Bazar you will find not one, but pages of models of which you can say "I want that."

Here are imaginative clothes, exciting clothes, clothes worn by the most distinctively dressed women in the world, clothes you remember long after they are gone. For they possess the elusive touch of genius.

Take this witty coat by Chantal. Red, white, yellow-green, bottle-green, an odd color combination. But conceived by a master, it creates a coat of rare charm . . . the fabric, toile de soie in tiny red and white check, the lining, pale yellow-green, bordered on the inside and tied with bottle-green velvet ribbon. It is as smart, as catching, as the latest night club melody . . . a coat it would actually be fun to possess.

Why be without a fashion magazine that really brings you what is best in fashion as well as fiction, one whose subscription list reads like the social register?

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H.B.-2-29

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Bought on the news-stands at 50c a copy, these 24 issues would cost you \$12. This offer cuts the single copy price from 50c to 25c and brings the magazine to you at **EXACTLY HALF PRICE**. A one-year subscription saves you \$2 over the single copy price.

Crown Brand Rayon Yarns

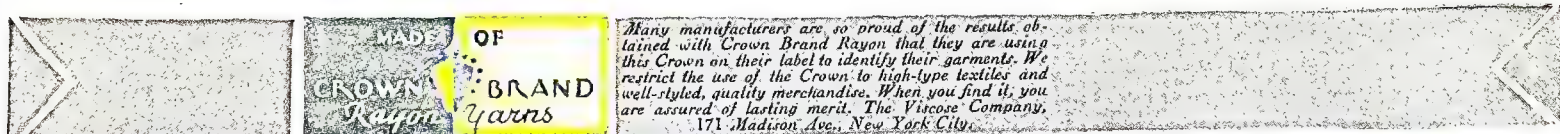
BRINGING NEW DRAMA INTO DRESS FABRICS

It is a dramatic moment when scissors first cut into a shimmering brocade, a feathery exotic-hued chiffon or other rich, colorful, very new fabrics woven of CROWN Brand Rayon Yarn. . . . Perhaps the shears are handled by an internationally known Paris couturier, whose inspired moulding of the supple rayon material will influence fashion for months and years to come! They may be manipulated by the skilled designer of an American house, whose excellently tailored sports clothes, coats and ensembles are successes worn by smartest women in New York, Chicago, San Francisco. Or the clever hands of a woman who fashions her own charming frocks may

hold the scissors that cut this new cloth! Newest fabrics for spring and summer of 1929 have an exciting modern loveliness, made possible by the rayon yarns used in them. Crown Brand Yarns are responsible for textures formerly undreamed of; colors that glitter with gay promises or that have fascinating dull subtle tones; patterns that express the romance of yesterday, the mystery of tomorrow. These thrilling materials will play important roles in the drama of the mode. . . . Naturally the beauty, the quality, the serviceableness of any fabric made of rayon or containing rayon depend on the yarns of which it is woven. . . . Crown Brand Rayon Yarns are made by

The Viscose Company, the concern that brought the rayon business to America in 1911; today, the world's largest producer of rayon yarns. Crown Yarns have been outstanding for their quality and diversity. They are smooth, even, fine. They dye fast, wash well, wear handsomely. The Viscose Company is noted for scientific achievements in perfecting yarns that establish rayon as the truly expressive fabric of these times.

New highly specialized Crown Brand Yarns are being developed constantly. They inspire many successful new dress fabrics. They make much of the newest rayon underwear and hosiery, numbers of new drapery fabrics and household textiles.



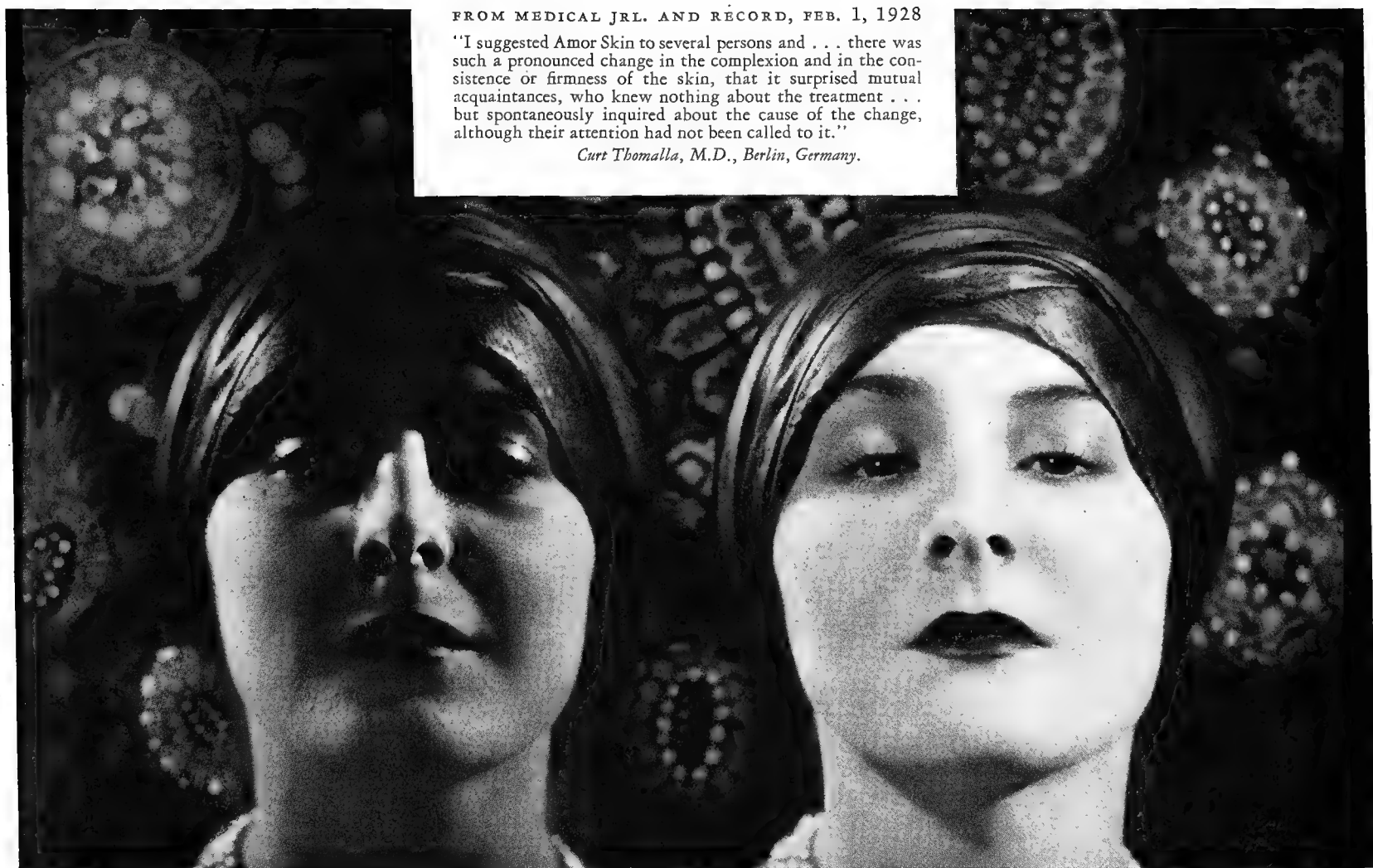
Facial skin **REVITALIZED** by **DASYPODINE HORMONES**

Amor Skin literally feeds youth into the epidermis and sub-cutaneous cells, erasing wrinkles, crows' feet and other marks of time.

FROM MEDICAL JRL. AND RECORD, FEB. 1, 1928

"I suggested Amor Skin to several persons and . . . there was such a pronounced change in the complexion and in the consistence or firmness of the skin, that it surprised mutual acquaintances, who knew nothing about the treatment . . . but spontaneously inquired about the cause of the change, although their attention had not been called to it."

Curt Thomalla, M.D., Berlin, Germany.



THE smart women of today keep perpetual rendezvous with youth. Everywhere you see them, marvelous young women of forty and over, who have seemingly outwitted time.

Long past the formerly accepted limits of youth, they maintain the fresh complexions of young girls, their faces free from wrinkles, crows' feet and the pitiless stamp of age, they remain radiantly, gloriously young.

Are these happy women exceptions? Has some lucky chance made them exempt from the common lot of their sex? Does Time play favorites? Or have they found some new alchemy that keeps the years at bay?

Age ordinarily begins to tell at twenty-five

Age has no favorites. Skin specialists will tell you that Time begins to record on the Anglo Saxon woman's face at twenty-five.

The traceries are faint at first, but surely and relentlessly they come unless steps are taken to halt the march macabre.

Hormone famine is the cause. At the age of twenty-five the hormone output of certain glands of internal secretion begins to dwindle. Without this life-giving stimulus the elastic skin fibres and the sub-cutaneous cells begin to relax. The process is slow at first—but more rapid as years pass.

Gradually the epidermal tissue hardens. The skin loses its elasticity and tension. The bloom of girlhood vanishes. Wrinkles, crows' feet come.

Now science has found a way to substitute for these precious youth hormones, the hormones of the hypodermis of certain young dasypodine animals—with the most amazing results.

How Amor Skin feeds youth hormones to starving facial cells

A famous German specialist in organotherapy, confrere of Voronoff and Steinach, perfected Amor Skin. By his remarkable discovery the hands of time are stayed and youth is literally fed back into hormone starved cells.

Until recently this great discovery was available only to a few women of European nobility. Compounded at enormous cost, these women gladly paid extravagantly for its precious benefits.

Now the formulation of Amor Skin is being conducted on a somewhat larger scale. And as a result its aid is available to a wider group of women.

See how quickly youth returns

Amor Skin is sold in two formulae. Amor Skin

Number 1, of primary strength, and Amor Skin Number 2, of double strength for obstinate cases.

The application is extremely simple. Its success depends upon daily use. Its results are startling.

The genuine Amor Skin is always packed in the characteristic lamp shaped package and each package is numbered and sealed.

When you buy Amor Skin for the first time do not look for an overnight miracle. It took time to put those lines and wrinkles in your face. They will not disappear until the hormone starved cells have been nourished by the active principle in Amor Skin.

But if you will follow the simple directions night after night, if you are sincere in your desire to attain results, gradually your mirror will tell the miracle of the revitalization.

Start Amor Skin treatment today and see what this marvelous preparation can do for you.

Present supply will permit only twenty thousand women in America to buy Amor Skin during 1929.

AMOR



SKIN

AMOR SKIN NUMBER 1 (SINGLE STRENGTH) \$16.50
AMOR SKIN NUMBER 2 (DOUBLE STRENGTH) \$25.00

WRITE FOR INTERESTING BOOKLET: AMORSKIN CORPORATION, 113 WEST 57TH STREET, NEW YORK

YOUR THEATRE AND OURS

(Concluded from page 144)

There are various explanations of this fact. Cultivated conversation is rarely heard in America, where what is called "wise cracking" takes its place. In New York especially, the restless habits of the people make conversation for its own sake difficult, if not impossible. Movement is preferred to sedentary occupations, and conversation is largely the recreation of people who have learned to sit still for long periods. The American business man, notoriously a dull fellow—every European who encounters him remarks on his dullness—spends too much of his time in his office or on the golf course for him to become a good conversationalist. He submerges himself in his affairs and cannot find any time in which to develop his graces, with the result that he is made mum when he comes into company or is reduced to playing infantile games. His women, starved of conversation at home, stew their minds in lectures and repeat sentences from books, none of which have been passed through any process of consideration in their own thoughts, and so conversation with them becomes a series of blank assertions, which have a paralyzing effect on general talk, for general talk must be easy, quick, resilient, with plenty of give and take in it.

If these are the facts of actual life, how can the dramatist hope to become skilful in the invention of comedies when he has no sources to tap. The author represents in the novel or on the stage the life with which he is familiar. But he also represents the life with which his audience is familiar. Of what use will it be for an author to put a play on a stage about a life which is incomprehensible to the people in the theatre? The American author does not write social comedies, full of polished dialogue, because the life which would be represented in such comedies scarcely exists in America. When it is as common in the United States as it is in Europe, the authors will portray it. We get the kind of play that we deserve. Our authors reproduce what they see. And since life in America is

largely concerned with physical sensation, with action that is seldom considered, and with unregulated and undisciplined emotions, the dramatists are compelled to give their audiences plays which correspond in some sort, even if it be an exaggerated sort, with what they see around them. That they too frequently over-emphasize the facts is no more than if a man, who has lost his delicacy of palate, should seek to recover his taste with the help of strong pickles.

Finally, I must note a very remarkable difference between your drama and ours, which is that plays in America are frequently written in collaboration, whereas plays in England are nearly always individual efforts. The American habit seems to me to be the negation of art, for a play, if it has any merit at all, owes its merit to the individual vision displayed in it. The moment that a work of art becomes a communal affair, it ceases to be a work of art. Committees cannot compose poems or paint pictures or make music. Neither can they write plays. Yet a very large number of the plays that are performed in America are written in collaboration, that is to say, in committee.

It is inevitable, in these circumstances, that the plays should be topical in their character, a mere dramatization of news paragraphs, mostly criminal reports, from the daily press. A live drama, a healthy and important drama, a drama with powers that will not easily perish, cannot be written by more than one person. The drama of the moment may be written by several persons, but it lives for a moment. To-day, millions will see it. To-morrow, millions will have forgotten it. But the word of one lonely man will be remembered forever. There is too much common and joint opinion in the American theatre. There is not enough of the inner vision of a single mind. The English drama at present is under a cloud, but that cloud is no bigger than a man's hand. The American drama is under a cloud, but that cloud is as big as the American continent.

ENGLISH CHIC IS INDIVIDUAL

(Concluded from page 142)

clothes, however, are designed by herself and, of course, made in England. As a matter of fact, Englishwomen know just what they wish to wear, or rather what they don't care for. They have a horror of what is extreme.

"You surprise me, Miss Enos. What you tell me just shows how mistaken we are abroad. The fact is, we are made to believe that anything in the way of standardized fashions is unpopular in England—individuality being wanted at all cost."

"Oh, dear, no. I am only just getting my clients used to the longer and fuller skirts. Anything flaring on *robe de style* lines remains in my closets unsold."

"Won't you, Miss Enos, give me your point of view on the subject of tweeds?"

"Very willingly. I might start by telling you that Enos is quite a pioneer and has many 'tweed innovations' to the good. Our unlined tweed coats, for instance, as well as some of our other inventions have been most successfully developed by French dressmaking houses during the last few years, and our fur-lined country coats are quite a specialty."

Some of the fur linings I am shown are treated in quite an unusual way: narrow bands of fur alternating with the tweed lining—producing striped effects.

"Most suitable for autumn wear," says Miss Enos, "for what you in Paris call *dernie saison*."

"Let me show you this shooting outfit composed of a pair of 'plus fours' in a beautiful heather mixture to be worn with a belted coat, reaching almost to the knees."

With this costume the mannequin presents in rapid succession a wide shoot-

ing cape and a heavy topcoat of the identical tweed, all of it part of a complete outfit for the moors.

"And how about evening clothes, Miss Enos? Is chiffon as popular in London as it is in Paris?"

"I personally never wear anything else, but most of my clients prefer brocade and velvet. There seems an inbred love of splendid textures in this country. Paris fashion dictates do not seem to influence a certain class of Englishwoman at all. Chiffon is a material, which, so far, means nothing to the majority of them."

"You will have noticed by now that tweed and brocades undoubtedly are the two most popular fabrics in England. Tweed for the day and brocade for evening wear."

"Won't you, before I go, show us some of your tea gowns, Miss Enos? I've heard them spoken of very highly."

"Our particular specialty is the 'smoking suit,' not the tea gown. Most comfortable to wear after a day's hunting—and for country life in general. They are never elaborate, being in some cases almost tailored, in style. For instance, plain ruby velvet for a coat and skirt to be worn with a red crêpe de Chine jumper is delightful and looks comfortable."

"Printed velveteens, too, are perfect for smoking suits, though I, of course, design many of these costumes in brocade, always, of course, adding the short 'smoking' jacket for warmth. At times, when the gown is of chiffon, the coatee is made of a heavier texture, in which case the gown without a coat can almost be worn for dinner and even to dance in informally."

Such "smoking suits" are quite an "Enos" specialty!

For
YEAR 'ROUND
WEARCALJER
COATSVoguish...dashing...
smart...

Perfect tailoring and a marvelous wrinkle-proof fabric combine to keep them always shapely and new-looking. Pleasantly light in weight, surprisingly warm for all their lightness... obtainable in many beautiful patterns... Caljer Coats are ideal for year 'round wear everywhere.

At your Favorite Store

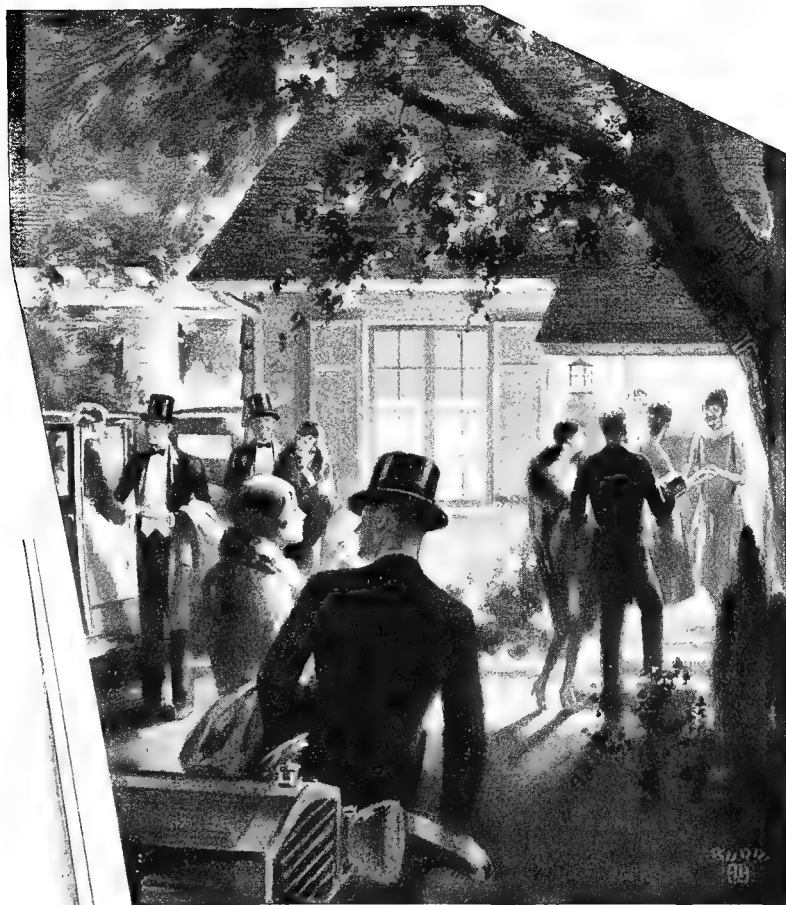
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UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

Those who set social standards use Genuine Engraving



THERE are those who follow Fashion,
and those whom Fashion follows.
The discerning ones who set social
standards have decreed that only *genuine*
engraved stationery and forms
are correct. Makeshifts and substitutes
lack the essential character and
charm. To make certain of *genuine*
engraving, be sure the identifying
symbol shown below is
affixed to the material you buy.



**Genuine Engraved Business Cards
Open Closed Doors**

PARIS FABRICS

(Continued from page 69)

a very heavy type of crêpe marocain, woven with a small broché design this year and printed in many different designs, especially in small oblong dots, placed close together all over the surface in several shades of the same color. There is a chiffon printed in the same design to go with it. "Flamenga" also appears in a cross-hatched plaid, with plain cross-hatched material to go with it.

Bianchini also has a little silk, like that used for men's shirts, which Patou has christened "crêpe gigolo," designed for sports frocks. Another new fabric at this house is a linen weave, called "gyptian," made with a twisted silk thread, quite heavy in weight, which falls in lovely folds. This comes in plain and printed. Bianchini is also weaving the classic fabrics with small satiny designs, to brighten them. "Crêpe muette" is a chiffon woven with a big satiny spot and printed over all. "Pekin muette" is a chiffon with a wide satin stripe or border. His special thin silk, called "jiponne," is this year woven with a shiny line making a tiny plaid, and then printed.

AT DUCHARNE'S, there is a good silk gabardine, printed in sports designs, especially in checks, in this crisper class of silk. Surah is also printed in sports designs, mostly checks, some small plaids. There is a new very supple ottoman with various printed designs. "Mousseline brochée" is a chiffon woven with a very large dull silk spot. "Crêpe broché" is a crêpe de Chine with a small satin dot, or a satin coffee grain. "Crêpe bouclette" is a rough-surfaced silk crêpe, largely used by Jane Régny, heavier in appearance than crêpe de Chine. This is also used as a base for small designs or zig-zags in gold. "Toile de Neuville" is a sort of heavy georgette, which comes in dots, checks, and a series of stripes and plaids. This is said to have been largely bought by the couture.

The question of plain or printed fabrics is engaging a good deal of attention at the present time. The silk houses have prepared an enormous choice of prints, especially chiffons and crêpes de Chine. Ducharne shows ninety-five different designs on chiffon alone. Out of a collection of two hundred and fifty novelties Bianchini shows a hundred different chiffon designs. The crêpes de Chine are almost as numerous, and all materials, even lamés, are printed at all the houses. Undoubtedly we shall wear prints this spring and summer. The leaders among the couture are using them, and as soon as warm weather sets in, women cannot resist them. Just the same, I have a feeling that it will be very smart to dress in plain colors this year, seeking variety and individuality in unusual color combinations, rather than in unusual designs. This began at Biarritz last autumn. You remember my reporting it, and how well it looked.

When we come to the actual designs themselves, the situation shapes up like this: Chiffon designs are quite large; many are what might be called a "large medium" size, some are enormous. This is because chiffon is used in draped models in gathered panels, in fulness that breaks up the pattern and keeps it from looking unwieldy. The newest looking crêpes, on the contrary, are absolutely tiny in design. Some of the chiffons show these tiny designs also, especially at Bianchini's. There are stars, dots, squares, checks, separate leaves, tiny blossoms, petals, et cetera, among these new minute designs. Some of the crêpe patterns are a little larger.

Very new is the design from Ducharne illustrated in the model designed for us by Lelong on page 65. This is in black and white, the design filled in with spatter work in tiny black dots in a new way. A tendency to cover the surface closely with the pattern is typical of this year's prints. In all the houses we find many leaf patterns, also, of course, many flowers, especially roses and poppies, butterflies, fruits, especially cherries, et cetera. Also rather large designs in which the pattern is made up of small conventional elements; for example, a

Persian palm pattern, the palm filled in with rings, on a background of small uneven squares. There are also many confetti effects in many colors, taking the place of the too-popular polka-dot. I could go on enumerating the patterns indefinitely, for all the silk houses maintain large schools of design, and their variety is infinite.

PRINTED satins play a fairly important rôle in the collections, and they are being used to some extent by the designers, many in the confetti prints, or in small floral designs. As I said, above all, fabrics serve as a base for printing. The printed taffetas are again important, especially at Bianchini's and Coudurier's. They are always printed on the warp, giving a charming blurred effect to the design. One of the most striking from Bianchini is illustrated by Luza in the handsome evening gown from Redfern on page 66. This shows a fern design in cerise on pale gray. Quantities of leaf designs appear in taffetas. Molyneux is using one from Coudurier, in his favorite color combination of beige, dark red, and black, in oval leaves on a black ground, with a red bar here and there.

Satins are important, and a continued vogue is expected for them. Satin suits promise to be good for formal wear, satin evening gowns hold their own, and satin evening wraps will be numerous. Bianchini has two new heavy satins, "fulgasatin," like the familiar "lunasol" but in thinner weight for gowns; and "gervisia," which he finds better than his lunasol of last year.

The lamés are naturally less numerous in a summer collection. But the idea last year, to print them with the same design as a chiffon, for summer evening ensembles, is developed further this year. Taffeta is another material that appears with the same design as chiffon and with the same intention.

I particularly like the printed chiffons with an added broché design in silver or gold. I do not understand why the great designers do not make more use of them, for some of the effects are exquisite, and they replace the heavier silk and metal lamés most advantageously in the summer evening mode. Perhaps they will come into their own this year. At Coudurier's, there is a marvelous new moiré, lacquered with gold, which Molyneux has used for a splendid evening gown. One side of it is plain brown faille, the other is in pure gold with water-mark taking the form of a rose.

As to color, the silk houses are all showing a very novel combination of shades that might be called "autumnal." This combination is illustrated, in the model from Molyneux on page 67, done in a printed chiffon from Coudurier, in orange, tan, yellow, white and black. Gay, brilliant combinations, often on black grounds, are found everywhere. Then there are the pastel combinations, Marie Laurencin arrangements of pink, blue and white, illustrated charmingly in the Lelong model in modernistic printed chiffon drawn by Luza on page 65. Vionnet is said to be much interested in the pastel flowery chiffons.

THE individual opinions of the three silk houses, about color, are as follows: Bianchini finds that the couture is interested in reds. After this, slate blues, greens, and yellows. In addition to the three color combinations mentioned above, he has many black-and-white combinations, and many in parchment with black or navy blue. Some two-color combinations, but many more in four or five colors, some extremely subtle, such as a small shell design in beige, blue, rose and white. Coudurier likes the brownish tones and shows many rather neutral combinations in chiffon, as well as crêpes, beige and black, for example, with a mere dash of color, often red. He finds a special interest in yellows. Ducharne is interested in a new yellow-green, which he calls "sauterelle" or grasshopper. He also shows the autumn combinations, pastel combinations, and combinations in

(Concluded on page 148)

From Vienna

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE BEAUTIFUL BEDS AND BEAUTYREST MATTRESSES ORDERED FROM AMERICA

BY THE

*Countess
Colloredo
Mannsfeld*



TWIN Simmons Beds and gorgeous damask covered Beautyrests have recently crossed the ocean to equip another home with superlative American comfort and beauty! For the Countess Colloredo Mannsfeld (née Nora Iselin of New York) has just ordered them sent abroad for her Viennese home.

Luxurious comfort, deep, relaxing sleep—and now new beauty in covers of handsome damask in two French patterns and six lovely colors!

As the Countess Colloredo Mannsfeld says, "I am especially pleased with the damask covering on the beautiful Simmons Mattresses and Box Springs—it harmonizes so nicely with the decorative scheme of the room."

In furniture and department stores, Simmons Beds \$10.00 to \$60.00, No. 1581 \$32.75; Simmons Beautyrest Mattress, \$39.50; Simmons Ace Box Spring \$42.50; Simmons Ace Open Coil Spring \$19.75; Rocky Mountain Region and West, slightly higher. Look for the name "Simmons." The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.

SIMMONS

BEDS · SPRINGS · MATTRESSES

THE BEDROOM of the Countess Colloredo Mannsfeld furnished with precious family heirlooms in Austrian marquetry—a lovely setting for twin Simmons Beds No. 1581 and damask covered Beautyrests in Venetian blue! The walls are painted blue green, hung with French prints. The blue green beds, whose graceful lines and exquisite coloring delight the Countess, are spread with hand-made filet over pink.

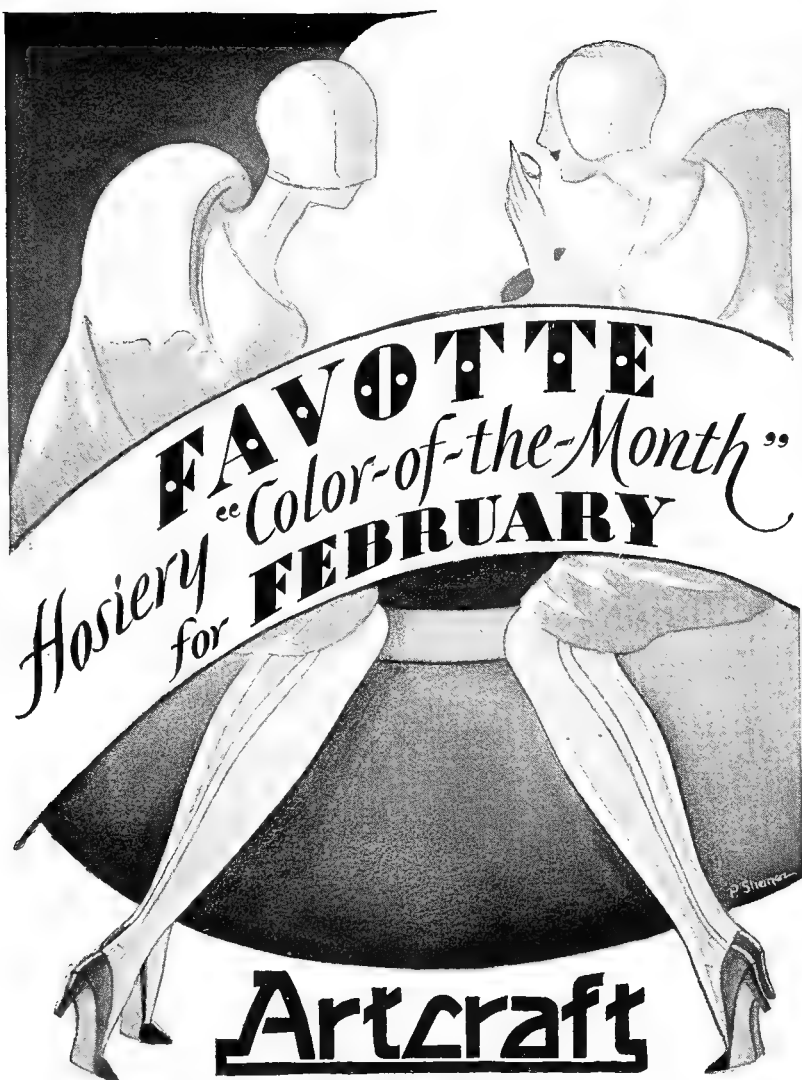


THE NEW BEAUTYREST MATTRESS—and Ace Box Spring—covered in matching damask!—Venetian blue, seafoam green, and beige in the medallion pattern, or lilac, rose and pale blue in the all-over design of delicate leaves. The Beautyrest has a center of hundreds of fine small coils, each cloth encased, to insure independence of action and marvelous buoyancy. The new Ace Box Spring, resilient and long wearing, has the same taped edges and a smart stitched border to match the fluted sides of the Beautyrest.

Already, 625,487
Beautyrests
in American homes*

Every 54 seconds,
one more Beautyrest
in someone's home!

*These records are for the U. S. only.



Silk Stockings

"That Are Superior"

New York Offices: 358 Fifth Ave.



Part of a set of six Queen Anne chairs in walnut, retaining their original upholstery of contemporary needlepoint. Ackermann Galleries.

THE FUNCTION OF NEEDLEPOINT IN THE MODERN HOME

(Concluded from page 84)

From Charles II. to George II. runs the creative age of old needlepoint as a furniture covering.

On these pages have been assembled some of the finer examples of needlepoint now on the American market. They have been photographed against the type of background with which they are most in sympathy. Academically speaking, they should be used to-day only against a full-bodied, sumptuous setting, into which they are of the greatest value for introducing rich color and movement. Against the pale hues, the austere calm, and calculated formalism of an Adam or Directoire setting they are as much out of place as the Sistine frescoes would be in a business office.

As part of an intelligent appreciation of the classic period of needlepoint has come a present-day desire to do the same things with wools, silks, and canvas as

were done two centuries ago. The creation of modern needlepoint requires eyesight and patience; with these, and adequate patterns to follow, it is possible to produce as satisfactory pieces as those which survive from the days of Queen Anne. The only difference—but an important one—lies in the lack of the mellowing effect of two hundred years upon the colors; that time alone can give.

Harper's Bazar initiates with this issue a department designed to consider the appropriate use of decorative units in the modern house. If any of its readers have interiors in the general English baroque feeling which they think would be enriched by examples of fine needlepoint in this article of the types illustrated, they are invited to correspond with the Department of Interior Decoration of Harper's Bazar, 572 Madison Avenue, New York City.

PARIS FABRICS

(Concluded from page 146)

rich tones, for example, red, blue, dark green and cream. Often he blends his colors with gray, in his own distinctive way, giving a very soft effect.

Molyneux has just shown a small Riviera collection in which many of the new fabrics are used in interesting ways. The most interesting of all is a jacket and frock of brown and white small-flowered crêpe de Chine. The coat is short, with a very important shawl collar and cuffs of beaver, and the frock has a plain straight bodice and a skirt in narrow straight panels, cut off square at the ends and hanging from the hips, longer in the back than in the front. His collection shows many printed chiffons in soft flowing evening frocks, often with bolero backs, and skirts that are long either in the back or at one side, toward the back. There are many brown tones, one plain brown, rather dark, chiffon evening frock; many sports things in gray-browns, and very gray beiges; some bright warm reds; navy; black and white; one midnight blue Chantilly lace evening gown.

On page 71 there is a charming drawing by Martin of the golden evening gown that Vionnet has made for Madame Agnès. She is one of the women who believes firmly in the revival of the sleeved evening gown, especially for hotel and resort wear. With this golden gown, she wears, to the theater, a turban of crocheted gold mesh, and special jewelry of gold and turquoise beads. At the opening night of the "little season" of the Diaghileff ballet, I saw and admired a most effective evening gown, with a long tight bodice and long tight sleeves of black jet, with transparent black tulle skirt, very long in the back. On the opposite page from the Vionnet gown, Martin has drawn a gown in black jet and

tulle from Lanvin, which gives the long-sleeved effect by means of a jacket of jet with tulle "weepers" from the elbows. There is undoubtedly a feeling for the long-sleeved evening gown, newer than the little evening jacket, but giving something of the same effect. It is rare at present, but very sophisticated and extremely smart.

On pages 72 and 73, you will see some of the new bags that the specialty shops have prepared for their clients. They speak for themselves, but I have a word to add about bags in general. Some of the newest are showing "handles," of metal chains, or cords of flexible metal. Cartier has a large square bag in black antelope with two link chains in gold metal, one on each side. He also has a new system for closing a bag; this is a bar of some semi-precious material, which is run through straps on one side, and pulled up to the top when the bag is carried. I will illustrate it for you in the next number. The bar is of tortoise-shell on a brown antelope bag, of coral on fine white calf-skin for evening, and of cut crystal on black antelope for afternoon. His envelopes of black antelope with exquisite jeweled fastenings to match the rest of one's ornaments are in the most perfect taste. One marvel of a bag in black antelope is mounted in black enamel on silver, and for a fastening it has a clasp of black enamel studded with diamonds. The top of this clasp lifts up to show a tiny oblong watch. To take the watch out for winding, one presses one of the diamond studs; an extraordinary bit of mechanism. For a daytime bag, the fashion of using the fabric of the costume is growing, especially in tweeds; while the ensemble idea of bag, hat, scarf, belt, and even shoes, is more general than ever.

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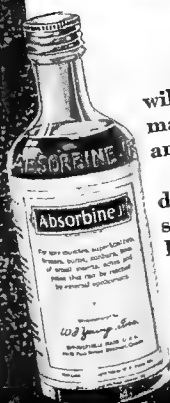
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HIGH WALLS

(Continued from page 87)

O'Reilly, went off down the deck with him.

"Your daughter," O'Reilly stated to Mrs. Cass-Evans in the simplest possible manner, "is very beautiful."

He stood there for a moment, staring after Greta, fumbling his hat in his great brown hands. Alexander thought that he appeared puzzled about something. . . .

Once she had established his position in her own private chart of the social scale, Mrs. Cass-Evans was inclined to unbend toward Ramon O'Reilly. She found him interesting. To her he was one of those individuals occasionally encountered during travels who, equipped with more than the usual amount of local knowledge, serve usefully as a guide-book. There was a certain routine to the daily comedy. O'Reilly would join her and Greta. Five minutes later, invariably, Charles Winbridge would appear; would hurriedly take Greta away for a walk. And then came the inevitable afternoon when Greta upset the usual scheme of things by flatly refusing to accept Charles's invitation for a walk. "I'm tired," she murmured. Charles strode off, furious, leaving O'Reilly in the chair beside Greta.

"Now tell us something about Natividad," she suggested.

O'Reilly shrugged his shoulders. Watching him, as he sat there, he conveyed to Greta the impression of a curious racial blending. Latin in his mannerisms, that frequent shrug of the shoulders, his swift, nervous movements, his almost too careful selection of English words, his punctiliousness in the matter of meetings and partings, there was nevertheless something comfortably familiar and unforeign beneath his picturesque exterior. Something solid and steady, which the Anglo-Saxon in her hailed with confidence. It was most recognizable in his calm, unwavering glance as he spoke to her. A great and honest simplicity was there. A complete absence of the strutting, masculine vanity against which his spectacular appearance put her on guard. . . . And when he spoke he conveyed a quiet and definite sureness in his judgment of men.

"ABOUT Natividad?" he echoed. "What is there, really, that I can tell you? A little town. A seaport of narrow streets and old Spanish houses. Full of color for the tourist, and with a scarred history which you can trace by scrambling up and down the walls of the Fortaleza. English at sunrise. Spanish at sunset. That was the history of Natividad for many bloody years. Now it is poverty-stricken and falling to decay. There are a few proud old Spanish families left, a good many *mestizos*—half-castes—and swarms of Indians and blacks. A poor, sad little place ruled by a puppet of a president. . . ." A kind of misty sadness had crept into his eyes while he spoke.

"Perhaps I bore you . . . but, you see, the misfortunes of these people reach your heart when you live among them, as I have done, for fifteen years. They starve, they suffer, they die, waiting pathetically for a millennium, for the rising, perhaps, of a new Simon Bolivar. . . . But you, who land among us for only a few hours, will see only the blue and yellow houses, the pink cathedral towers, the tinkling mules and goats in the cobbled streets, and you will go on your way saying, 'How quaint, how picturesque. . . .' While to the others who know, it is all so sad—so unutterably sad. . . ."

"But a young man like you," Mrs. Cass-Evans said musingly—she was not above flattery—"a man like you, with American blood in you. Couldn't you do so much more elsewhere? You could use your energy, your intelligence in the North, where such things are appreciated at their true value."

He shook his head.

"So often have I been told that! But I am tied down to these people by my mother's blood, and by my love for them. If you could only see them. They are so helpless, so unable to better themselves. Picturesque, happy Calagua, the steamship circulars say. Dies! What a joke."

In my small way I try to get them some sort of justice, and sometimes when I work the wires skilfully enough Washington helps me. A shipload of food, perhaps. . . . Nobody else wants the task. I have been Acting-Consul for five months now, while they try to find someone to fill my former superior's post. Yes. I love these people as if they were my children. And all the time I know that our enemies, a military clique, are anxious to rise and crush out the last hopes of the wretched populace. Toward spiritual, moral, and physical starvation; that is where Calagua is heading. . . . You see, my task is there. I would never be happy away."

"It's a noble work," Greta said softly. He looked at her with a swift, shining gratitude, as if she had given him some great reward. And presently, bowing in his precise and courteous way, he left them.

THE first change that came upon Greta was the manifestation of a new and subtle independence. After the ship left Colon she began rising at an early hour, breakfasting in the saloon before the others, planning her own days for herself. She gave every appearance of being extremely busy, about what Alexander could not imagine, since there was so little to be busy about aboard the ship. He noticed that instead of sitting by the hour beside Mrs. Cass-Evans throughout those long, hot, idle days, she would be content to pass her mother's deck chair two or three times during a morning or an afternoon, pausing to say a few words to her. Mrs. Cass-Evans obviously didn't suspect anything. . . . Greta knew a number of people on board; was interested in the deck games, the organizing of a fancy-dress dance, and was constantly being consulted by anxious, fussy ladies.

It was wholly by accident that May and Alexander discovered the true cause of her absences. They had wandered astern one morning to the after-deck, an elevated and sun-baked little platform not at all popular with the passengers on account of its isolation, its clutter of ship's tackle, and its complete absence of any shelter from the tropic glare. And here, amid a tangle of life-boats and ventilators and skylights, they stumbled upon Greta and Ramon O'Reilly, seated side by side upon a spread rug, engaged in earnest, subdued conversation. He was telling her something about his past life, some incident of his boyhood. And Greta was gazing at him with wide, earnest eyes, as if everything he said was of the most tremendous and vital importance. . . . They crept away, May and Alexander, without a word.

That state of affairs continued. And still Mrs. Cass-Evans suspected nothing. Greta timed her entrances and exits judiciously, and was never away too long. But, of course, it couldn't go on. And Charles, naturally enough, was the one who created the explosion.

IT HAPPENED upon the afternoon before they were due in Natividad. It had been another of those scorching, lifeless days. The ship had slowed down, for some reason or other, to less than ten knots and the last vestige of breeze had died away. There had been an outbreak of fever among the crew and one port fellow had died. One could see the news, actually see it, traveling down the deck from mouth to mouth, saddening the row of limp, inert figures. An immense lassitude had enveloped them all. Now and then upon the stillness, the monotony, someone's voice would rise irritably like a little exclamation point. . . . Charles passed by, on the promenade deck, about five o'clock, red and infuriated, walking fast—far too fast in that deadly heat.

"Charles!" Mrs. Cass-Evans called after him. "Please find Greta for me. I want her to fetch something from my cabin."

Charles swung round and cried out miserably: "But I can't find her! I can't find her. I've been searching for her nearly an hour."

(Continued on page 152)



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HIGH WALLS

(Continued from page 150)



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May at once offered to find her.

"Come along," she said to Alexander, "we'll give Charles a rest. You and I will have a look for her."

But Charles insisted upon going with them. May didn't go straight up to the after-deck. She led them forward first, then turned on her tracks and went to her real objective. They found Greta and O'Reilly there, exactly where they had expected to find them. And they looked extremely happy together, as two people might appear who had found each other after searching for years and years. That is the impression they gave Alexander. O'Reilly jumped up, saluted them cheerfully. But they had not reckoned upon Charles. After an hour's search in that lifeless heat he was no longer a reasonable being; had worked himself into a reckless state of mind. Ignoring O'Reilly, he said:

"Greta, I want to see you—alone."

She looked up at him meekly enough.

"Won't it do later, Charles? I'm so comfortable here."

"No. I want you immediately."

With a little shrug of her shoulders, she scrambled obediently to her feet. Even in that unrelenting, nerve-fraying heat she remained sweet, and cool, and composed.

Charles, turning to O'Reilly, said acidly: "We would all consider it a great favor, Mr. O'Reilly, if you would cease playing hide-and-seek on board this ship with Miss Cass-Evans."

Alexander, and May, stood there speechless. Greta murmured an amazed: "Charles! . . ." But there was no stopping him now. Greta's cheerful obedience had gone to his head. The wine of authority. He added pompously: "I'd like to see you, O'Reilly, in the smoking-room at seven o'clock—to make matters clear between us."

An expression of the gravest concern came over O'Reilly's features. Like a black cloud over sunlight. He stiffened to a frigid formality far more ominous than Charles' effervescent irritation. He said: "Very well, sir. I shall be there. Your remarks most certainly require an explanation."

Charles put his arm through Greta's, and led her away. Alexander, with May, followed in silence. The whole incident had seemed to him both childish and shameful. It left a bad taste. . . . He felt, somehow, that he had lost a certain amount of faith in the reasonableness of human behavior. It couldn't, he knew, possibly have happened in northern latitudes, and he consoled himself with the thought that the heat had been responsible.

"Charles," he said, "you mustn't get into a row with this man."

"Please leave that to me," Charles snapped.

As soon as they were out of O'Reilly's sight Greta disengaged her arm from Charles. "You might as well know," she said, "that I'm thoroughly sick of your behavior."

He stopped short; stared at her.

"What do you mean, Greta?"

"I mean," she told him deliberately, "that I'm tired of being spied upon by you. As a lover, Charles Winbridge, you're utterly tactless. One would think that I hadn't a right to speak to anyone but you."

May, tugging at Alexander's sleeve, hurried him along out of ear-shot. "It's the beginning of the end," she said contentedly. But Alexander didn't smile. Recalling the look on O'Reilly's face when Charles had rebuked him, a wave of depression seized him. The matter wasn't going to be cleared up as easily as all that. He remained on deck alone, after May had gone below, witnessing the setting of that malignant, flaming sun with considerable relief. Yet no respite came with the darkness. Only the ceaseless whirring of electric fans. . . .

AT SEVEN o'clock he strolled into the smoking-room; found Charles in a corner, with several empty tumblers before him. He nodded morosely, drawing away on the sofa as Alexander sat down. And then O'Reilly entered the room; came over to them.

"Well?" he said to Charles Winbridge; and stood there. He remained calm and self-possessed. There was even a hint of amusement upon his features, as if—Alexander analyzed it—he had thought over the whole business as a sensible man, and had realized how absurd it all was. It occurred to Alexander that here was Charles' opportunity to banish the affair gracefully, to offer the man a drink, and tacitly to signify that hostilities were at an end. But O'Reilly's very appearance seemed to infuriate him. Incredulously, Alexander heard him say with a shaking voice:

"I asked you here to find out what in the devil you mean by hiding all over the ship with Miss Cass-Evans, day after day, causing endless worry to her mother and her friends?"

"You are speaking with the authority of these ladies?" O'Reilly asked.

"My own wishes are quite sufficient in this case."

"Pardon," said O'Reilly, bristling.

"But I do not like your tone."

"And I don't like yours!" Charles said, loudly. The third Baccardi had had its effect by now. "Nor do I like anything else about you. You were not asked, so far as I remember, to join our party; and your attentions in one direction—"

O'Reilly raised his hand.

"At least we may keep this matter to ourselves. I must ask you a question which you force upon me by your remarks. You speak as if you had some authority to control Miss Cass-Evans' doings. What is that authority?"

Charles jumped up from the sofa.

"That," he cried, "is a piece of impertinence!"

"It is not. I demand an answer."

"I shall not answer. And what is more, I insist that from now on you spare us your company—"

Here Alexander intervened.

"Charles," he begged, "Charles—"

It was unbelievable. The whole scene was fantastic; a dream. He had a curiously detached sense of seeing himself standing there among them, trying to stem that stupid tide of increasing, unreasoning anger. All around them the fans whirled their remorseless and irritating song. The atmosphere of the room was suddenly stifling. Charles thrust him aside, bellowed: "And, sir, if I do see you—"

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen!"

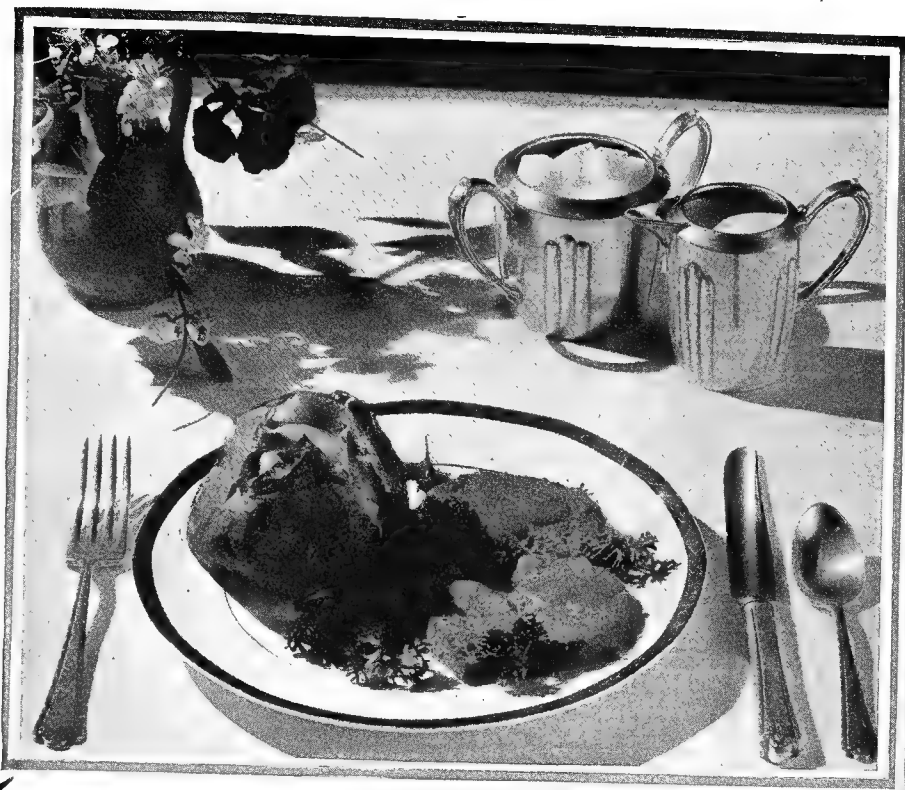
The Assistant Purser of the ship, flaxen-headed, very young and very serious, was in their midst. The pale little bantam of a smoking-room steward stood behind him; arms folded, a battalion of strength in reserve. Their peculiar British reasonableness, their composure, expressionless yet subtly suggestive of a latent force which could be produced the instant an emergency required it, slowly penetrated Charles Winbridge's mind. He sat down, muttering thickly. O'Reilly without a word, but with a single expressive and eloquent shrug of his shoulders, walked away. An anticlimax, if ever there was one, but Alexander thanked God for it. Like most rows it had been witless and inconclusive. Suddenly he hated the heat, that starry tropical sky, everlastingly spectacular, and longed for the sanity, the coolness of the North. . . . And equally suddenly it dawned on him with the impact of a great discovery that for the first time men had actually quarreled over Greta.

Out on deck he found O'Reilly staring at the sea.

"The little fool," he whispered shakily. On the ship's rail his great hand opened and closed spasmodically. "I have seen men down here silenced for less than that. But I must remember. I must remember. . . . You are all so different, so unsensitive. You don't feel things. You don't understand how one can be hurt. . . . But that is our peculiar Latin privilege, isn't it?—to love or to hate, until it shakes one to the very core. . . ."

IT WAS Charles Winbridge who proposed the excursion inland which ended in disaster. Over the luncheon table at Natividad's only hotel, the

(Continued on page 154)



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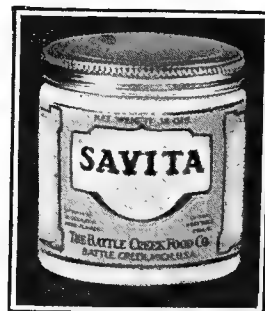
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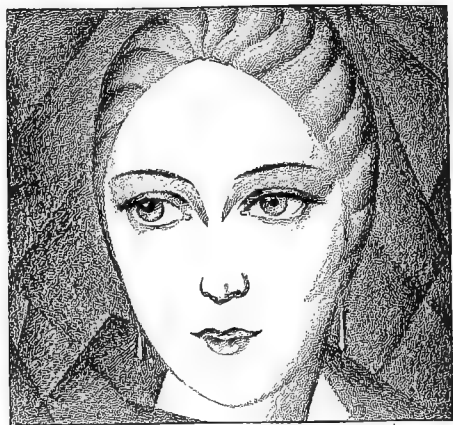


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HIGH WALLS

(Continued from page 152)

Ingleterra, he explained that the Monastery of Santa Cruz was one of the oldest edifices in the Western hemisphere. This fact was beginning to weigh upon his conscience as a traveler. Moreover, he had been talking to the hotel proprietor, who had a car for hire. They would be back in Natividad, he insisted, fully an hour before the *Orinoco* was due to sail that evening. The Monastery was a refuge for the holy upon a lonely crag at the foothills of the Andes. It was the kind of thing ignored by the average tourist, but Charles felt that he and his friends, being on a plane of intellect above the rest, couldn't afford to miss it or the satisfaction that a visit to it would forever afterwards occasion in their minds.

The Cass-Evanses, May Tenby, and Alexander weren't enthusiastic. Perspiring, wielding their palm-leaf fans in the blessed coolness of the *Ingleterra's* patio, they frowned upon the idea. Already, most of the ship's passengers, having tramped all the morning in an obedient procession through the House of the Inquisition, the Cathedral, the home of Pedro Claver; having climbed to the dizzy turrets of a fortress to view Drake's bronze cannon, were now straggling limply toward the harbor, where the ship's tender awaited them.

It had been, as May said, a hard morning. Early, very early, they had been awakened by the rattle of the anchor chains as the *Orinoco* came to rest a half-mile from the Calagua shore. From the promenade deck the passengers had gazed upon Natividad, a bright heap of pastel fragments crumbling to dust in a limelight glare. Houses, saffron, azure, lavender, apple-green, huddled about an old rose-tinted cathedral whose twin belfries were penciled as delicately as a crayon drawing against that vivid morning sky. Fortress walls, gray and crenellated and moss-grown, belting the city above the creamy surf-line of a green sea. . . .

BUT going ashore, they discovered a town of the dead. All life, all human existence, was in a state of suspended animation. Natividad had been made for the poet, the artist, to look upon from afar. There are cities like that. . . . Paintings not to be approached too closely. Beneath the slopes and angles of those red-tiled roofs, the crazy eaves of those crumbling pastel houses shuttered and barricaded against the eternal enemy of heat, the streets were but dim, cobbled canyons, deserted but for an occasional herd of goats tinkling through the drowsy noon. And yet, in spite of the incessant devitalizing heat, the crumbling decay, there was an inescapable dignity about the place, a traditional austerity not to be lightly ignored. . . . The women who stared from balconies, their dark eyes shaded against that eternal sun by raised hands, were serious and unsmiling. A pride of race, pitiful yet noble, survived the squalor and decay. Even the cathedral chimed, throbbing through the heated noon upon invisible wires, chanted an air of imponderable sadness, a melancholy suggestion of vanished glory. . . .

Throughout the morning's sightseeing, Greta remained silent. Her farewell to Ramon O'Reilly had been hurried and inadequate, a swift handshake in the turmoil of the first tender's departure for the shore. Later Alexander found her on the promenade deck watching the tender as it bobbed over the green harbor, at a solitary figure, hat in hand, standing in the stern. . . . Alexander tried to cheer her up by remarking that all steamer friendships were like that—an extraordinary daily intimacy unlike anything ashore, and suddenly cut short when the voyage was over. He reminded her that these friendships ended as quickly as they began, and that they had the pleasant asset of passing quickly into the background of memories.

But Greta only looked at him with a dreamy expression in her eyes. "This isn't over, Toddy," she said. "I know it, as sure as I'm standing here. Some day Ramon and I are going to meet again. Somewhere. We were both—

absolutely certain. . . . That is why parting wasn't so very hard."

How, he wondered, could he reply adequately to such a statement? It was beyond his ken. He considered himself a sensible, practical man. And yet there was a conviction in her tone—based on nothing, as far as he could see—which impressed him. It banished the ordinary reasonings of common sense. He bowed in the face of some incomprehensible force, something illogical, psychic perhaps, but strangely convincing. He actually believed her.

Now, at last, in the patio of the hotel after luncheon, listening to Charles' arguments in favor of his excursion, she showed signs of gaiety.

"If we don't go," she told the others, "and let him see his old Monastery, I'm sure we'll never hear the end of it. And I really think it is time that Charles had some say in our plans."

He gave her a grateful look. Several times during that morning she had been especially pleasant to him, as if to make amends for his sufferings on the ship caused by O'Reilly. In a high state of elation he went off to find the car.

Twenty minutes later he returned with a paintless vehicle, manned by a sullen half-caste smoking a tiny cigar. It was two o'clock when they rumbled through the town gateway and emerged to the sunlight of the open country. Ahead of the car a blinding white road stretched over a desert to a distant line of mocha-colored hills.

RATTLING over that scorching, cactus-strewn waste, on the way back to Natividad, the accident occurred. They were, one and all, weary, half-asleep, wedged together in a state of utter discomfort and misery. Charles was being punished with a grim silence. The Monastery had been a failure, its charm and importance—everyone now realized—grossly exaggerated by the hotel-keeper with his Latin eloquence and a 1912 touring-car which needed employment.

They passed through a straggling native village of adobe huts thatched with straw. There were tiny truck gardens of plantains and bananas, a dilapidated wall half-hidden in a cascade of flaming hibiscus. Ahead of them a barrel-shaped water cart drawn by nodding oxen monopolized the road. The klaxon squawked, and as the car swerved to pass the cart a cur ran yapping in front of its wheels. The chauffeur, leaping out of a trance, lost his head. The car went crashing into the hibiscus-splashed wall; stopped with a shudder in a roadside gully.

The passengers disentangled themselves, unhurt. But the radiator of the car was a sorry heap of twisted metal; the left front wheel splintered. For a moment they were, all of them, slightly dazed. And then Alexander looked at his watch, remarking in the midst of a complete and dreadful silence: "Only thirty-five minutes until sailing time. We'd better telephone at once to Natividad for another car."

A crowd of nondescript, ragged *mestizos*, naked little black boys with round, shiny bellies, collected to stare at them amiably. Charles proceeded to engage the chauffeur in fluent and voluble Spanish; and presently the two of them went down the road in the direction of the adobe huts they had recently passed. For fifteen minutes the others sat in torrid heat until they returned, with the information that there was neither telephone nor telegraph in the village.

Mrs. Cass-Evans, angry and impressive, arose from her seat in the tonneau and for some obscure reason addressed the chauffeur in a furious torrent of French.

The latter, murmuring: "*No entiendo, no entiendo*," shook his head. And added, with a sudden, proud effort: "They shall look for us—mebbe."

They all turned to gaze hopefully down the road; but it was deserted, all the way to the horizon, where the cathedral towers of Natividad were dimly discernible, black against the burning gold of the afternoon sky. The chauffeur muttered something in Spanish to Charles.

(Continued on page 156)

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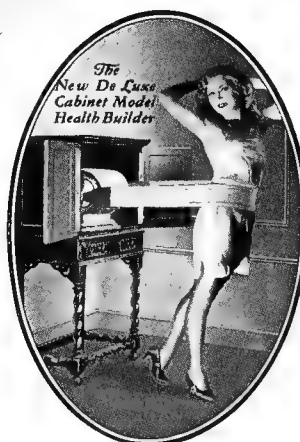
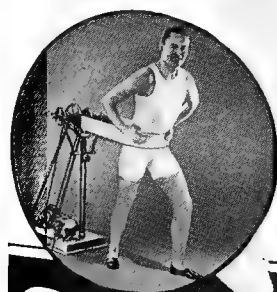
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HIGH WALLS

(Continued from page 154)

"He says," Charles translated, "that it wouldn't have happened if May hadn't screamed."

That was the last straw. May shook her fist in the chauffeur's frightened countenance, then turned to Alexander.

"I'm going to walk to Natividad," she announced briskly. But Mrs. Cass-Evans cried: "Don't be a fool, May! It's about ten miles."

"Nueve kilometros," the chauffeur corrected helpfully. He then sat down on the running-board; lighted a *cigarillo*. The very complacency of the act infuriated Mrs. Cass-Evans.

"What are we going to do?" she shouted at him.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"They shall come for us . . . mebbe," he repeated gently.

May Tenby twirled the hand klaxon as if she expected help to appear miraculously at the summons. The crowd of *mestizos* edged closer, stared, smiled: broke into a perfect tornado of laughter. They slapped one another's backs. They roared. The white lady twirling the little tin horn. Could anything be so funny. . . ? And then Greta voiced the terrible thing which they had all been thinking.

"They wouldn't sail away without us—would they?"

"Certainly not," said Charles, because he was responsible for their being there.

THE minutes dragged on. Flies came in sticky droning swarms. The *mestizos* continued to stare. Little girls darted up to touch Mrs. Cass-Evans, as if to ascertain whether she were real . . . and then slid back into the crowd, giggling. The sun, touching the horizon now, gained a vengeful, last-moment intensity.

A wagon drawn by a pair of red-tasseled mules, heaped with green sugar-cane, came creeping past, headed in the direction of the coast. May stood up in the car, shouting, waving her arms. "Natividad! . . . *Expreso* . . . Take us!" Beating her breast. Pointing to each of them in turn. The wagon halted. The ancient toothless muleteer grinned. The chauffeur went ambling over to him, to embark upon a prolonged and polite conversation.

Ten minutes later, seated on a green mound of sugar-cane, they started toward Natividad.

"Listen!"

Alexander held up his hand. Away off in the distance they heard a prolonged, familiar echo, a faint wail upon the dusk. They stared at one another haplessly. Greta was the first to recover herself, to accept the situation. Calmly she asked Charles: "When is the next ship due?"

"There's a fruit ship due," he told her, "in two weeks. The last one passed us in the harbor on her way out this morning."

Silence again. And then, suddenly, Greta's lovely laugh broke upon them, to make life bearable once more. She pointed to Charles, hatless yet still immaculate in his white flannels, sitting up straight and stiff as a soldier upon the very pinnacle of that mound of sugar-cane, clutching his heavy malacca walking-stick, his body swaying gently to the slow gait of the mules.

"Oh, Charles," she said, "please, please don't still try to be dignified. . . ."

Her voice was full of elation, of gaiety. She was leaning slightly forward, gazing toward the distant church towers of Natividad. And, somehow, then and there Alexander knew definitely that she would never marry Charles Winbridge.

WHEN they came creaking into Natividad at sundown, Mrs. Cass-Evans insisted upon descending from the wagon a quarter of a mile from the *Ingleterra*. It was the only hotel in the town she explained, and added with dignity: "We would create a most unfavorable impression arriving in this fashion. . . ." Alexander looked in vain for a smile from her as she said it; but their respective senses of humor did not run upon parallel lines. Charles Winbridge agreed promptly to the suggestion, and came tobogganing

down from his green mound to join her. May, Greta, and Alexander followed. They paid the muleteer and headed toward the hotel.

The *Ingleterra* was a long, low, two-story edifice of blue plaster with a profusion of balconies, an arcade facing Natividad's principal street, the Calle Bolivar. Entering the hall of colored tiles they came upon the Italian proprietor, bowing, smiling, expressing a delightful and wholly insincere regret that they had missed the steamer. Mrs. Cass-Evans was furious.

"You knew where we were," she said. "You should have held the last tender." Somehow it conjured up in Alexander's mind a fantastic picture of that little brown man holding desperately onto a hawser. He smiled; May giggled. They were crushed by a furious glance. . . . Greta, examining a slip of paper that the proprietor had handed to her, was suddenly all smiles, all gaiety. May handed the card to Alexander. It was from Ramon O'Reilly: "I have heard of your misfortune. I am sorry—and yet selfishly glad. If there is anything I can do, please call upon me. . . ."

Charles Winbridge, leaning over Greta's shoulder, said:

"That proves that he is utterly useless—if he knew about our trouble and couldn't do anything."

"I quite agree with you, Charles," Mrs. Cass-Evans put in.

The proprietor explained hastily that Señor O'Reilly had only called at the hotel, heard of their predicament, after the *Orinoco* had sailed.

"Anyway," Mrs. Cass-Evans said, "I can see nothing to be gained by continuing your shipboard acquaintance, Greta. The man's card is probably here in the hope of a dinner invitation or something of the sort."

"Oh, Mother, how absurd. . . ."

But she was already out of earshot, on her way up the curving, ornate staircase of imitation marble, to inspect the rooms. The others followed her in a straggling, forlorn procession. Pop-eyed ebony servants flattened themselves against corridor walls, staring at them as they passed. They were shown to strange, bare little blue bedrooms in various parts of the house. Alexander's room was in the annex, a low, single-story structure at the rear of the hotel. It contained a tin washstand, flowery china, a bumpy bed with broken springs. On the side facing the patio there was no wall whatever—only a balustrade, and a pair of iron shutters to be drawn at night. It gave him a strangely insecure feeling, that three-walled room, nakedly exposed to the world at one end. . . . As they were all without baggage of any kind May and Greta almost immediately set forth upon a shopping expedition, accompanied by the proprietor.

LATER in the soft blue twilight of the patio Alexander found Mrs. Cass-Evans and Charles seated in rattan chairs. It was quiet there, and agreeably cool.

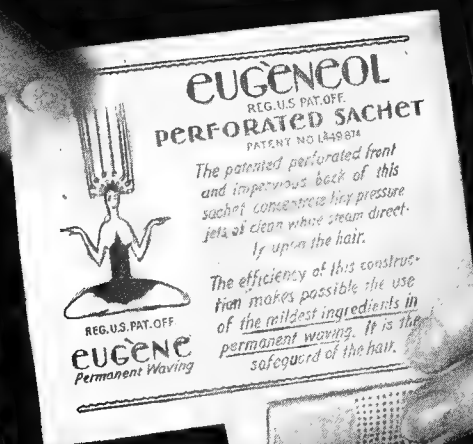
"Two weeks," she was saying as he joined them. "Two weeks in this place! What a situation!"

"It might be worse," Alexander suggested, glancing round the patio. At least it was clean, orderly. A fountain plashed refreshingly upon the stillness, and a macaw, performing acrobatics upon his horizontal bar, ruffled his scarlet plumage and made gentle, throaty noises. . . .

A great stillness had crept over Natividad at the day's end. The cocoa palms, rising upon their smooth, polished columns were now motionless, like clusters of black feathers, against the darkening blue of the sky. A few remote, timid stars had appeared. A herd of goats passed down the Calle Bolivar with a swift, soft patter, a silvery jingling of bells. . . . New York, their friends, their former modes of existence, were all at once unutterably far away; no more than memories of some earlier incarnation. . . .

(To be continued)

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THE WELL-GROOMED MAN

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*Crush and silk hats from Knox
Shirts, collars and ties from Cruger's
Full dress suit and Chesterfield overcoat from Banks, Inc.
Dinner jacket from Tripler
Monogrammed silk muffler from Bud
Double-breasted backless waistcoat from Banks, Inc.*

A YEAR ago I called attention to indications of the return of the tailcoat for all formal evening affairs. This year the intimations have become certainties, for the wearing of the tailcoat is practically obligatory for evening functions where women are present. The dinner-jacket will, of course, be worn for informal affairs, but its indiscriminate use of the past several seasons is definitely ended. During the season at Newport, the tailcoat was the precept, and now in town, it is worn practically to the exclusion of the dinner jacket.

There has been no great change in the cut of the full dress suit, the outstanding features being the long and decided waistline with well cutaway skirts, and the front cut with a soft roll, allowing plentiful display of the shirt. On the dinner jacket, one button is used, and the coat may be worn closed or open. There has been some talk for the past season or two of double-breasted dinner jackets. It is possible that this type may be worn abroad, or even in Havana or Palm Beach, because it is worn without a waistcoat, and, therefore is much cooler in warm weather. In town, however, the double-breasted jacket has not been taken up by the better dressed men.

Although the silk top-hat is the correct one to wear with formal evening clothes, many well-groomed men prefer an opera or "crush" hat for the theatre and other places where a top-hat may not receive the best of care in the checkroom. With a dinner jacket, one may wear a black Homburg, a derby or an opera hat, the last being the most popular this winter. The hat must be black, however, for, whether tailcoat or dinner jacket is worn, tradition demands strict adherence to black and white.

A question that is constantly being asked is whether it is correct to wear a white waistcoat with a dinner jacket. One cannot doubt the popularity of white linen, but, as the dinner jacket is meant only for informal wear,

its details should be in keeping, and the white waistcoat should be reserved for more formal evening clothes. The proper waistcoat to wear with dinner dress, as well as the bow tie, should be of the same material as that which faces the lapels of the jacket.

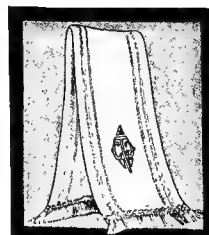
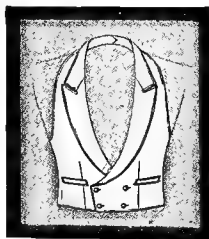
The newest waistcoats are made with larger vest openings, exposing more shirt front. Both double-breasted and single-breasted are worn, but the double-breasted with the V opening is the most popular. A very smart waistcoat from Banks, Inc., shown in the accompanying sketch, is of white piqué, with half ball buttons of the same material.

Shirts are of plain linen or honey-comb piqué. There is much to be said in favor of the new cow's-heel cuffs, as the sharply rounded corners keep them from protruding too far beyond the sleeves.

The new ties are longer and narrower than they were last season, some being so long that the ends protrude a full inch beyond either wing of one's collar. The bold wing collar is still the most worn, but at several smart affairs lately I noticed a number of men wearing plain band and poke collars with broad ties of the type that were popular some fifty years ago.

With strictly formal attire, white buckskin slip-on or button gloves are worn, and at many of the large dances this winter I noticed many men wearing gloves while dancing—a custom that is to be commended. If one carries a stick in the evening, it should be a straight one of either malacca or ebony. The curved handle or "Prince of Wales crook" is no longer carried with dress clothes.

Several overcoats for formal wear are offered for the selection of the man who wishes to be correctly dressed. The cape coat is again being worn by some smart men, as are the Paletot and Inverness. The Chesterfield in both single and double-breasted is, however, the most popular.



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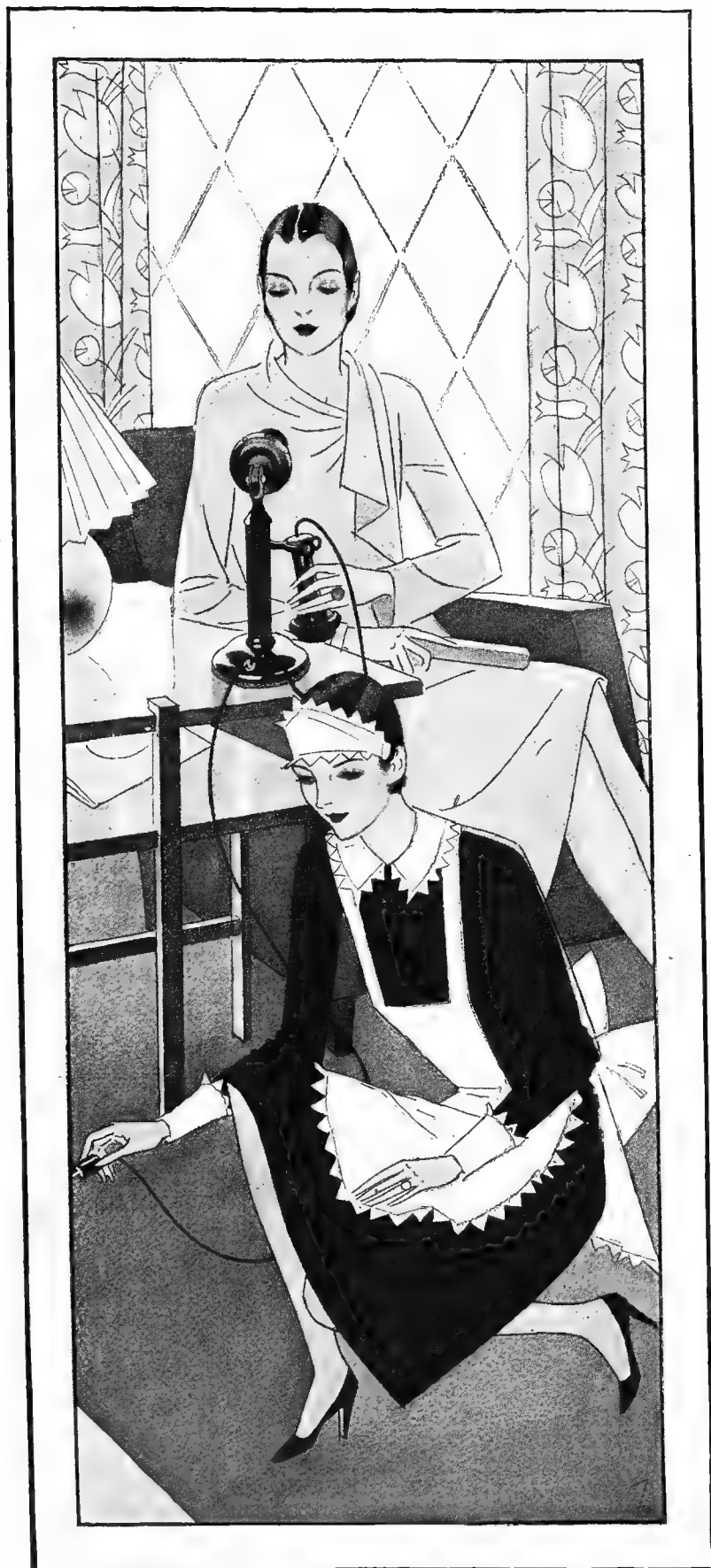


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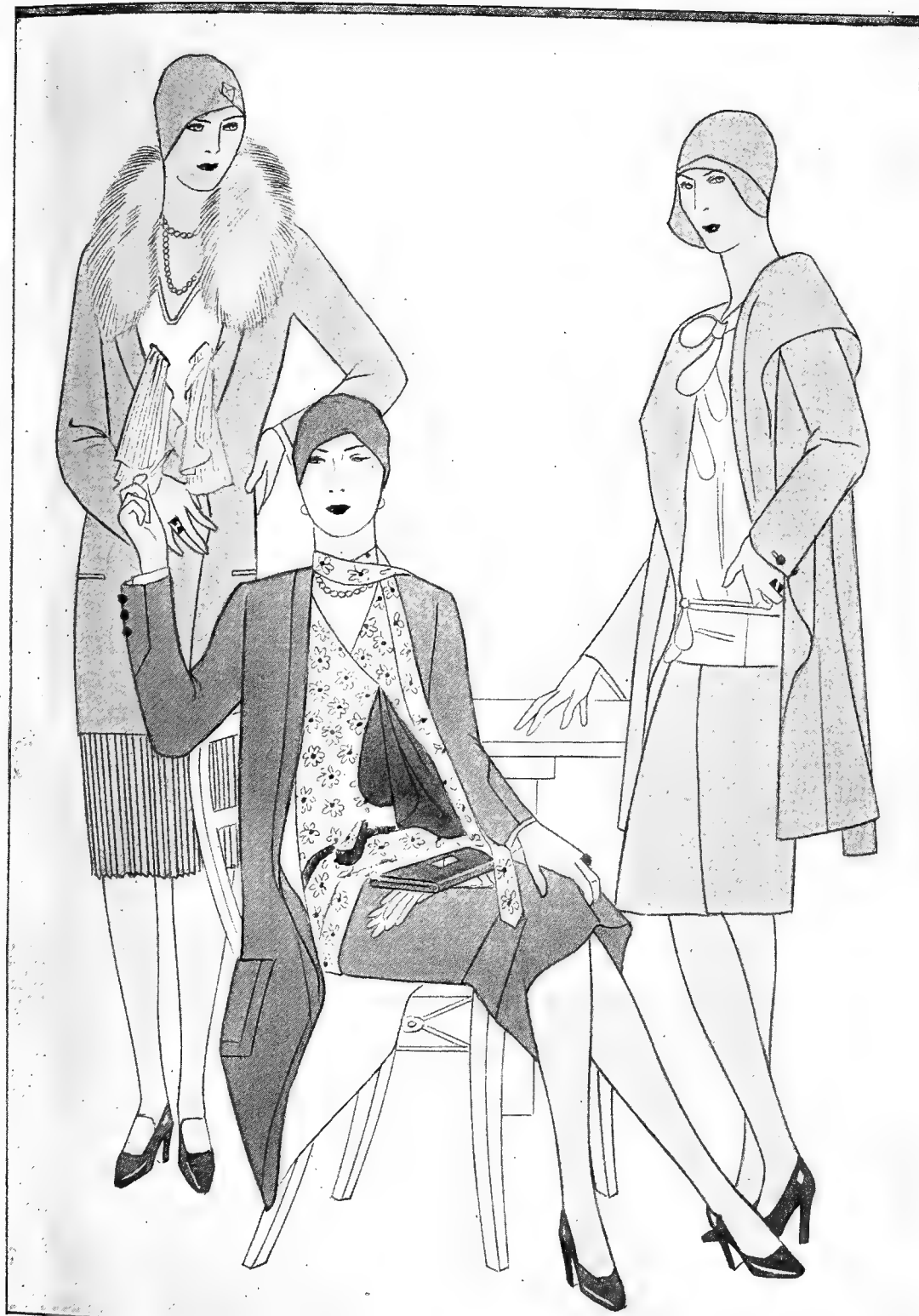
HAF-HEEL^{*} HOSIERY

THE PROOF OF CHIC of any woman at any smart occasion is "Haf-Heel". This is the new 'little' heel...the modern Kayser version of the square heel. Subtle of line...small in design...adequate protection. In a hose famed for beauty and wear. For service sheer weight 90X is the choice, \$1.50. This season 153X enjoys popularity with those who prefer a fine gauge chiffon with lavender picot edge, \$1.95. And, a 54 gauge hose is 70X for formal wear, \$5.50.

Kayser

*Trade Mark Reg.
Licensee under Pat. No. 1,111,658
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Original from



ENSEMBLE SUITS ARE SOCIALLY AND FASHIONABLY IMPORTANT

Left—Singularly smart for Madame is the silk faille suit in a new bright blue with a big full-furred dyed blue fox collar. The white silk crêpe blouse which is a part of the ensemble has the new frilly jabots. 255.00

Center—Madame's wool crêpe suit with the collarless coat is especially smart in brown or blue with a scarf and blouse of one of those new imported printed fabrics which look like silk but which really are wool. 155.00

Right—Madame's kashmir ensemble suit with silk crêpe blouse, is in the new casual mode as you may see by the loose coat and easy shoulder collar. Green, blue or beige. 125.00

Franklin Simon & Co.

A Store of Individual Shops

FIFTH AVENUE, 37TH and 38TH STREETS
NEW YORK

M A D A M E ' S S U I T S H O P . . . S E C O N D F L O O R

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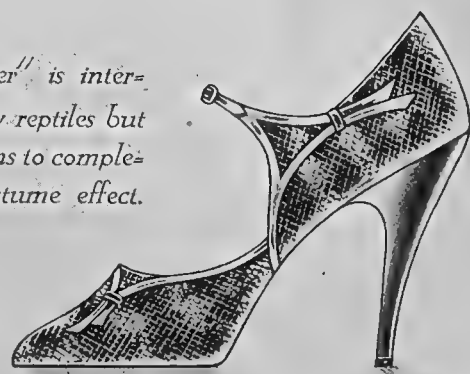
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UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

Lena Rue '29

The Modern Easter Spirit

Interpreted
by a newer,
purer art in
slippers by
I. MILLER

The new "Scarf Slipper" is interpreted not only in new reptiles but in a score of combinations to complement almost every costume effect.



I. Miller

INSTITUTION
INTERNATIONALE

Shops and Agencies in Principal Cities

BONWIT TELLER

FIFTH AVENUE AT 38TH STREET
NEW YORK



This Spring's Loveliest Brides Are Gowned by Bonwit Teller!

Here are gowns that symbolize the perfection of every bride's most cherished dreams . . . from the regal gown of parchment satin framed in a luminous cloud of tulle for the formal wedding, to the more informal high-noon wedding-frock of mousse de soie.

Bridal gowns will be specially designed to individual order if one so desires, and entire trousseaux, from lingerie to the going-away costume, will be planned with the aid of experts in the seclusion of our Bridal Suite . . . Third Floor.



Gordon
HOSIERY

THE NEW, ACCEPTED GORDON
COLORS ARE NOW READY
FOR OUR NORTHERN SPRING

DOWN in sunny winter playgrounds, new fashions have been created and proved smart. Now these accepted fashions come to our Northern Spring. Foremost among them is the mode of wearing Gordon Hosiery with every costume. Because, the Gordon Narrow Heel and the Gordon V-Line are so distinguished in design. And because the modern Gordon color series is based on a new theory . . . that every woman must match

her hosiery to her individual skin tones—considering always, of course, her ensemble.

FOR THE FAIR-SKINNED WOMAN: "Champagne" to match her natural coloring; "Noon" to lend it warmth of tone; "Fairtan" to match her suntan; and "Circe" for evening.

FOR THE WOMAN OF MEDIUM COMPLEXION: "Rachelle" to match her natural coloring; "Soudan" to lend it warmth of tone; "Blushtan" to match her suntan; and "Cymbeline" for evening.

FOR THE BRUNETTE: "Ormond" to match her natural coloring; "Coronado" to give it warmth of tone; "Pandora" to match her suntan; and "Casino" for evening.

Four very new deep suntan tones are "Alamo Tan" and "Sonora", with a golden cast; "Pocahontas", a coppery tone; and "Ramona", a daring adaptation for the suntan of brilliant complexions.

1

Best's Nada Fashions

are America's outstanding
trade-marked fashions,
distinguished as much
for their quality
as for their chic



2

Nada flat crepe "bow" frock in bright silks with collar tied in bow at back of neck. Chanel red, aquamarine, royal, bright green or beige. Also black with bows lined in aquamarine. 35.00

Nada flat crepe two-piece model with double tiered skirt and girdle that ties on the side, emphasizing the snug hipline. Red, aquamarine, royal, bright green or beige. 35.00

Nada printed silk frock with new square handkerchief collar and shirred skirt. White with red, brown with yellow, navy with yellow, almond with brown. 35.00

SPRING
NADA
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

1929



Misses' sizes
14x to 20

MAIL ORDERS
FILLED

Best & Co.

5th Avenue and 35th Street New York

Nada coat of cashmere Norma with zigzag encrustations and new scarf collar of Galyak. Black with black or casaba fur, beige with casaba or cocoa, blue with cocoa. Silk-lined. 89.50

3

4



"The 6-button length suede slip-on is a Spring mode much-favored by modern Fashionables on both sides of the Atlantic"

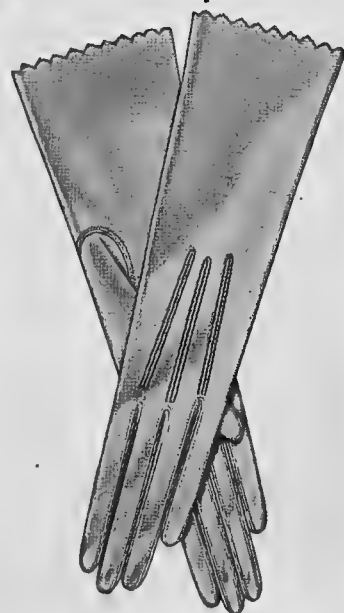
Comment by KATHLEEN HOWARD, Fashion Editor of Harper's Bazar



You will find this longer-glove style best typified in the suede slip-ons of Alexandre ▼ ▼ ▼ Supple and soft as fine velvet—trim as a jaunty tailleur ▼ ▼ ▼ There's smart nonchalance in wearing them loosely wrinkled ▼ ▼ ▼ And there's undeniable satisfaction in knowing that they bear the stamp of a Paris house that has gloved the slim hands of generations of gentlewomen.

You will find them at the smarter stores and shops

MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY, Wholesale
NEW YORK Sole Distributors CHICAGO



FIFTH AVENUE

B. ALTMAN & CO.

NEW YORK



All Over the World With Altman Hand Luggage



Hatbox of red-brown cowhide
with linen lining . . . \$57.50

Matching suitcase of generous
proportions . . . \$100.00

Overnight case . . . \$42.00

Fitted case, beautifully ap-
pointed . . . \$100.00

The seasoned traveller knows that the maxi-
mum of enjoyment may be relished when scant
attention is required for the transportation of
baggage. Those pieces which can be kept with-
in the specifications for easy conveyance are
greatly in favour with sophisticates.

Altman presents hand luggage in sufficient
variety of style and capacity for the long or
short journey . . . and in matching sets for chic
—as well as identification.

LUGGAGE—SIXTH FLOOR

Dorothy Gray

THE BEAUTY
THAT IS AGELESS
HAS KNOWN
UNCEASING CARE



BEAUTY need not be fleeting. If you will give your skin a little care—faithful, daily care—its youth will last for long, long years.

The lines that deepen into wrinkles at the corners of a woman's eyes and mouth are caused primarily by a sluggish circulation, and by the drying effects of exposure. And so if you would keep your face smooth and lineless you must keep your circulation healthy, and you must give your skin suitable lubrication, and protection from exposure.

The simple, scientific treatments which Dorothy Gray evolved for your home use are

remarkably successful because they are based on the stimulation of the circulation, accomplished by gentle patting. With this is combined cleansing, lubrication and protection exactly suited to the needs of the individual skin.

At leading shops everywhere you will find the preparations used in these treatments, the very same preparations which have been painstakingly developed for use in the Dorothy Gray salons. Below is a coupon which will bring you a valuable booklet: "Your Dowry of Beauty," which explains the simple Dorothy Gray method.

DOROTHY GRAY

683 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Salons in

CHICAGO

LOS ANGELES

SAN FRANCISCO

WASHINGTON

ATLANTIC CITY

© D. G. 1929

DOROTHY GRAY H. B. 3-29

Six Eighty Three Fifth Avenue, New York

Please send me the new Dorothy Gray booklet, "Your Dowry of Beauty." I am particularly interested in:
☐ The Treatment for Lines and Wrinkles ☐ The Treatment for Double Chin ☐ The Treatment for Relaxed Muscles and Crêpy Throat.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA



fabric hats!

they require the greatest degree of skill, the keenest feeling for smartness---hence the importance of the *atelier de paris*, which understands these matters so well!

atelier de paris... third floor

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE
New York



It's so easy to be lovely

Loveliness is so natural—and so easy to win—that no woman need deny herself this key to happiness. All Nature asks is that you keep your skin healthy and active.

How can you do this? In a very simple and delightful way now offered you by FRANCES DENNEY—one of the leading authorities today on the care of the skin.

MISS DENNEY has made available for your home treatments the same exquisite preparations used so successfully for years by the distinguished Clientele of her Philadelphia Salon.

These preparations—Cleansing Cream, Herbal Skin Tonic and Tissue Cream—gently cleanse the pores, stimulate the circulation and restore youthful contours by building up the underlying tissues.

For aggravated skin faults—blackheads, enlarged pores, dry skin, oily skin, freckles, double chin and relaxed muscles—MISS DENNEY has designed special treatments.

All the preparations of MISS DENNEY are made of the purest oils, balsams and herbal roots. In each store where they are sold, you will find a carefully-trained staff to serve you.

DENNEY & DENNEY
NEW YORK • PHILADELPHIA • PARIS
ESTABLISHED OVER 30 YEARS

Frances Denney

has written a little book—"The Affairs of Beauty"—which tells you of her treatments and preparations. A copy—with the compliments of the author—may be obtained at any store where her preparations are sold—or by writing to Miss DENNEY in Philadelphia.



A COAT OF SOFT LINES

expressive of one of the prevailing silhouettes in the *Lord & Taylor* collection of spring coats. Subtle touches that contribute to this new effect are furs used casually in tie scarves and bows . . . slightly flared skirts . . . shoulders treated in individual ways . . . chic little belts.

THIRD FLOOR

Lord & Taylor

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FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA



classic footwear

created by...

LAIRD, SCHOBBER & COMPANY

...featuring

"KANGOLA"

...a new smart leather in
ebony and woodland tones.

Presented by...

The WHITE HOUSE
... San Francisco ...

MIMI FASHIONS

The First of our Exclusive
Series for Spring 1929

For Miss 14a to 20



MIMI Trotteur Suit . . . the indispensable trotteur . . . wool crepe with silk crepe blouse. Navy blue with rose-pink or French blue blouse; red with bois de rose; brown with maize or almond green. Complete, \$59.50



MIMI Coat . . . painstakingly tailored of a most unusual tweed (our own importation) . . . in beige, blue or brown tones . . . the detachable scarf of flat goatskin is lined with crepe de chine so that it may be worn with other costumes . . . the coat is complete in itself too. \$59.50



MIMI Ensemble . . . the coat of wool crepe (a new smooth weave) is apparently plain, but it has little details that make it distinctive; lined with the small-patterned printed silk of the frock. Navy blue, beige or black. Complete, \$79.50



The MIMI frock may be ordered in the printed silk or in plain colors at . . . \$39.50

SECOND FLOOR
OLD BUILDING

JOHN WANAMAKER NEW YORK

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Mallinson's Early American Prints

It is with justifiable pride that the house of Mallinson presents to the women of America its latest creations in the art of printed silk designing: "EARLY AMERICAN PRINTS."

Highlights of interest, both historical and biographical, depicting early American life, heroism and progress, are combined in a series of designs and color harmonies, the originality and beauty of which are beyond description. They are printed on Pussy Willow, Indestructible Chiffon Voile and Vagabond Crepe.

For the Spring and Summer seasons of 1929, the "EARLY AMERICAN PRINTS" will express the last word in fashion.

When buying by the yard insist on seeing the name MALLINSON on the selvage. When buying garments ready to wear be assured they are made of MALLINSON'S silks.

H. R. MALLINSON & CO., Inc.
FIFTH AVENUE at 31st STREET
NEW YORK

*Rock developed in
"New Amsterdam
(Old New York)"
design*

MALLINSON'S
Silks and Fabrics de Luxe

MALLINSON'S
Orchid Tissue Vests





Body by Fisher always first

in establishing new style and structural standards which govern the trend in every price division . .

It matters not how low the price—the beauty which price cannot procure, is always the dominant attribute of every motor car equipped with Body by Fisher.

Furthermore, in every price division, Fisher brings within the range of every purse the same fine basic standards of construction which prevail in building the highest priced bodies—and endows those bodies with rare and unrivaled style, beauty, and comfort. That is the

simple reason why, in every price division, the car which appeals most strongly to your desire for outstanding style, beauty and comfort is always fitted with Body by Fisher.

Of course, underlying public appreciation of grace of line, harmony of proportioning and unique skill in the use of colors, is the fact that everyone *knows* that a Fisher Body is a better body in



GENERAL
MOTORS

basic structure. This is only to be expected, for Fisher pioneered closed body building nearly twenty years

ago—and continues to be the pioneer.

Fisher first created the closed body at reasonable prices twenty years ago—and in every price division today, Fisher is creating new, finer beauty, durability and body value in the brilliant cars which are listed herewith.

CADILLAC • LASALLE • BUICK • OAKLAND • OLDSMOBILE
PONTIAC • CHEVROLET

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Mont St. Michel

This Is a Mathematical Certainty

If a buyer starts with the one thought and the one thought only that he wants his driving comfort to be as complete as is humanly possible, the contrast between Cadillac-La Salle and all other cars admits of only one decision.

WHERE can you find a car entitled to challenge the Cadillac-La Salle leadership of the fine car group? Especially in safety and easy mastery of control is their superiority beyond dispute. ☞ No other cars have brakes so powerful, yet so easy to operate, for no others have the Duplex-Mechanical System of Four-Wheel Brakes. No others have the Syncro-Mesh Silent-Shift Transmission which enables you to shift gears instantaneously

at any speed without awkwardness or hesitancy. Then there is, also, the Cadillac-La Salle crystal-clear, non-shatterable Security-Plate Glass. ☞ Add these features to Cadillac-La Salle prestige and beauty and you perceive at once that only in Cadillac or La Salle can you find the finest the world affords.

La Salle is priced from \$2295 to \$2875; Cadillac, from \$3295 to \$7000;

all prices f. o. b. Detroit. Cadillac-La Salle dealers welcome business on the General Motors Deferred Payment Plan.

CADILLAC LA SALLE

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY • DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS • DETROIT, MICHIGAN • OSHAWA, CANADA



..IN..
WASHINGTON

The Lafayette

The Mayflower

The New Willard

The Washington

♦ ♦ ♦

WAMSUTTA PERCALE

*The choice of
America's Smartest Hotels*

...Because
they know what *you* expect

IN furnishing bedrooms a hotel manager considers, first of all, the standard of quality to which his most particular guests are accustomed at home. If the best of such equipment is somewhat more expensive than ordinary materials — as in the case of Wamsutta Percale sheets and pillow cases — he then carefully measures its price against the wear and tear of hard daily use.

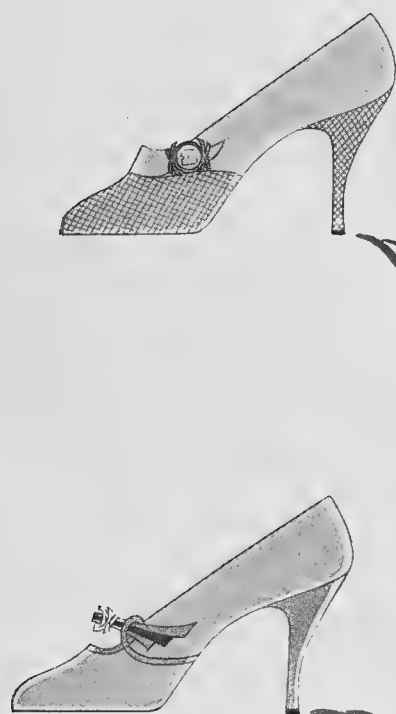
And again his natural choice is Wamsutta Percale, for this exquisitely fine fabric has a record of laundering better and lasting longer than ordinary sheets made from obviously coarser yarns which are much less closely woven.

In fact, one of the largest hotels in America has proved that its Wamsutta Percale is actually saving thousands of dollars a year on laundry and replacement costs, simply because it weighs less and wears and washes better than other sheets and pillow cases which have been tested in the same way.

RIDLEY WATTS & CO.
Selling Agents
44 Leonard St. New York

WAMSUTTA MILLS
Founded 1846
New Bedford, Mass.





THE AERO THEME—

A MODERN NOTE
INTRODUCED BY
CAMMEYER
IN DESIGN AND
ORNAMENT ON
EXCLUSIVE
SPRING CREATIONS
FEATURING HALF-TONE
CONTRASTS IN THE
NEW SHADES.



Spring fashions by Cammeyer will be shown in many cities. We shall be pleased to tell you where you can see them and mail you a brochure of new styles.

Cammeyer

SALON DE LUXE • FIFTH AVE. AT FIFTY-THIRD • NEW YORK

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The Newest

"SHAGMOOR" TOPCOATS

*Present Many Interesting Innovations
in Pattern, Colour, Silhouette and Tailoring.
They Look As If They Were Moulded
by an Ingenious Sculptor.*

Featured by the Most Fashionable Shops
Throughout the United States and Canada.



Created Exclusively by The House of Shagmoor (Linder Bros., Inc.), 498 Seventh Ave., New York
... in Canada: The House of Shagmoor, 2050 Bleury Street, Montreal

Go gle



FASHION ANSWERS *the* PRANKS of MARCH

BLOWN about by the prankish winds of March, it is hard to look as smartly tailored as occasion demands. For a windy day calls for wind-proof protection just as a rainy day calls for rainwear. And March with its blustering and April with its showers both mean Duro Gloss

to the woman—well-dressed. Essentially practical for their wind-proof warmth, these Gray Day Coats of Duro Gloss have a distinctly youthful flair which combines chic with smart simplicity.

They are tailored for sport and city wear and tinted with the bright, new shades of Spring.

Duro Gloss
"GRAY DAY" COATS
 FOR MEN AND WOMEN

J. C. HARTZ CO. • NEW HAVEN • CONN.

BIENJOLIE Foundations

TRADE MARK



EXQUISITE designs in lace and net lend new enchantment to the latest Bien Jolie Foundations—moulding the figure lines with a gentle persuasiveness even more delightful because of the delicacy and softness of the materials.—At all good stores.

Send for illustrations of the newest
Bien Jolie models

BENJAMIN & JOHNES
Department B · 358 Fifth Avenue · New York

For Sale in London by Marshall & Snelgrove



*Loveliness in
Every Line*

A R T I N F O O T W E A R



"The Thada"—A lovely new Hi-Arch Narrow Heel model by Peacock in imported French Printed Grepe, trimmed in Black Mat Kid and decorated with a silver and black Jeweler's Enamel Buckle.

BETWEEN echoes and forecasts of fashion, Peacock Shoes tread securely . . . nothing freakish . . . nothing bizarre . . . just authentic Parisian designs and the inimitable craftsmanship of America's most distinguished makers of Fine Shoes . . . Ten Dollars to Twenty-Five.

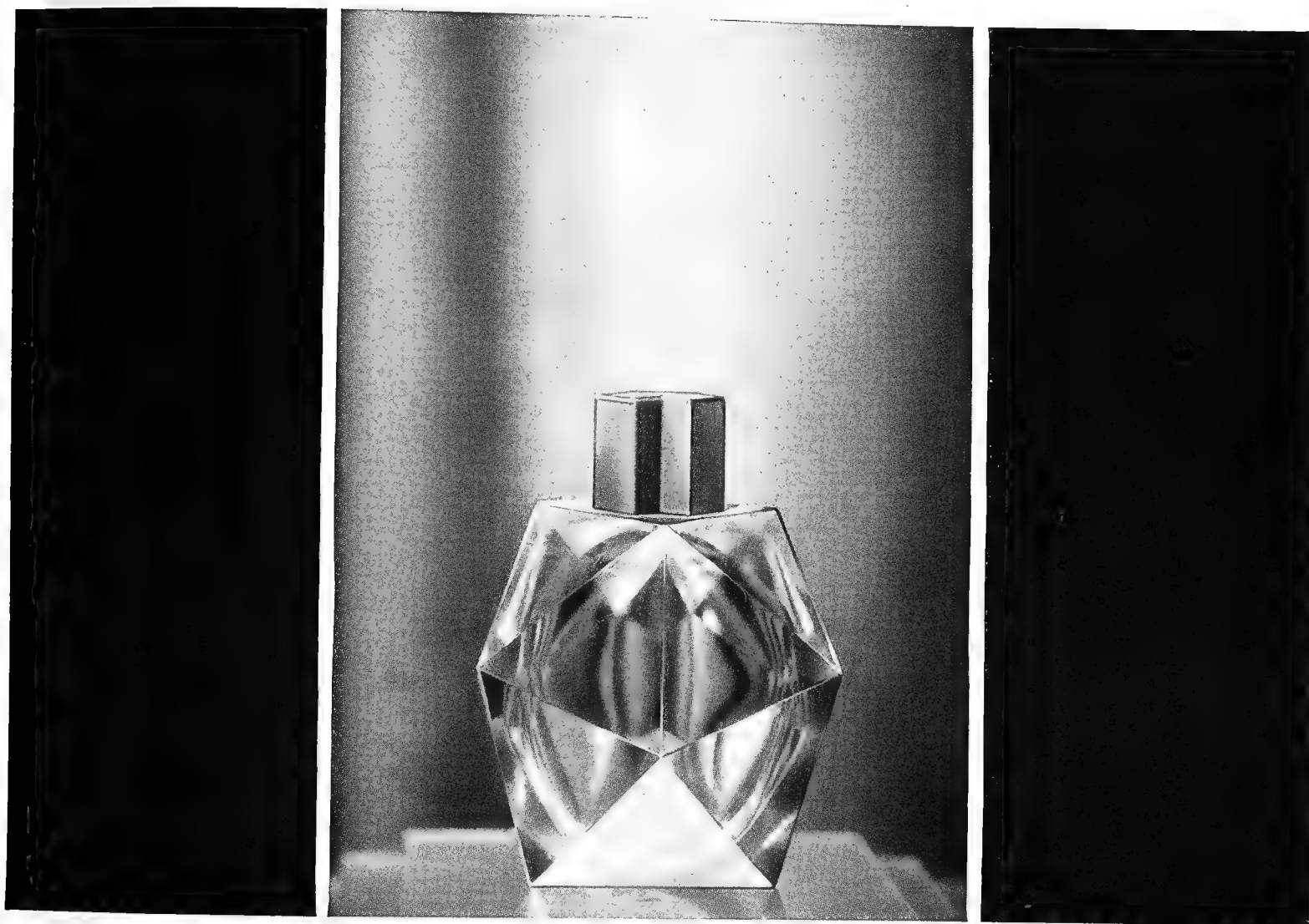
PEACOCK SHOES

PEACOCK SHOE SHOPS AND DEPART-
MENTS IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

BY BOYD WELSH

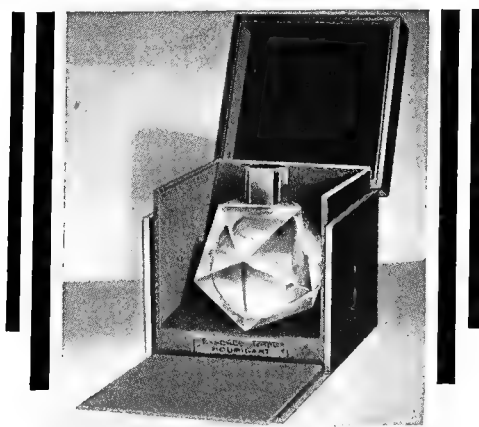
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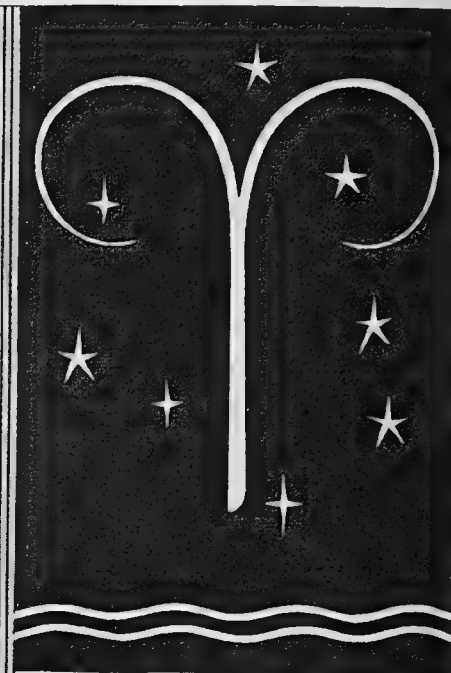
ESSENCE RARE

A sphere of liquid jade . . . imprisoned in a crystal prism. Flashing facets . . . shot with emerald lights. Green mystic depths . . . fragrant with the illusive essence of a dream. A parfum finer than any that has gone before, and sumptuously presented. Priced at twenty-five dollars and more.



HOUBIGANT
PARIS

The GOLDEN FLEECE



A PAGEANT OF THE
WOOL
 INDUSTRY

MARCH 18-23^{1/2}

TO BE PRESENTED AT THE
 HOTEL ROOSEVELT NEW YORK
 UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE
WOOL INSTITUTE INC

2 PARK AVE NEW YORK

Printzess

COATS AND SUITS



The Garment
is Style 785

*Smart - -
from every angle*

The new Printzess Garments for spring embody the *dernier cri* of the mode. There is supreme style in every chic silhouette, in every clever manipulation of fabric and in every interesting detail of finish. Try on a Printzess Coat and you will find it as becoming as it is smart. Also "Printzess Petites" for the shorter figure — "Printzess Travelures" for sport wear — Printzess Suits and new Ensembles. Ask for these by name at the leading store in your locality. Be sure to look for the label! The Printz-Biederman Company, Cleveland, New York.

*Many prominent merchants are
featuring Printzess Week this season.*



DISTINCTION IN DRESS SINCE 1893

TREO *smart*-LINE



Fifth Avenue knows what's smart. Fifth Avenue appreciates smartness. No wonder, then, that TREO *SMART-LINE* is endorsed by Fifth Avenue, sold by Fifth Avenue Shops, worn by Fifth Avenue patrons. TREO *SMART-LINE* is smartness itself, in garments fashioned from exquisite fabrics, garments

that softly but surely coax the figure into conformity with current modes. TREO *SMART-LINE* is smart in appearance and smart in performance—it lends its own smartness to the clothes that go over it, establishing the brilliant success of the finished costume. TREO *SMART-LINE* makes for an exclusive smartness attainable no other way.



TREO COMPANY, 267 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

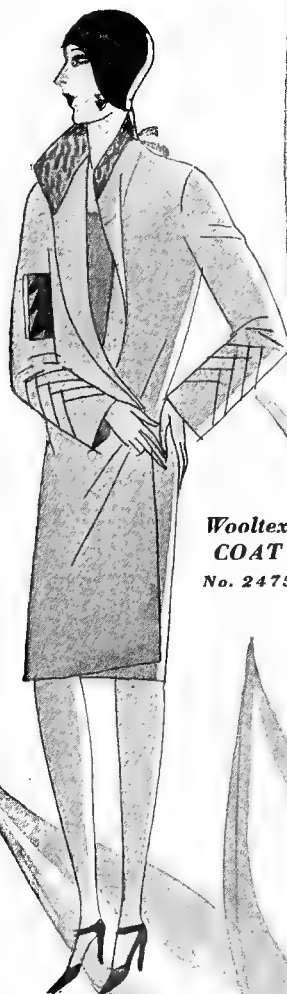
Nationally famous COATS for Spring created and sponsored by PARIS



**Wooltex
COAT**
No. 2477



**Peggy Paris
COAT**
No. 1478



**Wooltex
COAT**
No. 2475



**Peggy Paris
COAT**
No. 1476



SMART fashion is only one detail of a WOOLTEX creation. The more important features are the fine, practical fabrics chosen with exacting care—the impressive, classic tailoring—the distinctive, finishing touches. Think of these when you buy a new Spring coat.

A PEGGY PARIS coat is designed for the little Miss and Woman. It will charm you, always, because the accurate, instant fit is effectively combined with all other details that make a coat a thing of real beauty. A PEGGY PARIS garment requires no alterations.

Write for our new

booklet of Styles

WOOLTEX

PEGGY PARIS

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INCORPORATED

New York

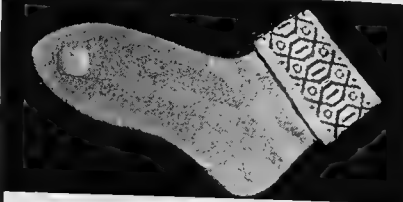
UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

★ **HAPPY, THOSE MORTALS WHO SHOP IN STORES**
 ★ **THAT FEATURE Sulloway THIS SPRING!**



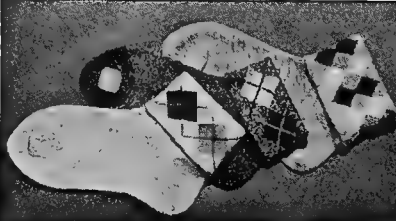
Silk, \$2. Sport hose, \$1.25.

Beautiful 45-gauge silk, chiffon-weight stockings. Both it and the sports novelty (in an original material) are full-fashioned.



Full-fashioned Footers, wool & art silk, \$1.50

Footers, introduced by Sulloway last year, are popular both as athletic socks, and as over-socks for wear on the avenue.



Seamless jacquard Footers, \$1



More Footers. Collegiate colors, \$1.

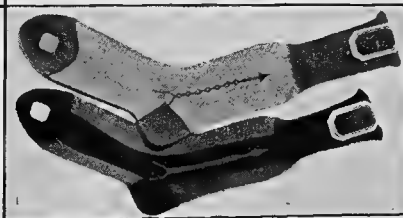


Popular numbers, attractively priced, 75c



Footers, women's and kiddies', 50c

Sulloway offers light half hose excellent for spring and summer wear. Its famous light-weight wool hose is ideal for wear the year round.



Different, colorful clocks on silk, \$1

The range of Sulloway colors and designs makes possible a choice to suit any individual taste. All are styled in the mode.



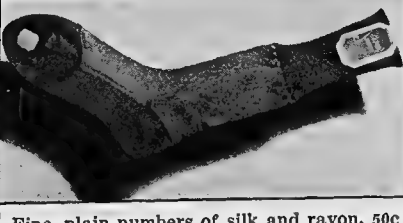
Catchy, interesting patterns, 75c



Pure silk in plain, solid colors, 75c



Gaily designed, inexpensive numbers, 50c



Fine, plain numbers of silk and rayon, 50c



A unique, soft sport specialty, 50c

LAZY FEET... ATHLETIC FEET... AND ORDINARILY ACTIVE FEET... POMPOUS, MODEST, VAIN AND HUMBLE FEET... ANY FOOT IS BETTER FOR WEARING SULLOWAY HOSE. AND THERE ARE 15 WOMEN'S STYLES IN 6 TO 12 COLOR COMBINATIONS

Two new ones. A super-quality domestic of pure Australian wool, and a full-fashioned, light-weight number.

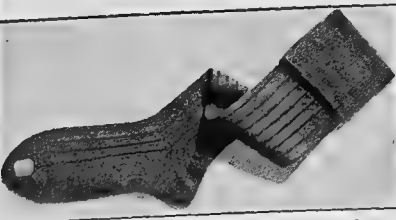


Very light, and heavy sport hose, \$2.50, \$3

Extremely comfortable golf hose of fine, all-wool yarns. Golf hose that is stylish, comfortable, and that wears unusually long.



Plain and heather jacquards, \$2



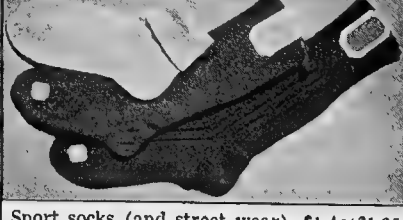
A line of all-wool golf stockings, \$1.50



Wonderful value at \$1



Soft Peruvian cotton, at 75c



Sport socks (and street wear), \$1 to \$1.25



Golf hose for the children, \$1.50

An all-year, practical solution to the stocking problem raised by the ordinary boy. Golf hose like father wears.



Children's all-over patterns, 50c to \$1

HERE is hosiery that most economically (length of service-by cost) and satisfactorily, definitely will fulfill your need.

To insure authentic designs, Sulloway stylists continually travel, visiting the fashion centers of Europe and this country with observant eyes and hungry notebooks. It is on account of Sulloway's authentic stylings, as well as its fine yarn and skilled and carefully checked workmanship, that you will find this hose so pleasing.

KAM-O-LAM

ALL-OCCASION COATS

OF exquisite finesse. Hand-
tailored of a newly-
created 100% + purewool
fabric, which is a composite
of velvety Camel's Hair,
fleecy Angora and soft-
est Lamb's Wool...
Non-wrinkling,
non-shrinking,
and shower-
proof...



A Coat Without This Label
Is Not a Kam-O-Lam

Tailored Exclusively by

The House of Swansdown
247 West 37th Street, New York
Canadian Office... 310 Spadina Avenue, Toronto

OBTAINABLE AT:

New York City
FRANKLIN, SIMON & CO.
Akron, Ohio
THE M. O'NEIL CO.
Atlantic City, N. J.
MORRIS & CO.
Albany, N. Y.
RICHARD HEALY & CO.
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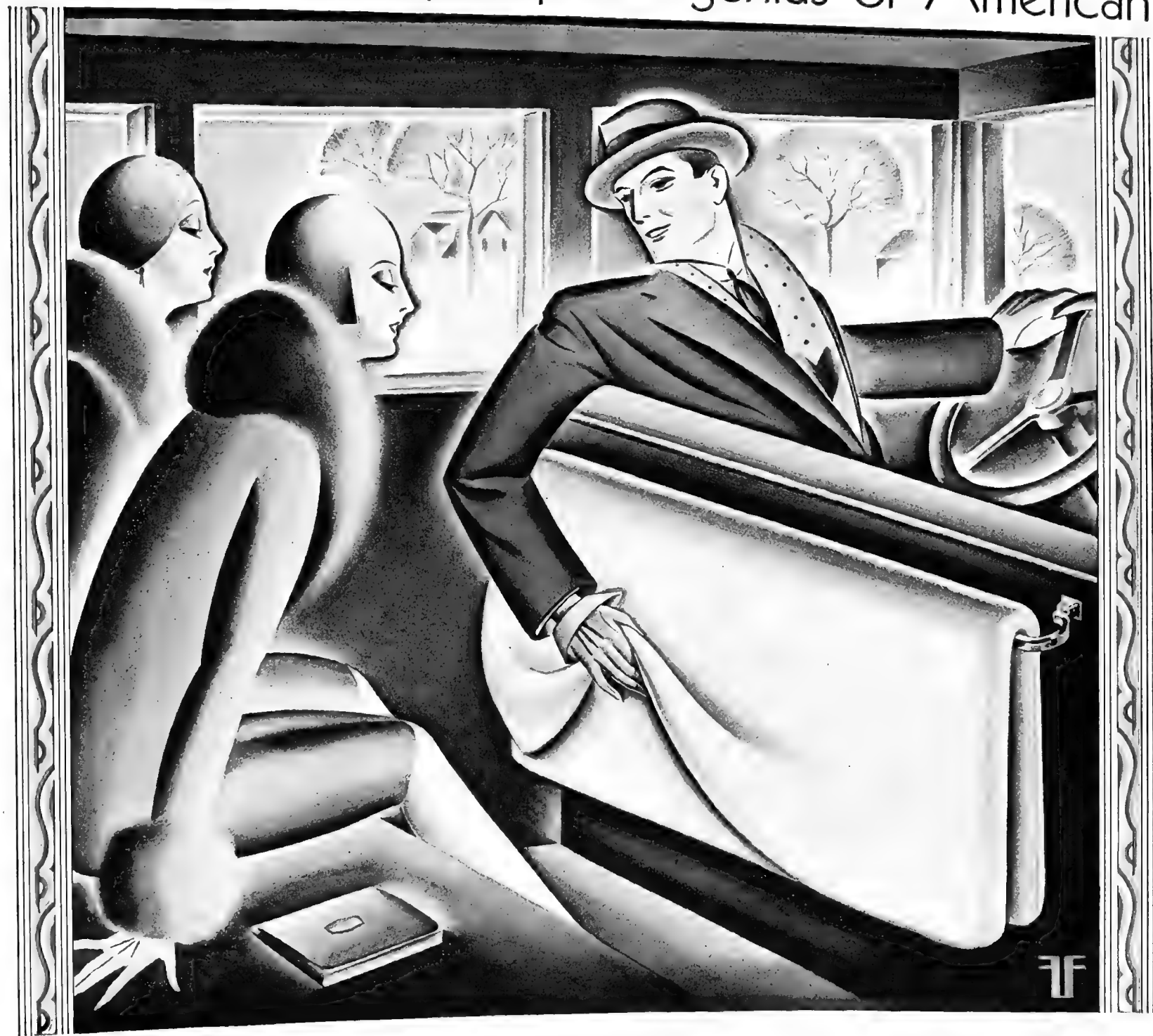
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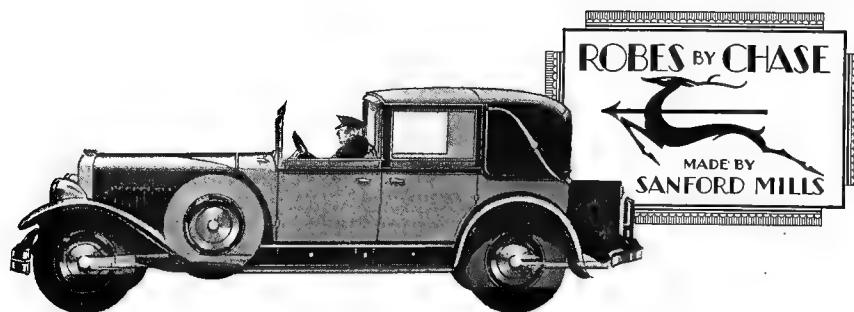
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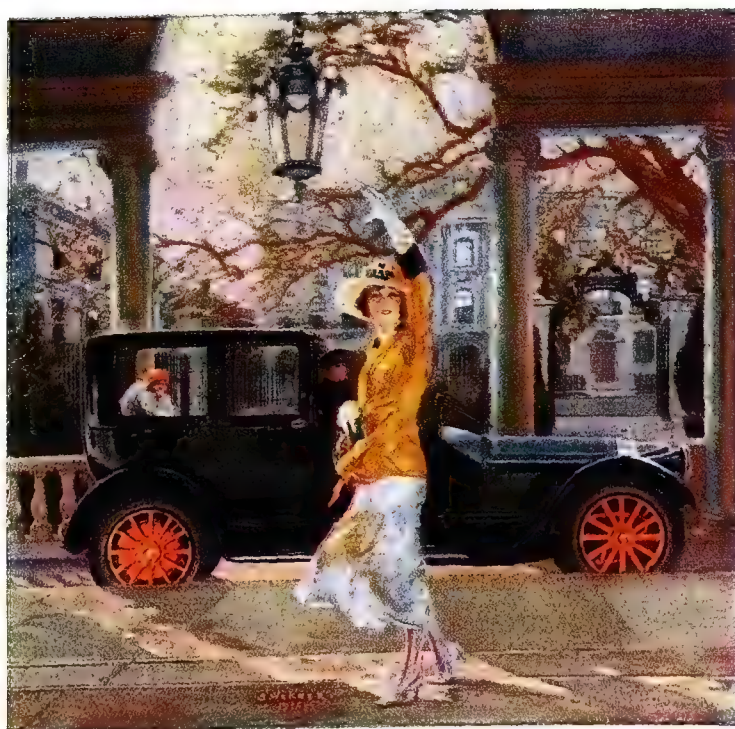
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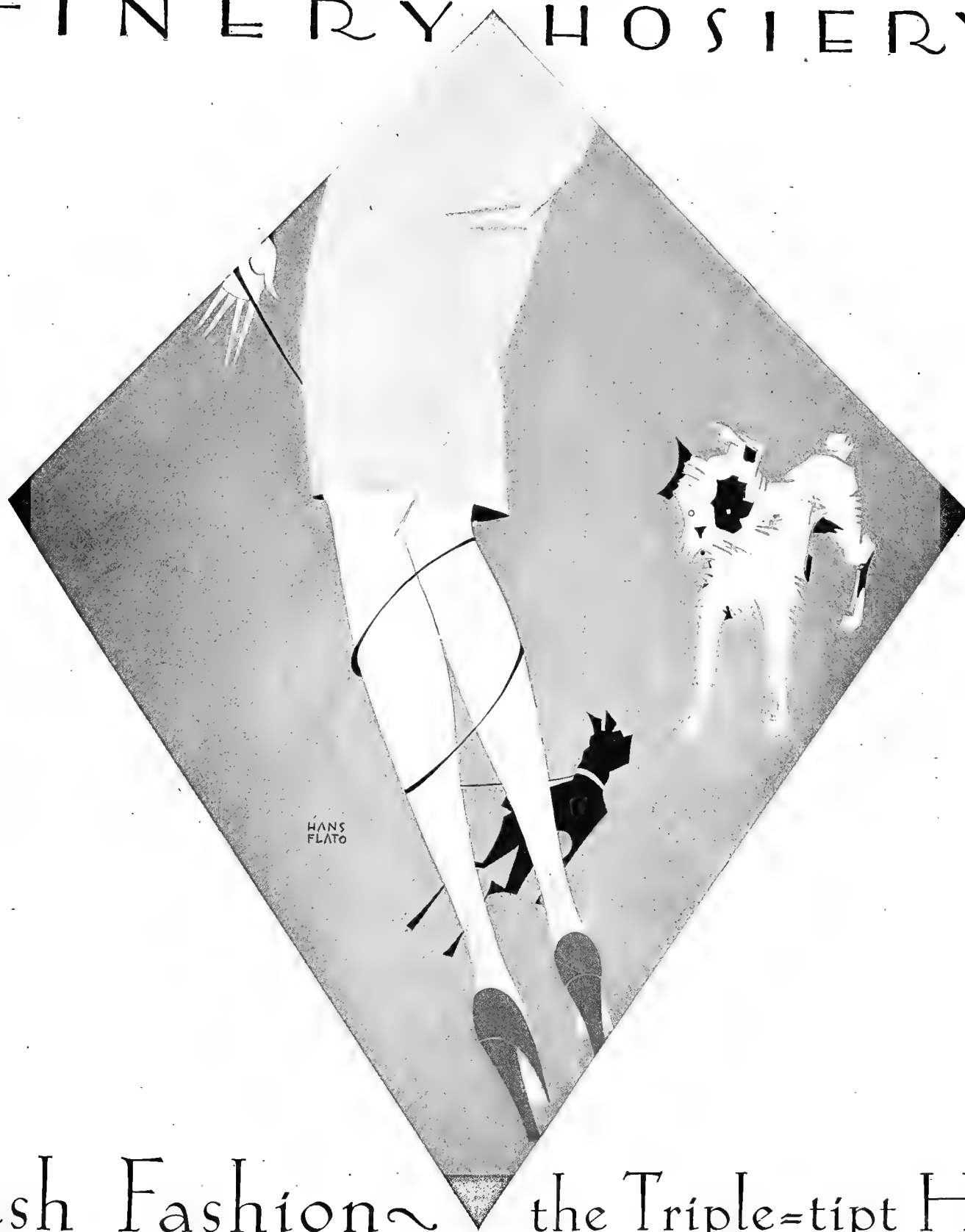
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SOCIAL CALENDAR

for MARCH 1929

FRIDAY, MARCH 1—Mountain ski outings, Lake Placid, N. Y. To continue through March 7.

Friday Evening dancing class in Washington, D. C.

Wedding of Miss Evelyn Schulthess, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Schulthess of South Orange, N. J., to Collier Clark at Canoe Brook Country Club.

Spring golf tournament at Pinehurst, N. C. To continue through March 7.

Fourth Senior supper dance at Copley Plaza, Boston, Mass.

SATURDAY, MARCH 2—Second presentation by Brooklyn Junior League and Neighborhood Players of "Rumpelstiltskin".

Dog Show under the auspices of the Portland Kennel Club, Portland, Oregon. To continue through March 3.

Wedding of Miss Margaret E. Smith, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Archibald D. Smith of Brooklyn, to Marshall Foster Reed.

Dog Show under the auspices of the Louisiana Kennel Club at New Orleans, La. To continue through March 3.

Dog Show under the auspices of the Akron Kennel Club, Akron, Ohio. To continue through March 3.

SUNDAY, MARCH 3—Dog Show under the auspices of the California Chow Chow Club, Hollywood, Calif.

MONDAY, MARCH 4—Inauguration of President-elect Herbert Hoover at Washington, D. C., and attendant social functions.

Tennis Championship of Florida, Tennis Club, Palm Beach. To continue through March 9.

Dog Show under the auspices of the Canton Kennel Club, Canton, Ohio.

Golf Championship of Palm Beach, Palm Beach Country Club, Palm Beach, Fla. To continue through March 8.

Fourth Yorkville dance at the Ritz Carlton.

Men's Tennis Championship of Florida, Palm Beach Tennis Club, Palm Beach, Fla. To continue through March 9.

Golf tournament for Veterans' Cup, Coronado Country Club, Coronado Beach, Calif. To continue through March 7.

TUESDAY, MARCH 5—Florida East Coast Women's Golf Championship, St. Augustine, Fla. To continue through March 9.

Dog Show under the auspices of the Chattanooga Kennel Club, Chattanooga, Tenn. To continue through March 6.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 6—Secretary's race, Pinehurst, N. C.

Dog Show under the auspices of the Capital City Kennel Club, Columbus, Ohio. To continue through March 7.

THURSDAY, MARCH 7—National Squash Tennis Championship, Columbia University Club, New York City.

Dog Show under the auspices of the Puget Sound Kennel Club, Seattle, Wash. To continue through March 9.

FRIDAY, MARCH 8—Dog Show under the auspices of the Pasadena Kennel Club, Pasadena, Calif. To continue through March 9.

Dog Show under the auspices of the San Antonio Kennel Club, San Antonio, Texas. To continue through March 10.

Dog Show under the auspices of the Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Michigan. To continue through March 10.

SATURDAY, MARCH 9—Third Brattle Hall dance at Cambridge, Mass.

Wedding of Miss Eleanor S. Perkins to Charles Terry Collens in First Parish Church, Brookline, Mass.

MONDAY, MARCH 11—International Flower Show at Grand Central Palace, N. Y. To continue through March 16.

Women's Amateur Golf Championship at Coronado Country Club, Coronado Beach, Calif. To continue through March 16.

Flower Show under the auspices of the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society, Philadelphia, Pa. To continue through March 16.

Forrest Hills-Ricker Golf Championship, Augusta, Ga.

Florida East Coast Tennis Championship, Ormond, Fla.

Professional Southern Tennis Championship, Palm Beach Tennis Club, Palm Beach, Fla. To continue through March 15.

Dog Show under the auspices of the Toledo Kennel Club, Toledo, Ohio. To continue through March 13.

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SOCIAL CALENDAR

for MARCH 1929

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 13—North American Flower Show, Convention Hall, Detroit, Mich. To continue through March 21.

Spring art Exhibition at Detroit, Mich. To continue through March 21.

Annual Stewards' race, Pinehurst, N. C.

FRIDAY, MARCH 15—Annual café chantant at the Women's Club of East Orange, N. J.

Third and last Junior Supper dance at the Copley Plaza, Boston, Mass.

Dog Show under the auspices of the Hoosier Kennel Club, Indianapolis, Ind. To continue through March 17.

SUNDAY, MARCH 17—St. Patrick's Day Golf Tournament, Hotel Del Monte, Del Monte, Calif.

MONDAY, MARCH 18—Squash Tennis Open Championship, Hotel Shelton, New York City.

TUESDAY, MARCH 19—Symphonic band of the Royal Belgian Guards at Metropolitan Opera House.

Fifth and last Senior supper dance at Copley Plaza, Boston, Mass.

Dog Show under the auspices of the Louisville Kennel Club, Louisville, Ky. To continue through March 20.

Flower Show under the auspices of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, Mechanics Building, Boston, Mass. To continue through March 23.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 20—Annual Randolph Race, Pinehurst, N. C.

THURSDAY, MARCH 21—Matinee performance of "Meistersinger" at Metropolitan Opera House.

Boat racing at Miami Beach, Fla. To continue through March 23.

Dog Show under the auspices of the Cincinnati Kennel Club, Cincinnati, Ohio. To continue through March 23.

SUNDAY, MARCH 24—Dog Show under the auspices of the Fort Wayne Kennel Club, Fort Wayne, Ind. To continue through March 26.

MONDAY, MARCH 25—Annual United North and South Open Golf Championship, Pinehurst, N. C. To continue through March 27.

TUESDAY, MARCH 26—Annual President's Race, Pinehurst, N. C.

Dog Show under the auspices of the South Western Michigan Kennel Club of Kalamazoo, at Kalamazoo, Mich. To continue through March 28.

THURSDAY, MARCH 28—Dog Show under the auspices of the Chicago Kennel Club, Chicago, Ill. To continue through March 30.

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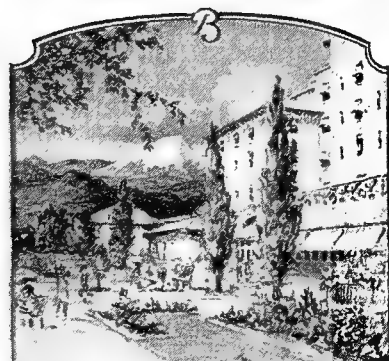
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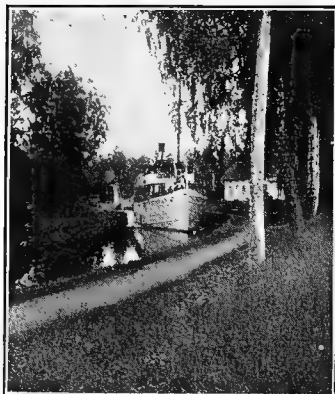
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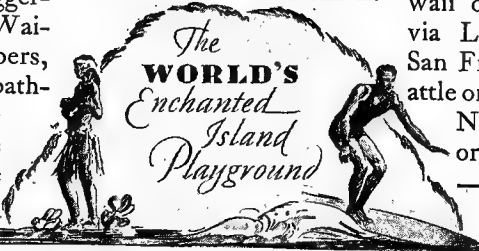
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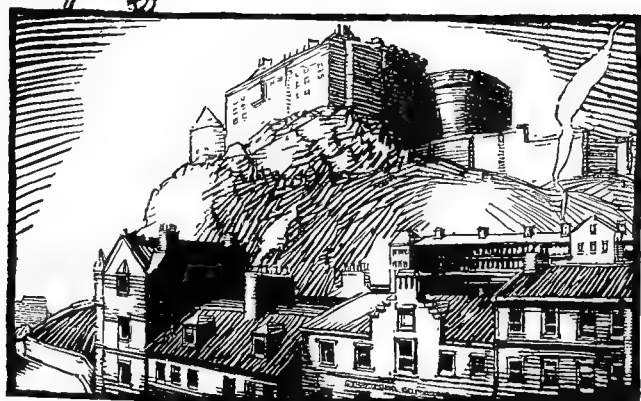
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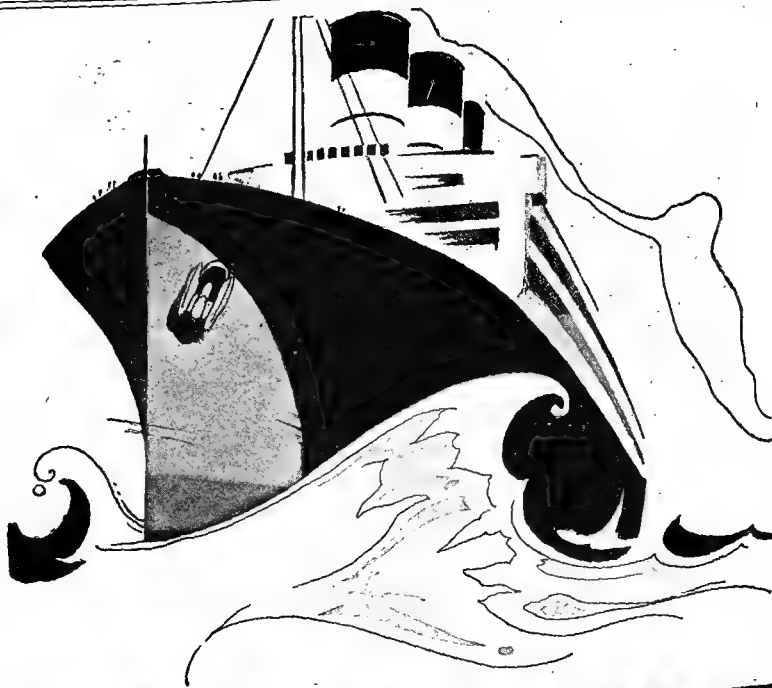
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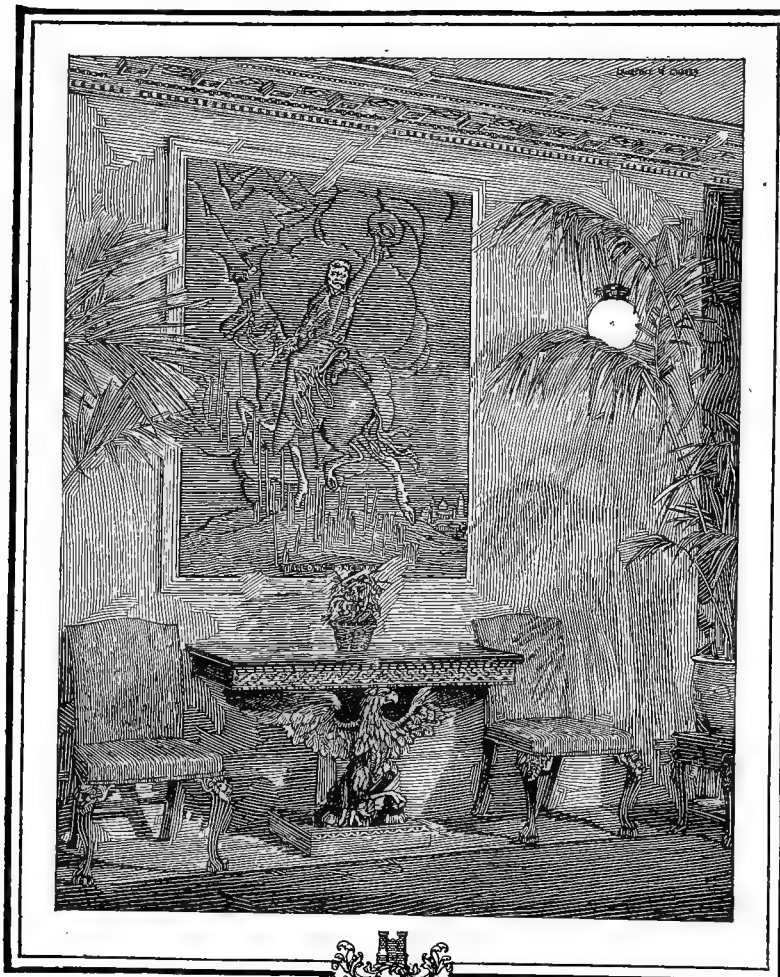
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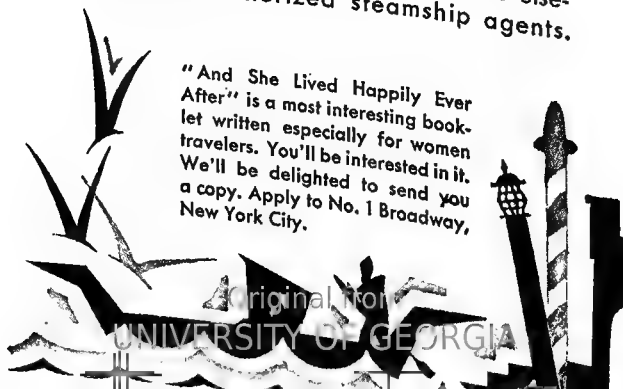
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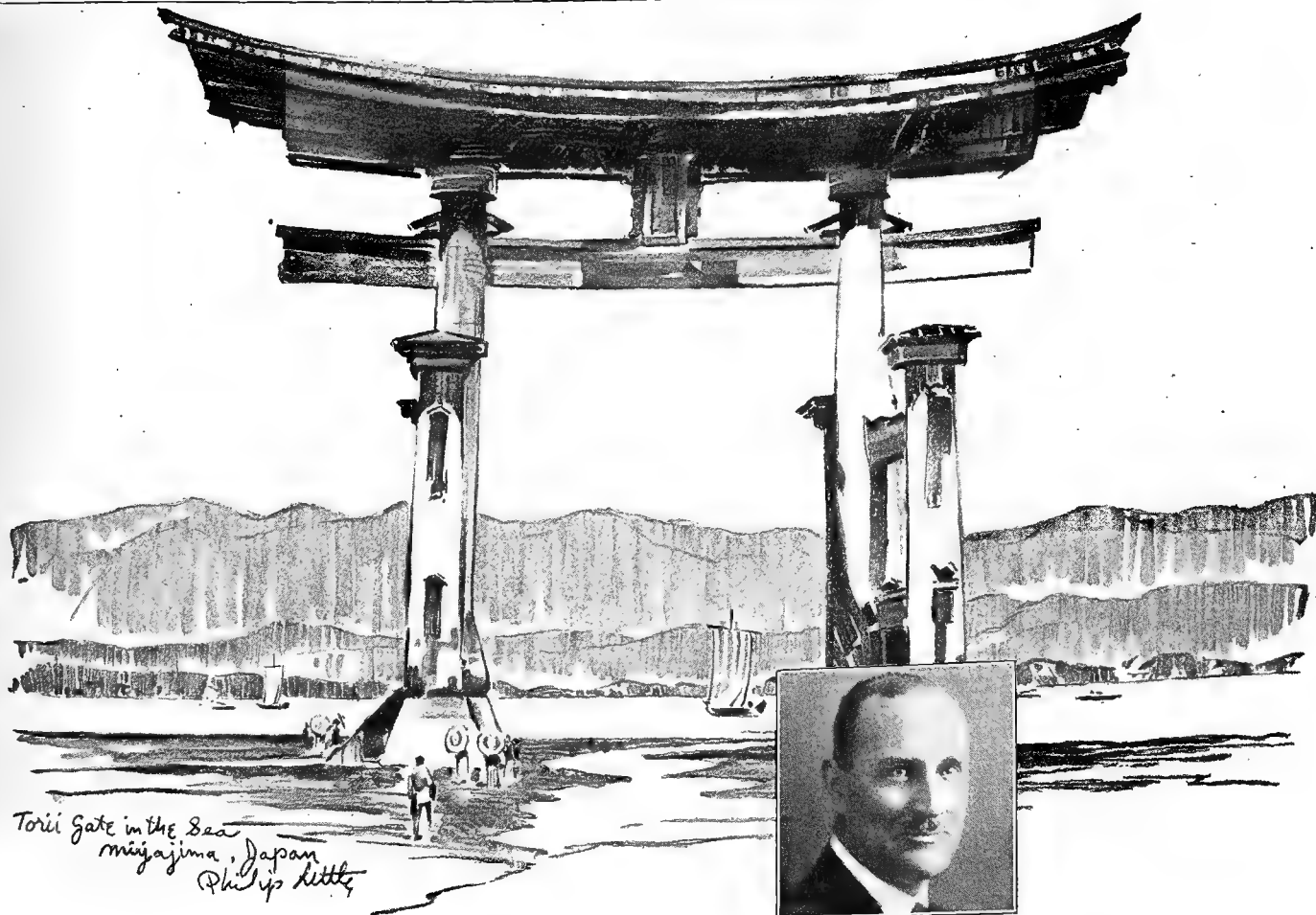
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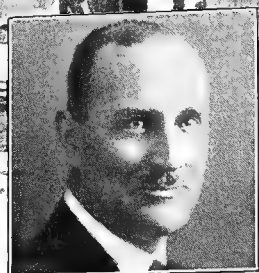
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HARRY A. FRANCK

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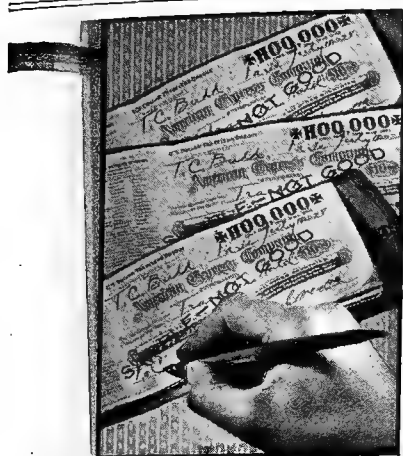
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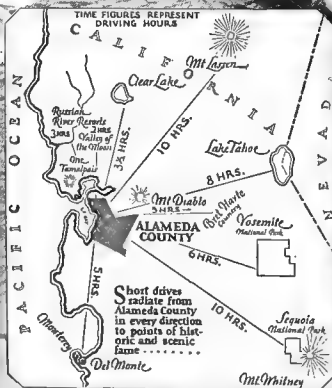
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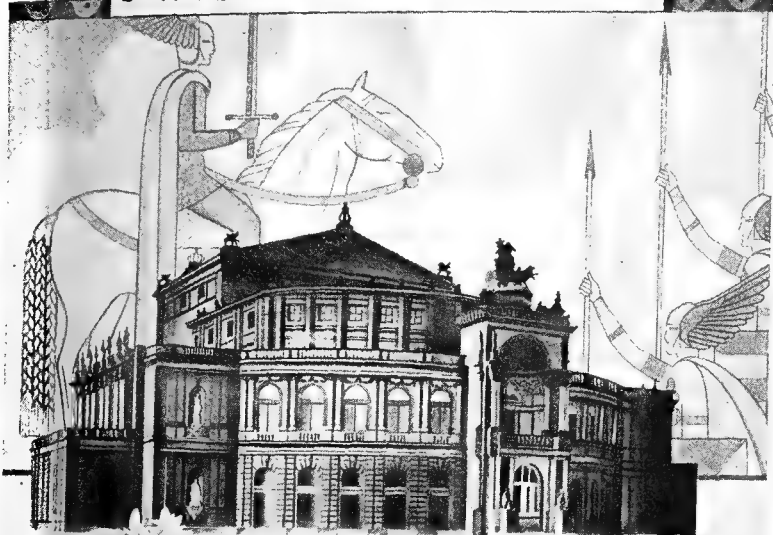
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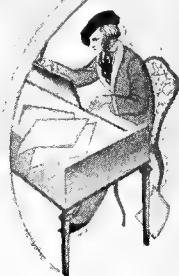
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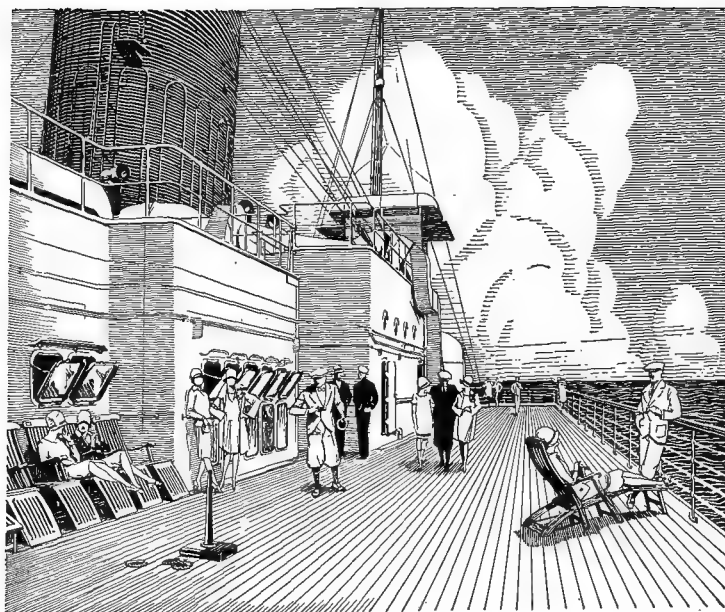
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Important
in the Spring Ensemble
these new
McCallum Shades

ALLURE... for wear with blues, lilacs, rose-pinks, flushed beiges, and prints with natural backgrounds. Shoes may be French beige, gray, blue or black.

COPAL... brings new sophistication to costumes in yellow-greens and reds, blues, grays and prints with dark backgrounds. Shoes may be black, natural reptile, blue, green or fabric mixtures.

CLOTHE the leg to tone with the face and hands, Paris challenged. And, quick to see the fashion wisdom of this mandate, McCallum evolved a range of wondrous colors in hosiery for Spring.

Allure, beige mellowed into wood tone; *Copal*, a neutral shade that—by some strange alchemy—re-creates and glorifies the very skin-tone it conceals; and *Vellum*, richly hued as summer-tan—are equally important translations of subtle coloring into hosiery beauty. And these are but three of the McCallum colors for the season.

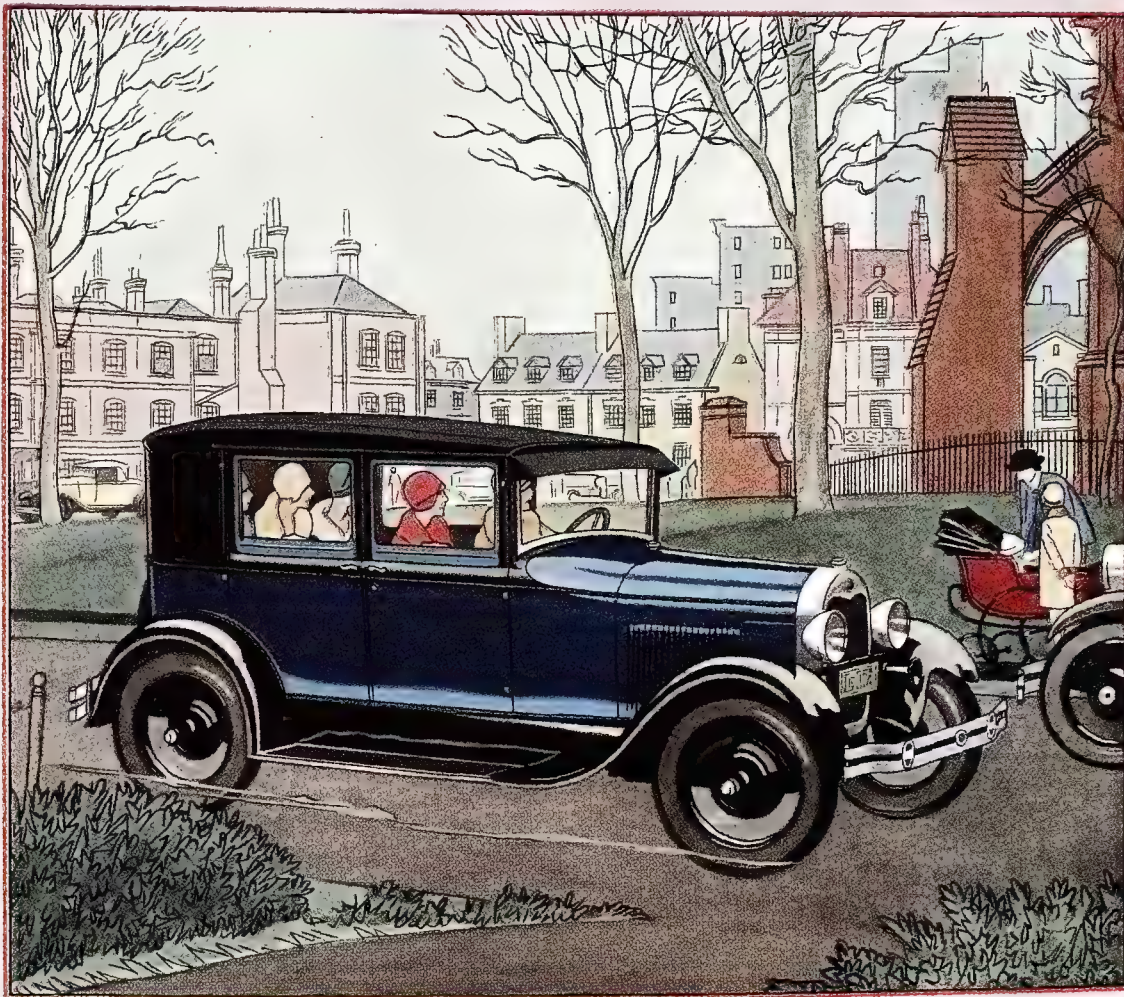
Matchless beauty is imprisoned in McCallum Stockings. Radiating from every silken surface there is a luminosity—a vibrant, scintillating glow. Not a mere finish, this sheen is the result of a process known as *parallel knitting*. Made to outlive wear and washing, it is a distinctive beauty feature, *knitted* by superb craftsmanship into every shimmering pair.

Available in the best shops at prices invitingly varied—ranging from \$1.65 to \$6.50. McCallum Hosiery Company, Northampton, Massachusetts. McCallum Hosiery may be had in Paris at Bayard, 15 Rue de la Paix.

VELLUM... is toned to blend with orange, lacquer red, beige, green, black and prints. Shoes may be yellow-beige, sunburn, dark brown, blue or reptiles.

McCallum Hosiery

"YOU JUST KNOW SHE WEARS THEM"



You will find the new Ford a comfortable easy-riding car

IN DAYS gone by, it was Mother who seemed destined to get most of the bouncing on those Sunday afternoon rides. Bumps that seemed like innocent little bumps to Dad in the front seat were quite large and aggravating by the time they reached the riders in the rear.

Perhaps Mother mentioned it in clear, brisk tones. Perhaps, being long-suffering,

she didn't. There just seemed no way it could be helped in a low-priced car.

Then along came the new Ford and with it a new idea of riding ease. Now there is no dividing line for comfort. Everybody can lean back and relax because even rough stretches may be taken at a reasonably fast pace without the exaggerated bouncing rebound which is the cause of most motoring fatigue.

This comfort means so much to the joy of motoring that it should be one of the first things you think about in selecting a motor car. "Is it a comfortable car to drive?" is almost as important as "Is it an economical car to operate?"



FORD MOTOR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

The new Ford brings you truly remarkable riding ease not only because of its transverse springs but because it has Houdaille shock absorbers.

Formerly these were installed on only the most expensive automobiles. Their use on the new Ford is an example of the quality that is built into every part.



Shown on the left is the interior of the new Fordor Sedan. Upholstery is soft and luxurious, yet long wearing. All appointments are fully nickeled. Note the wide door, the convenient arm rests, the air of restful riding comfort.

The illustration on the right shows the roominess of the front compartment of the new Fordor Sedan. Here, as in rear view, you can see the restful tilt of the wide, deeply cushioned seat—the richness of every detail of finish and appointment.



IF FOR THIS NEW AGE OF BEAUTY...



IN the realm of fashion it was the realists who first swore fealty to Truhu. They were impressed, above all, by the splendid practicality of every Truhu silk. "You can wash it and wash it, you know, and it simply *will* not change complexion."

Then came the romantics, charmed by the rare beauty of Truhu. "These are colors one can *wear*, be one blonde or brunette. With a Truhu frock one does not change complexion."

And now the moderns, a thrill with a new sense of style, find all this . . . and more . . . in Truhu. Freshly inspired print effects from Viennese ateliers delight them. Novel designs by American artists arouse their enthusiasm. "How *smart* these fabrics are! How splendidly in accord with the complexion of life as we live it today!"

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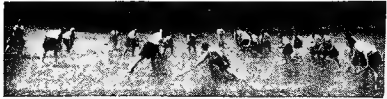


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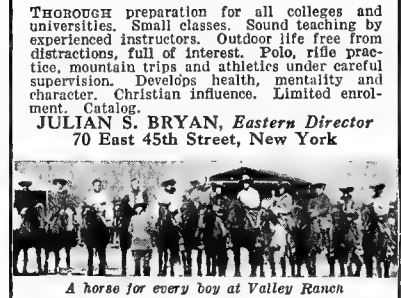
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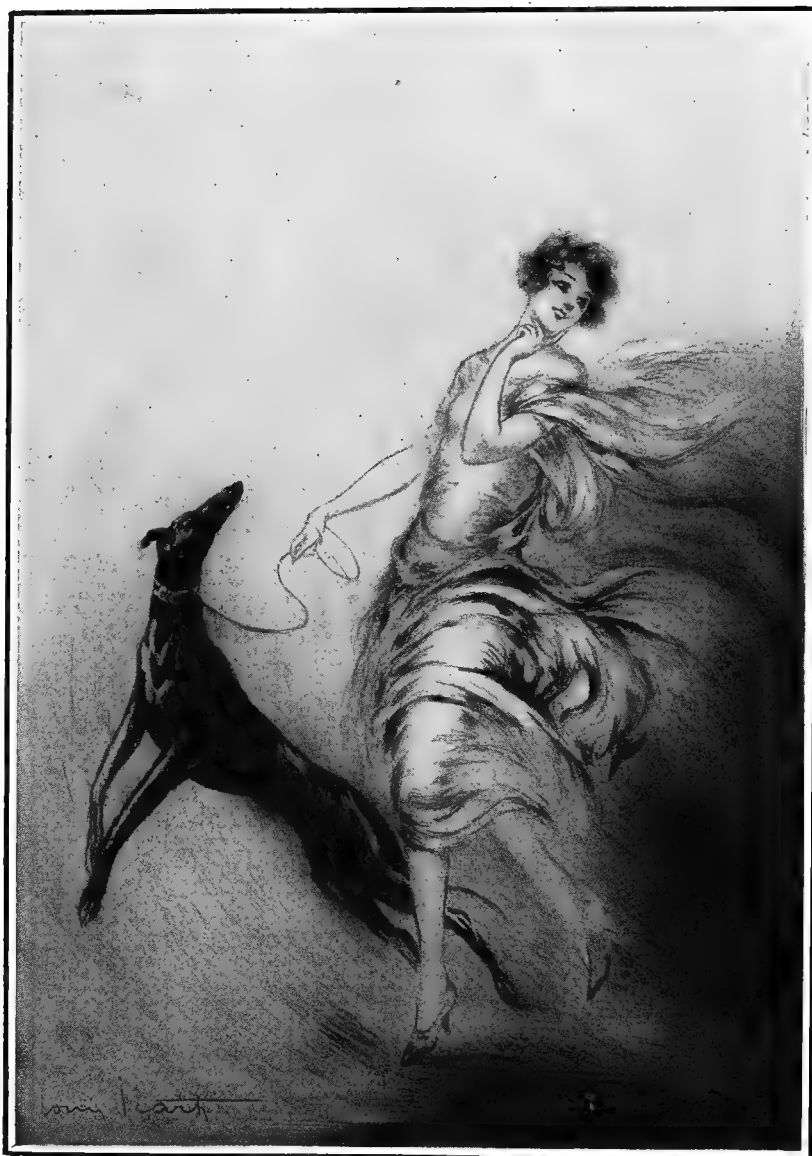
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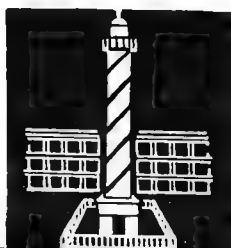
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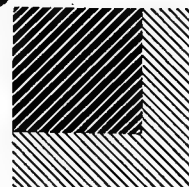
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WHERE
TO SHOP
IN



Harper's Bazar in Paris bids a cordial welcome to readers of the magazine who have questions to ask—information on shops and schools and hotels, and special services of many sorts is at our finger tips.

Note the well-known names and the newer names appearing among these announcements and ask for further information on these particular dressmakers and shops, if you wish.

HARPER'S BAZAR

15, rue de la Paix

Paris



YTEB

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PARIS

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suits
sweaters
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hosiery
hand bags

PARIS

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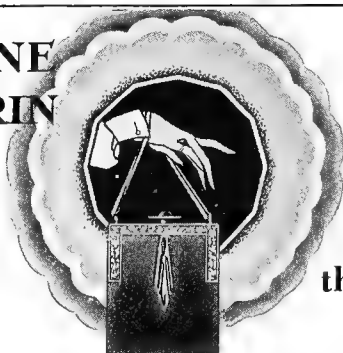
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COUTURE
MODES
GAINES
PARFUMS

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PARIS**

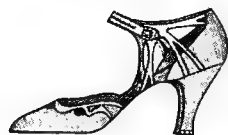
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about any question
that concerns you
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in Paris

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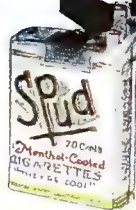
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In Paris

There is a special information service, at the Paris office of Harper's Bazar, 15 rue de la Paix.

In London

Information on the shops and services mentioned on this page, and others, may be had from the Harper's Bazar office, 175 Piccadilly. The telephone is Regent 4282.

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HANOVER SQUARE, W.1.**

TELEPHONE MAYFAIR 1726

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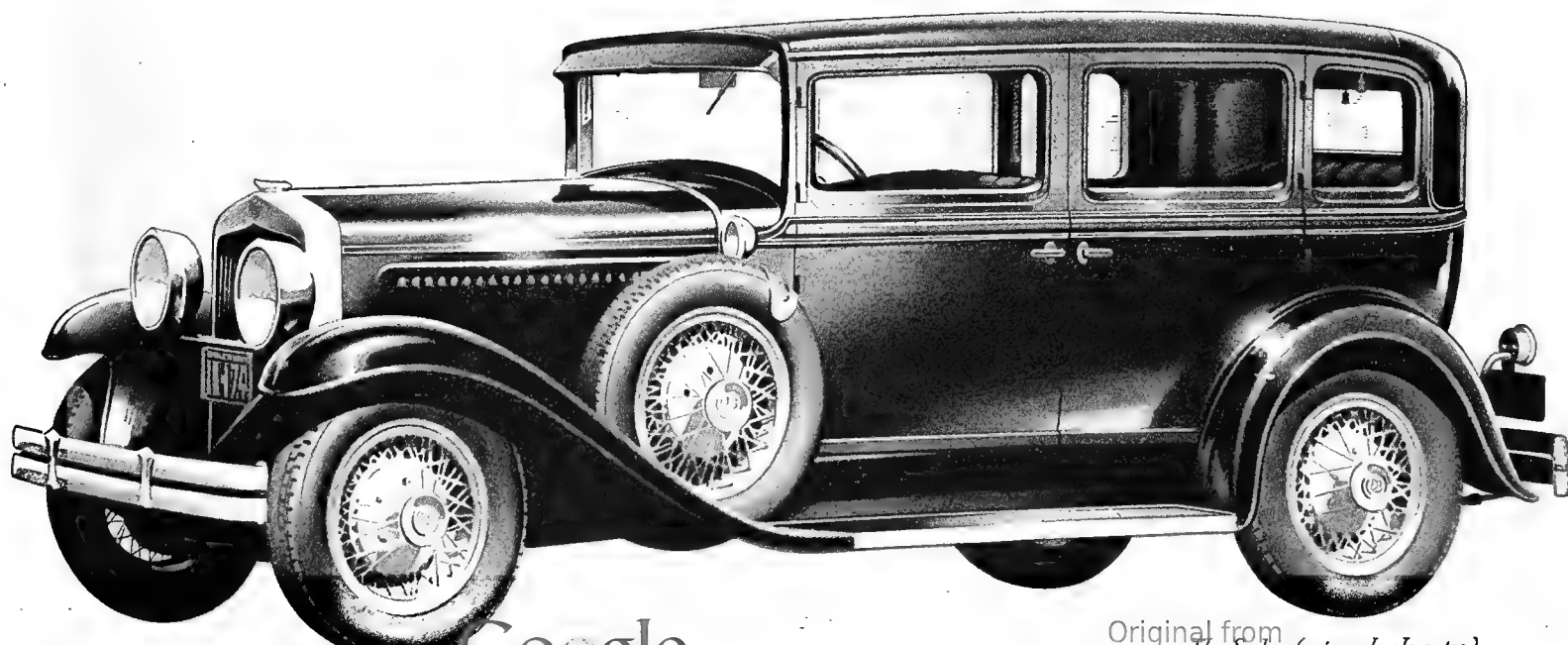
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EARHART
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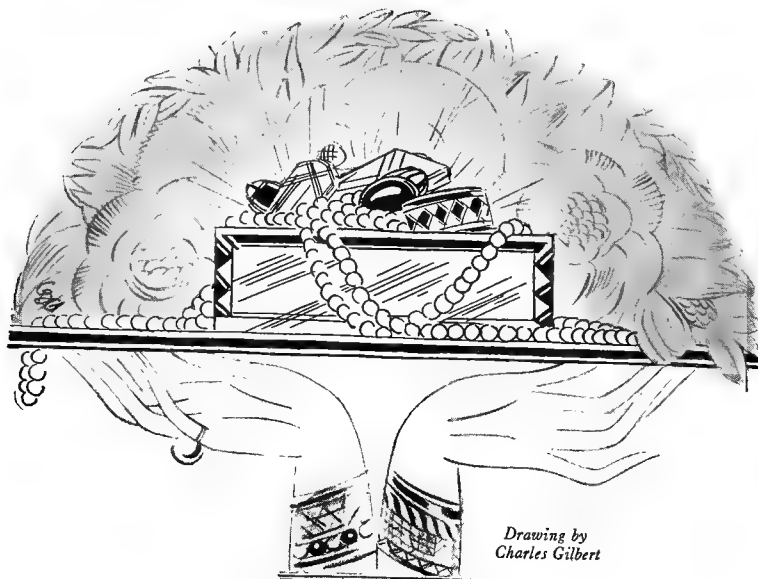
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HARPER'S BAZAR

Number 2597
63rd Year

MARCH
1929



Drawing by
Charles Gilbert

Paris
Spring
Millinery

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CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, Editor

APRIL is always one of the most thrilling months
of the year from the fashion standpoint, and
in the April issue, Marjorie Howard and Baron de
Meyer will describe for you the newest models in the
spring collections. . . . In New York, Kathleen Howard
will have several pages of suggestions for the traveler in

the way of luggage, clothes and accessories. . . .
A brilliant new serial, the reminiscences of the
Duchess of Sermoneta, will begin in April, and the
two novels, "Bright Intervals" by Nancy Hoyt and
"High Walls" by Arthur Tuckerman, will be continued.
There will also be a varied selection of short stories.

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Happy Days



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For the social side of Easter we commend the sealed-up sweets in that famous metal box containing

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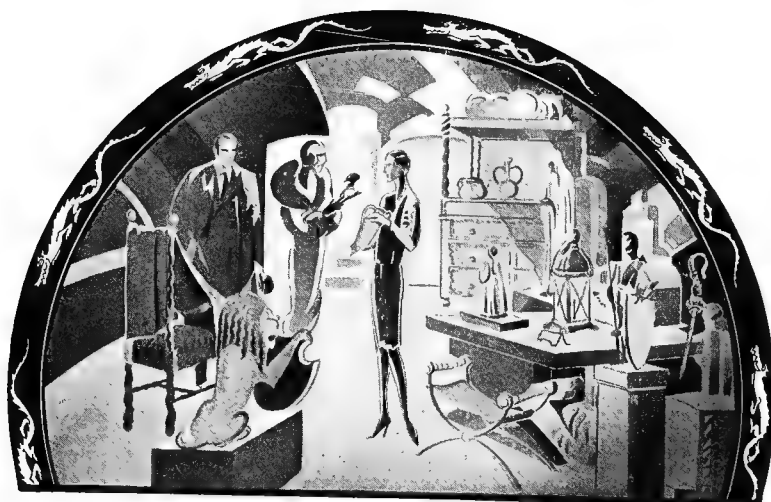
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F. H. Horvath

SOCIETY GOES TO WORK

A LADY from the West who recently visited New York after an absence of several years was struck by the service she received in several small but smart shops. "Everyone was so polite that it quite surprised me," she said. "I noticed the difference at once—no weary salesgirls nowadays, crabbed and cross. Everyone seemed to be a thoroughbred."

And everyone *was* a thoroughbred. For since the War, the idle woman, the waster, the parasite—these have almost vanished. Women have seen the stern necessity of getting into the rush of things, as never before: into offices, into shops, into what used to be slightly referred to as "trade." Those who had capital opened shops of their own; and if a native taste and a background of solid culture were assets, these were most certainly utilized; and into business was brought a new radiance—the radiance of enthusiasm and hospitality and breeding.

Transmitted to those who visited the shops, this feeling evoked a warm reciprocal goodwill. No longer need anyone feel surprised over this state of things, however, for evidences of a similar feeling are in every city where the doers are striking out for closer contact with the world of affairs.

Society, so-called, no longer has the appeal it once held for thinking men and women. The days when the climber had to be, literally, an acrobat to "get in" are practically gone. Just to dine out, and dance, and be entertained by dreary "entertainers" is insufficient. Not that a little nonsense now and then is not still relished by the wisest men—and women; for one will see the doers, after their day's labor, glad of a glimpse of the land of fun and frolic.

But one notices that they go home earlier than they used to do; for there is work to be done on the morrow, and staying up till two and three o'clock in the morning is no longer possible if one's nerves are to be steady at the shop.

Marjorie Oelrichs was one of the first to go seriously into business. Her success is well known. Many have followed her—Mrs. Franklin, Mrs. Robert McAdoo and Mrs. Edward S. Cowles, Agnes Porter Wright, Mrs. Wiltbank, Natalie Slocum, Margaret Phelps, to mention only a few, and several ladies of title who have found business not only more lucrative than pleasure, but truly much more fun.

Mrs. R. T. Wilson has a fascinating antique shop, on East Fifty-fourth Street, which she calls the House of Ships, and where many of her own and friends' household goods are displayed.

After the last holiday season, Mrs. George Howard, with whom I happened to be lunching, told me an amusing thing. A friend gently upbraided her for going to Palm Beach for two weeks at Christmas, thinking she had abandoned New York at the best season one's shop can have.

"She didn't guess until I told her," said "Mudge" Howard, "that I had a place in the Lido of Florida where I went every afternoon of my stay, and worked hard until six o'clock. And New York was not being neglected, even for a moment. My friend had seen my name in the society columns and pictured me as wasting the whole day down in that sun-drenched spot. Half the time I was not at the functions mentioned. Of course, I wasn't. I couldn't be, and keep my conscience clear—and my pocketbook filled."

Another doer, you see. Another of the growing pageant of women who find delight in creative work, and an outlet in the world of business for their wonderful surplus energy.

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

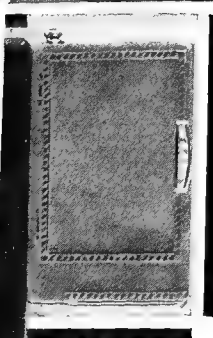
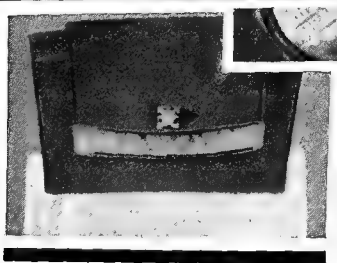
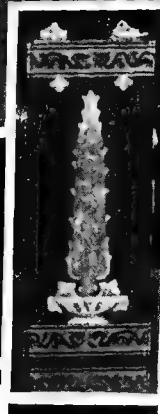
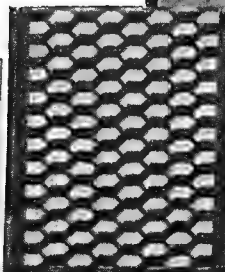
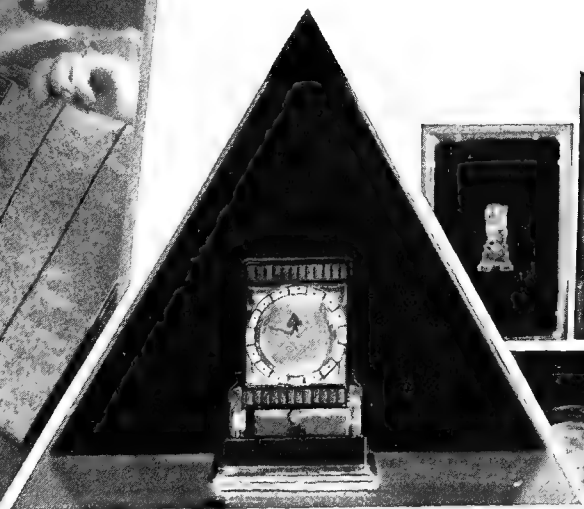


GOUPE

*A Metal Brocade Jacket in Beige,
Gold and Brown, Brown Satin Skirt*

DEMETER

4

BY *Baron de Meyer:*

CARTIER

"CANDID FRIEND"

*The Baron and the Smartest Lady
Play at a Game of Truth*

BARBARA and her new husband, passing through Paris, are stopping at the Ritz on their way South. Barbara tells me that she finds March, and especially April, far the best months for the Riviera. She says her journey from London was most irritating, as she systematically mislaid either her passport or her jewels. Jack, the new husband, is very silent, but shows good breeding in good clothes. A true Britisher. I am to dine with them to-morrow at Ciro's at 9 o'clock, a party of eight.

Next evening: Seated between Barbara and a very smart woman, the Hon. Mrs. Ex. She was born French, but is married to an Englishman. She somehow prefers living in Paris.

Barbara at once starts conversation. "Is what you say about English dressmaking in the February issue of Harper's Bazar what you really think? Didn't you find London restaurants 'divine'? And don't most Englishwomen nowadays wear good clothes?"

My reply is that quite a number do, though I wonder why so many of the clothes I saw in restaurants should have had an air of "last year" about them. And why some should be of the kind I imagined had ceased to exist.

A few of these rather out-of-date garments, however, had been old Paris friends! They seemed to call out to me:

"See, since we are no more quite *à la Mode*, we've become eminently suitable for 'true ladies'. Too much Paris chic is hardly considered good form in England."

Barbara laughs and says the "voice" may have been right, that many of the really smart Paris models were not suitable at all for British "gentlewomen".

Barbara now looks about her, and finds the noise bewildering. I explain that Ciro's on a Friday night is generally crowded.

"How different from Sovrani's in Jermyn Street," she says. "I like Sovrani ever so much better."

"Yes, it's more restful. I was surprised, however, to find the busiest hour to be between seven and eight."

Barbara explains it's because of the many theatre parties.

"Even so," I reply, "it's an hour earlier than Paris, and quite two hours earlier than Spain."

"What else impressed you during your stay over there?" Barbara wants to know.

"For one, the remarkable beauty of the Anglo-Saxon race. Also, most Englishwomen's attempt to do their hair in a style which, up to quite recently, might have been considered becoming, but is so no more."

"What on earth do you mean?"

(Continued on page 79)



WILSON-LONDON

*Gown of Gold Brocade, Black Chiffon and
Spangles in Various Shades of Green and Red*

DEMETER
L



DEMESE

4

*Short and to the Point Is an Evening Frock
of Black Velvet. Snowy Ermine Bands It*



ALEX

*Ostrich Feathers Curl their Way
into Favor on a Black Hat Worn
by Mme. Henry Bernstein*

DEMESTER
4

"That few women, nowadays, wearing their hair parted in the center of the forehead, especially in dark wavy bandeaux can possibly expect to be considered smart. To try to combine a Madonna-like appearance with modern chic is something no woman should ever attempt. It is bound to be a failure."

Barbara's reply is lost to me, because of the din and noise about us.

A moment later, a welcome respite, the band ceased to play. Then followed a memorable discussion, or rather a lecture by my hostess, on the subject of sports clothes which is full of illuminating sidelights, an attempt to explain the difference existing between the French and the English points of view.

"All woolen day clothes," Barbara starts by saying, "seem in France nowadays to come under the heading of sports clothes, *Robes pour le sport*, the *T* not being sounded. Why should all up-to-date day clothes be given that name, I wonder? They never, by any chance, serve for any kind of sport.

"You should particularly bear in mind that 'sport' is an English word with an entirely British meaning. The French expression *faire du sport* might possibly be differently interpreted in France than it is in England, or could it be that the English term is merely misunderstood by French people, therefore misapplied? I wonder which it is?

"Golf and tennis, for instance, for which Paris houses specially design *pour le sport* clothes are games. They, therefore, cannot come under the heading of sports, at least as the term is understood in England.

"Were golf and tennis sport, what should we have to call shooting, salmon fishing, sailing a cutter, or flying an aeroplane? Sport is only really sport when an element of danger intervenes, while the principal merit of games lies in acquired personal skill.

"The fact is, we don't in England call clothes for either sport or games anything but country clothes, merely making an exception for garments especially designed for the moors or for yachting. We call those shooting or yachting clothes. Their smartness resides in their being serviceable for a purpose, their decorative quality being nonexistent. They are clothes quite out of the question for town wear, in England at least.

"What I'm trying to convey is that we do not consider your French clothes—the ones Paris calls *pour le sport*—at all adapted to what their appellation might lead us to expect. We may find them delightful for a morning's shopping in town, or for lunching informally. They may also be useful in places such as Cannes or Biarritz, but they are not suitable at all for any of our English country activities, be they sport or games."

"Why, how severe you are! You seem to hold me responsible for what undoubtedly has been a misunderstanding from the first. You should know that the appellation *robe de sport* is in France merely used for want of a better term. It stands, of course, for the kind of unpretentious gown post-war days have made popular and marks the difference from the more formal

and dressy clothes which in prewar days were the only ones known and worn on all occasions during the day.

"As a matter of fact, the younger generation has no sartorial prewar memories and has never known anything except what, in France, has come to be known as *robe de sport*."

The Hon. Mrs. Ex, the lady on my other side, now shows signs of impatience. She conveys to me that my conversation with our hostess has lasted long enough. She soon claims my undivided attention, especially after I hear she is in the habit of

reading all I write for Harper's Bazar, and tells me she longs for an opportunity to find out just how I go about it, collecting suitable material.

"By attentively observing people about me," I reply, "and forming my own conclusions. At present I propose to pay attention to all you are going to tell me to-night, and remember every word of it for future use."

"And how, if we don't talk about fashions?"

"But we are bound to, you and I, it's inevitable; in fact, I am expecting you to disclose to me all your most guarded secrets. To start with, you will tell me by what means you've become known as the 'smartest woman in the world?'"

"Am I really? How jolly."

"Well, everyone repeating it makes it sound true. Won't you confide in me and tell me how it's done?"

"I haven't the faintest notion."

"Then let's play at the new game I've invented. We pledge ourselves to speak the truth and nothing but the truth. I've named it the 'Candid friend'. It helps to find out about oneself and others. I generally play it to discover what makes up a woman's smartness. Yours, in this instance. Let's find out why you

should have been named the smartest woman in the world."

Mrs. Ex begins:

"Well, I suppose I am accorded a good figure."

"Not especially so. I never heard it praised particularly. However, you possess what is nowadays considered far better: the silhouette of a schoolboy. A sharp outline. A surprisingly well covered back, for anyone as slim as you, and good arms."

Mrs. Ex pursues, "I've at times been given to understand that I'm tolerably good looking."

"Undoubtedly so! Modern good looks, however, the kind devoid of beauty. Your cheekbones are too high, your mouth too large, and your eyes far too roguish. As to your nose, it's very much on the uphill grade."

"Indeed! What's wrong about it? Haven't you, only recently said that women with upturned noses and small amusing profiles were the only ones having any claim to chic? My motto ever since has been, 'Amusing and chic', rather than beautifully dull."

"You need not worry, there is nothing dull about you."

"Don't let's waste time. I am impatient to hear of my bad points," says Mrs. Ex.

I continue: "I notice your hands are not particularly small, but they have what is called 'character'. As to your fingers,



Baron de Meyer

ALEX

The Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes in a sailor Hat of Taffeta, Blossom Trimmed

they are much too long and bony."

Mrs. Ex says that most modern fingers are shaping themselves that way because of the size of rings. "Imagine the ungainly aspect of monumental stones, weighing some forty or fifty carats, on dainty little hands, Victorian and dimpled."

"As a matter of fact, no woman places her feet on the ground as you do—your gait is a poem."

"Do not forget the game as we are playing, the truth and nothing but the truth."

"Am I likely to forget? Only the fun of the game consists of surprises, pleasant as well as unpleasant!"

"And what is there to say about my hair?"

"It would be unfair to pass any judgment; nothing but a lacquered surface being visible. The way you pull what I suppose is hair back from your forehead and ears might easily pass as the most unbecoming style in the world."

"I am not surprised to hear you say so; only, styles which are trying are supposed to increase woman's smartness."

"Quite so—unless they destroy it. The mass of short curls standing out from the back of your head inclines me to believe you possess a great deal of hair. No one, however, can be positive about it, for you don't merely disguise quality, but have a way of misleading one as to quantity."

"You wouldn't wish me to appear with a solid mass of curls, when only an absolutely flat head makes the new crimped short haired *chignon* possible. Last summer, up in my mountain camp, I left my hair perfectly natural. It stood out all over my head. Besides, not being touched up, it became the dulllest of mouse colored browns. I admit I was positively pretty, though of course horrible to look upon. Thank heaven, there was no one to see me!"

"There is one of my maxims on chic: It suffices, in order that the right people should think one chic, to emphasize one's defects to the



degree of being a freak to the wrong ones."

"This reminds me of my complexion—What is there to say about it?"

"That your skin must be in excellent condition."

"Why?"

"Because only a beautiful skin texture could stand the amount of make-up you seem to apply."

"The fact is," says Mrs. Ex, "I have a natural color and use nothing but white, some blue, and a soupçon of mauve, never any flesh colored powder. As to my eyebrows, they are so fair, as to make shaving and repainting them on to the skin almost an obligation. My eyelashes, well, you can see for yourself, there are plenty of them!"

"Did you say you objected to sunburn effects? Had quite given them up?"

"Yes, since I discovered my dear friends, Tommy, Dickie, and Harriet, had taken to it with a vengeance. What else remains to discuss, since only my defects seem to interest you? Why are you so surprised?"

"Don't you realize that only what the great uninitiated have a way of calling one's 'defects' are of any interest and worth considering? Cleverly treated, as you treat them, not improved upon beyond recognition, they have, in a world peopled with beautiful and well-dressed women, been the means of making you stand out from the crowd."

"But studying what you have realized were your doubtful points and taking pains with them, you have made your defects become much more attractive than any of your naturally good ones. Those you did not find worth while bothering about. You furthermore have been particularly clever in getting your person into perfect shape before you considered clothes. Wise, too, in deciding that with so accentuated an individuality as the one you planned for yourself, nothing but the most exaggerated simplicity would (Continued on page 152)

CHERUIT (Madame Wormser)

Madame Wormser Smothers Ciré
Satin in Black Tulle Clouds

DEMESE
4



CALLOT

DEMISEL

4

*Lines of Subtle Beauty in a Gown
of Mauve Crêpe and Pink Roses*

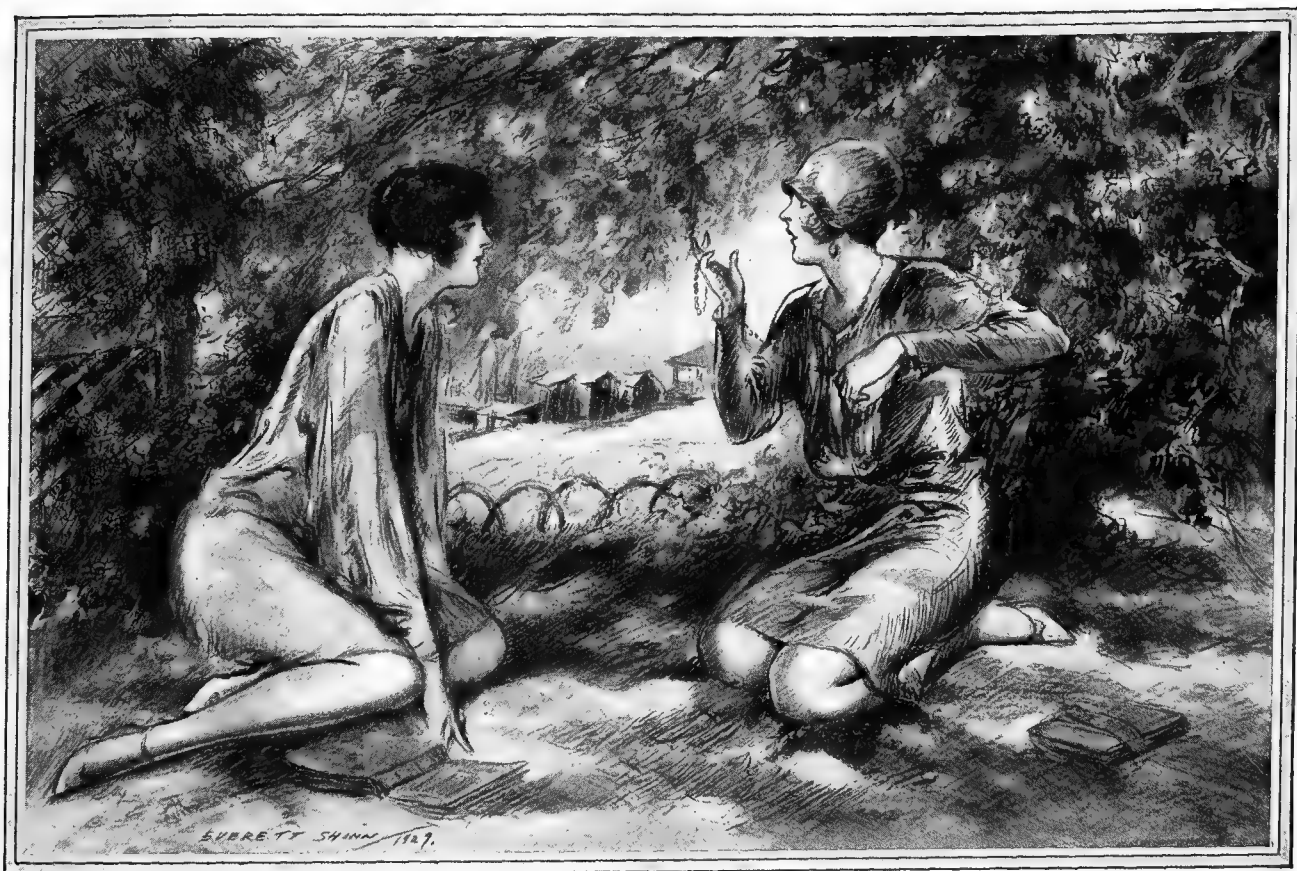


Sherril Schell

MRS. WILLIAM H. VOM RATH

who was photographed with her young daughter, Miss Marie vom Rath, was, before her marriage, Miss Cecilia J. May, one of the talented children of Mr. Henry May, of this city, Washington and Southamplon, Long Island. The vom Raths have a charming country house at Glen Cove and add much to the social life of the younger married set in Gotham and down in the District of Columbia. Mrs. vom Rath is a niece of Lady Bagot and a sister of Mrs. Harry S. Black, Mr. Gerald de Coursey May and Mr. Henry de Coursey May. Her mother, the late Mrs. May, one of the grandes dames of Washington's "cliff dweller" circles, was, originally, Miss Isabel Coleman.

A New Novel by Nancy Hoyt:



"There you are," said Lydia, and there, indeed, they were, shining as nothing but real pearls can shine."

BRIGHT INTERVALS

*Beginning the Sparkling Adventures of a Young Modern who
Set out to See what was Around the next Corner*

Illustrations by Everett Shinn

THE throb of the ferry steamer's engine was a steady pulse beating in the silver silence which lay over the Solent. Eastward from Portsmouth in The Needles and north and south, a veil was thrown which was not quite fog or mist, but a pale, sunless radiance, in which some objects seemed more clear and others were half hidden by the soft pink and pearl color of sea and sky. Amidships, where the pontoons for the automobiles lay, the boat side was low, so close to the water that Lydia, sitting on a broad gunwale, felt she could dabble her fingers in the smooth water which flowed by like gray silk and swirled into the streaming wake of white foam which trailed the ship like a court train.

The placid outline of the Isle of Wight faded and was replaced by the sloping lawns of Southampton water. Smooth as oil and tinted like the lining of a shell was the sea on either side. The little boat shook with the heart-beats of a noisy oil engine, and plowed steadily toward

its goal. Silently out of the scarfs of fog, the giant beauty of an Atlantic liner slipped into view and sped past them, the vermilion funnels slanting backward as if she were a thoroughbred with her ears laid back for the long race to New York.

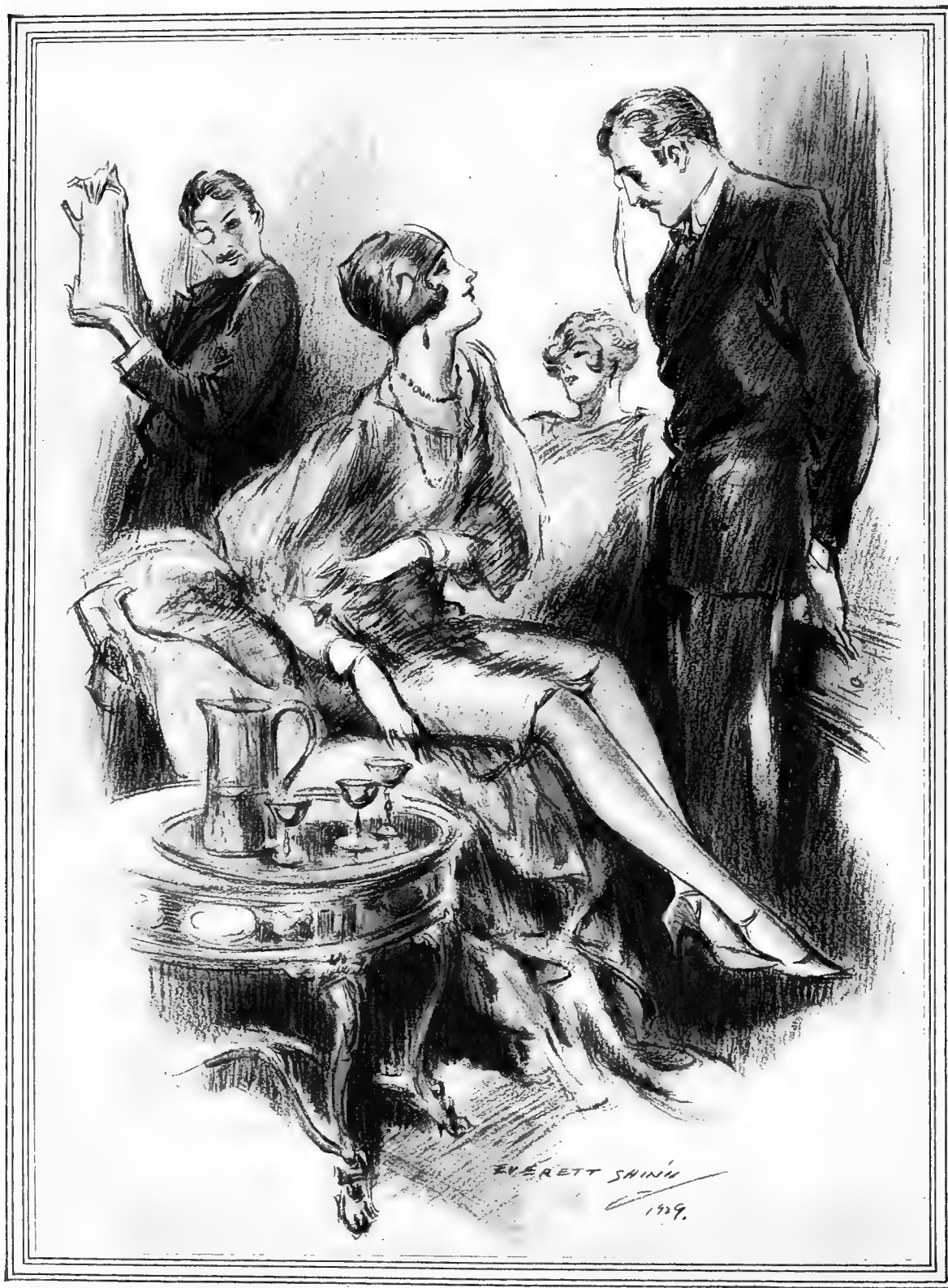
Lydia's heart thundered in her ears above the engine's noise. Passengers were leaning over the rails of the towering promenade deck, regarding the fussy little boat with tolerant amusement. Through an opalescent mist, she saw a lady looking down at her, smiling a little, or perhaps crying. At first the figure was only a smart young woman in black, then she saw that the girl's eyes were also in mourning, delicately shadowed with mauve. She had a queer, subconscious tremor, a feeling that the figure staring down at her was herself, a tired, grown-up self, setting out on a long journey. One of the hands folded on the rail was raised for a moment in a gesture of salute. Then she remembered that lack of breakfast and Scottish

ancestry were quite enough to explain a flash of second sight. It was not a talent she encouraged. Clutching her handbag with its precious railway ticket more firmly, she made for the small saloon below decks and, by the time the boat reached Southampton dock, she had consumed a large enough quantity of tea, buttered toast and marmalade to fortify her for the epoch-making journey to London.

There it was, an inch and a half of white cardboard. For that slip between her fingers, the *Duchess of York* had chugged patiently across the Solent. The oily steel cylinder panted at Southampton West. The sun had begun eating up the harbor mists and painting the trees with an unreal green as pretty as a picture post-card.

She stepped on to the gangway and felt that small, hot bulb of feeling within her, which might be her heart or soul or just an exceptionally sensitive collection of nerves, suddenly

(Copyright, 1929, by Nancy Hoyt)



"It appeared he was Swedish and a Count. He became fixed as the Swedish Nightingale in Lydia's mind."

squeezed. She was drunk with escape, tense anticipation, and a lively and passionate desire to know what was coming round the next corner. She needed very badly the steadying effect of the tea and toast, which had so far failed in their duty of weighing down her strangely light and exuberant body.

"Going back with me on the six-thirty trip, Miss?" asked the Captain, leaning over the bridge and waving an arm in shabby blue serge to a seaman on the deck.

Going back? Back to the Isle of Wight on the return trip? How could anyone fail to read the import of that ticket? Surely one could see in her face that she was bent on no Southampton shopping tour of a few hours! She pointed at her two valises, called good-by with triumph in her voice, and sprinted up the covered way toward the promised land.

WITH the possible exception of one cherubic page boy, overgrown and bursting from his scarlet and gold-buttoned jacket, but still a page and not yet a spotty under-porter, there was not one human being in the hotel for whom Lydia had felt anything but hatred.

This hatred might have extended even to her grandfather, who had been unnecessarily annoying about his kipper for breakfast. However, her grandfather was not at the moment within the hotel precincts, but careening gently along the Parade in his pony-drawn bath chair, so that she was able to retain both filial respect and her wholesale indictment of the hotel and its occupants.

She loathed the musty black mohair house-keeper, who grudged her a sour "good morning"; she loathed the three dozen statues in plaster, painted to imitate bronze, which lined

the dark corridors; she detested the group of aged and acrid dames who infested one corner of the lounge, and even more she hated the rich, red, fruity cluster of retired colonels who were gathered after golf for a little serious drinking and Yankee-baiting in the sunniest corner of the veranda. The knowledge of their anti-American bias which blossomed forth more strongly in a series of disapproving grunts after each successive drink and mustache-sucking, might have driven her to an excessive passion for the United States had not the Evans child approached her at the moment. Lydia, clutching a novel and a newspaper, found her passage to the garden blocked by the ten-year-old Bernice, who asked her if she wanted a companion.

"No," she said flatly.

"Don't you like littul chuldren?" asked the

infant Evans. "My mother said you had a turribly mean look in your eyes. Wouldn't you like a littul sister? My mother said she wondered was the old man you're with your husband; she wouldn't be one teeny bit s'prised if he wasn't, 'n maybe not your father *either*. Why don't you like children? Wouldn't you like for me to be your littul girl?"

"No," said Lydia, and the Evans child, sticking out an incredibly long, thin tongue, made for the dining-room where the head-waiter might provide more sympathetic companionship.

THE people who lived behind the high hedges of the hotel grounds were either in a state of decomposition, ripe as a Camembert, or mouldy with dry rot; else they were of a raw greenness like the Evans child, or the English schoolgirl who ran through the gardens on the coldest mornings offensively waving a bathing suit and a towel. Lydia had seen herself crumbling slowly into age like the youngest daughter of the reddest and juiciest retired Colonel, who, between spasmodic attempts at brittle vivacity, was as lifeless and shaky as a wasp's nest.

Convinced that this watering-place was her life-long fate, she told herself dismally that she had attained the monstrous age of twenty and accomplished nothing. She thought of her mother and her two aunts, the glittering trio who had composed the beautiful Stephanyi sisters. At twenty, Alexandra had danced the Agamemnon chorus on the ruins of Carthage and disappeared into the desert for six months with a young and yet famous explorer, and as if this were not dashing enough, had come out of the wilds of Africa hung with tawny lion skins, full of ideas for new primitive dances and married to the hereditary Prince of Starntadt-Hoburg, a pleasant fellow with a monocle.

At twenty, Elizabeth had sung *Louise* both from the open window of her Montmartre

studio and from the stage of the Opera Comique, and had fought through a barrage of bouquets and lovers to the safe arms of Simon Arbuthnot, who may have been solidly British but was also at that date unbelievably good-looking, extraordinarily rich and very amiable.

Nor had the Aunts Alix and Lissa overshadowed Mamma, the exquisite Athene, who at twenty was calmly roaming the yet untainted hills of Anacapri, costumed only in a white silk tunic, sandals and pure intellect, quite unaffected by the fact that the world, large, noisy, unpleasant place, was praising her "Lament for Persephone" to a degree which would have involved anyone with less aloof integrity in the fuss.

And there was she, Lydia, daughter of Athene and niece of Alix and Lissa, who at twenty (a twenty which was so nearly twenty-one that one shivered at the thought) had not accomplished a thing. She had gone for strolls on the cliffs, changed books twice a week at the lending library, walked to the pier to see the boats arrive and amused her grandfather by diabolically accurate imitations of the hotel guests. This last was rather a low accomplishment, for only by a certain amount of discreet eavesdropping could she learn enough of their speech and convictions to imitate them. But surely the good God, the pleasant, much-called upon *Bon Dieu* of her deceased French nurse, and not the bearded Supreme-Being, the super-English Gentleman of St. Anthelm's Church, would forgive a little harmless eavesdropping in one whose amusements were so limited. It was, for that matter, eavesdropping which brought her to the gangplank, up whose boards her long legs swiftly fled.

Having escaped the Evans child and the still worse infliction of old Lady Harrop, who wanted to talk about certain fungoid growths which afflicted the human race in general and herself in particular, Lydia had found a corner of the

garden where, protected by a high ilex hedge, she could enjoy the sunshine and her novel in peace. Curious horrors which were necessary adjuncts to the gardens of a marine residence of the 'seventies were carefully preserved by the present owner, who had turned the place into a hotel; doubtless he considered they added interest to the hand of Nature. There were a pergola, three rustic summer-houses with stained-glass windows, a gazebo, a weather-vane, a number of leprous plaster statues beginning to peel like convalescent fever patients, two German gnomes in painted wood, and other divertissements.

It was a shame, Lydia thought, patrolling the garden with a contemplative eye. For even the ache and urge to escape which smoldered somewhere between her chest and tummy, even the hot desire for life and experience could not deny that the garden, save for these painful frills, was charming and the view over the water really beautiful.

HAVING checked up on the familiar aspect, she found nothing changed except the position of two iron benches, wrought of Brobdingnagian sweet-peas and painted liver color. Lazily sinking into her chair, she was about to go on with the novel when her ears pricked up at the sound of two new voices. They seemed to come from the summer-house on her left, which was discreetly buried in the hedge as if for amorous dalliance. One could imagine Albert and Euphemia coyly resting there after a hard game of croquet, but the present voices must have shocked the little chalet.

It was a fight. To Lydia's mind there was no doubt that it was a fight, and what a one! A plaintive, semi-public school voice, thickened by emotion and Jewish ancestors, struggling to down husky and compelling curses of the American vernacular, very thinly veneered by an English stage accent of female gentility. A deep voice, that of the (Continued on page 130)



"Content to lie on the broken sofa, playing with the little dog, Lydia wondered what curious power Camellia possessed."



*When it comes time to wear large hats, this is the type that Agnès proposes.
It is made of a new thin baku in palest leaf-green, with an edge of chiffon.
It is symmetric, and its only trimming is three triangles sewn on the side.*

PARIS CREATES HATS FOR SPRING

Toques, Turbans, Berets and Flexible Exotic Straws

By MARJORIE HOWARD

WHETHER March comes in like a lion or a lamb, he will be welcomed with millinery. We can wait with equanimity for new clothes until after Easter, but there is something about the longer lightness of March days that seems to demand a new hat. Paris prepares for this universal feminine desire by creating new spring millinery long before she thinks of new spring costumes. After the collections have been shown, and even more surely

after the smart Parisiennes have made their personal selections from them, we shall have a modification of millinery to suit the new ideas adopted in our coats and dresses. For the two are interdependent to the last degree. It is an axiom that no hat, however charming in itself, can be considered a success unless it definitely completes the silhouette of the costume with which it is worn.

So in this article I am showing you what their



Bag from Tonnel



TALLIEN

Here is a spring hat of medium size, which Madame Tallien says she designed for a tall woman. It is in shiny black straw, called "luciole," new this season, and is trimmed with two bunches of violets, one black and one white.



Bag from Tonnel

creators call "first hats"; that is, headgear designed to give you a feeling of anticipation of spring, rather than its realization; something novel enough to be interesting, without in any way breaking with tradition; something to freshen the effect of your existent wardrobe, rather than a point of departure for your new one.

The strongest impression left by the collections of these first hats is the use of exotic straw exactly as if it were felt. The fundamental ideas of the winter millinery—turban, toque, and béret—are interpreted from new angles, and interpreted in flexible straws instead of in supple felts.

Maria Guy shows her béret made spring-like by the use of gray-beige straw, inset with a plaited band of matching gauze. Marie-Christianne folds supple baku into plaits over one ear, exactly as she folded felt this winter, and adds an incrustated grosgrain knot for

novelty. Agnès takes a fine Panama in natural color, swathes it close across the forehead, and cuts it to come down on the neck in the back, almost in the fashion of a sou'wester. She makes her new turbans of straw braids in various combinations of color. Reboux translates her felt shapes into new shiny mixed straws, red, black and white. One could repeat examples indefinitely. These hats are all small, fitting the head as closely as possible, and many of them are asymmetric, coming down much more on one side than on the other. Some are entirely brimless in front, with a brim in the back. Some are even on the two sides. In larger hats there is a marked tendency toward the symmetric brim, which, however, is far less apparent in these small models. Many still uncover a good deal of the forehead. This is a dangerous line, successful in rare cases. It does not seem to go with modern clothes, demanding rather the bare shoulders, and stately sweeping skirts



MARIA GUY

Maria Guy has done a great deal with the beret lately, and this is her newest version, in gray-beige straw, trimmed with an inset band of matching gauze, plaited. She will make this beret in any color.

of a Beatrice d'Este. A point running up over one eyebrow is more often becoming; in fact, it is so good, that many milliners are retaining it in their spring models. Many shapes are cut off sharply across the eyebrows, just above them.

In spring materials, the flexible straws are leaders. They have names as exotic as themselves. Baku and ballibuntl have become familiar to us by repetition; but when I am asked to remember and differentiate between yova, yedda, azoud, hankau, and bangkok, I prefer to lump them altogether under the adjective "exotic," and let it go at that. Then there is the sisol family, with para and mara sisol (I nearly wrote them with capital letters), all of which have one characteristic in common, a

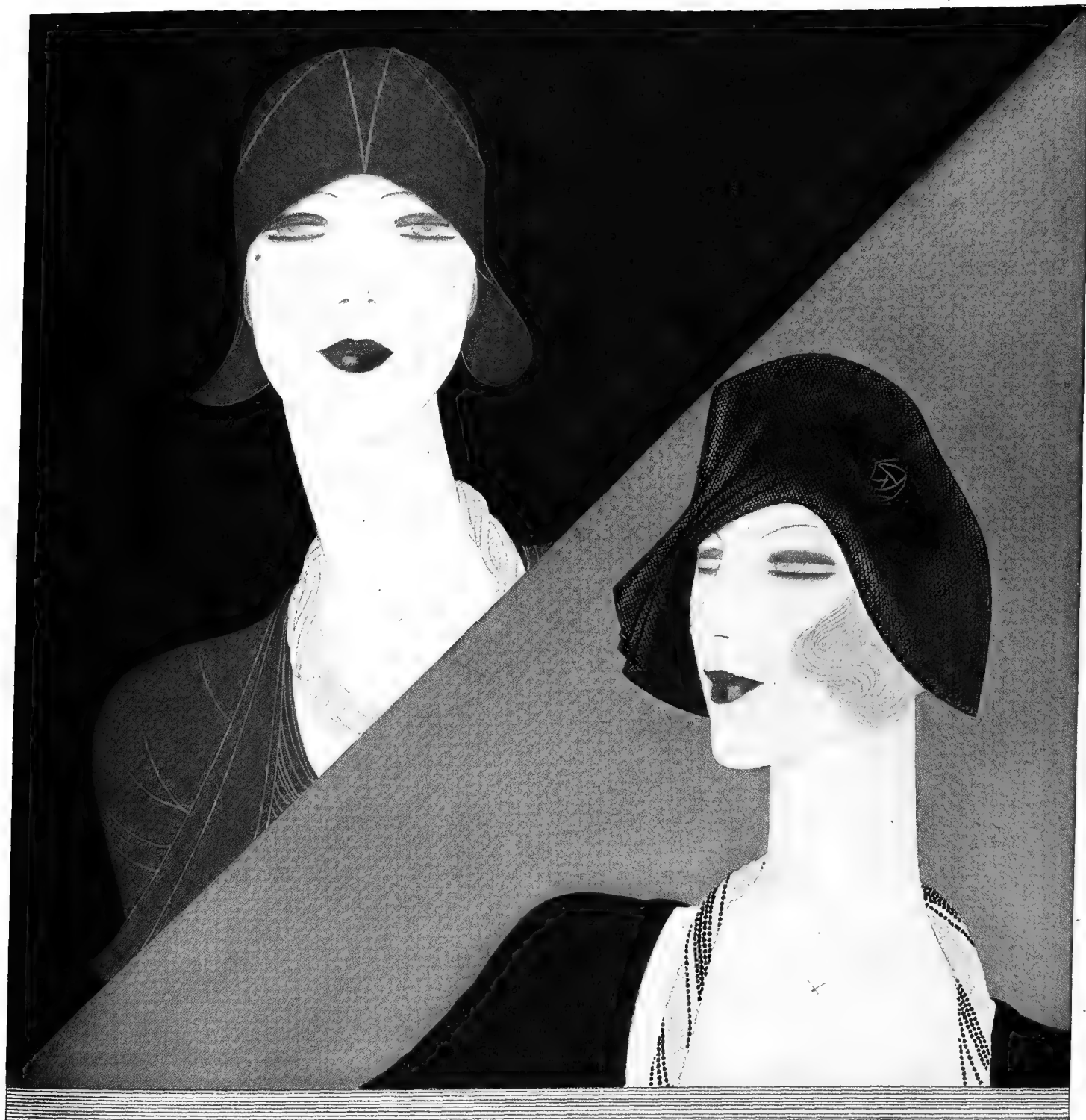
Maria Guy has revived the "Niniche," which forms an amusing contrast to the sophisticated woman of to-day. But it has an odd charm, in shiny navy picot straw and heavy satin ribbon of navy and yellow.



CARTIER

An old Persian brocade bag in red, black and gold, mounted in black onyx, with corners of diamonds and coral. From Cartier.

linen weave. This year has added "luciole," a very shiny straw of the picot family; and "damina," an invention found at Agnès's, which shows a fine straw, like a thread, sewn in a Chinese matting pattern on a chiffon foundation. This is done by hand, and I should think was guaranteed to wear out any eyes that try to do it for long at a time. In addition to all these varieties of straw, there are the braids, woven of horsehair and wool, of felt and straw, of narrow ribbons, of twisted cords, or string, all of which are used for turbans. All kinds of things have been done with horsehair. At Reboux's and others I find a fine black and white check horsehair cloth; at Tallien's a colored horsehair cloth, semi-transparent, used for toques and turbans like a felt. Marie-



MARIE-CHRISTIANE

Marie-Christiane makes a hat entirely in black grosgrain, cut up into two points in front, and coming down on both sides. One side is like a Dutch cap, the other resembles the headgear of the Toreador.

This hat was suggested to Marie-Christiane by the black jersey Chanel frock that she herself wears. It is in a new exotic straw, turned and molded like felt. The necklaces shown are by Madame Lina Mouton.



CARTIER

A Cartier bag of white unborn calfskin, which has a new mounting, a bar of coral, set with rings of onyx and diamonds.

Christiane has many fine crin shapes, some trimmed with grosgrain, which is quite one of her favorite garnitures. At Maria Guy's I see horsehair cloth in a new color, very dark red, almost black, which she calls "Prince Noir." It recalls those very deep carnations and dahlias which are called by the same name. She shows a wide symmetric hat of this material in this new color; the trimming consists of an embroidered bow on one side of the crown, with long ends running out onto the brim, all done in long satin stitch in silk of blended shades of red.

New this year is an all-silk baku, used by Marie-Christiane and others. She has a little hat, like a cut felt, in this material in bright canary yellow. At most houses, one finds

rough, coarse straws, which the French call "paillason," used for wide-brimmed summer hats, with exotic straws and crins. The only fabric of importance, so far, is grosgrain. It is often combined with other materials, and Reboux shows a toque entirely of caramel grosgrain; while on this page Luza has sketched a little grosgrain hat, reminiscent of a Dutch cap, one side of which curls over like a Toreador's headgear, while the other is cut into points like the coiffe of the Island of Marken.

But the combination of regular dress fabrics with felts or straw in hats is a feature of the season. Agnès makes a series of sets of hat and scarf using fine straw, felt, or sometimes other materials such as leather, the hat inset in all sorts of designs with the stuff, and the scarf



YTEB

Silk suits promise well for spring. This model from Yteb is of black crêpe satin, made with the brilliant side out, trimmed with bands of the dull side. The skirt is in three tiers, and the coat is three-quarter length. The blouse is string-colored crêpe satin, effectively combining the two sides of the material.

Yteb uses mauve orchid crêpe de Chine in this one-piece frock which looks like a two-piece. The skirt is plaited; the blouse is trimmed with rows of stitching.

YTEB



matching. She uses many Rodier woolens, and printed crêpe scarfs and handkerchiefs in this way; little printed and "faconné" (woven design) silks; and even tweed, combined with straw or felt in a novel manner. Reboux shows a charming little cap of wool jersey, in dark red, trimmed with inset curved bands of gray, dull dark blue, and red, half an inch wide; running up to a point in front over one eye, with a scarf made of seven strips of the same three colors sewn together to make a striped fabric.

Felts, of course, we always have with us. There is nothing especially new to say about them. I note a tendency to use two colors at Reboux's, leaf green and black, putty and deepest blue, pale old rose and chocolate, in the newest. Sometimes they are slightly draped. Tallien likes to tie a knot in the felt itself. Other milliners shirr it slightly, often right in front or a little to the side. I also note a tendency to balanced shapes, the same over both ears, in the best toques worn at present. But every few days see a new one, and the end is not yet—far from it.

As to trimming, it is still rudimentary, as you may see by the six hats on the preceding pages. Some houses are experimenting with flowers. Reboux puts a row of tiny gardenias and their leaves across the back of a little white shape, low on the neck. Agnès uses a flat red daisy, of enormous proportions, which she sets at the back of the crown of a black parasol hat, with a brim wide at the sides. She makes a charming toque of white daisy petals, with a scarf in white crêpe to match, tied at the side with one huge flower. Maria Guy shows a little shape in fine white straw, rolled up over the forehead, coming well down on the neck at the back, its edge fringed with hyacinth petals, curled upward like gigantic eyelashes, blue and white.

Tiny little feather "fancies" are used occasionally by all the milliners. Maria Guy puts a few curls of blonde ostrich tips at one point of a blonde baku hat, down over one ear, where they look like curls. She does another trick with curls which is more amusing. Under the brim of a little hat in shiny black picot straw, tipped on one side, she puts a bunch of short twisted "ringlets" of black grosgrain ribbon, hanging over one ear! On page 88 Luza has sketched her amusing interpretation of the eighteenth-century "Niniche," which she has adapted to cropped hair in a very original way. Talking of odd shapes revived from the past, what do you think of the taffeta sailor worn by Mrs. Fellowes in the photograph of her by Baron de Meyer on page 79? Here and there is a trace of the perennial tricorne influence, or its cousin the "bicorné." In the Tallien hat, on page 87, I feel a reminiscence of the famous gray hat of Napoleon.

THAT, I think, is about all I can tell you about the "first hats" of spring. You will find that you can wear any of the types here sketched, as long as it remains fresh enough, with no fear of its looking out-of-date later in the season.

Drawn with the Marie-Christiane hats are two necklaces to which I want to draw your attention. One is in rondels of old rose porcelain, fastened with three loops on each side of small round shiny black

beads. The other is a twisted strand of several strings of white artificial pearls and shiny black beads, fastened with square cut onyx. They are made by Madame Lina Mouton, and shown at Marie-Christiane's with her new hats. Madame Mouton also makes delightful big chiffon handkerchiefs, for the daytime, in three prettily blended colors. I do not see the chiffon handkerchief as often in the evening, though at St. Moritz it was carried by some of the smartest women; it looks pretty, in bright colors, run through the belt of a sweater costume.

The moment of writing is not a very interesting time for clothes, for when this issue is published, the spring collections, with all their new ideas, will have been given to the world. So I have concentrated on millinery, for this number, rather than on models. However, on these two pages, an artist new to Harper's Bazar has drawn some afternoon clothes, advance models from the spring collections of Yteb and Lucile Paray. The suit from Yteb illustrates several points which will be prominent in spring fashions; the silk costume, the three-quarter length jacket, and the blouse of a different color. These semi-tailored ensembles in silken materials are interesting the best designers. Among the best are Vionnet's lovely crêpe de Chine coats, often cut with large, important ties in front, which are done in one color, over a small-print frock in two colors. She uses both dark blue, and a bright middle-red crêpe for coats of this character, the prints being blue and putty, and red and white respectively.

THE putty georgette gown from Lucile Paray illustrates the revival of this fabric, which has been under rather a cloud of late years, but which is rapidly emerging. It appeared first as an evening fabric rivaling chiffon itself; and its use is now extending to the afternoon mode. The well cut scarf section, which makes a cape, or a scarf as one will, is a characteristic feature of this designer, and a very pretty one. It gives a finish to a gown which makes it suitable for street wear, later, without a coat, and so extends its service in that practical, modern way that even the richest women appreciate nowadays.

On page 126 and 127 are some Last-Minute sketches. Some of them are worn at the moment on the Parisian stage. I want to draw attention to the little evening cape worn by the Comtesse de Ségur (Cécile Sorel), on the stage of the Comédie Française. In the search for an evening wrap to wear with the long-at-some-point evening gowns, which bid fair to keep their evening popularity, this little cape is the newest suggestion. It is worn, as you see, negligently over one shoulder, and offers to a smart woman that opportunity for individuality in the wearing of her clothes, which she always welcomes. Newer than a shawl, just as many different things may be done with it. It is perhaps a good solution of what is admittedly a problem. But one must have height to wear it well.

On page 98 and 99 Charles Martin has drawn a series of coiffures with earrings. I wonder if all women realize what a help to beauty and (Concluded on page 160)

Lucile Paray has a frock in cravatte silk in several colors. The background is slate blue, the stripes dark blue and rust. Over all is a powdering of irregular white dots.

LUCILE PARAY



A characteristic frock from Lucile Paray is this string colored georgette. There is a diagonal volant, cut circular, from one hip to the other, with godet fulness at the left, where it is held by a cut crystal buckle. The feature of the frock is the scarf collar, which may be worn in a number of ways.



A chemise and culotte of pale pink crêpe satin for sports wear, using two sides of the material—dull and brilliant. The shiny part is mounted into the dull part with embroidered zigzag stitch.



Two nightgowns, the one at the right in pale sky-blue crêpe de Chine, with alternating bias bands of blue and white crêpe, put together with a ladder-work hemstitching done in white silk twist.

At the left a nightgown of pale pink crêpe de Chine. The decoration consists of a large flower in drawn-work stitches, and tiny bias bands of crêpe alternating with bands of slightly darker tone.



*Lingerie on this page from
DRECOLL-BEER*

ENTRANCING FRENCH HANDWORK

A combination that is particularly good under a gown deeply décolletée under the arms, as many of them are. Of palest flesh crêpe satin with inset bands of string-colored lace crossed under the arm.

A lingerie ensemble consisting of nightgown, matinée, chemise, culotte and brassière. The chemise is identical with the nightgown. The material is crêpe turco; the lace dyed a pale mauve tone.



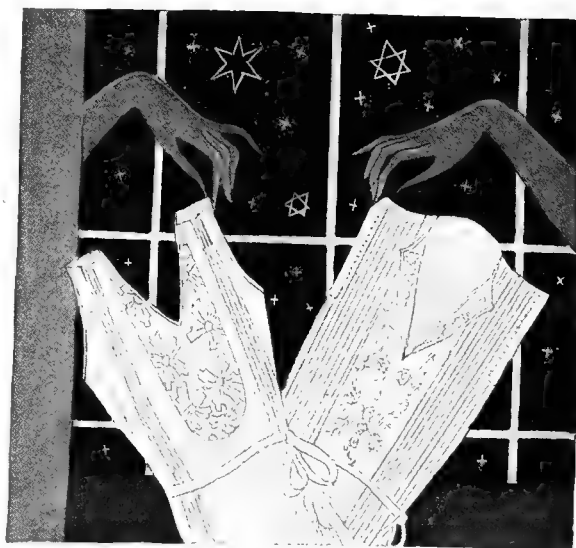
Lingerie on this page from
ANNEK

LINGERIE OF COBWEB TEXTURE

A combination of flesh crêpe turco, whose lower edge is cut in concave scallops lace-edged, with deep points of the lace. The neck-line is straight across the front, with low décolleté at the back.

An evening combination of pale pink crêpe turco incrustated with lace. The small bunch of flowers, cut out in the same lace and used as incrustations, is a new and very pretty embellishment.

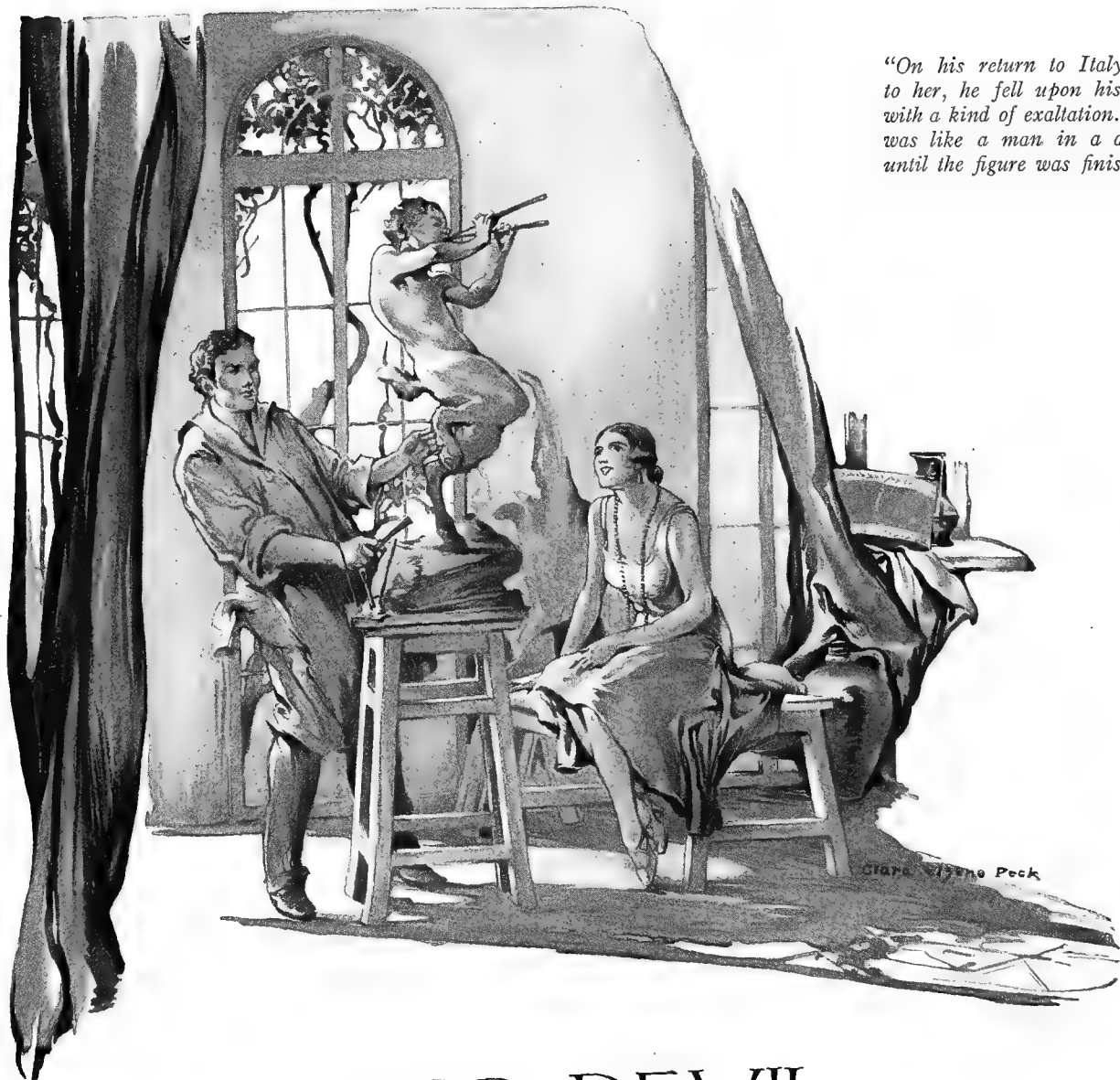
A combination in pale pink triple voile, the lower section cut circular. A nightgown in string-colored crêpe turco with embroidered tulle lace.



A nightgown of pink crêpe with set-in front outlined in double "point-turc," with pin-tucks at the shoulder and decorated with incrustated flowers of half transparent georgette; a pretty effect.

Another nightgown of palest pink triple voile trimmed with incrustated flowers and leaves of crêpe satin, used with the shiny side showing. Lady Abdy directs the fortunes of the house of Annek.

A Story by Amory Hare:



"On his return to Italy and to her, he fell upon his clay with a kind of exaltation. He was like a man in a dream until the figure was finished."

POOR DEVIL

*An Incident—with News Value—Which Happened
Between the Night and Morning Editions*

Illustrated by Clara Elsen Peck

*What can be bought for the price of a penny!
Battle and murder, and beauty—if any.
Ruin and bankruptcy, death and defeat,
All for a penny are sold in the street—
Fire and catastrophe, fame and delight
All for a penny are cried in the night!
Buy on the highway whichever you choose—
But oh! the poor devils who furnish the news!*

"PAPER, mister? Paper! Paper, Lady?"
The figures hurried to and fro, and Jimmy Jones stamped his feet, trying to keep warm. He had had a good day, so far, for an old man who had forgotten his glasses had mistaken a dime for a penny, two women had not waited for their change, and a third had bought a paper, paid him a quarter, smiled, and disappeared inside the Museum.

The late light of afternoon had begun to dim the long reaches of the galleries. The crowds were thinning into a few groups whose whisperings echoed strangely in the impenetrable tranquillity. As the silence increased with the disappearance of the last of the visitors, one became aware of a new predominance—the subtle power of immobility, the insistence of inanimate things. Plato and Caesar, Hannibal, Socrates and Alexander, gazed down in placid taciturnity which, as it grew prolonged, carried with it a gradual sense of awe. There they were at last, for all their strivings, caught in a single attitude, forever; and at their backs, rank upon rank of other great ones, done into stillness, seemed to press forward upon the mind with a withdrawn, yet belligerent, determination.

In a small gallery to the left, a collection of modern sculpture was on exhibition for a month, a proportion of which represented the work of the late Cecil Deane. Only one example of his art bore marks of any distinction. But this, the figure of a young faun, in bronze, seemed to leap with a shy yet vital joy which the medium could not subdue. The whole figure expressed eternal and ecstatic motion. The slim, arched back was bent as if in jest, one knee drawn up and the other tapering to a foot which was a miracle of structural beauty. Before this figure a woman had been sitting for the better part of the afternoon, and now, realizing that the hour for closing was at hand, she rose as if made restless by the imminence of her departure; but (Concluded on page 150)

STRIKING FRENCH INTERIORS IN THE MODERN MOOD BY BOICEAU OF PARIS

Photographs by Scaioni

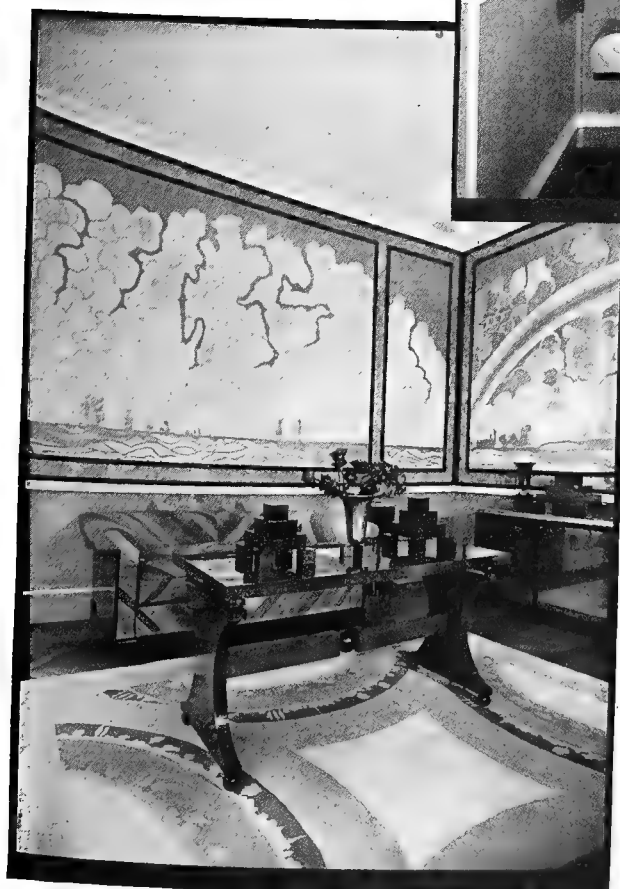
(Below) Boiceau creates an exquisite room by the use of this wall decoration on a green linen foundation, consisting of flat embroidery in many tones of gray. There is a matching carpet in the same tones of gray and apple-green. The table is in deep chocolate wood, and its ornaments are a bronze vase and cubes of wood. The sofa is covered in tapestry bands of gray, green, chocolate and pale rose.



Another part of the green and gray room shows a "vitrine", or cupboard, which is made entirely of glass, mounted in metal, and finished by a marble top. The decorations of cubes of exotic wood and bronze vases match the table ornaments.



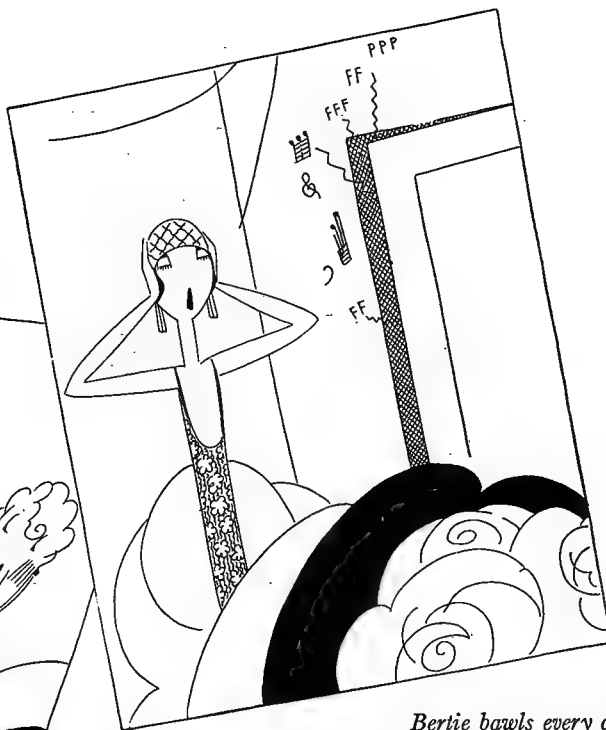
(Center) Boiceau designs a new type of wall decoration for a dressing-room, bathroom or boudoir. The walls are painted, and are inset with panels under glass. These panels are done on a background of natural colored brown holland, and the design is achieved by brilliant toned flowers in flat embroidery and cut leather, either colored or silver. They are framed in flat bands of silver leather, appliqued on scarlet. Each panel is different. The arm-chair is in shaded tapestry bands.



What Brutes Men are



Clarence is a clumsy clown who smothers the coffee cups with cigarette ashes. Clarissa could shriek when she sees him.



Bertie bawls every day in his bath. Sensitive Bertha suffers in every pore.



Norman drives Nellie to madness, no less! All she asks is a little manly jealousy.



Horace is one of those horrid husbands who have to be asked to admire Henrietta's new frock. If he only knew, there won't be any profits to add up when he's paid the bill for the dress that he'll be asked to admire later.

DRAWINGS BY
FISH

Hubert is one of those book-worms who read the stock market reports in restaurants. How Helen suffers!

No wonder We Divorce Them!



Why does he bring her diamonds? Can't he see she is weary of jewels, and wants flowers! Flowers! Just flowers!



Heartless Wilfred has forgotten their wedding anniversary. Wilhelmina will not risk being so upset again.



No one knows the agony Agnes endures when she hears Alfred again and again and again tell the same stupid stories.



Oh, the contempt Eva feels for Edmund! After dinner he sleeps, and if she insists on his going to the Hanah Club, he will only do it again. And, horrid to tell! Edmund snores.



Richard is a radio fan. Even the children's bedtime stories fill him with raucous and insufferable joy.

FISH

EARRINGS PAST AND PRESENT

For the classic type, who wears her dark hair long, the earring may be derived from the past. The period from 1840 to 1860 is particularly rich in amusing earrings. This one is engraved crystal, set in black enamel with the delicate workmanship of the period of 1850.



A new way of arranging growing hair is to swirl it all to the right side, parting it to the right in front. The ends are curled back over a comb in a rich, flat curl. This type of head can wear a modernistic earring, like the one drawn, in silver and lacquer.

The sportswoman wears her hair short, with only a few flat curls over the ear to break its sleekness. Her earring should be in character. Here it is two balls, one gold and one black onyx, one worn behind the ear and the other just in front of it.



SYMMETRY OF THE COIFFURE

Madame Agnès wears her hair drawn back smoothly from her forehead, with the entire back of her small head covered with flat "snail-shell" rings, laid in rows. With this coiffure, she wears a Dunand earring in red and black lacquer on gold, in triangular form.



The woman whose neck is short can add appreciably to the effect of length by the way she cuts her hair, and by her earrings. The hair in this case is curled up in the back, while the earring is a long, thin line, a cord of dark gold, with odd, golden tassels.



Madame Jean Charles Worth is letting her blonde hair grow, and wears it in a mass of curls in the back. Her classic profile can stand a large, brilliant earring. This one is of finest workmanship in turquoise and diamonds, with black onyx to bring out the design.



A Story by Ring Lardner:



"Mrs. Shelton," called Mrs. Dittmar to the other table, "does your big man play goulashes?" "Oh, yes," said Mrs. Shelton."

CONTRACT

*In Bridge We Are Permitted to See
Ourselves as Others See Us*

Illustrations by R. M. Crosby

WHEN the Sheltons were settled in their new home in the pretty little suburb of Linden, Mrs. Shelton was afraid nobody would call on them. Her husband was afraid somebody would. For ages Mrs. Shelton had bravely pretended to share her husband's aversion to a social life; he hated parties that numbered more than four people and she had convincingly, so she thought, played the rôle of indifference while declining invitations she would have given her right eye to accept. Shelton had not been fooled much, but his dislike of "crowds" was so great that he seldom sought to relieve her martyrdom by insisting that they "go" somewhere.

This was during the first six years of their connubial existence, while it was necessary to live, rather economically, in town. Recently, however, Shelton's magazine had advanced him to a position as associate editor and he was able, with the assistance of a benignant bond and mortgage company, to move into a house in Linden. Mrs. Shelton was sure suburbanites would be less tedious and unattractive than

people they had known in the city and that it would not be fatal to her spouse to get acquainted and play around a little; anyway, she could make friends with other wives, if they were willing, and perhaps enjoy afternoons of contract bridge, a game she had learned to love in three lessons. At the same time Shelton resolved to turn over a new leaf for his wife's sake and give her to understand that he was open for engagements. Secretly hoping, as I have hinted, that Linden's denizens would treat them as if they were quarantined.

Mrs. Shelton's fears were banished, and Shelton's resolution put to a test, on an evening of their second week in the new house. They were dropped in on by Mr. and Mrs. Robert French who lived three blocks away. Mrs. French was pretty and Shelton felt inclined to like her until she remarked how fascinating it must be to edit a magazine and meet Michael Arlen. French had little to say, being occupied most of the while in a petting party with his mustache.

Mrs. Shelton showed Mrs. French her seven

hooked rugs. Mrs. French said "Perfectly darling!" seven times, inquired where each of the seven had been procured and did not listen to the answers. Shelton served highballs of eighty dollar Scotch he had bought from a Linden bootlegger. French commented favorably on the Scotch. Shelton thought it was terrible himself and that French was a poor judge, or was being polite, or was deceived by some flavor lurking in the mustache. Mrs. Shelton ran out of hooked rugs and Mrs. French asked whether they played contract. Mrs. Shelton hesitated from habit. Shelton swallowed hard and replied that they did, and liked it very much.

"That's wonderful!" said Mrs. French. "Because the Wilsons have moved to Chicago. They were crazy about contract and we used to have a party every Wednesday night; two tables—the Wilsons, ourselves, and the Dittmars and Camerons. It would be just grand if you two would take the Wilsons' place. We have dinner at somebody's house and next Wednesday is our turn. Could you come?"

Mrs. Shelton again hesitated and Shelton (to

quote O. O. McIntyre) once more took the bull by the horns.

"It sounds fine!" he said. "We haven't anything else on for that night, have we, dear?"

His wife uttered an astonished no, and the Frenches left.

"What in the world has happened to you?" demanded Mrs. Shelton.

"Nothing at all. They seem like nice people and we've got to make friends here. Besides, it won't be bad playing cards."

"I don't know about contract," said Mrs. Shelton doubtfully. "You've got good card sense, and the only time you played it, you were all right. But I'm afraid I'll make hideous mistakes."

"Why should you? And even if you do, what of it?"

"These people are probably whizzes."

"I don't care if they're Lenz's mother-in-law."

"But you'll care if they criticize you."

"Of course, I will. People, and especially strangers, have no more right to criticize your bridge playing than your clothes or your complexion."

"You know that's silly. Bridge is a game."

"Tennis is a game, too. But how often do you hear one tennis player say to another, 'You played that like an old fool!'"

"You're not partners in tennis, however."

"You are in doubles. However, criticism in bridge is not confined to partners. I've made bonehead plays in bridge (I'll admit it), and been laughed at and scolded for them by opponents who ought to have kissed me. It's a conviction of most bridge players, and some golf players, that God sent them into the world to teach. At that, what they tell you isn't intended for your edification and future good. It's just a way of announcing, 'I'm smart and you're a lunkhead.' And to my mind it's a revelation of bad manners and bad sportsmanship. If I ask somebody what I did wrong, that's different. But when they volunteer—"

It was an old argument and Mrs. Shelton did not care to continue it. She knew she couldn't win and she was sleepy. Moreover, she was so glad they were "going out" on her husband's own insistence that she felt quite kindly toward him. She did hope, though, that their new acquaintances would suppress their educational complex if any.

On Wednesday night this hope was knocked for a double row of early June peas. Mrs. Shelton was elected to play with French, Mrs. Cameron and Mr. Dittmar. Mrs. Cameron was what is referred to as a statuesque blonde, but until you were used to her you could think of nothing but her nostrils, where she might

easily have carried two after-dinner mints. Mr. Dittmar appeared to be continuing to enjoy his meal long after it was over. And French had to deal one-handed to be sure his mustache remained loyal. These details distracted Mrs. Shelton's mind to such an extent that she made a few errors and was called for them. But she didn't mind that and her greatest distraction was caused by words and phrases that came from the other table, where her husband was engaged with Mr. Cameron, Mrs. Dittmar and the hostess.

The French cocktails had been poured from an eye-dropper and Shelton maintained perfect control of his temper and tongue. His polite reception of each criticism was taken as a confession of ignorance and a willingness to learn, and his three table-mates were quick to assume the rôle of faculty, with him as the entire student body. He was stepped on even when he was dummy, his partner at the time, Mrs. Dittmar, attributing the loss of a trick to the way he had laid out his cards, the light striking the nine of diamonds in such a way as to make her think it was an honor.

Mrs. Dittmar had married a man much younger than herself and was trying to disguise that fact by acting much younger than he. An eight-year-old child who is kind of backward hardly ever plays (Continued on page 142)



"Mrs. Shelton's fears were banished, and Shelton's resolutions put to a test, on an evening of their second week in the new house. They were dropped in on by Mr. and Mrs. Robert French who lived three blocks away."

St Moritz And Riviera Indoors And Out



Mme. Hally Smith is shown at The Palace, St. Moritz, in a smart new gown from Lanvin.

Three lovely visitors at St. Moritz, Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Michael Arlen and Mrs. T. O'Brien, are shown here in some of the latest creations of Chanel, Palou, and Augusta Bernard.



Madame Agnès is shown at St. Moritz wearing her amusing black astrakhan cap, topped by a pert bow made of the softest felt.

On the promenade at Monte Carlo was seen this Molyneux costume of black coat, ermine trimmed, and black and white georgette gown.

Two photographs by R. E. Coleman

This ensemble from Irene Dana in pale yellow and dark red was seen coming out of Ciro's.



Palm Beach Sunshine And Sandy Beaches

Mrs. Frank Jenkins of New York, pictured at the Breakers Casino at Palm Beach wearing a tailored suit of white crêpe de Chine.



Photographs by
Acme

Miss Louise Van Alen of the New York colony at Palm Beach sponsors the vogue for the sleeveless jumper for motoring.



Mrs. C. Egerton Warburton of Philadelphia, snapped at Palm Beach wearing a yellow silk frock and brown sweater.



Mr. and Mrs. James M. Neville of New York and Philadelphia are seen on the tropical sands of Florida, basking in the sunshine.



Mrs. Charles M. Amory, formerly Mrs. Raymond T. Baker, pictured at the Florida resort in a jersey suit with cardigan coat.

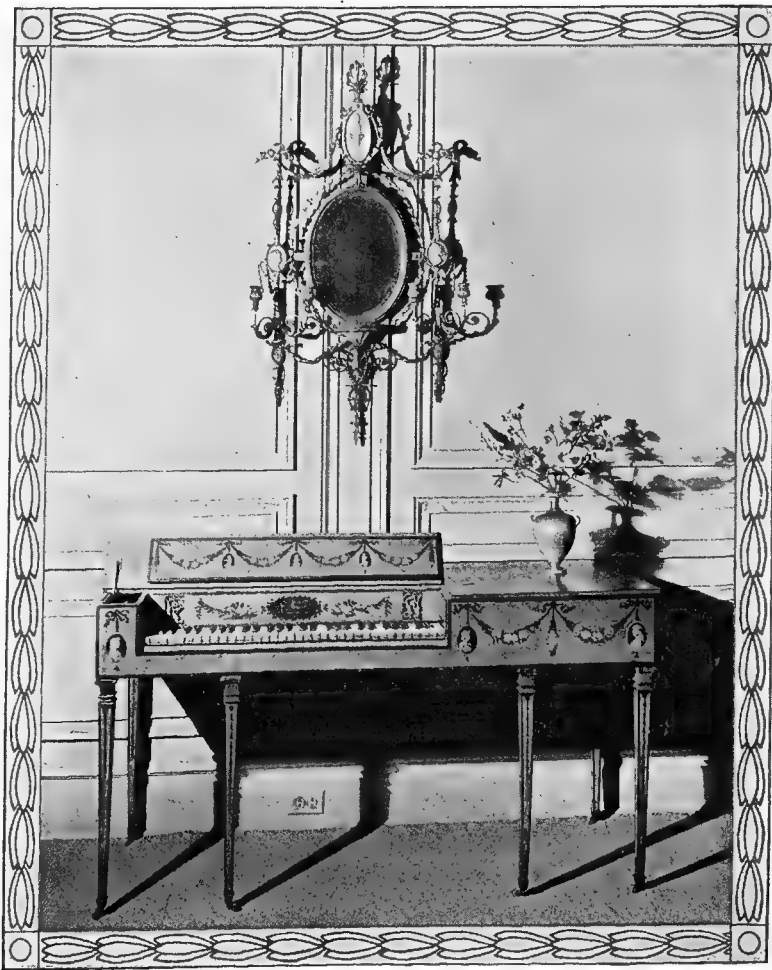


Mrs. George Sloane, prominent New Yorker, takes her dog out for an airing at the Southern resort.

POLITE GAIETY OF

It Brings a Smiling

BY CURTIS



An original late eighteenth-century spinet of Sheraton model in a satinwood case decorated in the manner of Angelica Kauffmann with floral wreaths and classical medallions. From Rose Cumming.

PAINTED satinwood is the Frenchest of English furniture. It has that polite gaiety, that sophisticated suavity, that subtlety which is essentially Parisian and which give it a right of entrée into backgrounds that are partly French in inspiration or feeling.

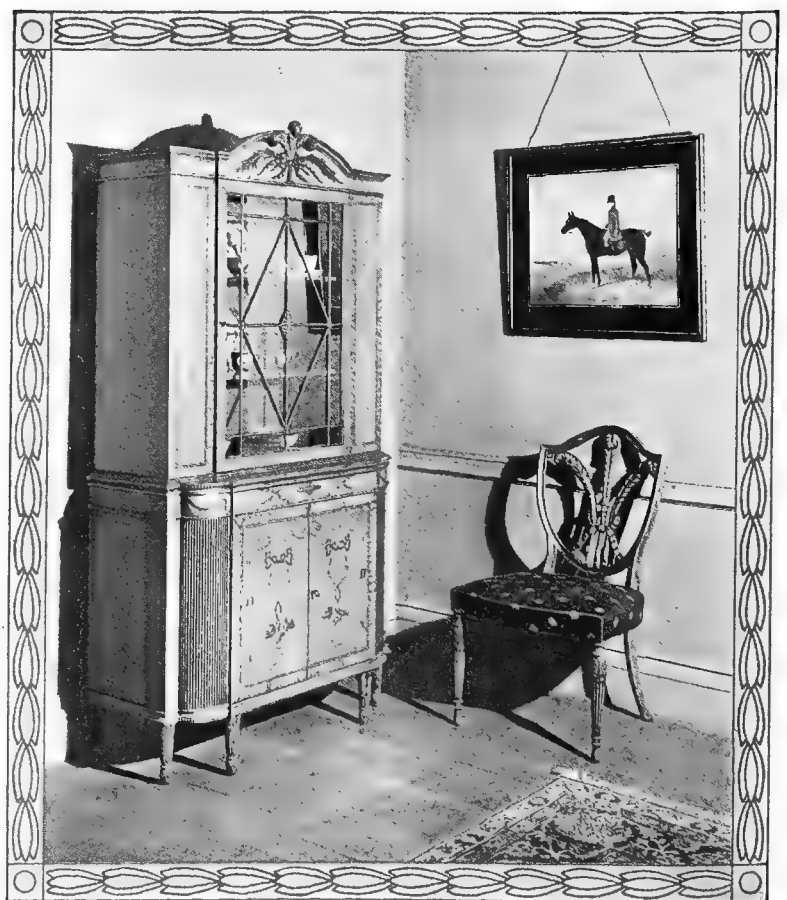
In such a room a satinwood "Carlton House" desk with panels on each end painted in dainty classical or allegorical groups—"Lady Hamilton as Venus with attendant Cupid" or "Mrs. Siddons as Thalia with the other Eight Muses," done in the light inconsequential manner of the closing years of the eighteenth century in England, makes a charming and practical piece. A small scale secretary-bookcase or bureau-cabinet in satinwood with a light chair, matching in color and decoration, will be found to be eminently usable as well as ornamental. Painted blue panels, in simulation of the blue jasperware plaques made by Flaxman for the Wedgwood factories, may adorn the front. Discreet touches of gilt and gay floral scrolls bring a sense of spring and flower gardens indoors. Old rare books, the books one cares most for, look their best when seen in such a setting. Old china, Chelsea or Bow, Sèvres or Meissen, seem as if created for such a frame.

Another major decorative piece in painted satinwood is the circular commode. This was described by one of the very important English cabinet-makers, Sheraton himself, as being especially happy when placed under a large glass at the end of an important room. The century and a quarter that has passed since then has confirmed his judgment.



Modern secretary-bookcase and chair in satinwood with painted decoration reminiscent of the Flaxman Wedgwood plaques. From the Hampton Shops.

Photographs by
Mollie
Edwards
Hewitt



Painted satinwood china-cabinet with matching chair from W. & J. Sloane, modern, both in the "three feathers" pattern adopted by Hepplewhite in honor of George IV. when Prince of Wales.

PAINTED SATINWOOD

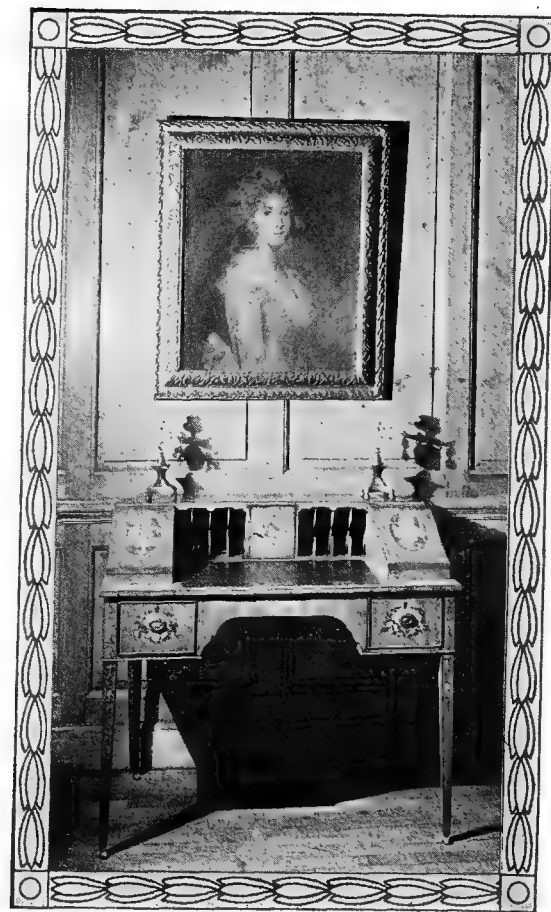
Elegance to the Formal Room

PATTERSON

Original painted satinwood was created in a very short period—practically the last quarter of the eighteenth century. That was the time when Robert Adam, creator of the Adam Style; was not only architect but interior decorator. He designed marvelous painted walls and ceilings in the classical manner, with painted medallions done by a group of Swiss and Italian artists who specialized in that sort of work. Adam also designed the furniture, and this furniture came to have painted medallions in harmony with the ceiling pieces as its distinguishing characteristic.

Angelica Kauffmann has given her name to the group. She was a very charming person, in fact if malicious contemporaries may be trusted, over-consciously so. She was the heroine of several piquant episodes of the period, was painted twice by Sir Joshua Reynolds and was a foundation member of the Royal Academy (one of the only two women members of that august body). She was a person to seize the popular imagination. So most painted satinwood is called "after Angelica Kauffmann," though it may have been after original medallions by Cipriani, Pergolesi, or Rebecca.

There is very little original painted satinwood on the American market. Its production was limited to about one generation, and during that period it appealed only to the wealthiest and most sophisticated class in England. As a consequence to acquire one of the more practical pieces resource is had to modern reproductions. These in themselves are beautiful specimens of cabinet-making, and need no apology for introduction into any household offering a sympathetic background.



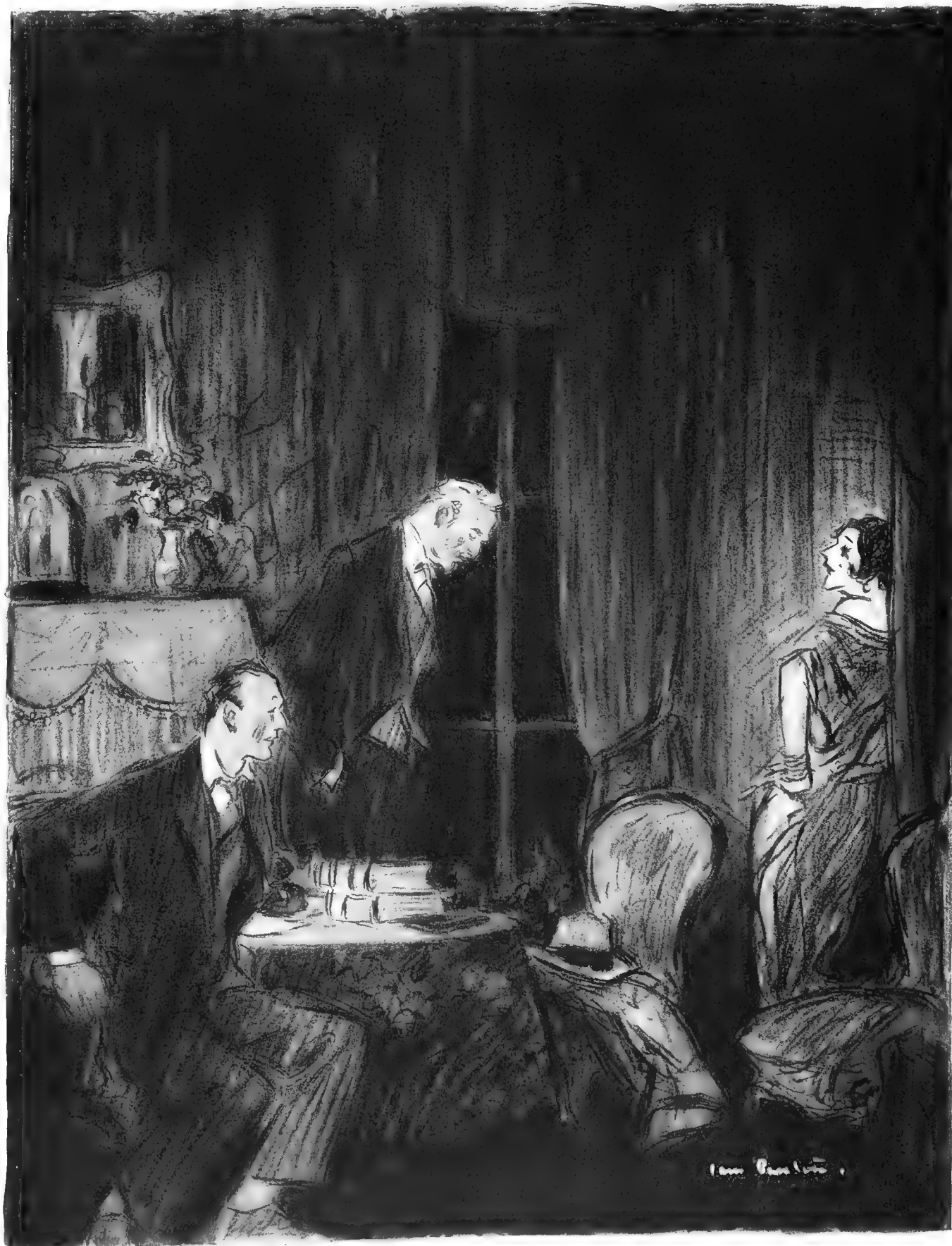
Carlton House desk in satinwood with painted panels in the manner of Cipriani. A modern piece from Louis L. Allen.



Satinwood bureau-cabinet from the New York Galleries, modern, with painted panels of classical and allegorical subjects and scroll decoration in the manner of the school of Angelica Kauffmann, Cipriani, Pergolesi, et alii.



Painted satinwood commode, modern, from the Hayden Company, in a style suggested by Angelica Kauffmann originals done for Robert Adam.



"SHE stood drawn up unsteadily against the doorway, with a wild and grotesque dignity, as if she were commanding me. Clearly she was thinking, 'Look at me. You are a man. You will seldom see such another beauty . . .' as if she had never understood that she was nothing any longer but a raddled shrew."

By Louis Bromfield:

A ROMANTIC LETTER

*Which Had an Unexpectedly Ironic Interruption
Before it Could be Completed*

Illustration by James Preston

Fontainebleau.
DEAR ELENOR:
I have not written to you in seven years and I am writing now, not because I have anything to say but because the mood is on me.

It is the *triste* season here in Fontainebleau, when the palace is empty and the old carp swim like ghosts beneath the carpet of dead leaves on the great pond. The town is empty and you can walk for miles along the *allées* of the forest without seeing a soul or hearing a sound, not even a bird, for there are no birds in the forest of Fontainebleau. It is a Fontainebleau you have never seen, in January, when one goes there to be alone for a day or two.

All the afternoon until twilight I have been wandering about the palace with an old guide who has been a friend of mine since I came here as a boy on the grand tour more than forty years ago. He takes me into closed, forgotten, forlorn corners of the palace where others have never penetrated. Somehow it gives the palace a kind of reality for me, as if I looked into the past and all its ghosts in a way not permitted to others.

The glamour has clung to my damp clothes like the scent of rotting leaves in the forest where Francis the First led all the court to hunt. It has dimmed, even annihilated, all the dreariness of this cold, pretentious, vulgar little hotel salon where I sit writing. The glamour makes me forget all the machine-made chairs and imitation tapestry and factory-turned cornices. It is the salon of a shabby little hotel without any beauty save in its name.

They call it the Pavillon Dorée. The Pavillon Dorée! What a lovely name for a place with a room like this.

Let me describe it to you. There is an ornate ebony piano which is hung with ball fringe and makes atrocious sounds (I have tried it). There are three muddy paintings of the forest in autumn, done, I think, by the proprietor's daughter, and four or five pieces of furniture in the gilt and sateen of Louis Philippe, and on a hideous painted mantelpiece, also adorned with yards of ball fringe, there is a doll dressed as *Marguerite* at the spinning-wheel, covered by a glass dome. The wall-paper was designed by a madman with layer upon layer of funeral wreaths printed in bloody magenta. The very inkstand of imitation bronze is a writhing and twisting monstrosity. I am too old, Elenor, to ignore such a room, but old enough to have the

patience to bear it. At least I am alone here.

Outside in the slow rain there is an old hunting dog who keeps baying and baying, as if he saw somewhere far off in the shadows of the encircling forest the ghosts of those other dogs who hunted there four centuries ago. I was thinking to-day what a sight it must have been with the hounds swarming into the oval court of the palace on their return from a hunt, surrounded in the light of torches by all the glittering court—the torches and the hounds, the color and the glitter and the sound of metal

change and the mark of the generation sticks. We're marked when we're young. Still, I can't think that life has changed much. I can't quite believe in all the sordidness and tragedy and sex of these youngsters. In the long run life is a pretty cheerful affair and most of us come to the end of it easily and happily. Isn't that so? Your life has been pleasant, and mine. And think of our friends, the boys and girls we grew up with. No, life isn't tragic and bitter and if it is, why should we go on writing that it is? That's where the romantics are right in making something better than life. Some would say that because I've never had to work and have never married that I've run away from life. At least it's always been for me a happy, romantic existence.

When I came in from walking in the rainy twilight, I said to myself, "What a pity it is that I haven't someone here who would enjoy all this as I'm enjoying it." I suppose it's a sign of old age when one begins to like resorts out of season. I thought, "Well, if there is no one here to enjoy it with me, I will write to someone. There is nothing else for me to do in the long evening alone in the Pavillon Dorée." So that's why I am writing to you—because I thought that you were the best person in the world to have here with me. And then it occurred to me as well that it was your birthday.

And now since I've begun this letter, I find that after all I'm not alone in the hotel. I've just heard voices. There are two people dining in the room beyond the salon—a man and a woman and they have brought with them a gramophone. Imagine that!

Bringing a gramophone to Fontainebleau in the *triste* season. The thing has begun to scratch and shriek, drowning out the sound of the old hunting dog baying in the rain to the spectral hounds of the forest. It is one of those jazz tunes. I think in Paris they call it, "Yes, sir! That's my Baby." How bored they must be with each other to bring a gramophone down to dinner!

And now it's stopped abruptly, cut off in the very midst. The woman, it seems, doesn't fancy the tune. From the sounds, I should say they were our country people, Americans of the sort which gives all of us a bad name outside our own country. The woman has just cried out, "My God! Why must you play that thing? You know how my nerves are to-night!"

The man hasn't answered her. He seems to have humored her (Continued on page 158)

THE LUXEMBOURG GARDENS

By IRA DIMOCK GLACKENS

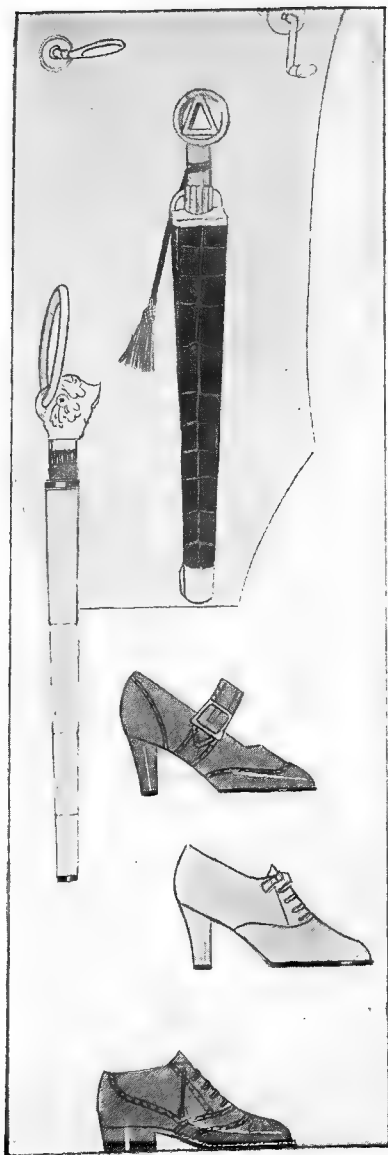
THE children play in the Luxembourg
With Punch and Judy come back again,
And the merry-go-rounds are whirling by
With horses that plunge and rear in the rain.

And the boats set out to sea by Pierre
Have floated home to the fountain-rim.
The marble queens on the terrace stand
And look with cold looks down at him.

Dusk creeps over the black wet trees
And the flowers nod as the shadows come,
While from gate to gate at closing-time
The guard walks past with his tapping drum.

striking metal as the horses tossed their heads. All this beneath the eyes of the ladies who looked down on the spectacle from the long open gallery. The shadows dancing on the gray and rose walls of the palace. . . .

I am beginning to feel old, Elenor, and more sentimental than ever. I'm having a debauch of romanticism. I don't get on with this new generation. I can hear you smiling and saying, "Here is Walter being literary again." Sometimes I think I ought to have been a writer. I'd have enjoyed it. Do you remember when I used to write poetry? In those days Browning and Tennyson were great poets, though I'm told there are some who don't think them great shakes in this day. Nobody writes on great themes any more. They're all small, mincing themes full of "pity and irony" . . . as if it were ever difficult to be ironic. Well, times



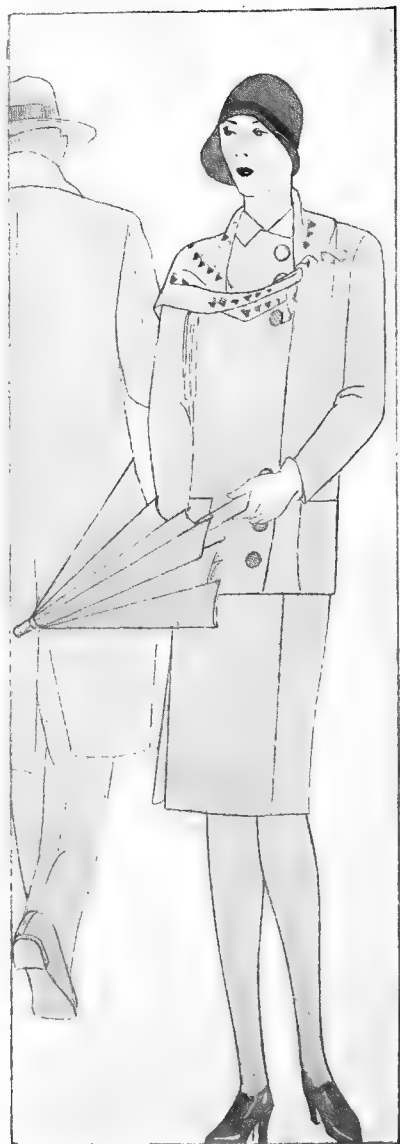
A most ingenious invention is this alligator umbrella case from B. Altman. The second umbrella, in a folding case, gives the appearance of a smart Malacca swagger stick. An amber colored ring through the parrot's nose forms the handle. From B. Altman. A one-strap black suede shoe from Lord and Taylor is trimmed with gun-metal leather, has a gun-metal buckle and an all-leather heel. A plain brown calf Oxford with an all-leather heel is most practical for the wet day. From Lord and Taylor. An excellent walking shoe for the rain is this low-heeled Oxford of brown calf from B. Altman.



Dobbs makes an attractive wet-weather coat in a brown and tan rough English tweed. Pin-tucks underneath the belt in front give a slight fullness. It has raglan sleeves and V shaped set-in pockets. The matching felt hat has a wide brim turned down all round.

From Franklin and Simon comes a very gay raincoat in bright red rubberized crepe, with a narrow string belt. The scarf collar and cuffs and inserts in pockets are of red and white wool material. The hat is of matching felt.

This Lady Angela Forbes two-piece suit is made of a brown mixed tweed. The coat is collarless and has patch pockets. The skirt is wrap-around with inlaid plaits at the right side. Matching felt hat and jersey scarf. Lord and Taylor.



BITS OF COLOR ON RAINY DAYS

These Clothes are Chic and Practical

BY KATHLEEN HOWARD

IT IS not at all necessary to be gloomily dressed just because the day is gloomy. In fact it is more important to be smart on a rainy day than it is on a sunny one, because you may thus form a bright spot all by yourself, and add distinct cheer to your surroundings.

I wish you could see these rainy-day clothes in color. The red coat, most suitable for young

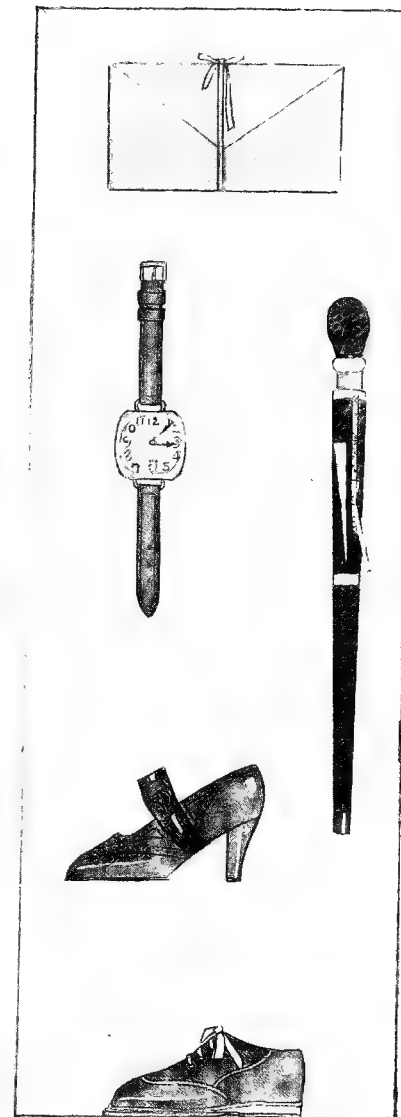
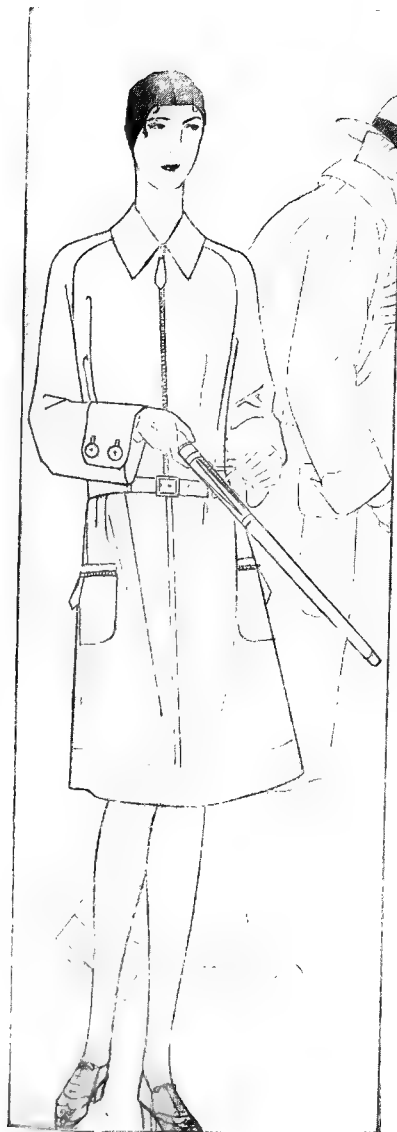
women, flashes like a scarlet tanager through the rain-drops. The tailored coat, with the long zip fastening, prevents that wet triangle of skirt in the front; there is nothing which may flap open and form a leak in a downpour.

The lady in the silver gray golf coat defies the Scotchest of weather. She is conscious that her temper will be unruffled by rain-drops trickling

This rubberized case, imported by Abercrombie and Fitch, is made to fit over your purse. It matches the golf coat pictured below. The "Oyster Watch" is guaranteed to defy the elements. Made of unlarnishable chromium, it is waterproof and dustproof. Abercrombie and Fitch. Saks-Fifth Avenue makes a smart umbrella with a zipper case in colors matching the zipper raincoat. A good rainy day pump from Vida Moore is made in brown Teglov calf with all leather heel and trimmed with perforations. For the wet day in the country Vida Moore makes a heelless calf shoe with crêpe soles

For the sportswoman who cannot be deterred by the weather, here is an extremely good raincoat for the golf course. Of pale gray silk lined with blue rubber, it is light and will not hamper the swing of the arms. Abercrombie and Fitch.

Very British looking is this imported raincoat of rubberized linen from Saks-Fifth Avenue. Every opening is made waterproof with zippers, even the patch pockets. Raglan shoulders and close fitting neck give a trim tailored look.



Red is used for the buttons, trimming and lining of a tan rubberized India cotton raincoat from Altman. The set-in sleeves, standing collar and wide buckled belt are all youthful details. The use of bright colors for rainy day clothes gives them new interest.

up her forearm as she swings a lusty drive, for the close-fitting elastic at the cuff will protect her. Her morale is perfect as she sets out for the links. The dark blue waterproof lining of the coat will, she knows, keep her warm and comfy till the eighteenth hole is played.

The other clothes are all suitable for wet days, especially when smart shoes are worn with them. Vida Moore specializes in heavy, yet attractive footwear for either sport or street wear.

A wet umbrella is a veritable nuisance in a town car, or has been until the practical contrivance drawn opposite was invented. Now its wet folds no longer menace your knees, if it is safely placed in the rack specially made for it. The other umbrellas are very swagger in their un-umbrella-ish-ness. Malacca has an eternal chic; witness the continued use of it for canes by well-dressed men, and the idea of turning an umbrella into a stubby, smooth-surfaced

malacca swagger stick is a clever one.

Lipstick, change purse, compact, comb, and all those scraps of paper with precious notes on them found in every woman's bag—all the cherished collection may remain intact in your best antelope envelope, if you will just slip the waterproof case, drawn above, over it on rainy days. The suède will be protected from raindrops, and you will not have had the annoyance of shifting all your pet furnishings from bag to bag.

Pigskin gloves are not nearly as inclined to become soggy as suède ones, and they are now made in slip-ons, which look extremely well with tweed clothes.

The wrist watch shown above can stand any amount of wet weather; you may even immerse it, if you will, and it will still tick on.

There is pleasure to be had from a quick walk on a wet day, if you are dressed for it.

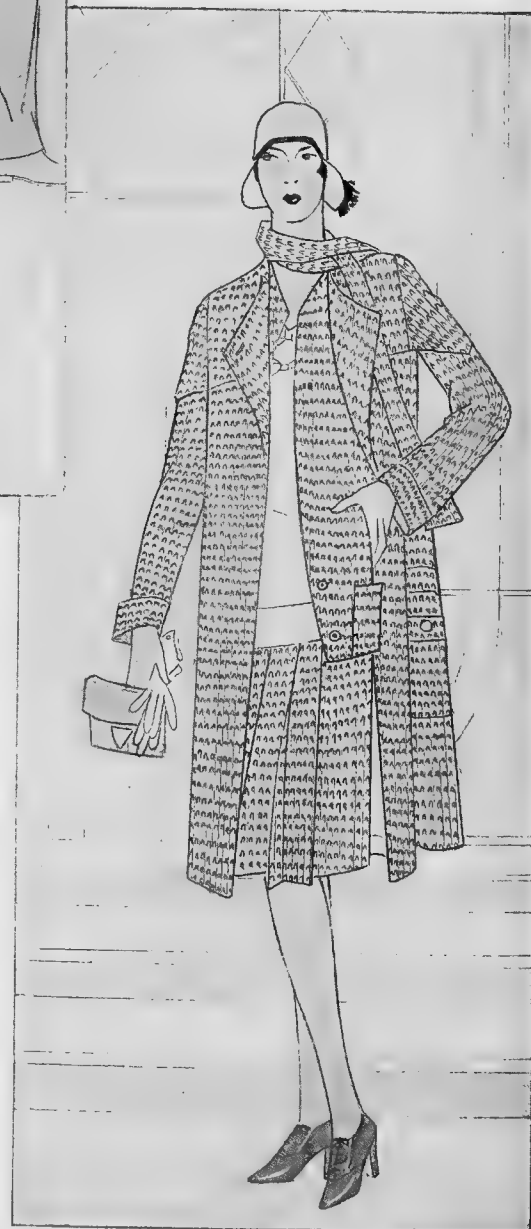
This Glenconner sports outfit from Best typifies the tendency toward light-weight woolens. Of five-ounce tweed in mustard color, it is complemented by a jumper of grège wool lace trimmed with bands of the yellow tweed forming a vest.



Very useful is this ensemble in four pieces, a copy of Chanel, comprising skirt, cardigan, long coat of black and white mixed tweed, and white shantung blouse. The coat has shoulder yoke and scarf collar. From Lord and Taylor.



A Chanel ensemble of light weight tweed in beige and brown mixture, with flattering collar of natural lynx, the soft white edge framing the face. A blouse of yellow angora has a brown monogram and a band of inlaid pin tucks at the hips. From Bonwit Teller.



IN THE SPRING THE WELL-DRESSED WOMAN

Vionnet combines a coat of tan and brown tweed with a frock of banana colored jersey and establishes a relationship between the two by using the same banana crêpe for the coat lining and incrustations on the dress. Bergdorf Goodman.



This unusual tweed suit is designed by Hawes-Harden. The collarless coat has a deep shoulder yoke, closing with one button. The blouse of bright red wool crêpe, cut like a waistcoat, is edged with red and white striped cravat silk.



Bruck Weiss imports from Molyneux an ensemble of soft woolen material, taupe in color, with basket weave. The single-breasted finger-length coat, slightly pinched-in at the waist, is cut with a simulated vest. The natural colored jumper has woven gold polka-dots.



LIGHTLY TURNS TO THOUGHTS OF TWEED



COATS STRESS A TRAILING LINE

Black lace fashions a charmingly feminine frock from Kurzman, the flounced skirt just escaping the floor, the deep circular cape almost covering the arms. At the left hip a huge red rose gives a touch of color.

An important evening ensemble in a blue imported chiffon print from Jay Thorpe. The skirt and long coat both trail a bit on the ground. The coat has scalloped edges, wide bell sleeves and a scarf collar.

Bonwit Teller imports a black velvet evening coat collared in ermine from Lelong, with two long, loose panels posed at the back, hanging straight from the shoulders in points below the hem-line of the coat.





SKIRTS ASSERT THEIR FREEDOM

A new departure in evening gowns, well adapted to restaurant dining, with deep décolleté and long sleeves. This black lace frock from Bergdorf Goodman is an exquisite example of a useful type of evening frock.

For the woman who loves a short, straight skirt, there is this evening ensemble from Molyneux, of Pompeian red crêpe Elizabeth imported by Thurn, with low-necked, sleeveless frock, plaited skirt and loose coatlet.

The smartest women will wear this delightful black chiffon evening gown from Frances Clyde, the beauty of which lies in its simplicity of line. A pointed yoke of flesh chiffon surmounts the trailing black panels.





Drawing in color by Malaga Grenet

CHIFFON LAMÉ AND FOX FUR

FROM HATTIE CARNEGIE



Drawing in color by Malaga Crenel

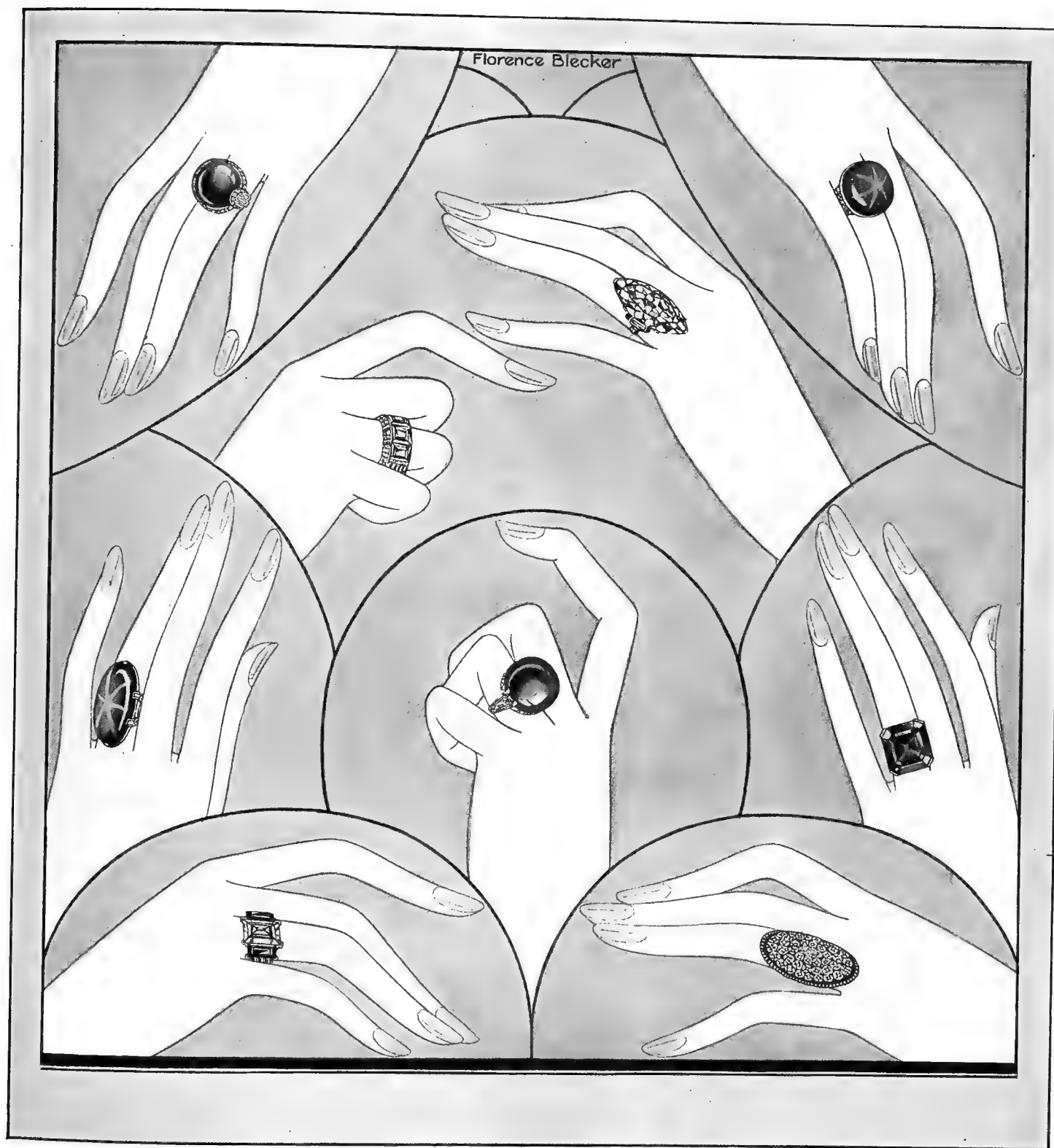
CHANEL'S SATIN AND TULLE

FROM HERMAN PATRICK TAPPÉ



SHADOWED EYES ARE UNFORGETTABLE
SO LET A CURVE FRAME YOUR FACE

A hat of plain black baku from Réboux, its edge of braided black velvet, dips deeply at one side. The lace frock may be had in either black or beige. Madame Lanvin has cut it extremely décolletée and matched it with a jacket. Both hat and frock from Saks-Fifth Avenue.



THE LARGE SINGLE RING SO DEAR TO WOMAN'S HEART

A single glowing ruby mounted with tiny diamonds and baguettes. Black, Starr and Frost.

Oval in shape this exquisite star sapphire from Dreicer has a mounting of diamonds.

Two profoundly blue sapphires flank a single diamond, square cut and smart. Kirkpatrick.

High set with intricate diamond workmanship, Mauboussin offers three square diamonds.

A huge diamond, beautifully set and cut, is an unsurpassed ornament to the hand. Mauboussin.

The mystery of a black pearl, diamond set, is in this single entrancing ring. Marcus.

From Brand-Chatillon comes a star sapphire round in shape, and set with tiny diamonds.

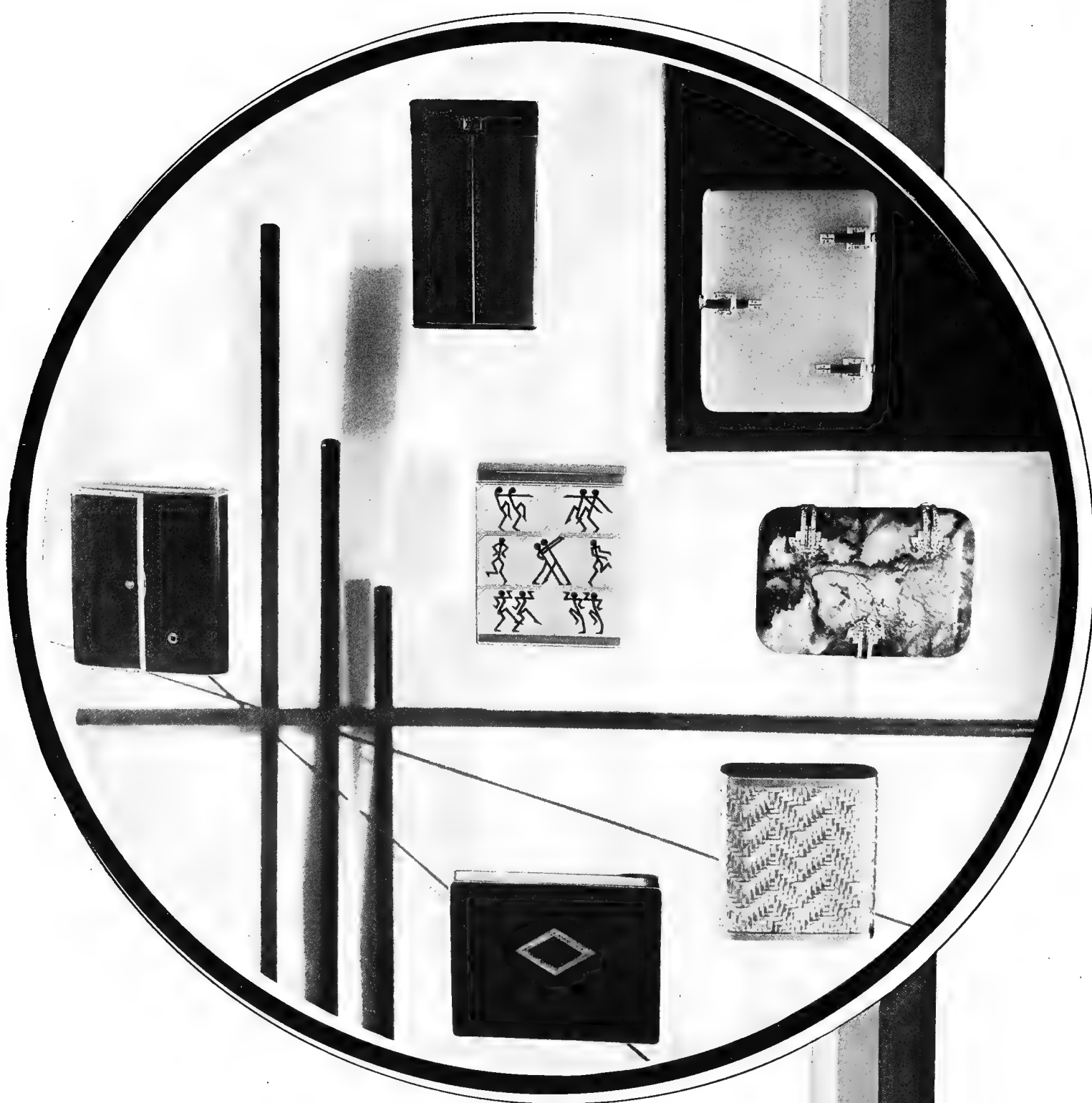
For the woman who loves emeralds against her white hand, this one from Udall and Ballou.

Ancient chrysolite, mined in Peru and set in gold, forms this fascinating ring. Mrs. Bruce.

FOR THE SOPHISTICATED SMOKER

Colorful, compact and chic is this purplish-blue enamel cigarette-case with black enamel top and sapphire clasp. It has the added attraction of containing a tiny mirror and comb. From Charlton. A most distinguished case, very light in weight, is made by Black, Starr and Frost, in amber, with hinges and clasp of blue enamel and rose diamonds. From T. Kirkpatrick comes this unusual black enamel case, stunning in its simplicity, envelope shaped with a border and clasp of marcasite. Fantastic little dancers in black enamel express youth, joy and jazz in a most

enchànting manner on a gold case from Brand Chatillon. Ravishing in its subile coloring and gorgeous in its use of materials is this grayish-blue moss agate case with clasp and hinges of rubies and rose diamonds, from Mauboussin. A smart little case is made by Marcus in red, yellow and green gold woven into a zigzag design. Paul Flato makes a charming and delightfully ingenious case in black enamel which is just as attractive when opened as closed, the diamond shaped ornament of jade-green enamel and marcasite being attached to the lower half of the case.



Arthur Murrrough O'Neill

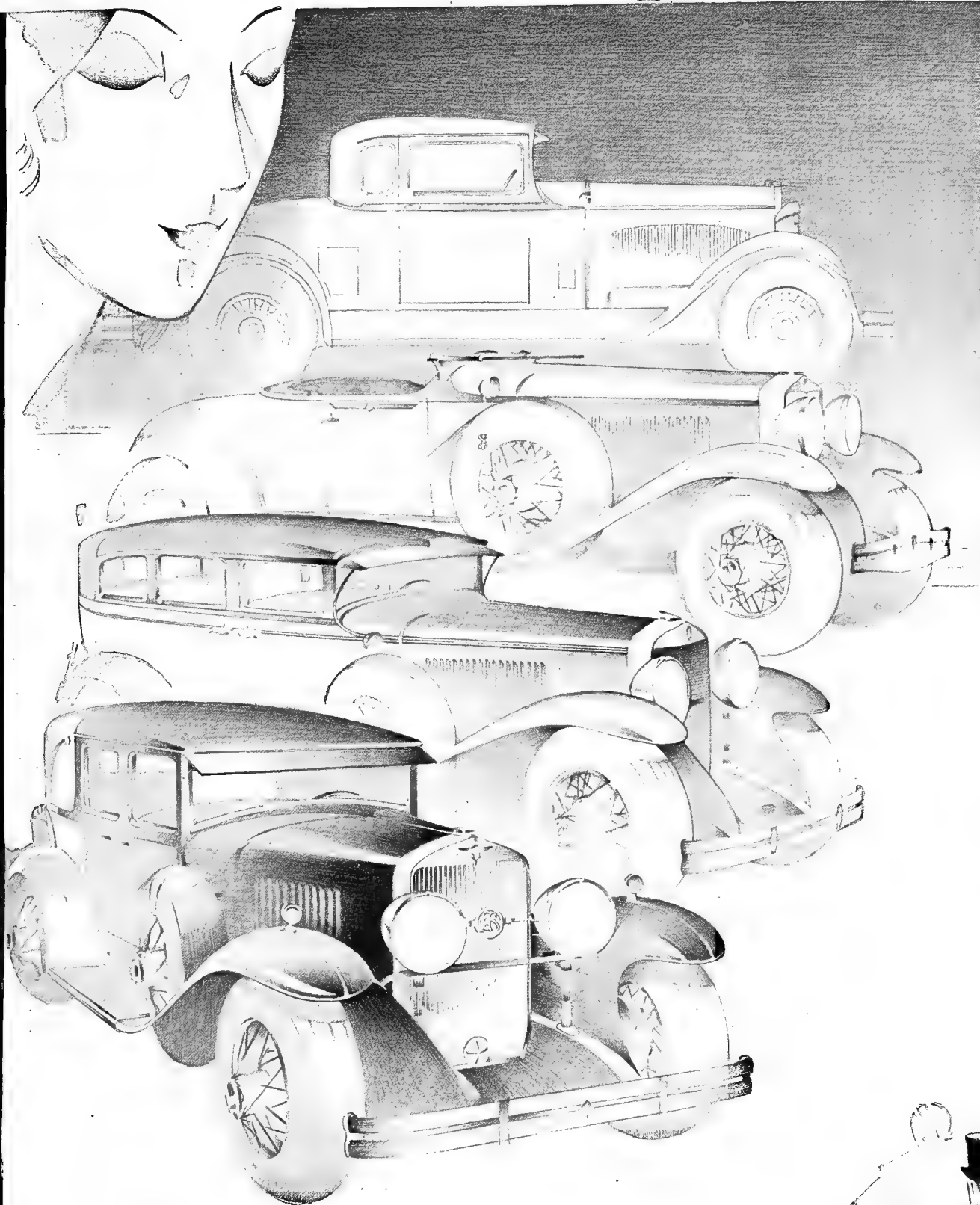


NEW AND DECORATIVE

Drix Duryea

and green enamel with a rectangular ornament of marcasite. From Lebolt. A feathery design of Chinese character is exquisitely wrought in blue and green enamel on a thin square gold powder case, from Mauboussin. A good-looking compact with lipstick attached is made by Udall and Ballou with a center décor of jade surrounded by marcasite. From Brand Chatillon comes a chic little black enamel compact with green enamel corners and an ornament of marcasite. C. W. Schumann makes a handsome and very complete vanity-case in mottled blue enamel.

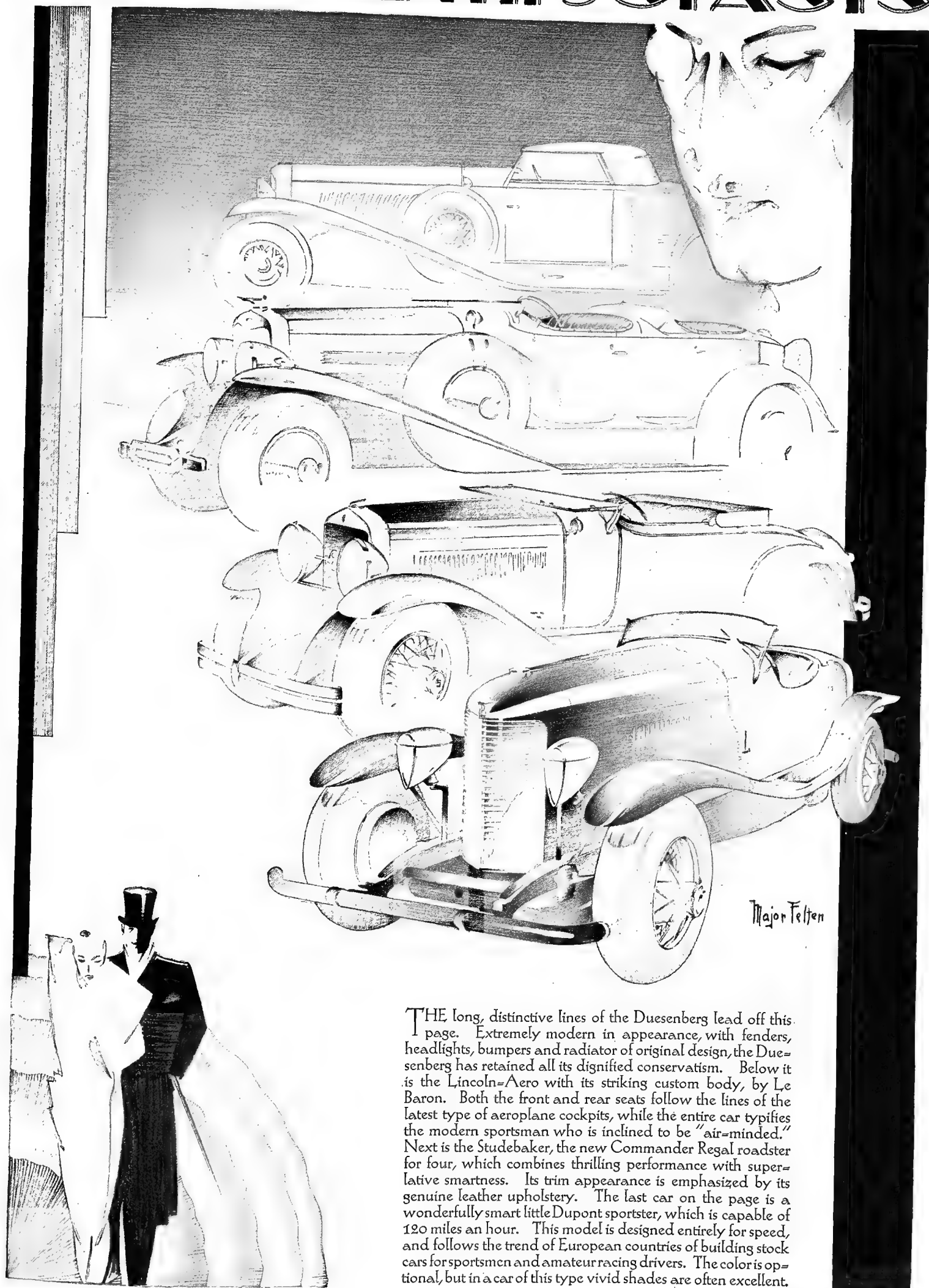
NEW SPRING CARS



THE New Six Dodge coupe has low, sweeping, graceful lines, as one may see by looking at the top car on this page. These lines are further accentuated by the original body striping, the slender radiator profile and the Mono-piece body construction. The present-day love of out-of-doors activities is typified by the two-passenger Hupmobile sportster shown just below the Dodge. The top is removable and the wind-shield folds forward, giving the entire ensemble an impression of swift action. The Graham-Paige five-passenger two-door sedan, next in line, is an excellent car for all-around use. Its four speed transmission is an interesting point, giving an increased pulling power and acceleration ordinarily obtained in second gear but with the silence and smoothness of high gear. Below it is the collapsible cabriolet built by Fisher, which is one of the best additions to the La Salle line. It is built on ultra smart Continental lines and should prove a widely practical car.



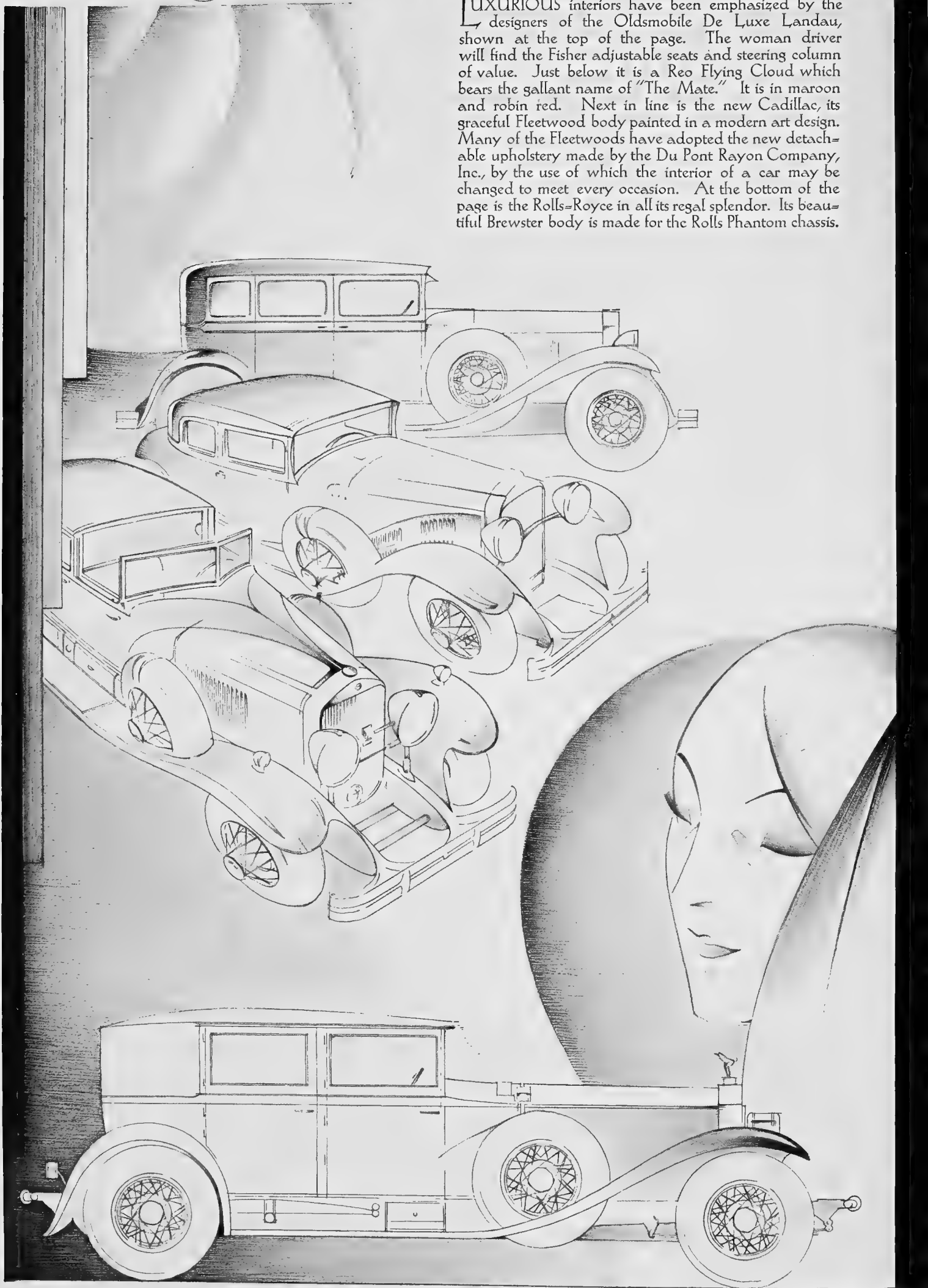
TEMPT ENTHUSIASTS



THE long, distinctive lines of the Duesenberg lead off this page. Extremely modern in appearance, with fenders, headlights, bumpers and radiator of original design, the Duesenberg has retained all its dignified conservatism. Below it is the Lincoln-Aero with its striking custom body, by Le Baron. Both the front and rear seats follow the lines of the latest type of aeroplane cockpits, while the entire car typifies the modern sportsman who is inclined to be "air-minded." Next is the Studebaker, the new Commander Regal roadster for four, which combines thrilling performance with superlative smartness. Its trim appearance is emphasized by its genuine leather upholstery. The last car on the page is a wonderfully smart little Dupont sportster, which is capable of 120 miles an hour. This model is designed entirely for speed, and follows the trend of European countries of building stock cars for sportsmen and amateur racing drivers. The color is optional, but in a car of this type vivid shades are often excellent.

PERFECTION of STREAMLINE

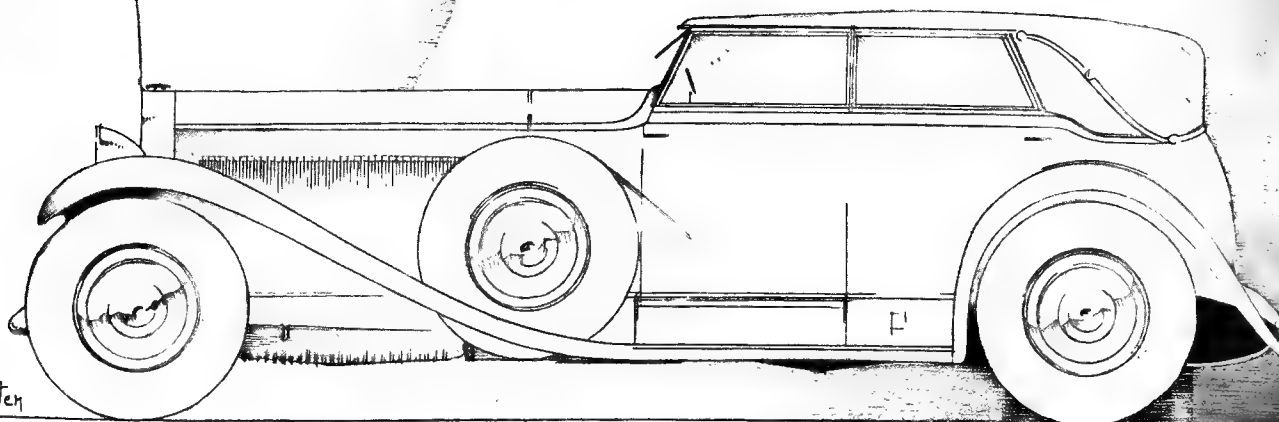
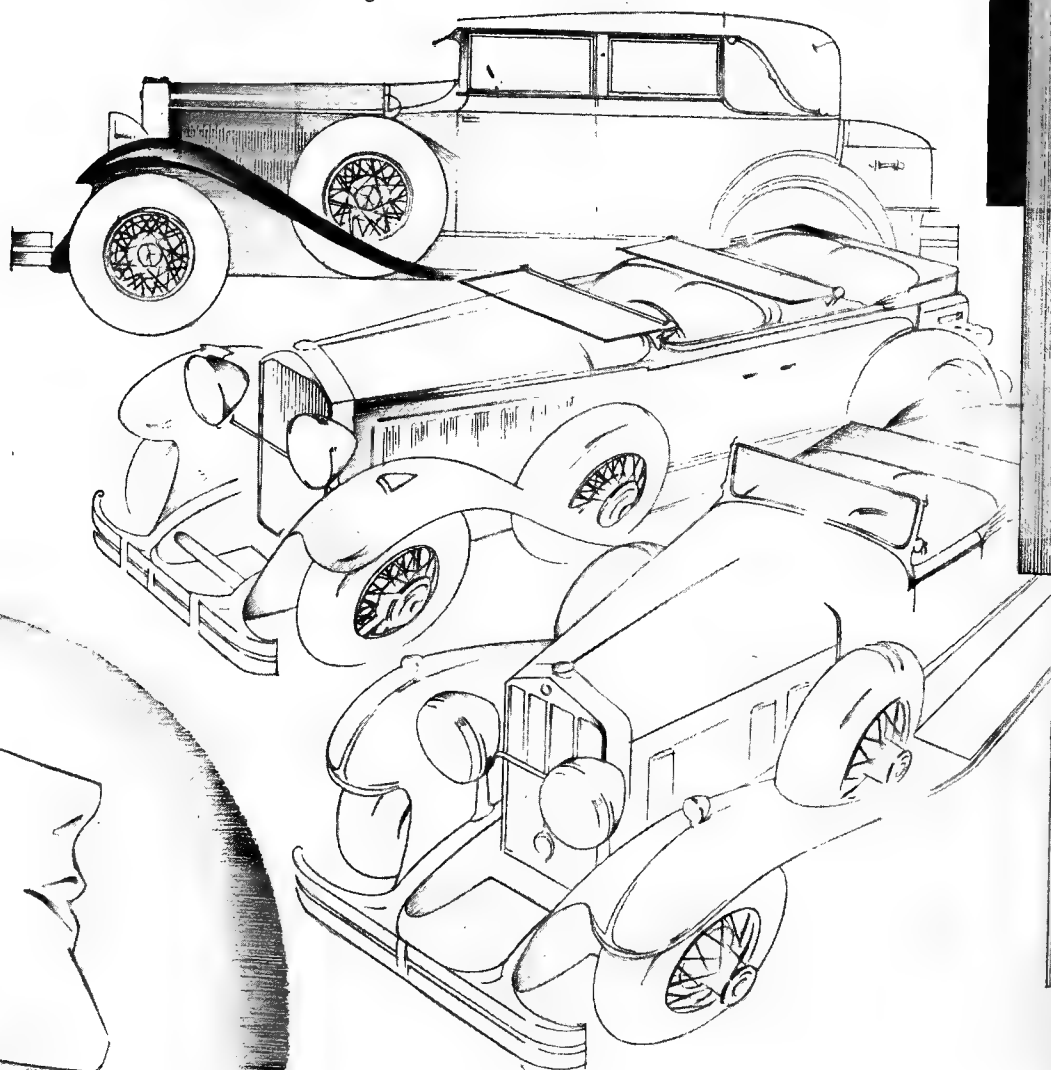
LUXURIOUS interiors have been emphasized by the designers of the Oldsmobile De Luxe Landau, shown at the top of the page. The woman driver will find the Fisher adjustable seats and steering column of value. Just below it is a Reo Flying Cloud which bears the gallant name of "The Mate." It is in maroon and robin red. Next in line is the new Cadillac, its graceful Fleetwood body painted in a modern art design. Many of the Fleetwoods have adopted the new detachable upholstery made by the Du Pont Rayon Company, Inc., by the use of which the interior of a car may be changed to meet every occasion. At the bottom of the page is the Rolls-Royce in all its regal splendor. Its beautiful Brewster body is made for the Rolls Phantom chassis.



NE

LUXURIOUS DISTINCTION

THIS year's Hudson Victoria, the first car on the page, is designed not only to give greater power and speed, but to please its feminine owners by the outstanding smartness of all its fittings and details. The Pierce-Arrow four passenger sports phaeton, below the Hudson, is a splendid car for summer or for warm climates. It is marvelously comfortable and really delightful for either short or long trips. The sports runabout for two or four passengers is one of the Franklin's most attractive models. There is a wide rumble seat with a golf-bag compartment, and the entire car is upholstered throughout with black hand-crushed leather. Sleek and debonair is the Isotta Fraschini at the foot of the page. It is an all-weather stationary cabriolet, designed by Castagna, and essentially adapted to country use and touring.



Major Fellen

A Novel by Arthur Tuckerman:



"Where were the Señor's friends at the moment of the earthquake?" the soldier asked."

HIGH WALLS

*Continuing the Brave Struggle of a Girl who
Reached out and Took her Happiness.*

Illustrations by W. Smithson Broadhead

MA *Résumé* of the Preceding Parts: MRS. CASS-EVANS and her daughter, Greta, wandered from one European cure to another, living in depressingly respectable hotels out of season and rarely ever returning to America. Greta was a combination nurse and companion, and never had the opportunity to go about with people her own age.

Then Mrs. Cass-Evans decided to sail for America, and after several months in New York she arranged a tour of the West Indies. In the hope of furthering the suit of Charles Winbridge, a smug young man of the world whom

she favored for Greta's hand, she invited Charles and May Tenby, Greta's cousin, to accompany them. Greta, in desperation, prevailed upon Alexander Todd, a bachelor friend of fifty-four, to come along.

At Panama City, Greta, May, Alexander and Charles went ashore for dinner in a notorious place called "Spotted Mike's." At the next table were two half-drunken natives who fixed their eyes on Greta's blonde beauty and finally one of them asked her to dance. Immediately a tall, dark man, who had been watching from a nearby table, came over and urged them to leave before there was trouble.

The next afternoon, as they were lazily stretched out in deck chairs, their acquaintance of the night before suddenly appeared and bowed before them. The tropic sun shone down upon his massive shoulders, bronzed handsome features and unexpectedly soft, compassionate gray eyes. He presented himself to Mrs. Cass-Evans as Ramon O'Reilly, American Vice-Consul of Natividad, the next port of call. For fifteen years he had lived there, trying to better the unhappy condition of the natives and keep them from actual starvation.

Greta was strangely stirred by the stranger, and from then on manifested a new indepen-

dence. She was rarely with her party, but spent long hours up on the after-deck amid the life-boats in earnest conversation with Ramon O'Reilly.

It was Charles who proposed the excursion which ended in disaster. Over the luncheon table at Natividad's only hotel he explained that the Monastery of Santa Cruz was worth investigating. All that morning Greta had remained silent. Her farewell to Ramon had been hurried and inadequate, yet, fatalistically, they both believed they would meet again. Now at last in the patio of the hotel after luncheon she showed signs of gaiety and urged her mother to explore the country. In a few moments they were off, rumbling along the blinding white road in a paintless vehicle manned by a sullen half-caste.

On the way back to Natividad the accident happened which hopelessly crippled the car and left them stranded with only thirty-five minutes to sailing time. Mrs. Cass-Evans was furious. The others discussed agitatedly what to do, with the exception of Greta who, when she learned there was not another boat for two weeks, fixed her eyes on the distant church towers of Natividad, the home of Ramon O'Reilly.

They came creaking into town at sundown in an old wagon drawn by mules, and Greta found awaiting her at the hotel a card from O'Reilly saying he was sorry to hear of their misfortune and would be happy to help them in any way.

Later they sat about in the soft blue twilight of the patio. A great stillness had crept over Natividad at the day's end—New York, their friends, their former modes of existence, were all at once unutterably far away; no more than memories of some earlier incarnation . . .

PART FOUR:

THEY had been at Natividad six days when Ramon O'Reilly's invitation to dinner arrived. Hot, monotonous days, one exactly like another. They had passed most of the time indoors, or in the patio. And how weary they had become of the blue walls, the tiles, the trickling fountain; the palms, and everything that these symbolized. Even the bells in the Cathedral of Our Lady of the Indies had lost their glamorous music; had become monotonous like all other chimes often heard. No longer were the rice-powdered señoritas who passed by in the streets a symbol of exotic, Southern romance, but merely the solid, middle-class daughters of an alien race. Even the azure of the bedroom walls had become sickening . . .

On the morning of the fifth day Charles Winbridge failed to appear, and May—who had visited his room—announced that he was the victim of violent tropical pains and other unromantic symptoms. Through Pasqual, the proprietor, a doctor was sent for, and to Alexander's surprise, a wiry Scot appeared, McClintock by name, with a peaked and freckled face, a sandy mustache, and dim blue eyes behind thick-lensed spectacles. He was quiet and efficient. He lacked the bedside attitude. "Courage, man, courage," he said to Charles while taking his pulse. "Oh, ay, it's the usual fever of these parts . . ." Charles, ghastly and perspiring, only groaned. Later, down in the patio, McClintock said: "He babbled of a woman. He's in love?" That, Alexander told him, was true. He nodded thrice, sagely. "Oh, ay. But she isn't here?"

"She is," Alexander said. The doctor looked at him sharply. "The big, fair gir-r-l I've seen? But surely—" He stopped himself, as if recalling the conventions; and yet the implication was as clear to Alexander as if he'd spoken.

But surely, she's not in love with him . . . With a little shrug of his shoulders he snapped the covers of his black bag together and departed.

On the following morning Charles' fever had diminished. At nine o'clock, while the others were at breakfast in the dining-room, Pasqual appeared with a letter for Greta, causing a minor sensation; and as she opened the envelope Alexander saw Mrs. Cass-Evans watching her like a cat about to spring . . . Greta read the note swiftly, and passed it on to her mother. And turning to May she said:

"Ramon O'Reilly has asked us all to dine at the American Consulate to-morrow night."

The effect of that announcement upon them was like an explosion. They had passed five forlorn days, cooped up in that hotel. They had wandered for five torrid afternoons through those deserted, sleeping streets; they had not, beyond their own immediate party, spoken to a living soul except the proprietor of the hotel and the servants. They were all tremendously

and childishly excited. A dinner in the American Consulate! An event of the greatest importance. The social instinct had been kindled by monotony. But Mrs. Cass-Evans shook her head as she handed back the letter to Greta.

"I couldn't think of going," she said. "In the first place I have nothing to wear."

"But he says to come as we are," Greta pointed out. "Which was very thoughtful of him, wasn't it?"

She turned to May, as if to obtain support.

"I think it would do us all good," Alexander suggested calmly. "We need a change."

"Second the motion!" May cried.

Mrs. Cass-Evans said to Alexander, in her most regal manner: "You are, of course, at perfect liberty to accept. I speak only for myself and Greta—"

"Not for me, Mother. I'm going."

It was a thunderbolt. There was a queer little moment of dead silence. Alexander looked at Greta. She must have been aware that she had done something (Continued on page 162)

"In front of the debris of the hotel, it occurred to Greta with a dreadful suddenness, that there was no use trying to reach the patio. She was alone. In a single, catastrophic moment the little world in which she lived had been forever swept away from her."



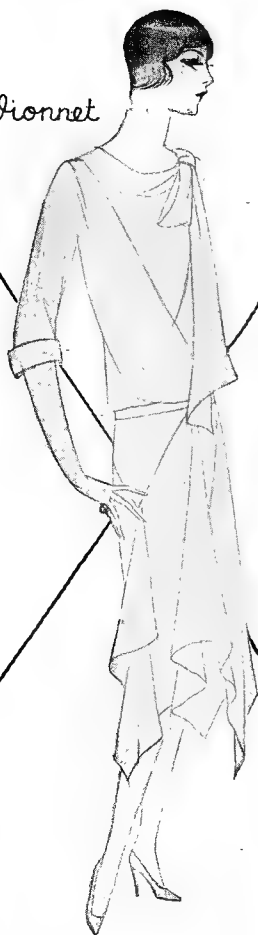
Last-Minute Sketches from Paris



Lanvin

Heavy white
georgette,
beige fox,
worn by Jane
Renouardt

Vionnet



Cécile Sorel
wears this
frook of putty
crêpe satin



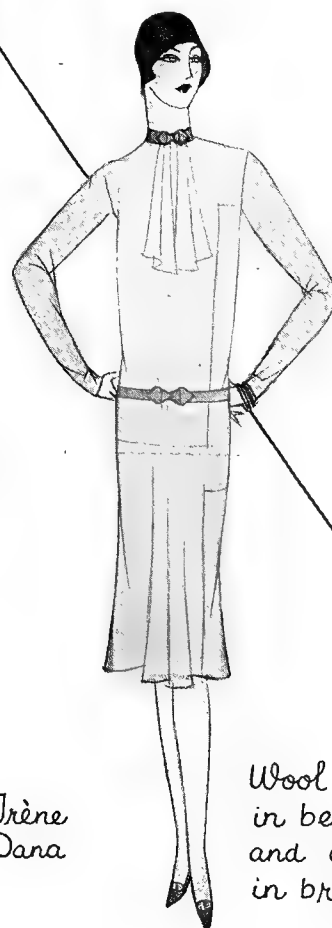
Bruyère

Sweater of wool
jersey striped in
black on red with
yellow dots. Plain
red jersey skirt



Chéruit

Madame Wormser
made this black ciré
lace frook for Comtesse
de Coudekerque

Irène
Dana

Wool ottoman frook
in beige with belt
and collar buckle
in brown leather

Lanvin



Jane Renouardt wears this white chiffon frock, with immense pale pink, green and white bow

Chéruit



Madame Wormser also made this gown in stiff red velvet for Madame de Coudekerque

Vionnet



Banana georgette with rose lamé cape made for Cécile Loret



Lanvin

Jane Renouardt also wears this gown of white, with three gold necklaces.



Irene Dana

Bruyère



Dark bright blue faille, embroidered bolero revers in spangles, strass and coral beads.

Nile green Lyons velvet with odd one-sided peplum

By Claude Anet:



WHY DO LOVERS QUARREL?

A Distinguished and Witty Frenchman Tells Us Why

Illustrated by H. Tempest Graves

EVERYBODY pretends to know what love is; everybody believes himself a competent judge on the question; everybody thinks that he is able to love, to make his or her partner happy and to be loved in return.

This is an astonishing presumption. But the facts, the cold facts give a rude denial to the immense majority of these people who have overconfidence in their powers.

And how could they know something about love? How do they prepare themselves to love?

As a matter of fact we learn everything, except that. Experienced trainers undertake to form the bodies of our young people. We are taught how to run, how to swim, how to breathe. We are taught to exercise our mind, to develop our memory, to correct our mistakes of judgment. We are taught finally how to act, how to behave in every circumstance of life. But of love, nothing is said; we are left to nature.

We say: love is an instinct. This is so, perhaps, in the lower grades of animal life; but with man, who has tremendously developed his intelligence and sensibility, love has become something marvelous, which is probably the source of all human progress, or all civilization. A beautiful voice is also a gift, but if you do not cultivate it by hard and patient labor, if you do not place yourself under the direction of an

experienced teacher, your beautiful voice remains something incomplete which gives neither you, nor others, any real pleasure.

What does nature do for us in this respect?

Very little, if we look at the unsatisfactory results among many people of good will who have expected to find a lasting happiness in love. The obstacles on the road are great. Man is awkward; woman is exacting. Both approach love not only ignorant, but with wrong ideas on the real and secret nature of love.

Love seems very easy: hands seeking hands, lips seeking lips; an exchange of glances, feelings and desires which cannot express themselves and which turn into sighs; everybody knows these symptoms. But few there are who know that love is, first and foremost, a fight.

A GREAT French poet, A. de Vigny, saw it and wrote these beautiful verses in *la Colere de Samson*:

"When man is tired of fighting against man and nature,—he wants a breast on which to rest;—but then begins another fight, secret, treacherous, dastardly;—on his heart, under his arm this one is fought, —and more or less woman is always Delilah."

It is not true that woman is Delilah; woman is not a traitress; but woman fights—always.

And her antagonist is her lover. Both wish to dominate; and the nearer the lovers approach the perfect type of man and woman, the more violent is the struggle.

The idealist is obliged to fight, also the materialist. An angel fights angelically, and I would like to describe some day in a novel a pure and tender heart torn and bruised in this terrible struggle. It would be a beautiful, but difficult, subject.

In most sports, the battle may be without result. Two horses can reach the post together; a prize-fight may be a draw. In love it is not so: there must be a vanquished and a victor. In the case of insects, the struggle has often a tragic ending; when the male has fulfilled his function, he is simply killed by the female. There is an insect, the praying mantis, which goes as far as eating her lover. In fact, it seems that, with insects, the stronger sex is the female.

In the human race, things are different, happily for us men. In the eternal fight, we have at least one advantage, a solid one—we have the stronger fists. It is true that, in the course of centuries, we have almost forgotten to use them in domestic affairs. It is not the least triumph of sly woman to have convinced us that it is shameful to beat her and that a gentleman in the most violent (Continued on page 146)

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



Enjoy its **tonic goodness!**

In achieving that note of variety you so prize in your menus, Celery Soup is a most happy selection. For in it your sense of taste is refreshed with a delicately delicious flavor, and you receive the tonic benefit of one of nature's most healthful vegetable foods.

Let Campbell's famous French chefs blend this wholesome soup for you. They use only the finest snow-white celery, and enrich the soup also with nourishing butter. Of course the seasoning is deft—revealing the born soup-maker. A soup for the proudest table! Order from your grocer. 12 cents a can.



WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

McCutcheon's



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DEPT. NO. 17, NEW YORK

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Imported Printed Chiffons in designs and colors favored by Paris. Two-tone or multi-color effects. 40 inches wide.

\$3.50 to \$9.50 a yard.

Darbrook Silk Broadcloths in a variety of stripes, checks and solid colors. Washable. 32 inches wide. \$1.95 a yard.

Printed Silks feature necktie designs, small florals and modernistic effects in bright colors or soft tones on light or dark shades. Domestic and imported. 36 and 40 inches wide.

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Liberty's Tyrian Silks have the exquisite colorings that only Liberty can produce. 32 inches wide.

Hand-blocked designs, \$4.50 a yard.

Solid colors, \$3.50 a yard.

Crepe de Chine, excellent washable quality, in white, black and forty smart shades. 39 inches wide. \$1.95 a yard.

Pongee, Rajah and Honan Pongee in natural, white and a wide variety of smart colors. 32 and 36 inches wide.

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Japanese Jacquard Silk has an interesting weave that gives a welcome note of individuality to sports' dresses. Washable. 36 inches wide. \$4.95 a yard.

Write to Dept. 17 for samples

BRIGHT INTERVALS

(Continued from page 85)

unseen lady, a deep, throaty murmur like a 'cello. As angry a voice as Lydia had ever heard, but rather attractive in its anger, or at least compelling. There was a suggestion of tom-toms when the voice rose and fell, a touch of the jungle which seemed to laugh at the toy summer-house and the pretty view.

"Keep your pearls and get out of here," said the female voice, singing the words as if they were the chorus of a spiritual.

A bright slither swung across the hedge and dropped into the glossy green flank of leaves. Two seconds later a young man, very hot, very angry, almost stung to tears and swallowing hard in a too-tightly pinned striped collar, tumbled down the steps and scrabbled a moment in the gravel.

Lydia shrank into her corner. He rose empty-handed, dusting gray flannel knees, and hurried up the garden paths toward the hotel.

Silence fell again over the pleasure of the former marine residence.

There was a ghost of a rustle and Lydia looked cautiously around her corner.

Standing in a dazzle of full sunlight was the whitest young woman she had ever seen. The girl blazed. Her skin, which had the thick, mat white of a gardenia, though heavily powdered, shone through the make-up like a pearl. It looked luminous. Under a close white felt helmet, her hair showed in two white-gold wedges. Her plain, white plaited frock fluttered, outlining a short figure too broad across the shoulders for beauty.

This white-hot creature seemed to have nothing better to do than glare toward the hotel and eat up the inside of her mouth with strong little jaws which twisted the drooping scarlet heart painted on the outside till it looked like a tortured valentine.

She fell on her knees and took to searching the ground beneath the hedge.

"Over to the left. They caught in one of the branches," said Lydia, nor could she have not spoken.

A pair of purple eyes, as preposterous as a cinema poster, turned on her. The broad, white jaws relaxed their clamp on the inside of the painted mouth and she smiled. Lydia smiled back. They were united, this extraordinary creature and herself, by a common scorn of the overheated young man in the too-tightly pinned collar. They looked each other over tranquilly, as if this encounter was normal. The young woman seemed to have forgotten her search.

"Did you hear all that?"

Lydia nodded.

"The pearls should be somewhere near that dead branch—yes, there," she suggested.

Both of them went over and examined the clipped wall of thick green leaves. Suddenly Lydia plunged her arm into it.

"There you are," she said, and there, indeed, they were, smooth, pinky-white, shining as nothing but real pearls can shine, glimmering in a soft heap in Lydia's slim palm.

The young woman thrust out a stubby-fingered hand, stained with nicotine. Lydia noticed its disparity with the small, high-instepped feet in short-vamped, pouting white slippers.

"Come on, let's get a cocktail," said the present owner of the pearls after fastening them about her round throat, "let's celebrate."

And walking up the garden with this curious melodramatic visitor from another world, Lydia felt the ache for escape relax in her breast and somehow knew that this chance encounter would help her fight her way into that intolerably messy turmoil which she thought of vaguely as Life.

CAMELLIA TARLETON and two Martinis amused Grandpapa. Lydia had half known that they would. He awaited them on the veranda, looking as conceited as the ex-Kaiser and as clever as only a great, a very great jeweler who has known courts and rulers can look. He had fingered the snowy white beard which was one of his first interests in life, crinkled up his clever blue eyes, and had

relaxed into a garden chair, pushing his black caped coat off his Second Empire shoulders, before Lydia had half finished her rather breathless introductions. Andrew Stephanyi, however, waved them aside. He was going to be charming.

"Your portraits cannot explain you, Miss Tarleton. Excepting Antoinette Van Hinden, I have never seen such a skin, unless perhaps on the Romanoff pearls which the Cartier brothers bought while I was making up my slow American mind." Lydia snorted almost audibly. "Slow American mind," indeed; the old melting pot of three civilizations, needle-sharp with the observations of three-quarters of a century! "You will forgive a stupid old man these personal remarks." Yeah, stupid like a fox. Well, if it amused him, the sudden descent of Camellia was a blessing.

Camellia Tarleton was staring at Lydia's grandfather with undisguised pleasure.

"Did you see me in 'The Stormy Heart,' Mr. Stef'ny?" she asked. Her voice was the sound of a bumblebee, sticky with honey, buzzing around a tuberoses.

"My child, I have never had the pleasure of seeing you in anything but this garden."

"I was rather good, as a matter of fact, in 'The Stormy Heart.' Even Hannen Swaffer said so."

Camellia's large amethyst eyes grew soft at the thought of her own acting.

"You come up to town and I'll give you the royal box for my next show. We're opening at the Comedy next week."

MR. STEPHANYI nodded gently and rang for a second round of cocktails. Yes, he must be amused, because cocktails were usually designated by him as "filthy concoctions."

"I'm seldom in London now," he answered, "though at one time, when I was a young man and the firm's most youthful member, I lived there and went to the play a good deal. Irving and Terry, and then my own contemporaries, George Alexander, Wyndham, and our delightfully bombastic Tree. Yes."

Camellia plunged a hypodermic needle of violent modernity into his gentle recollections.

"When I was starting over here, playing the *ingénue* lead in 'Back-stage,' Sir George used to talk to me about people like that. Did you see any pictures of me in 'Back-stage'?"

Mr. Stephanyi had not. Camellia took a few bites out of the inside of the tortured valentine and gazed in frank astonishment at the person who had never seen even a photograph of her in "Back-stage."

"I did," Lydia interjected, "in fact it was the last time I was in town. My aunt took me to a matinée. You had a black wig, so I guess that's why I didn't know you at once this morning. It was a swell show."

"Not 'swell,' Lydy, please," murmured her grandfather, but was disregarded. To Camellia, Lydia suddenly existed. She smiled at her.

"Well, I was only a kid, it wasn't bad." Then, struck by a shocking thought, she cried:

"That was almost two years ago." The two girls were agreed in thinking this period little short of an eon. "Do you mean to say you haven't been to London since then?"

Lydia shook her head. "Two years!" said Camellia, in a throaty whisper, and added with a sudden reversion to the *ingénue* in a Maugham comedy, "Fancy! Not really?"

"I played in Cambridge a couple of weeks when the boys put on 'Winter's Tale'—Perdita. Then my aunt Alexandra took me to Salzburg, but Reinhardt didn't find me a tasty piece at all. She also had me teaching for a few months at her school in Fontainebleau, but, Lord, the kids there knew more about dancing than I did."

Camellia hardly heard her.

(Continued on page 133)



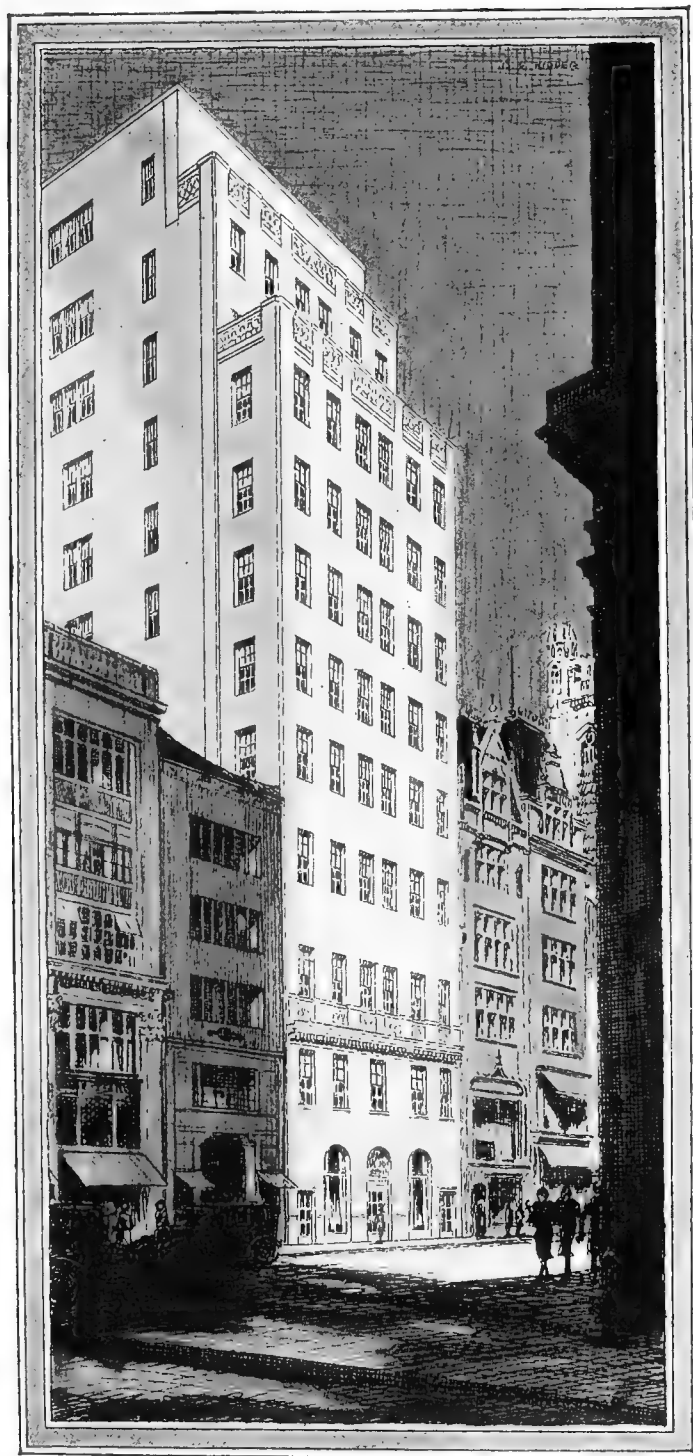
LATEST CREATION OF *Caron* PARIS

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St. Thomas's . . . rises the new home of
GUNTHER FURS

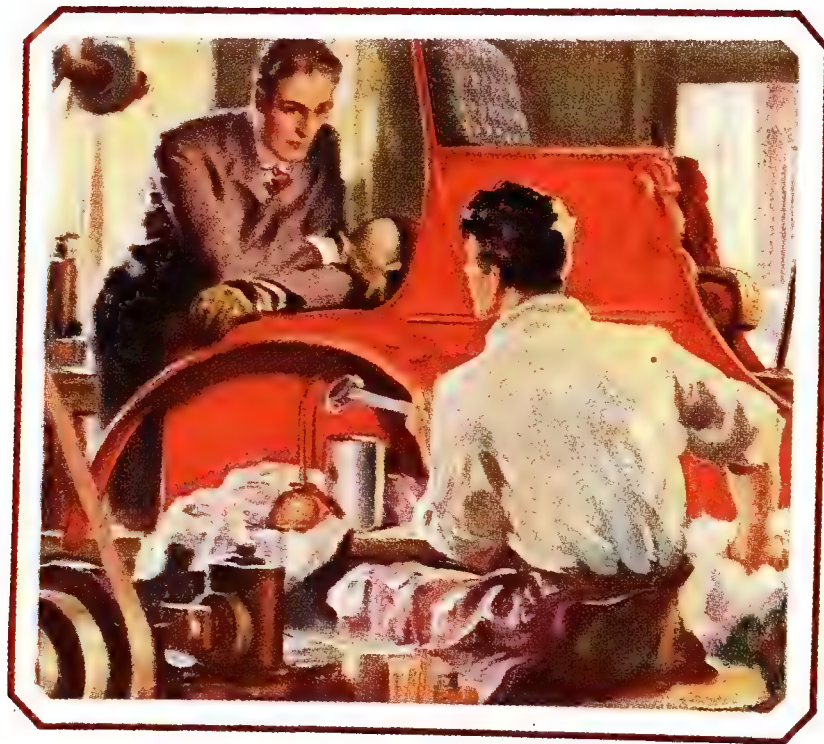


HERE, in the center of smart New York . . . neighbor to the city's most exclusive residential section . . . convenient for metropolitan and suburban patrons . . . is situated the new home of Gunther Furs. In this stately

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A S K T H E M A N W H O O W N S O N E



A Letter to McClelland Barclay

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FULL FASHIONED HOSIERY
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200 FIFTH AVENUE

Dec. 18, 1928

Mr. McClelland Barclay,
New York City

Dear Mr. Barclay:

Under separate cover we are sending you several pairs of Humming Bird Full Fashioned Hose in colors recommended by our Paris Fashion Representative for early Spring wear. Your brush can portray these shades far more faithfully than we can describe them, and we do want the women of America to have a true picture of what Humming Birds offer them in the new imported colors.

Suit yourself in deciding which of our styles and fabrics to illustrate. We are sure you cannot overdraw the sheerness of our materials or overemphasize their natural lustre. But, Mr. Barclay, please have your very tallest model pose for you -- possibly in semi-negligee -- to show the world what "extra length" really means in silk hosiery.

Cordially yours,
DAVENPORT HOSIERY MILLS, INC.
John Davenport
Secretary and Treasurer

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"Service"
Silk to narrow hem

Humming Bird

FULL FASHIONED HOSIERY

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M1005

BRIGHT INTERVALS

(Continued from page 130)

"You come up to Town for my opening. I'll introduce you to everyone."

Vaguely she realized that the import behind Lydia's words was the usual desire to tread the boards. These young persons who tried to succeed by the curious method of "studying" things were beyond her comprehension.

Lydia must have felt it, for she agreed hurriedly.

"It's no use studying, you must have something else."

Camellia felt that the best aids were a skin like a gardenia petal and a personality which could be turned on the audience like a white-hot acetylene torch, searing all but the most dryly cerebral.

"What about it, darling?" said Lydia, anxiously trying to penetrate behind grandfather's "charmingness" to his real opinion.

He beamed on both young women.

"I see no reason why you should not go up to London for a week. Your Aunt Elizabeth is there now, or if Elizabeth is not, Alexandra must be. Or possibly your mother."

Merciful Providence, what a chance! Anyone with the slightest brains should be able to land a job in a week. Lydia, calmly ignoring the fact that exactly the same hopes had thrilled her before the Cambridge fortnight, forgetting her pre-Salzburg dream of becoming Reinhardt's leading woman, began to weave visions of herself hand in hand with the most attractive of elderly male stars bowing to thunderous applause.

"How old are you?" Camellia asked.

"Practically twenty-one," she answered and read in Camellia's eyes a scorn, only slightly tintured with admiration, for a member of the spectacularly famous Stephanyi family, a scorn which marked her as a hopeless stick, a young woman painfully lacking in all the Tarleton's most potent fascinations. Quite suddenly she was glad of her long legs. Camellia had moments of resembling a very pretty white bull-dog. Long legs were something to have inherited from the family. But Camellia quickly shifted from scorn to indulgent kindness.

"Come on up, honey. The first night's Monday week. You might like the dress rehearsals, too."

THEN she leaned over and shot something as palpable as a violet high-frequency current straight into Andrew Stephanyi's eyes. Lydia could see it sting him to life. She wondered why she could see this or feel the vicar's almost murderous hate of his silly wife. "Like a pig can see the wind," she thought sadly. "It doesn't do the pig any good to see it." Scottish ancestors, black Scottish like her tall father, had handed down to her this worthless gift of second sight. How much more useful would have been the Stephanyi brilliance, or a crackling fluid power like this over-sweet gardenia woman could exert at will.

"Look, Mr. Stef'ny, what are these pearls worth?" Camellia was saying. The tom-toms began to beat again in the husky voice. "I know it's common of me to ask you just because you're the world's greatest authority, but I've got to know."

Mr. Stephanyi, still slightly dizzy with the effects of the violet ray treatment he had so recently undergone, fumbled for his single glass. He held the small string in his long-fingered hand, while returning shrewdness again lit his clever countenance.

"You flatter me, my dear child. Let me see, an off-hand judgment given by a worn-out and discarded old creature who is no longer active in the world of precious stones"—Grandfather was warming up to the subject; he finished with a little rush of clipped decisive words—"they must have cost two thousand pounds and are worth perhaps seventeen hundred at a re-sale."

"Thank you, Mr. Stef'ny," said Camellia. Some sort of real emotion troubled her eyes.

"If by any chance you should wish to sell them, I'll give you a note to our London representative who will, I think,

agree with me that the sum I mentioned is entirely fair."

He took out a card and a pen. Camellia watched him anxiously. "She's only really interested in sensible, concrete things. Nice, simple, easily understood facts. Barter and sale. How I wish I could feel that way!" Lydia thought.

"Well, you'll have to come up for the show, honey." The young actress was smiling, her scarlet, heart-shaped mouth softly triumphant. "Thank you, Mr. Stef'ny, you are a sweet. I'll never forget it, never, my dear." Another short shot of high-frequency was turned on from the power station in her amethyst eyes. Grandfather stood it rather better this time. He rose as she got up to go, and bowed with great distinction. Entirely the county *ingenue* again, she murmured in a heavy English stage accent:

"And you promise this lamb shall come to my first night?"

Another bow from Grandpapa.

Lydia accompanied Camellia to the door of the hotel.

"How do I get off this confounded island?" she asked hoarsely.

The voice, and the strange, blazing white creature, made all the ripe red colonels leap in their places. The acrid group of decaying beldames were galvanized with horror. Lydia rejoiced inwardly and watched her leave in the hired hotel motor, with almost a feeling of fondness and certainly with regret for the departure.

Last seen, the Tarleton was seated next the chauffeur, shouting directions to him, and between injunctions busily eating up the inside of her painted mouth.

THE page, fat cherub in stained vermillion, gave her the telegram which stated that Elizabeth Arbuthnot, grandest and most worldly of the Stephanyi sisters, had a houseparty for Goodwood, and would, therefore, be unable to receive Lydia in London. This Lydia saw fit to tear up before it reached Grandfather's eyes. There was also a letter for her, which told in her mother's vague handwriting of a trip to the Republic of Andorra with a twin brother and sister of nineteen, two exquisite children whose souls, hungry for magic casements, were to be fed by Athene, that a lyric fountain of verse might spring up to refresh the parched horror of the modern world. Just how a motor trip to Andorra would effect this, her mother did not say. They were crystal flowers, these twins, they were frail vials of quicksilver, their very freckles were flecks of faery gold on the chill purity of their childish faces. Athene had met them two weeks before at a garden party and discovered in ten minutes that here was the stuff of true genius. She sent her love to Lydia and did hope that one day she might meet the silver charm that was Simon and Silvia Lawrence.

Lydia, faintly irritated by this epistle, wondered if Sylvia and Simon would be left sitting by the roadside in the Pyrenees while her mother stalked the hills with an Andorran peasant child, who was undoubtedly an infant Keats. But this, she realized on mature consideration, was unlikely, as most of the peasants must surely be swarthy and, as far as Lydia could remember, her mother had never discovered genius in a dark-skinned or dark-haired human being, since the lamentable episode of her marriage to Donald Graeme.

Mamma had married Papa, she thought, believing him wrapped in romantic mists of Celtic twilight, and discovered them to be only clouds of strong tobacco issuing from a foully smelling pipe. She wanted a rarefied atmosphere, a sort of Parthenon on which they two could live high above the bruit of life. Certainly he looked like Edinburgh castle, all jutting angles and fierce integrity, but as he preferred discussing the diseases of his West Highland terrier to reading aloud from the Greek Anthology, the alliance was obviously impossible.

Donald had bitter humor and a teasing nature. Athene adored wit but found all

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BRIGHT INTERVALS

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humor coarse, and Donald's very low indeed. She fled South and he North, both forgetting Lydia, gladly abandoned by her father who had Chinese views on the subject of female children, and by her mother who had begun violently, if platonically, to prefer blondes. Lydia, undoubtedly a female and undoubtedly dark-haired, found herself left on the warm and stormy breast of Alix Stephanyi at the tender age of five, which would have been delightful if Alix had not kept up her habit of frequenting Carthaginian and other tropic ruins not exactly healthy for small children. Undoubtedly Alexandra loved Lydia, witness her yearly attempts to let her "express" herself, but, although Starmadt-Hoburg had gone the way of the young explorer, Alexandra still took yearly darts and rushes into romance. She tried out new young men, she made tentative forays to their families, hoping each time to discover some who would be bearable as "in-laws" and she returned disappointed, but not disillusioned, gusty, tempestuous, warm-hearted and ready for a new venture.

The burden of Lydia fell on Grandpapa. He was rather nice about it. He made her feel wanted, even if she sometimes chafed under his restrictions. Between Alexandra and Grandfather, her extraordinary and painfully large capacity for affection was divided. Aunt Alix forced her to study Dalcroze Eurythmics and the flute, while Grandfather considered summers at Bar Harbor better preparation for life. She was curiously uneducated in some ways and yet could grade emeralds, choose decent wine, speak five languages and mimic her elders and betters with deadly accuracy.

All of which in some curious way made her quite sure that she could act. Providence had given her only just enough common sense to see how difficult this opinion might be to communicate to the average manager. One week in London was a long time and even if Aunt Elizabeth and Mamma were away, a heaven-inspired telegram from Alix informed Grandfather that, as always, she longed for her soul's child, Lydia, and was to be found for at least the next two weeks at 22 Royal Avenue, Chelsea.

THE door which Lydia peered through was small, painted a dingy brown, and adorned with the grimy white letters, "No admittance." Without this warning she would never have believed it possible that anything as thrilling as a stage-door could have been so very uninspiring. Was it for this that she had hardly flung down her bags in Royal Avenue, and, barely skimming Alexandra's usual note explaining her usual absence, had rushed for a taxi and Panton Street? Enough that the horrid thing was a real door leading presumably to a real stage.

A slightly intimidated Alice prepared to dive down this singularly unprepossessing rabbit hole. She pushed on its edge with slim pointed fingers, eager against the smutched woodwork, pushing the stained door-jamb with coral fingers which seemed to ask to be pinched.

The smell which came out and met her face to face was old and cold and redolent of damp plaster, grease paint and stale beer. It hit Lydia full on the mouth and she gulped it down gladly. Oh, lovely smell! Nice professional smell, so unlike the amateur perfume of newly-cut lawns and warm strawberries which had pervaded Cambridge one week in May.

She was heading for the smeary stone stairs which confronted her when:

"Ere!" said a port-wine sort of voice, "where do you think you're goin' to, and 'oo do you think you may be, plugin' in my door like a walrus?"

Lydia made a quick decision. Remembering the warning on the door, she continued down those gray stone steps and never even replied till at their foot she shouted:

"I'm Miss Tarleton's long lost half-sister from Australia."

The port-wine voice contented itself with indeterminate rumblings. Once

made, her decision to explore these nether regions frightened her. She was about to ask a bored young man in a knitted jumper for help, when from a half-closed door along a far labyrinth came the sounds of a gramophone, a violent "pop" suggesting champagne, and a husky voice cursing fluently in tones as heavily sweet as Chanel's "Gardenia."

The numeral "one" was painted on this door. Otherwise it was as dirty as all the others with less eclectic markings.

She knocked, a timid, tentative sort of knock.

"Go see who it is, for heaven's sake, Mrs. Keys," said Camellia.

Lydia was suddenly standing, paralyzed with fear, in the center of a warm pink and gold candy-box, a glowing heart to the murky obscurities outside. Sheafs of pink underclothes and pale evening frocks fell softly against every available surface. The glaring bulbs about the dressing-table mirror dazzled her eyes. She saw Camellia's smooth back, a rabbit's foot bright with cyclamen-pink rouge, the remains of a high-tea on a trayful of cheap crockery, two young men in preposterous gray flannel trousers. Presently she was able to sort out this jumble of impressions, and found herself shaking hands with Mrs. Keys, the dresser (who had been pretty and now looked like a disheveled thrush), admiring the naked whiteness of Camellia, playing with a blanched biscuit-colored Pekingese, and finally sitting down rather gingerly between the two limp young men. One of them smiled intimately, confidentially and very femininely at her.

"ISN'T Camellia too marvelous?" he beamed in a beautifully modulated voice, full of soprano notes and sudden surprising bass murmurs. It appeared he was Swedish and a Count. He became fixed as the Swedish Nightingale in Lydia's mind. The other young man sulked. He wrote plays when he wasn't sulking, Camellia explained. She punctuated her remarks by throwing a swan's-down powder-puff over her left shoulder, which, well aimed, struck him between the eyes and filled his mouth with powder and feathers. He brushed these away and continued his Byronic gloom.

She was neither very glad nor sorry to see Lydia. Remembering her promise of the previous week, she was decent according to her lights.

"Hello, honey," she croaked in southern accents, as warm as the sun-sweet Cape Jessamine around the Louisiana house where she was born. Reaching out a blind and groping hand for a cigarette, quickly supplied by Mrs. Keys, she spoke over her bare shoulder to the two youths on the sofa, her voice switching suddenly from the Delta to the Thames.

"Be decent, you two. This is Lydia Stephanyi, who is not only the daughter of the greatest jeweler in the world—Dissenting murmurs from Lydia. Her name was Graeme, Camellia had skipped a generation, the firm was neither so smart as Cartier nor so famous as Tiffany. But Camellia ignored her and painted vividly the grandeurs of her.

"I'll be glad when we open. Been rehearsing nine hours already to-day. Filthy life. Dog's life, and I'm hanged if I'm going to keep on with it. I'm going to take Mrs. Keys' advice and marry the richest man going. It's about time to start. Except for a string of pearls or two and that little car Geoff gave me, I've paid every penny myself—and earned it. Haven't I, my sweet?" This last was addressed to the blanched Pekingese who was seated near her like a carved soap-stone lion, watching his mistress with sad, bulbous eyes. She caught him up and kissed him on his bulging forehead while he snuffled and grunted dejectedly.

"Wouldn't you like a glass of champagne, dear?" said the dresser. It was tepid and fairly sweet. Between cold sweats of fear at the thought of what her grandfather would think of some of her remarks, induced by the champagne, she realized that they must appear the lisp-

(Continued on page 136)

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr.

is Young.....Entrancing.....Beautiful...

as the world expects her to be

ENTRANCINGLY BEAUTIFUL—as this romantic world would wish her to be is Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. Slim as a forest nymph, with glorious Titian hair and a skin as fresh and fair as hawthorn blossoms, this young bride on whom all eyes are turned is winning all hearts with her charm.

With true American flair for chic her taste in dress is unailing. In smart, close-fitting black for town, in beige-brown country tweeds, in the pale peach and ivory chiffons she wears for evening, her beauty presents a series of lovely pictures ever varied, ever fascinating.

Modern to the tips of her slim white fingers, Mrs. Vanderbilt is ever on the wing. In a Maine camp . . . in Provincetown with artists and writers . . . flitting through New York shops . . . then en route for the Far West in the big custom-built car which has crossed the continent 28 times . . . At last to "Sagebrush," the Vanderbilt ranch in Nevada, where much of her husband's writing is done.

Always she shares his work, his constant comrade and chum. The carefree life of the Western desert country delights them both. All day long they motor or ride horseback over the rolling hills. Mrs. Vanderbilt is a crack shot with rifle, shotgun or revolver, and she can rope a steer as cleverly as any cowboy.

Despite her outdoor life, her constant travel, she has found the way to guard the flower-like freshness of her complexion.

(BELOW) Beautiful women everywhere use Pond's four preparations because they are so exquisitely fine and pure. In these special green glass jars, made by Pond's for her dressing table, Mrs. Vanderbilt keeps the Two Creams and Freshener. Several of the dainty new Cleansing Tissues lie ready for her use.



MRS. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR., was Miss Mary Weir of Davenport, Iowa. She is entrancingly lovely, with wistful blue-grey eyes, glorious Titian hair and skin as fair as hawthorn bloom. This charming evening ensemble is of a flame-colored velvet cape over a pale peach chiffon frock.

Send 10¢ for Pond's 4 delicious preparations

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"Even on our Nevada ranch," she says, "I have my daily 'facial'—with Pond's.

"One can keep one's skin really young and lovely with just these Two marvelous Creams, the exquisitely fine Tissues, the wonderfully invigorating Tonic. I'm devoted to Pond's!"

WHEREVER you go, this simple daily treatment will preserve the perfect fitness of your skin:—

First, keep your skin immaculately clean by pore-deep cleansing, after exposure and every night before retiring. Spread Pond's Cold Cream lavishly, with upward outward motion over face and neck, letting the fine oils sink deep below the skin.

Then gently remove the dirt and cream with Pond's soft Cleansing Tissues. They are finer than old linen and absorb the cream and dirt instead of rubbing it into the pores.

Next, pat Pond's Skin Freshener over your face and neck—until the skin glows. This wonderful new tonic and mild astringent closes the pores, tones, refreshes and invigorates.

Last, to complete your day-time toilette, and before you dress for evening, just a thistledown touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream for protection and as a powder base.

Try this delightful Method! Send the coupon below for trial packages of Pond's four preparations, enough to last a week.

(BELOW) Here in their familiar everyday containers are "the four enchanting things Pond's makes" as Mrs. Vanderbilt says. Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, Cleansing Tissues and Skin Freshener compose Pond's Method—so efficacious, so quick to use. You can use them yourself wherever you go, and keep lovely!



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THIS KASHA COAT of distinguished smartness is one of Dobbs most individual modes for Spring. It reveals an unusual quilted trim that is especially interesting, and its slim, straight lines and cleverly placed pocket date it unmistakably Spring 1929. A fine ballibuntl hat, two-skin sable scarf and boxed calfskin bag, complete this distinctive costume.

Dobbs is presenting Spring costumes in every smart variation of the mode



FIFTH AVENUE at 57th STREET

BRIGHT INTERVALS

(Continued from page 134)

ings of a babe to the other occupants of the stuffy dressing-room.

But they laughed several times. It seemed a minor triumph to her, the laughter of the two sycophant young men, the amiable dresser and the Tarleton.

"Let's fix her up, Mrs. Keys, you know, that white frock, a little more make-up."

Camellia and Mrs. Keys looked her over with amusement. The dresser had a smooth voice whose cockney vowels did not entirely cover the traces of her former stars' accents. A ghostly Lilah McCarthy and Mrs. Pat Campbell still warmed her diction with the vanished beauty of the English speaking stage.

BUT, Lydia, with still some little intelligence despite the excitement of her first London dressing-room, protested. She was, she assured them, only human with all her freckles, her crazy black pony's forelock tumbling over her tilted nose. With her hair waved and the childish boniness of her spine exposed in open competition with Camellia's flat white back, smooth as a baby's, she would be too dreadful a sight imaginable.

"You haven't such a bad figger as all that," murmured the morose playwright. "Where's this party to be, Cami?"

"At Ronald's house. He's engaged two negroes from Paris, and Hutchy and part of the Cochran show. You all have got to behave decently. Dukes and Earls and lots of people that make a big difference to my career are coming."

"Any managers?" Lydia asked hopefully.

"Well, naturally, the producer of this show and Cyril Fane and Sir George, but I get so sick of stage people that it's a big relief to get away from most of them. They're a bunch of jealous, snapping hounds, anyway. Stop making that noise, Knut. If you can't behave like a gentleman, don't hang around here," she snapped savagely at the Swedish Nightingale who gave a reproachful look at the offending foot whose tapping had annoyed her.

"Bless you, darling, bless you. Don't expect Camellia not to be cross to-day."

She stared tragically at her reflection in the garishly lit mirror, examined a minute mark on one side of her strong jaw and sighed.

"Lord, I'm nervous," she said flatly.

The dresser poured out another glass of champagne.

"Will you take that muck away, Keys? Do you want to send me crazy? Oh! you'd all like to see me flop." She burst into noisy tears, which sprang off her stiffened lashes into space. Lydia had never before seen a woman cry without getting her nose involved in the process. "Get out of this dressing-room, all except little Stef'ny. She's nice people, she knows how to behave. Leave me alone!"

The wail rose and was only pacified on the broad bosom of Mrs. Keys, while the two young men wrung their hands and promised life-long devotion.

There was a knock on the door.

"Call, Miss Tarleton, please," said the shrill cockney pipe of a small boy.

In two minutes Camellia had struggled into a mauve peignoir, brushed out her white-gold bob into a fluffy oriole, drunk the ends of two glasses of champagne, squashed her cigarette on a plate and hurried off down the dark corridor.

THE young men, deprived suddenly of the vitality they lived on, melted away to the outside air, calling farewells to Mrs. Keys and Lydia.

She got up trembling with a new and curious emptiness and reached across the crowded dressing-table for a match. Suddenly she knew that her terror came from the fact that she could no longer reproach Grandfather, the Isle of Wight, or any other outside factor with the emptiness of her life. Opportunity was sitting up like a Sealyham, begging. For years she had blamed other people and things, and now realized that the responsibility could not be laid on the shoulders of the old gentleman at Ryde. If she could not make the grade this time, it was her own fault.

"Mrs. Keys!"

"Yes, dear," said the dresser.

"Will I meet any managers at the party to-night?"

"Want to go on the stage, don't you, dear? Oh, I knew that from the moment you walked in that door! And I don't know why, for your people 'ave money. It's 'ard, the stage."

Lydia brushed this aside.

"Yes, but—"

"Oh, I dessay you'll manage it if your 'eart is set on it. But look at Miss Tarleton. 'Ow 'ard she works for a girl of twenty-two! Better marry a rich man who'll take care of 'er, I say."

Lydia stared.

"Is she only twenty-two?"

Mrs. Keys nodded.

"But if you must, you must. And you were really funny a few minutes past. Stick to your comedy and always be in love with the leading man at the beginning of a show. That's what the audience pays to see. The manager don't want you botherin' 'im, probably 'as a rich jealous wife in the 'ouse. Unless it's musical comedy, it don't do an actress any good to make up to the manager. Not in legitimate. Not 'ere in London. Oh, of course, there's exceptions, but you aren't Sir George's type, some'ow. Leading men is so sure everyone's in love with them they 'ardly notice. But the lady star you must watch out for. Make up to 'er most of all."

"Yes, but to-night, Mrs. Keys, what had I better do to-night?" Lydia captured her "h" with difficulty and fought against the instinct to parrot this soft, debased shadow of Mrs. Campbell's velvety voice.

But Mrs. Keys was tired of giving instructions to her.

"I'm just running out for a cuppa tea, dear," she whispered, and left Lydia alone with the pale Pekingese who awoke with a snorting grunt from dreams of vanished Chinese splendors and snuffed until she took him on her lap and petted him into amiability.

CONTENT to lie on the broken sofa playing with the little dog, she wondered what curious power Camellia possessed that she could swirl half-a-dozen assorted human beings along with her in a cloud of gold dust. Enough that Camellia wished to have someone in this retinue—doors opened, borrowed motors took them to parties, invitations by word of mouth and telephone accumulated. Camellia pinned a label or so on you, gave it out that you were "all right" and you found yourself starting out for a night of festivities such as your entire life had never shown.

When the actress returned, spent and hoarse-voiced, from her final rehearsal of the last act, it seemed normal and pleasant to watch her dressed and soothed by Mrs. Keys, to accompany her to the door with arms full of her bundles, to drive to her flat in a car belonging to two new young men who had appeared from nowhere just when they were needed. The stage door-keeper touched his hat, a few predatory urchins howled for pennies, and the roar of the car on its progress toward Chapel Street was followed by amused glances at the sight of the lean severity of the racing motor, piled high with one beautiful star, two elegant guardes, a plump disheveled little woman of forty-five clutching a band-box and a slim girl with cropped black curls perched on the door with a Pekingese in her arms.

Somehow they reached the third floor maisonette, always to the accompaniment of laughter, curses, barks and Mrs. Keys' soft protestations.

There Camellia suddenly sobered them with a glare. She fitted a key in the lock and strolled in with the lazy stride of a hunting Duchess, perhaps with a little too much gentility.

The producer, Cyril Fane, rose to meet her. He looked haggard and extremely serious. The retinue dissolved into well-bred individuals who took their places quietly in the small drawing-room. One

(Continued on page 138)

The Answer to "What is Youth?"

by Elizabeth Arden

Women no longer want merely to look young. No—they want to be young. And what is youth? Elizabeth Arden has evolved a complete and satisfying answer.



"FACES need not lose the firm elastic muscles of childhood," says Elizabeth Arden, "or the fine, clear texture. The signs of age are due to neglect, and they are avoidable if the skin is kept immaculately cleansed, if it is nourished and the blood flows joyously beneath it."

So, hand-in-hand with modern science, Miss Arden has developed her Treatments and her Venetian Toilet Preparations. In the friendly quiet of the Treatment rooms at her Salon, skilled assistants, trained by Miss Arden herself, apply the creams that cleanse and the creams that nourish, invigorating astringents and muscle-toning oil, with deft hands that give to each woman exactly what she individually needs.

The marvel of it is that women everywhere can enjoy the benefits of the Salon method. Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations are on sale in the smartest shops throughout the world.

But Elizabeth Arden goes still further in her definition of youth.

"In every cell of your body," she says, "you must feel tinglingly alive. No excess fat, no under-nourishment. Nerves at rest, muscles lithe and responsive."

In exercise, as in the care of the skin, Miss Arden stands for all that is best and surely successful. Her specially planned exercises for women are famous in the smart world. And now to add to these exercises she introduces a new form of self expression through movement. It is called Plastic Exercise, and it gives a new kind of glory to the familiar routine.

And again, the perfection of the Salon method is available for all. Elizabeth Arden Exercise Records, playable on any phonograph, enjoyably teach a series of rhythmic movements that will regulate contours and stimulate circulation.

For only one of Elizabeth Arden's many means to youth is it absolutely necessary to go to a Salon, and that is her Vienna Youth Mask. This is the discovery of a certain famous professor of the University of Vienna, and through Miss Arden alone is it available in this country. It achieves rejuvenation by deep, natural stimulation of circulation, it possesses none of the dangers of plastic surgery.

The Vienna Youth Mask is the perfect remedy for flabby flesh or sagging muscles. Miss Arden will gladly send additional information to all who are interested.

Elizabeth Arden designates in home care of the skin

FOR MORNING—Dip a pad of damp absorbent cotton into Ardena Skin Tonic, then into Cleansing Cream, and "wash" the face and neck. Remove with soft, imported Arden Tissues. A patting with Special Astringent is excellent to firm the contour. Apply Muscle Oil over lines and wrinkles, and Orange Skin Food—or the delicate Velve Cream. Remove with the Tissues. Clear the eyes with Special Eye Lotion. Protect your skin with Amoretta Cream. Rouge, if necessary, a dusting of Illusion Powder and you are ready for the day and at your best.

AFTERNOON—First a generous application of Venetian Cleansing Cream (applied with a damp pad moistened with Ardena Skin Tonic). Next, the soothing mellowness of Anti-Wrinkle Cream, followed if possible by ten minutes of rest. A brisk patting of Skin Tonic. Then the magic touch, a sparing smoothing on of Venetian Ultra Amoretta Cream so softly receptive to discreet rouge, and a dusting of Illusion Powder. A touch of emphasis for the lips—Venetian Rose Color or Venetian Lip Paste—and you go to tea or dinner, all your loveliness recaptured.

AT NIGHT—The skin must be freed from all secretions, powder or dust that clog the pores. Follow the morning "washing" treatment, always with an upward movement. Remove with Arden Cleansing Tissues. For a too soft throat and cheeks, give a five minute patting with a firm pad of cotton squeezed out of water and wet with Special Astringent. Dry, and pat in Muscle Oil over wrinkles and hollows. Apply Orange Skin Food with a quick upward moulding stroke. Leave a little Skin Food and Muscle Oil to be absorbed during the night by the stimulated tissues.

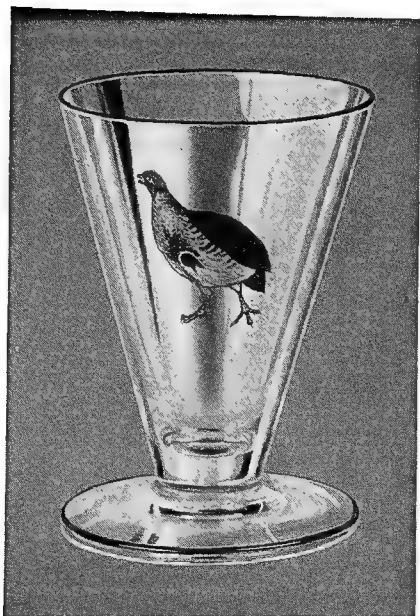
For further descriptive details and list of prices, Elizabeth Arden will gladly send you her booklet "The Quest of the Beautiful". A second booklet, "Your Masterpiece—Yourself", tells about Miss Arden's home course for beauty and health.

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PALM BEACH: 2 Via Parigi
PHILADELPHIA: 133 South 18th Street
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BIARRITZ: 2 rue Gambetta
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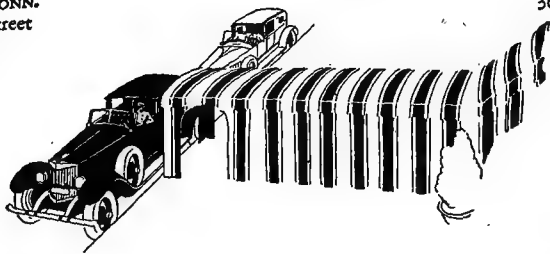
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BRIGHT INTERVALS

(Continued from page 136)

of the young men fetched cracked ice, Lydia measured out Vermouth, lit Mr. Fane's cigarette, conversed with the tall youth who owned the car in an excellent imitation of her Aunt Elizabeth's charming tones. Camellia threw them one violet glance as a reward.

Fane groaned and swallowed a cocktail nervously.

"You'll come to Ronald's to-night, Cyril," Camellia begged.

"If I'm not dead. What vitality you have, child! But you're a good girl."

"Can Lord George and Miss Stef'ny stand in the back of Lady Honor's box part of the time?"

Fane threw them a tired smile.

"My wife will expect you in Box C. I'm afraid there are no places left in it, but if you don't mind standing— You're a good girl, Camellia. I only wanted to tell you I was pleased this afternoon."

He got up and took his hat and stick from Mrs. Keys' ready hands.

The door shut behind him. There was a moment's silence.

"Who said I couldn't play 'county' parts?" roared Camellia, waltzing Mrs. Keys and the peke round and round.

"Fane was scared to cast me at first, but we'll show the whole bunch just how high-hat we can be when we like."

She kissed Lydia and the two boys, turned on the gramophone, and rescuing a depressed apple from a basket on the piano, fell upon it with frankly vigorous bites.

"I THOUGHT you might be going to a party, darling," said Alexandra Stephanyi, gently deprecating Lydia's superlatives, but enjoying them. Her long-fingered hand, transparent as a sea-shell, caressed the lake of liquid silver which was the new dress. The tissue, far brighter than ordinary metal cloth, was as smooth as a mirror, glimmered like quicksilver, yet was less stiff than soft satin. Only the oval face of the Empress Eugénie was lacking to make the full crinoline spread across the bed into a Winterhalter portrait. Fat roses garlanded its width beneath yards of white or faintest pink tulle.

"You don't think it looks too much like a bride-cake, Lydia? You won't mind being rather wedding-cakish?"

Lydia assured her that it was the most beautiful dress in the world, the most absolutely bee-yoo-ti-ful dress ever imagined.

"Well, you know, it's really awful taste. The Second Empire was dreadful, corsets, tight gloves, whiskers. You should, of course, never wear anything but a tunic, but this amused me. I was married in an Arab haik, myself."

"But I'm not going to get married, darling," Lydia protested.

Alexandra looked at her with large gray eyes, sad with the sadness of a small child.

"It would have been so nice if you could have come to Dalmatia with me," she mourned. "We are going to live in a heavenly little temple near the sea and dance all day."

Lydia stopped and began peeling off her stockings, afraid that her face would show her utter horror of sylvan dance temples and her guilty passion for small, crowded, smelly dressing-rooms in the dark heart of a metropolitan theatre.

The shadows of Royal Avenue were a happy background to the swaying silver hoop. Just to be the slender stalk for this bright flower made Lydia feel light and graceful. She walked delicately as if a dozen fine lawn and lace petticoats were hidden by the skirt's immensities. A cruising taxi swooped down upon her and she lifted the folds of her frock to step into its dingy interior as if it had been the shiny elegance of a brougham.

Camellia had told her that Lord George Haversham, the tall boy with the Bentley, and Sniff, the short one with him, would be in the foyer of the theatre, but some obscure instinct informed her to go directly to the stage door. These various fragments that composed the lady's retinue seemed disjointed and incapable of doing anything except under her direct order, when they all automatically became intimate friends, joined by a common interest.

Lydia paid off the taxi and swept skill-

fully past the doorman when his attention was occupied clutching the string of a box from Solomon's with careful fingertips.

THE door of the star's dressing-room was open, spilling light, young men in evening dress and a confused murmur of voices into the dark passage. Camellia, almost completely naked before a long mirror, stood back of a flimsy chintz curtain pulling on silvery flesh stockings, so sheer that they served their purpose of making her powdered legs and thighs more bare. A gathering of the most immediate members of the clan occupied every inch of space. Seven young men ranging from a distinguished and drooping harlequin in smart tails which were as much a harlequin's livery as diapered silver lozenges, four impeccably tailored, soaped and varnished young-men-about-town who-were-probably-in-the-Guards, and three quite different youths faintly artistic in dinner jackets which were worn with black ties that were almost stocks. She recognized the sulky infant playwright listening wearily to a curly-haired, dusty-faced, wide-eyed babe of twenty-two who reminded her of her aunt's indulged marmoset.

There was a queenly female in a blazing tiara, a blonde, beautiful object seven feet high, who saw no one with her pretty flat eyes but those she knew already; a fat, amiable maiden who was a Duke's daughter and therefore seemed in some obscure way valuable to Camellia, who kept drawing her into the disjointed, ecstatic enthusiasms which passed as conversation, and an obedient shadow of a girl who passed the actress anything she needed from the dressing-table to the place beside the curtained mirror.

The combined effect of this company was overpowering to Lydia, who started to back through the door, when Mrs. Keys, looking around the yard of flowered cotton, saw her and smiled.

"Darling, so sweet of you," said Camellia in a voice which was throaty and warm but very English and very high life. Her eyes rested on Lydia for a moment, barely seeing her, barely seeing the gardenias she had brought as tribute. Except for a vague pleasure with the background they provided, she hardly appeared to see any of the inhabitants of the room. They were only a satisfactory *décor*. Mrs. Keys wrapped a white satin and fur peignoir around her shoulders and she stepped out among them, clung desperately for a moment to the elegant harlequin, flattered the blank-faced, regal beauty and then shooed them all out, one by one, scattering kisses and blessings indiscriminately.

"Such a lamb to bring me flah'rs, dolling, too sweet," she whispered. "Blais you. George, you and little Stef'ny hide somewhere and come back in a moment when everyone's gone."

"I've gotta have someone to swear at!" she confessed a couple of minutes later on their tip-toed reappearance. "Open another bottle, Mrs. Keys, honey. I'm nervous as a cat. Take that silly smile off your face, George Haversham. Why do you and Stef'ny sit around like a couple of apes? Why don't you make love to each other or both fall in love with me? Make a little sense, can't you?"

This mingled affection and abuse seemed to delight the lordling. Lydia, quaking but amused by the tornado of vitality which stood and scolded at them, acquired several new words for her so far limited vocabulary. George, the pink and shining exquisite, was told off as her escort until the final curtain when they were all to foregather in the dressing-room. He appeared to regard her as a nice clean billiard ball which he was supposed to shunt around a bit over the green baize till it clicked with another.

"Right-o!" said Lord George.

They departed, leaving Camellia on the verge of tears, eating the inside of her vivid mouth, and blinking at them enormous eyes which were dark with knowledge of certain failure, sure to come.

"Oh, she always feels that way on an opening night," he said, threading his way between props and stage hands to a little

(Continued on page 141)

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for MARCH 1929

BRIGHT INTERVALS

(Continued from page 138)

door at the side. Lydia and he stepped down and into the crowded auditorium, making desultory conversation which did not, somehow, seem very different from the talk at Bar Harbor when, pinioned by the dance with a reluctant undergraduate, one was forced to fall back upon the charms of a room-mate at Foxcroft as the only subject in common. It would, she thought, be fun to meet a person who immediately plunged into the pleasures of "I" and "you" talk. However, accustomed to rhapsodize about her mother and aunts, she felt little rebellion and only nourished a faint hope that before the night was through somebody would notice her dress, which had seemed so worthy of notice when she left Royal Avenue.

THEY found standing room in the back of Lady Honor Fane's box where, over a view of that lady's spine, they could see the house and stage. George, fulfilling some idea of his duty, threw her an occasional name as a celebrity swept into her place.

As this effort from his languor was obviously arduous, Lydia hastened to assure him that her life for the last two years had consisted almost exclusively of reading the illustrated papers, and by memories of these and the howls, disapproving or approving, of the Pit she could identify most of the celebrities.

"Oh, yes," murmured George, unmoved by any interest in her life, past or present.

The first act was incredibly bad, Lydia thought. One of the younger gentlemen in the cast had a mild sort of epileptic fit denoting emotion which threw pit and stalls into a frenzy of delight.

"He's not acting," whispered George Haversham. "That's the way he goes on off-stage. Queer sort of fella, shoots someone every six months or so."

"I hope his biennial shot is recently past; otherwise what's to stop him choosing to-night?" she answered.

The general flavor of the play reminded her of infant dosings of syrup of figs. Camellia, coming in smoothly and quietly from between the folds of a curtained doorway, spilt instant excitement on the stage. This girl took senseless sentences and hurried them out in a sort of breathless, husky murmur which deprived the words of what little meaning they had, substituting instead a swirling reek of emotion, so that they ceased to be words and were transmuted into the sound of saxophones and the smell of heated honey-suckle.

"Aai kom from a land where the men are tahr's of steel in the sunlight and the women moonlit waipons of virgin seduction," or something very like that she told the tortured youth who played her inadequate lover. Better, had Camellia wandered on and spat, "Where I come from we shoot people like you from the hip first time we see 'em," to the fruity young actor. Did going on the stage necessitate looking at a boy in a black velvet smoking jacket and keeping a straight face while you told him that, though rather mad and rather bad, you still, thank God, were decent? Lord, Lydia thought, most of this play should be in inverted commas!

In Miss Tarleton's eyes there was a tranced look when she embraced the lover which showed her convenient and remarkable ability to slip another face before the corporeal one like changing the picture in a stereopticon, which talent considerably aided her in showing amorous enthusiasm for her support. She was at the moment envisaging the elegant and weary harlequin who possessed her fancy so that not only was the entire male contingent of the audience ravished by her love-making, but also her new leading man. She had been distinctly snappish at rehearsals, but the sight of this blazing, ardent creature, adorable in a few yards of a satin dressing-gown thingummy, with real tears in her enormous eyes and real breaks in her throbbing voice, was too heady for him. Despite long experience, it seemed suddenly real. At his surrender to her charm, the flimsy structure of nonsense which was the play burst

into flames, and at the touch of these two torches burned to a glorious bonfire of emotion as the curtain fell.

Lydia, trying to laugh at herself for the tear in her left eye and the stir in her small but distinctly heaving bosom, realized that whether Camellia could act or not was a dry question for the critics. A young woman who did not seem to her particularly beautiful or alluring had just succeeded in making her show signs of feeling over a play which any taste, brains, or humor she possessed revolted against. "Harrowing piece," commented Lady Honor. "Don't know why Cyril always picks 'em. I expect they make more money than the funny ones."

"Isn't Cami too marvelous?" asked George. Not waiting for an answer he propelled Lydia by force of suggestion toward the bar.

They were wedged in a close pack of people. She was pushed for a moment against the spotless bosom of the Swedish Nightingale who burred, "Isn't Camellia too marvelous?" Feeling a little sick and faint from the over-heated atmosphere, she made a grab for the receding person of the manly, if perfunctory, George. He plied her with a whisky and soda and introduced her to a broad girl in pink and two young men.

"The libraries have booked far in advance," they said to each other wearily. So far a rubber stamp not too overcrowded could have contained all the phrases she had yet heard issue from these bright young people. It was probably excessive to ask them to be sparkling, she thought; enough that they should have long legs and noses and funny names like Oonagh and St. John, which was delightfully called Sinjin.

WHETHER the next two acts were better or worse depended on just how sweet one liked an emotional purge. By this time Lydia was able to pay no attention to the script and concentrated on the behavior of the Tarleton, who shone with a white-hot, ferocious sincerity. It filled her with a fleeting depression because, if that was acting, her freckles would never find themselves disguised by grease paint and illumined by the footlights.

They rose as cheers and curtain calls heralded the end, and fumbled for the small door at the side of the proscenium arch which led back-stage.

A shrewd suspicion that it would please Camellia, who had, after all, been "wonderful" to her, led Lydia to leave several facile tears trembling on her lashes. They were the first visitors to the dressing-room and therefore received the full benefits of Camellia's mad exuberance. She fell sobbing and laughing on Mrs. Keys first, George next and then Lydia. She wanted to hear in detail just why they liked her acting, just what had been said in the entr'acte, just how the Pit had responded. Interrupting time and again to give a bellow of pleasure, she pressed them for further praises. Had they seen that jealous cat, Mildred, get up and leave long before the end? Did they notice the Prince in one of the boxes? When the jealous cat herself walked into the dressing-room a moment afterwards to offer congratulations, Camellia kissed her affectionately and forgot her first three admirers.

Now a stream of actors, managers, great ladies, boys with telegrams and cables, boxes of flowers, frantic young men and elaborate maidens streamed in. It was almost an hour later before the tumult died, leaving the actress with a picked bodyguard to escort her to the fête given in her honor.

Camellia sprayed herself energetically with perfume, then turned the atomizer on the retinue, and, folded into hundreds of small white ermine skins, swept them all out with her into the night.

Somehow they accomplished a passage through the shouting gallery girls at the door. What exquisite more-than-oriental courtesy Camellia could show these young persons! What cries of joy when she called "Bye-bye, darlings, off to spend an evening with the nobles!"

(To be continued)

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CONTRACT

(Continued from page 101)

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contract bridge; otherwise, if you didn't look at Mrs. D. and judged only by her antics and manner of speech, you would have thought Dittmar had spent the final hours of his courtship waiting outside the sub-primary to take her home. Mrs. French, when she was not picking flaws in Shelton's play, sought to make him feel at home by asking intelligent questions about his work—"Do the people who draw the illustrations read the stories first?" "Does H. C. Witwer talk negro dialect all the time?" and "How old is Peter B. Kinney?" Cameron, from whom Work, Lenz, Whitehead and Shepard had plagiarized the game, was frankly uninterested in anything not connected with it. The stake was half a cent a point and the pains he took to see that his side's score was correct or better proved all the rumors about the two Scotchmen.

MRS. SHELTON was well aware that her husband was the politest man in the world when sober; yet he truly amazed her that evening by his smiling acquiescence to all that was said. From the snatches she overheard, she knew he must be afire inside and it was really wonderful of him not to show it.

There was a time when Mrs. Dittmar passed and he passed and Cameron bid two spades. Mrs. French passed and Mrs. Dittmar bid three hearts, a denial of her partner's spades if Shelton ever heard one. Shelton passed and Cameron went three hearts, which stood. Shelton held four spades to the nine, four diamonds to the king, two small hearts and the eight, six and five of clubs. He led the trey of diamonds. I am not broadcasting the battle play by play, but when it was over,

"Oh, partner! Any other opening and we could have set them," said Mrs. French.

"My! My! My! My! Leading away from a king!" gurgled the child-wife.

"That lead was all that saved us," said Cameron.

They waited for Shelton to apologize and explain, all prepared to scorch him if he did either.

"I guess I made a mistake," he said. "Haven't you played much bridge?" asked Mrs. French.

"Evidently not enough," he replied.

"It's a game you can't learn in a minute," said Cameron.

"Never you mind!" said Mrs. Dittmar. "I've played contract ever since it came out, and Daddy still scolds me terribly for some of the things I do."

Shelton presumed that Daddy was her husband. Her father must be dead or at least too feeble to scold.

There was a time when a hand was passed around.

"Oh! A goulash!" crowed Mrs. Dittmar.

"Do you play them, Mr. Shelton?" asked his hostess.

"Yes," said Shelton.

"Mrs. Shelton," called Mrs. Dittmar to the other table, "does your big man play goulashes?"

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Shelton.

"You're sure you know what they are," said Cameron to Shelton.

"I've played them often," said the latter.

"A goulash," said the hostess, "is where the hand is passed and then we all put our hands together like this and cut them and the dealer deals five around twice and then three. It makes crazy hands, but it's thrilling."

"And the bidding is different," said Mrs. Dittmar, his partner at this stage. "Big mans mustn't get too wild."

Shelton, who had dealt, looked at his hand and saw no temptation to get wild; at least, not any wilder than he was. He had the king, queen and jack of clubs, four silly hearts, four very young clubs and two diamonds of no standing. He passed. Cameron bid three clubs and Mrs. Dittmar four diamonds. That was enough to make game (they already had thirty), and when Mrs. French went by, Shelton unhesitatingly did the same. So did Cameron. It developed that Mrs. Dittmar had the ace, king, jack, ten and

another diamond. Cameron had none and Mrs. French took with them. The bidder was set two. Her honors counted one hundred and the opponents' net profit was two hundred, Mrs. Dittmar being vulnerable, or "venerable", as Mrs. French laughingly, but not very tactfully, called it.

Cameron lighted into Mrs. French for not doubling Mrs. Dittmar and Mrs. French observed that she guessed she knew what she was doing. Shelton hoped this would develop into a brawl, but it was forgotten when Mrs. Dittmar asked him querulously why he had not shown her his spades, a suit of which she had held the ace, ten to five.

"We're lucky, partner," said Mrs. French to Cameron. "They could have made four spades like a breeze."

"I'd have lost only the ace of hearts and seven of diamonds," said Mrs. Dittmar, doubtless figuring that the maid would have disposed of her two losing clubs when she swept next morning.

"In this game, everything depends on the bidding," said Mrs. French to Shelton. "You must give your partner all the information you can."

"Don't coach him!" said Cameron with an exasperating laugh. "He's treating us pretty good."

"Maybe," said Mrs. French to Mrs. Dittmar, "he would have shown you his spades if you had bid three diamonds instead of four."

"But you see," said Mrs. Dittmar, "we needed four for game and I didn't know if he'd think of that."

And there was a time when Shelton bid a fair no trump and was raised to three by his partner, Cameron, who held king, queen, ten to five hearts and the ace of clubs for a re-entry. The outstanding hearts were re-entrant. Mrs. French's hand, Shelton himself having the lone ace. After he had taken a spade trick, led his ace of hearts and then a low club to make all of dummy's hearts good (which turned out to be impossible), he put over two deep-sea finesses of the eight and nine of diamonds from the dummy hand, made four odd and heard Cameron murmur, "A fool for luck!"

"My! What a waste of good hearts!" said Mrs. Dittmar, ignoring the facts that they weren't good hearts, that if he had continued with them, Mrs. French would have taken the jack and led to her (Mrs. Dittmar's) four good spade tricks, and that with the ace of clubs gone, Shelton couldn't have got back in the dummy's hand with a pass from Judge Landis.

At the close of a perfect evening, the Sheltons were six dollars ahead and invited to the Dittmars' the following Wednesday. Mrs. Shelton expected an explosion on the way home, but was agreeably disappointed. Shelton seemed quite cheerful. He had a few jocose remarks to make about their new pals, but gave the impression that he had enjoyed himself. Knowing him as she did, she might have suspected that a plot was hatching in his mind. However, his behavior was disarming and she thought he had at last found a "crowd" he didn't object to, that they would now be neighborly and gregarious for the first time in their married life.

ON the train from the city Friday afternoon, Shelton encountered Gale Bartlett, the writer, just returned from abroad. Bartlett was one of the star contributors to Shelton's magazine and it was he who had first suggested Linden when Shelton was considering a suburban home. He had a place there himself, though most of his time was spent in Paris and he was back now for only a brief stay.

"How do you like it?" he asked.

"Fine," said Shelton.

"Whom have you met?"

"Three married couples, the Camerons, the Frenches and the Dittmars."

"Good Lord!" said Bartlett. "I don't know the Dittmars, but otherwise you're slumming. Cameron and French are new rich who probably made their money in a hotel washroom. I think they met their

(Continued on page 144)

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CONTRACT

(Continued from page 142)



The Story of a Wise Wife

FOR a long time she had realized that coffee was thieving the sleep of the family. But she hated even the thought of giving up the drink they all liked so much. And as for her husband, John—she knew he'd never agree to the idea of a coffee substitute!

One day she read an advertisement—and that night a new brand of coffee came to dinner. It was delicious coffee—everybody took a second cup.

And next morning, wonder of wonders! Even John remarked on the good night's sleep he'd enjoyed! She, like a wise wife, said nothing. Not until a week later did she tell about the new coffee. It was Kaffee Hag Coffee—the coffee that lets you sleep because it has 97% of the drug caffeine removed.

Perhaps there's someone in your family whom coffee makes nervous. Try this wonderful coffee. Kellogg's* Kaffee Hag

Coffee is a blend of the world's finest coffees. Exceptionally mellow and delightful. With all the flavor and cheer you love. Real coffee! But it will not keep you awake nor affect nerves.

Order a can from your dealer. Comes ground or in the bean. The original caffeine-free coffee. Try it at hotels, on diners. Or let us send you a generous can. Mail the coupon.

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Please send me, postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag to make ten cups of good coffee. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin).

Name _____

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KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

The coffee that lets you sleep

wives on an excursion to Far Rockaway. How did you happen to get acquainted?"

"The Frenches called on us, and Wednesday night we went to their house for dinner and bridge."

"Bridge!"

"Contract bridge at that."

"Well, maybe Dittmar's a contractor. But from what I've seen of the Frenches and Camerons, they couldn't even cut the cards without smearing them with shoe polish. You break loose from them before they forget themselves and hand you a towel."

"We're going to the Dittmars' next Wednesday night."

"Either call it off or keep it under your hat. I'll introduce you to people that are people! I happen to know them because my wife went to their sister's boarding-school. I'll see that you get the entrée and then you can play bridge with bridge players."

Shelton brightened at the prospect. He knew his wife was too kind-hearted to wound the Camerons et al. by quitting them cold and it was part of his scheme, all of it in fact, to make them do the quitting. With the conviction that she would be more than compensated by the promised acquaintance of people they both could really like, he lost what few scruples he had against separating her from people who sooner or later would drive him to the electric chair. The thing must be done at the first opportunity, next Wednesday at the Dittmars'. It would be kind of fun, but unpleasant, too, the unpleasant part consisting in the mental anguish it would cause her and the subsequent days, not many he hoped, when she wouldn't be speaking to him at all.

Fate, in the form of one of Mrs. Shelton's two-day headaches, brought about the elimination of the unpleasant part. The ache began Wednesday afternoon and, from past experience, she knew she would not be able to sit through a dinner or play cards that night. She telephoned her husband.

"Say we can't come," was his advice.

"But I hate to do that. They'll think we don't want to and they won't ask us again. I wish you'd go, and maybe they could ask somebody in to take my place. I don't suppose you'd consider that, would you?" Shelton thought it over a moment and said yes, he would.

BEFORE retiring to her darkened room and her bed, Mrs. Shelton called up Mrs. Dittmar. Mrs. Dittmar expressed her sympathy in baby talk and said it was all right for Mr. Shelton to come alone; it was more than all right, Mrs. Shelton gathered, because Mrs. Dittmar's brother was visiting her and they would be just eight.

Shelton, who had learned long ago that his wife did not want him around when her head was threatening to burst open, stayed in town until six o'clock, preparing himself for the evening's task with liberal doses of the business manager's week-old rye. He was not going to be tortured by any drought such as he had endured at the Frenches'. He arrived at the party in grand shape and, to his surprise, was plied with cocktails potent enough to keep him on edge.

Mrs. Dittmar's brother (she called him her dreat, big b'udder) was an amateur jazz pianist. Or rather, peeanist. He was proving his amateur standing when Shelton got there and something in the way he treated "Rhapsody in Blue" made Shelton resolve to open fire at once. His eagerness was increased when, on the way to the dining-room, Mrs. Dittmar observed that her b'udder had not played much contract "either" and she must be sure and not put them (Shelton and B'udder) at the same table, for they might draw each other as partners and that would hardly be fair.

DINNER began and so did Shelton. "A week ago," he said, "you folks criticized my bridge playing."

The Camerons, Dittmars and Frenches looked queer.

"You didn't mind it, Dittmar," said Mrs.

Dittmar. "We were just trying to teach you."

"I didn't mind it much," said Shelton. "But I was just wondering whether it was good manners for one person to point out another person's mistakes when the other person didn't ask to have them pointed out."

"Why," said Cameron, "when one person don't know as much about a thing as other people, it's their duty to correct him."

"You mean just in bridge," said Shelton.

"I mean in everything," said Cameron. "And the person criticized or corrected has no right to resent it?" said Shelton.

"Certainly not!"

"Does everybody here agree with that?"

"Yes," "Of course," "Sure," came from the others.

"Well, then," said Shelton, "I think it's my duty to tell you, Mr. Cameron, that soup should be dipped away from you and not toward you."

There was a puzzled silence, then a laugh, to which Cameron contributed feebly.

"If that's right I'm glad to know it, and I certainly don't resent your telling me," he said.

"It looks like Mr. Shelton was out for revenge," said Mrs. Cameron.

"And I must inform you, Mrs. Cameron," said Shelton, "that 'like' is not a conjunction. 'It looks as if Mr. Shelton were out for revenge' would be the correct phrasing."

A smothered laugh at the expense of Mrs. Cameron, whose embarrassment showed itself in a terrifying distension of the nostrils. Shelton decided not to pick on her again.

"Let's change the subject," said Mrs. Dittmar. "Mr. Shelton's a mean, bad man and he'll make us cwy."

"That verb," said Shelton, "is cry, not cwy. It is spelled c-r-y."

"Tell a story, Bob," said Mrs. French to her husband.

"Well, let's see," said French. "I'll tell the one about the Scotchman and the Jew playing golf. Stop me if anybody's heard it."

"I have, for one," said Shelton.

"Maybe the others haven't," said French.

"They must have been unconscious for years," said Shelton. "But go ahead and tell it. I knew I couldn't stop you."

French went ahead and told it, and the others laughed as a rebuke to Shelton.

Cameron wanted things understood. "You see," he said, "the reason we made a few little criticisms of your bridge game was because we judged you were a new beginner."

"I think 'beginner' is enough, without the 'new'," said Shelton. "I don't know any old beginners excepting, perhaps, people old in years who are doing something or taking up something for the first time. But probably you judged I was a beginner at bridge because of mistakes I made, and you considered my apparent inexperience justified you in criticizing me."

"Yes," said Cameron.

"Well," said Shelton, "I judge from observing Mrs. French eat her fish that she is a new beginner at eating and I take the liberty of stating that the fork ought never to be conveyed to the mouth with the left hand, even by a left-handed eater. To be sure, these forks are salad forks, not fish forks, as Mrs. Dittmar may believe. But even salad forks, substituting for fish forks, must not be carried mouthward by the left hand."

A storm was gathering and Mrs. Cameron sought to ward it off. She asked Mrs. Dittmar what had become of Peterson, a butler.

"He just up and left me last week," said Mrs. Dittmar. "He was getting too impudent, though, and you can bet I didn't object to him going."

"His going," said Shelton. "A participle used as a substantive is modified in the possessive."

Everyone pretended not to hear him.

(Concluded on page 149)

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WHY DO LOVERS QUARREL?

(Continued from page 128)

quarrel must keep his fists in his pocket. So, nowadays, you very seldom see fists used in love's fight. The struggle takes another form. As everybody knows, the battle is in words, and here woman is at her best. But we have become so refined, that even words are often useless.

Force asserts itself in another manner, by deeds and acts, which often seem insignificant, but which are in reality of the utmost importance. In fact, the simplest thing is enough to decide the victory. I can imagine a husband—I can see him now—who would acknowledge his defeat simply by not protesting because he finds his armchair at the right side of the table, and not on the left, as he prefers it. He has fought for perhaps a whole month to keep the place he wishes, but now he accepts his fate without a word. If there is a witness in the room, he will not understand the meaning of this silent scene. And in fact, onlookers, who are not over-observant, do not see the fight and would question its existence. Nevertheless, it is there. Both sexes fight ferociously, sometimes with a smile on the lips.

In the battle, woman has her own weapons—her beauty, her grace, her charm, her power of dissimulation and deceit, and her weakness, perhaps the most redoubtable of all her weapons, the weakness of which she makes a most unfair use. When she is forced to retire in disorder behind her last line of defense, she begins to cry. Now, I ask you frankly, what chance have we men against a woman who cries? What is one to say of a struggle where the weaker antagonist has the better of it simply because she is the weaker?

WOMEN are very careful not to choose weapons from man's arsenal. They seldom risk themselves on the field of intellectual values, because there, on account of his secular training, man keeps his superiority.

Woman selects for the battle the ground most favorable to herself.

Once saw a woman fighting with really feminine arms. She was the great and well-known Japanese actress, Sada Yacco. In the last scene of a Japanese drama, she appeared as a young princess, but this princess was at the same time a demon. And she had to fight against a warrior. The warrior held a sword in his hand; Sada Yacco a flower in hers. With the flower, she tried to parry the attacks of the sword. But after a while the warrior cut with a stroke the flower which fell on the ground. Sada Yacco in this extreme danger had an inspiration of genius. She took her long, flowing hair, and with it began to whip, to lash, to crush her enemy.

This is a really feminine weapon. But, ladies, how are you going to beat us since you have cut your hair?

IN WOMAN there is—I do not blame, I do not approve, I try to see clearly—a spirit of desperate contradiction. It animates all these struggles. For what purpose has it been given her? We shall see that presently.

In the battle of love, we see clearly the movements of our hearts. And these movements are more interesting to look at, and to study, than the rise and fall of the tides, the phases of the moon, and the procession of the equinoxes.

The drama in which man's happiness, and often his life, is at stake is played on a stage where the most marvelous inventions of science are of no avail. Disease you can treat and cure. Against love, you are powerless. For centuries, man has worked to capture the hidden forces of nature. Man is now like a king dominating his subjects. But, alas! the problem of his happiness is solved on another plane. When the secret, treacherous and dastardly combat, of which Vigny speaks, comes, science and its methods are powerless. Man has thought to conquer nature by his genius, but he is pitilessly brought back to it and is obliged to fight naked, as in the dawn of humanity, against his eternal adversary.

What will be the issue of such a struggle? I say candidly: man must win. In say-

ing so, I am quite aware that I risk going against the feeling of the majority of my feminine public, but I say it just the same, and I hope to prove here that I do not say so simply because I am a man.

But why must man win? In order to answer this question we must first try to find the cause of this violent desire for fighting in women.

The two questions are, as you will see, intimately connected.

This desire of fighting, which is so general, must have its source in something very deep. I thought for years about it without finding a satisfactory reason. But little by little, light came. If nature is left alone, what does it want? If nature is not unfairly treated by man's selfish calculations, by man who tampers with the scale by throwing the weight of his money on it, nature says: May the best win.

When the queen of the bees seeks a lover—and on this union of a second depends the strength and the happiness of an entire generation—she flies high into the air, as high as she can. The swarm of drones follows her; but they soon tire; one after the other abandons the pursuit; only one of them is strong enough to follow the queen far away into the air. To this one alone she will surrender herself. This one alone will be the conqueror. He deserves it, because he is the best. It is a case of the fittest.

Well, with us it is the same. Woman wants the best man, and she is right. Woman knows—or, rather, feels—the vital importance of her choice. On that depends the real happiness of her life. Who would blame her for putting the man who is to be her mate to a severe test? She feels—she could not explain it, because all this is half-subconscious—she feels that for her and for the children she hopes to have, the character of the man is all important; yes, it is far more important than his intelligence, than his intellectual and physical capacities, for it is the character which counts first in the conduct of life.

It is then the character of the man she is going to test. And she begins to fight. It is a vital, deadly battle: many a man, however wise or clever, cannot stand it and shows his weakness.

ONE of the greatest of the ancients, Socrates, could not assert his superiority over his wife, although he dominated his epoch with his intellect. But at home he was defeated by Xantippe. As he was a kind of superman, he tried to turn that constant fight to his moral advantage and to develop his patience and his forbearance. But it is not given to everybody to make spiritual progress in such circumstances. Socrates was very near being a saint. But there again, he could not score a point against his antagonist. I am obliged to admit that women are not very fond of saints!

Well, in this battle, women wants to be sure that the man to whom she is to surrender has a masterful character and will be able to dominate her. She wants to rely on a real man. She knows her weakness; she does not confess it; nevertheless, she knows it.

So she fights—she fights with desperate courage, but secretly, and, unaware of it herself, she longs to be defeated, she longs to feel the force of somebody stronger; she longs, in fact, to be dominated.

If she is the victor, what will her feeling be toward a weak man? Is she going to respect him, to devote herself to him, in a word, to love him, as it is of love we are talking? If she is still free, she deserts him, she tries to find another man, a stronger. If she is already married, if she makes this fatal discovery too late, the unfortunate husband has to pay dearly for her disillusion; he has to pay dearly for his weakness. In that case, women are often merciless because they feel obscurely that their situation toward the man is radically false.

Then they do not hesitate to make their power felt; the husband is considered a machine good enough to bring money home, and to supply luxuries for the

(Concluded on page 149)



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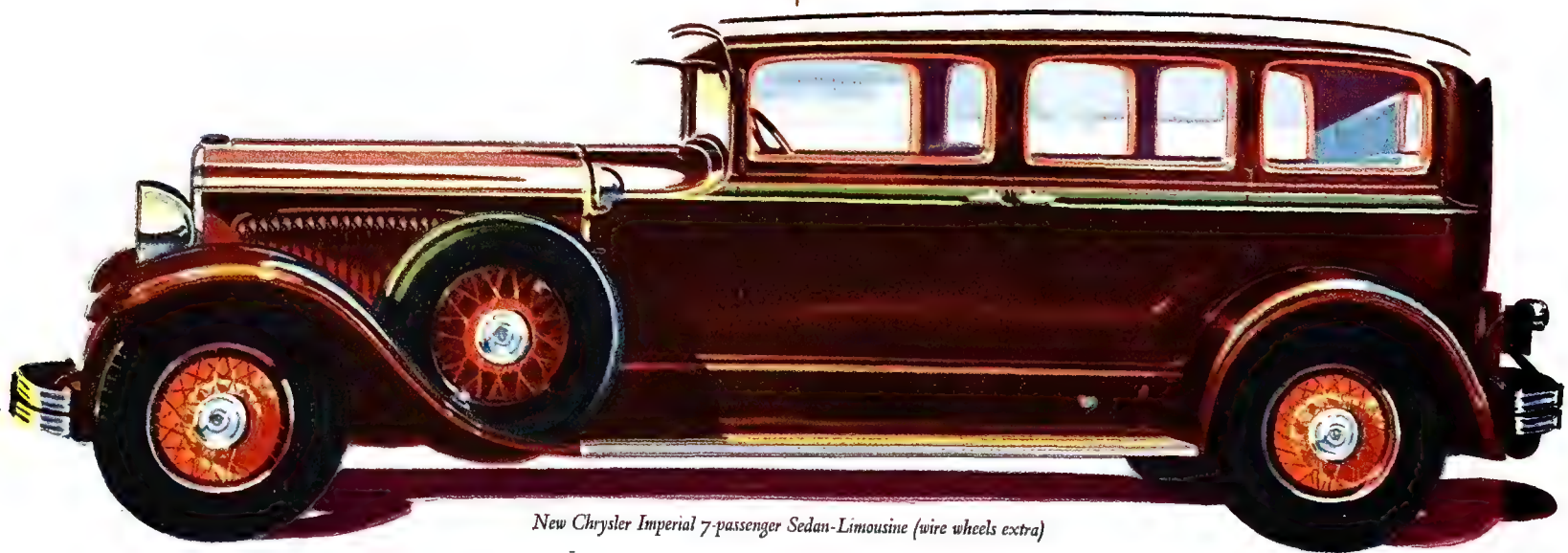
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for MARCH 1929

WHY DO LOVERS QUARREL?

(Concluded from page 146)

caprices of woman. There are cases, it is true, where woman is greatly superior to man in character, in intelligence, or in social position.

AND under the heading I have often thought of a great queen in history, Queen Elizabeth of England, the Virgin Queen. She never married, but she felt that she could not live without being loved and she had, queen as she was, one love affair at least. What can be a love affair between a great queen like Queen Elizabeth, a queen in her own right, and a man, of noble birth, but inferior to her in position? The Queen is imperious, the Queen sees only around her subjects, the Queen gives orders which are instantly obeyed, the Queen tolerates no discussion. She lives in a special atmosphere; by right of birth she is omnipotent. And now she meets a man who comes to her not as an inferior, but as a man; she meets a man, and for him she is no longer the Queen, she is a woman. New feelings arise in her, so new, so strong that she is confused, almost intoxicated; she forgets her past life, her grandeur, everything; now she trembles and fears, she feels that she must please him, attract him, retain him; she feels that he is the master and the only words which come to her lips are: My lord, I am at your mercy.

In this abdication of herself, she finds an unexpected joy, which comes from the very depth of herself, from a region she has never probed; this imperious Queen is happy because love reveals to her the sweetness that it is for the woman to obey and to give.

Yes, woman has in her heart treasures of devotion and of self-sacrifice. She is not avaricious; on the contrary, she wants to give, to give without counting, she wants to help, she wants to serve. If she finds an occasion to show her real nature,

she attains supreme happiness. Remember the words of Portia in the *Merchant of Venice*; remember that Portia is young, beautiful, a great heiress. What does she say to Bassanio?

... An unlesson'd girl, unschool'd,
unpractis'd;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn, and happier than
this
She is not bred so dull that she can
learn;
Happiest of all, is, that her gentle
spirit
Commits itself to yours to be
directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her
King.

THAT is the end, the natural end of the fight between man and woman. This fight is an ordeal, a test for the character of man. And it is in that light that I want you to look now at lovers' quarrels.

In my novel, *Ariane*, there is a terrible fight between two lovers. *Ariane* struggles for an entire year against the lover she accepted at first sight. She is courageous, she is strong-willed, she subjects her lover to the most searching and most bitter trials, and finally, she understands that she will never make him yield, that he will never love the personage she is trying to play in order to deceive him, and at last she confesses the truth, surrenders herself unconditionally and throws herself on his mercy. I have often thought about it since—and I believe that it is the happy and natural ending of this fight which is responsible for the success of my book in Europe. It is quite possible that many readers do not see it clearly, but this ending gives satisfaction to instincts lying deep down in them

CONTRACT

(Concluded from page 144)

"This new one is grand!" said Mrs. Dittmar. "I didn't get up till nearly eleven o'clock this morning—"

"Eleven!" exclaimed Mrs. French.

"Yes. Imagine!" said Mrs. Dittmar. "The itta girl just overslept herself, that's all."

"Mrs. Dittmar," said Shelton, "I have no idea who the itta girl is, but I am interested in your statement that she overslept herself. Would it be possible for her, or any other itta girl, to oversleep somebody else? If it were a sleeping contest, I should think 'outsleep' would be preferable, but even so I can't understand how a girl of any size out-sleeps herself."

The storm broke. Dittmar sprang to his feet.

"That's enough, Shelton!" he bellowed. "We've had enough of this nonsense! More than enough!"

"I think," said Shelton, "that the use of the word 'enough' three times in one short speech is more than enough. It grates on me to hear or read a word reiterated like that. I suggest as synonyms, 'plenty', 'a sufficiency', 'an abundance', 'a plethora'."

"Shut your smart aleck mouth and get out!"

"Carl! Carl! Mustn't lose temper!" said Mrs. Dittmar. "Lose temper and can't digest food. Daddy mustn't lose temper and be sick all night."

"Shelton just thinks he's funny," said Cameron.

"He's drunk and he'll leave my house at once!" said Dittmar.

"If that's the way you feel about it," said Shelton.

He stopped on the way out to bid Mrs. Dittmar's brother good-night.

"Good-night, Budder old boy," he said. "I'm glad to have met you, but sorry to learn you're deaf."

"Deaf! What makes you think I'm deaf?"

"I understood your sister to say you played the piano by ear."

Knowing his wife would have taken something to make her sleep, and therefore not afraid of disturbing her, Shelton went home, got out a bottle of Linden Scotch and put the finishing touches on his bender. In the morning Mrs. Shelton was a little better and came to the breakfast table where he was fighting an egg.

"Well what kind of time did you have?"

"Glorious! Much more exciting than at the Frenches'. Mrs. Dittmar's brother is a piano-playing fool."

"Oh, wasn't there any bridge then?"

"No. Just music and banter."

"Maybe the brother can't play contract and I spoiled the party by not going."

"Oh, no. You didn't spoil the party!"

"And do we go to the Camerons' next Wednesday?"

"I don't believe so. Nothing was said."

They did go next Wednesday night to the palatial home of E. M. Pardee, a friend of Gale Bartlett's and one of the real aristocrats of Linden. After dinner, Mrs. Pardee asked the Sheltons whether they played contract, and they said they did. The Pardees, not wishing to impoverish the young immigrants, refused to play "families." They insisted on cutting, and Shelton cut Mrs. Pardee.

"Oh, Mr. Shelton," she said at the end of the first hand, "why didn't you lead me a club? You must watch the discards!"

Author's Postscript: This story won't get me anything but the money I am paid for it. Even if it be read by those with whom I usually play—Mr. C., Mrs. W., Mr. T., Mrs. R. and the rest—they will think I mean two other fellows and tear into me like wolves next time I bid a slam and make one odd.



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YORK HARBOR

BAR HARBOR

POOR DEVIL

(Concluded from page 94)



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having moved only a few yards to the door, she returned to the bench which she had originally occupied, and again sat motionless, regarding the Bronze Faun as before.

There had not been ten visitors in this small gallery all afternoon, and those who had passed through had scarcely more than glanced at what was there. She smiled a little sadly, thinking of the lights and shades of human experience which had gone to the making of that which stood so silently before her, for it had been her portion to share a part of those vicissitudes.

ALL his life Cecil Deane had dreamed in terms of sculpture; he had been caught in a restless pursuit of the perfect example of his art, so that people had felt him to be rather "impossible," a highly nervous, mettlesome animal, choosing to tread the upper ether; a man pursuing a private and personal quest which would not let him rest. He had never been one of those artists brimming with the joy of creation, at peace merely to be modeling, with whom it does not greatly matter where the finished product fails.

With Cecil it was different: always beauty had harassed him. The failure of his brain and hands to produce the thing he saw, the line, the magic which eluded him, reacted upon his restless nature, making him faintly bitter. He had the attitude toward his art that a man has toward the woman who has betrayed him—he loved it, he hated it, but he could not get away. He knew that only through it could he find ultimate peace of mind, and he mistrusted that it would be constant enough to give it to him.

They had spent ten years wandering over the world in search of that perfect example of his ability which alone would bring him completion when it had passed his own inexorably critical eye; and then, only a short year ago, when in the Bronze Faun he had at last attained it, death, as if recognizing that the instrument had fulfilled its usage, had broken it and laid it in the ground.

SHE sat there thinking of these things, and her mind ran back to the hour when she had first seen him; for this woman loved every vestige of their association. It had been one of those things for which the female kind are made to suffer by their sisters. One of those chance meetings between two beings, already lonely, who find themselves complementary to such a degree that the ultimate story is inevitable. She had been in Paris studying music, for, although she was already approaching middle age, she had a really good contralto, and, for years, had not been free to choose her recreations and enjoyments. She had been dining alone, and he had sat across the room with a man who left early. He had stayed on for a while, smoking and sipping his coffee, and through the smoke he had observed her, a thing not uncommon there, indeed; but his glance was quick, impersonal, entirely without that quality of appraisal and invitation so recognizable upon the faces of the average diner in Paris restaurants, so that she guessed him to be an American, and she wondered if he would be dining there to-morrow night.

Two months later they were in Italy together she giving herself to that feverish search of his, cooling his restless mind with her quiet devotion; and he fulfilling her being by using all her capabilities, rewarding her with almost childlike gratitude; both of them too alive in the moment to pause to explain anything that might have gone before their meeting and marriage.

A man has other children than his physical heirs, and it may be that the woman who makes possible the child of his brain is, in his eyes more perfectly maternal than she who has borne the child of his body. Cecil Deane's art became this woman's life, his nature her profession. All else was put aside, for theirs was the life of the veriest nomads, moving on anywhere, everywhere; always to the next strange country that would

provide the magic to bring his ability to its maturer power.

And then, suddenly, he had gone back to America—their first separation since they had joined their lives. It had seemed like a period of death, those months of waiting. On his return to Italy and to her, he fell upon his clay with a kind of exaltation. He had been like a man in a dream until the figure was finished, had scarcely taken time to eat or sleep; and she began to feel that something was being born, not made. He would cover his eyes with his hands as if remembering, and then fly at the unfinished figure with his lips between his teeth, almost as if he suffered. When it was finished he had seemed utterly spent rather than at peace. And she recalled a strange quality in his quiet—a gentle note of satire, a vague surprise, as when a man stumbles upon some irony of his life. She had felt it, but had never quite understood it. Even now the recollection of it made her restless, as if it menaced the perfection of their union, and thinking thus, she forced her mind to dwell on happier hours.

She had always thought the Bronze Faun looked as Cecil might have looked when a stripling; and, gazing at the features now, the trace of him she found there brought a rich pang. It was almost alive, her child, that figure of perpetual grace, the lips laughing, the arched back bending in a caper half flight, half invitation. It had the eternal beauty of young and happy things. What it would have been to her to have made such a body, not in bronze, but alive and breathing, changing, developing until it held all the riotous strength, all the potential powers of a man! Queer that such a love as theirs should leave behind it only this exquisite unbreathing thing. But this child at least would live. Odd—the lifeless imperishable, and the living brief thing! What a riddle!

INTO the room, now almost dark, two visitors moved toward her silently. A woman and a lad. A tall lad with a kingly poise. The woman, seeing the Bronze Faun from afar, came to a sudden halt, and caught her hands against her breast. In a moment she drew near and stood before the figure, speechless.

"I am sorry it is so dark, now," said the woman who had sat there all afternoon, "it is the Bronze Faun by Cecil Deane." No one replied, and she said again, "It is the Bronze Faun by Cecil Deane. He would have been a great genius if he had lived."

"Yes. I suppose he would," the answer came faintly; "one never knows why geniuses must leave living, breathing beings to create marble images and bronze likenesses of them." She turned and looked at the lad beside her. The woman who had sat there all afternoon looked at him, too, and then she put her hands over her eyes.

"Cecil Deane was a genius," she heard herself repeating vaguely.

"I know; I was his wife, once. This is our son. The likeness is very exact."

They moved away and left her in the darkness of the gallery. She had felt it to be the only home she had. Here was housed the only tangible evidence of her association with the man who had made her world. In the chaos of this sudden, immense and final bereavement, she forgot the saving balm of memory, forgot the deathless and invisible things which companion those who have felt deeply; she knew only that out of that door had passed the woman through whom his brain and blood continued upon this earth. The thought carried with it a basic revolt, followed by a sense of extinction.

She moved nearer the Bronze Faun and laid her hand upon its shoulder. The icy cold of it! The fearful and unyielding smoothness! She cried out, clutching it with both hands.

IT WAS midnight, Jimmy Jones was stamping his feet and selling papers. "Paper—pa-p-p-e-r! Woman dead in Mu-ze-um! Statue falls on La-dee in Galler-ee! . . . Paper, Mister?"

CHARLES OF THE RITZ

Tells How to Banish Ageing Face Lines

"YOUTHFUL freshness and smoothness of skin, freedom from ageing lines, pouches and other blemishes, is simply a matter of scientific care. In your own home at small cost you may now give yourself this care. My beauty creations, the same preparations used in my beauty salons at the Ritz-Carlton, the Plaza and other great hotels, are now sold through leading shops everywhere as well as at my salons. I give them to the world with the assurance that they will bring to every woman a deeper fascination and a more lasting youth."

Charles
OF THE
RITZ

Now Protect and Preserve Youthful Loveliness Use CHARLES' Salon Preparations at Home

THINK of being able to give yourself in your town boudoir at little expense the identical beauty treatments for which thousands of wealthy and fashionable women go to the CHARLES OF THE RITZ salons. The secret of their amazing youthful loveliness and chic is now yours.

For CHARLES' secret formulas, the result of twenty-five years' beauty practice, have now for the first time been placed on sale at leading department stores and druggists. With each exquisite jar or bottle come full directions for CHARLES' unique beauty treatments. These are the treatments which give to CHARLES' society patrons that "young girl" smoothness and firm-

ness of contour, that flower-like freshness and radiance, which you have so often envied.

Purchase any one of the new CHARLES OF THE RITZ preparations at your favorite shop tomorrow. Apply it according to the simple directions. You will be delighted and amazed at its superiority over anything you have ever used. After even this first treatment you will see a definite improvement. Youthful suppleness, creamy smoothness, flower-petal freshness begin definitely to return. Years seem to drop away visibly.

It is but a promise of the radiant youth which CHARLES' has brought to thousands—and can bring to you as well.

CHARLES OF THE RITZ Advises for Home Use

For Ageing Lines

ANTI-WRINKLE CREAM RITZ—Excellent for dry, shriveled, crepey skin and all lines . . . \$2, \$3.50

For Large Coarse Pores

PORE PASTE RITZ—Acts to quickly reduce, refine and smooth coarse, rough pores . . . \$1.50

For Sagging Skin, Pouches

ASTRINGENT RITZ—To firm and smooth flabby, sagging skin, drooping chin, puffiness . . . \$2, \$4

For Sallow Muddy Skin

BLEACH CREAM RITZ—Helps keep skin beautifully white and soft. Prevents blackheads . . . \$2.50

To End Skin Eruptions

ACNE LOTION RITZ—Dries up and heals disfiguring blemishes often overnight . . . \$2.25

For Protection and Powder Base

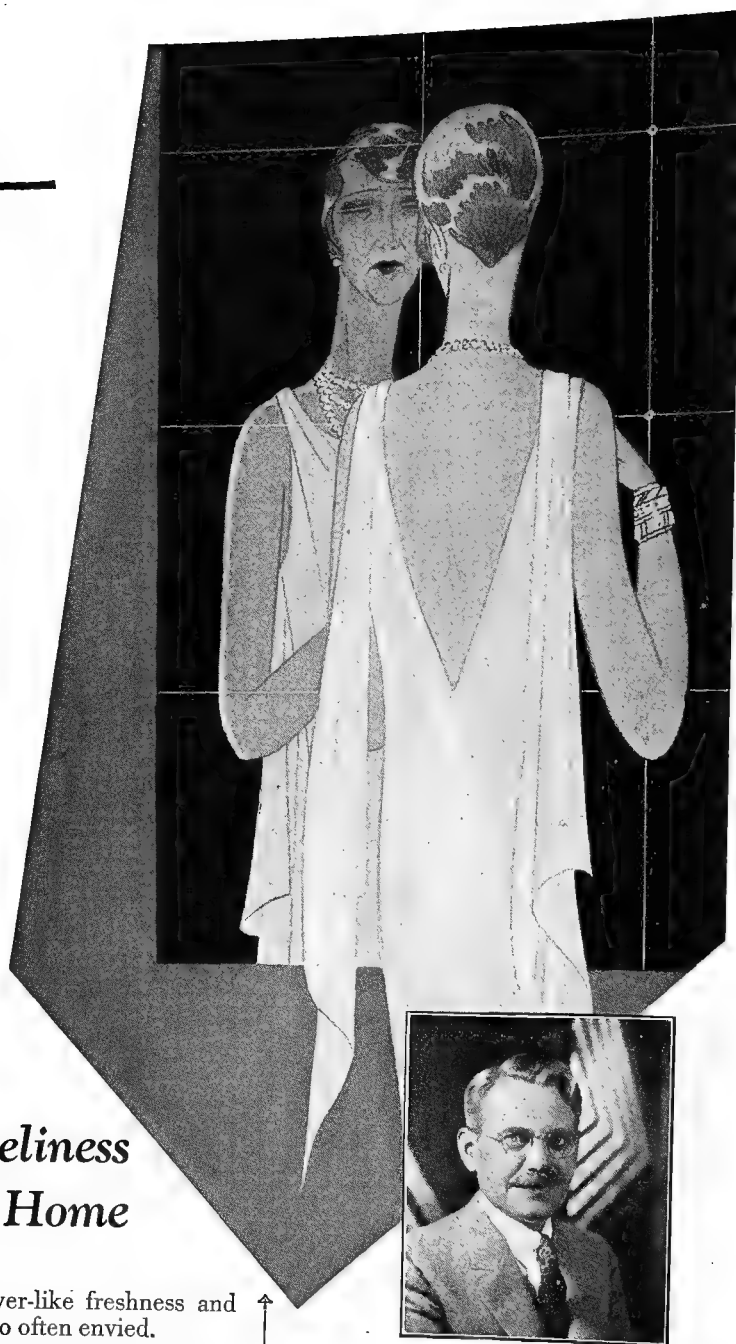
SKIN BLOOM RITZ—The most luxuriously light vanishing cream, the perfect powder base . . . \$1.75

NOTE: If unable to obtain at store, order direct

Write for CHARLES' Beauty Book, The Four Secrets of Youthful Beauty. CHARLES will also gladly answer any special questions you wish to ask, giving you his personal advice. Address CHARLES OF THE RITZ, Ritz-Carlton Hotel, New York City, Suite 114-H

CHARLES OF THE RITZ Preparations may now be obtained at the following CHARLES OF THE RITZ salons and leading department stores and druggists everywhere:

CHARLES OF THE RITZ Salons: New York—RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL \ RITZ-TOWER \ PLAZA HOTEL \ BARCLAY HOTEL \ GLADSTONE HOTEL \ PARK CHAMBERS \ Atlantic City—RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL \ Boston—RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL



CHARLES OF THE RITZ

Now Wipe Away Years In Three Short Steps

AS the result of 25 years' experience as Maitre de Beauté to America's smartest women, CHARLES OF THE RITZ has perfected three youthifying preparations which perform seeming wonders. With amazing swiftness they bring back to a dull, lined, ageing skin the vivid radiance and satiny loveliness of youth.

These unique preparations are now for the first time obtainable at leading shops. With them come full directions for CHARLES' special treatments. The three cost only \$4.25. Get them and laugh at the passing years.

1. The first preparation is *Lemon Cleansing Cream Ritz*, \$1.25. It not only cleanses perfectly, flushing out every impurity, but also refines and whitens. Also its delicate oils keep the skin soft, smooth and supple.

2. The second preparation is *Skin Tonic Ritz*, \$1.50. It stimulates the sluggish skin, restoring healthful color, toning and helping lift sagging tissues, reducing coarse pores.

3. The third preparation is *Skin and Tissue Builder Ritz*, \$1.50. It is especially recommended to fill out shrunken tissues, preventing lines and pouches. It keeps the skin lovely, firm and full, yet youthfully soft and smooth.

Just three things to buy—and youthful loveliness assured. Begin your rejuvenation today.

if you know your Paris
—you know this shop!



Paris
headquarters
for

HARRY GLOVES

exclusive with Kurzman in New York

They are the most famous gloves of two continents—almost the only glove the smart world knows by name! They are sold only at Harry's in Paris, at Kurzman in New York; and the women who buy them, here or there, choose from identical models on either side the water.

SPRING CLASSICS

slip-on washable suede . . . \$5
one-button washable suede, \$4
short-wrist suede gauntlet, \$4
natural chamois slip-on, \$2.50
hand-stitched washable kid,
slip-ons, \$5, 2-button . . . \$4



Kurzman

importer . . . 661 Fifth Avenue

"CANDID FRIEND"

(Continued from page 80)

produce smartness."

"I'm glad my efforts are being appreciated. I dare say I manage to be very well dressed."

"Not always. Your taste is far from infallible. Your costumes are at times what might be called 'surprising.' However, it may be just those occasional lapses in departing from accepted standards which make people, even though they gasp, speak of you as that 'wonderfully smart Mrs. Ex.' I pity the unfortunate women, though, who possessing neither your original personality, your presence, nor your assured social standing, seek sartorial inspiration from your clever interpretation of whatever at the time happens to be *à la Mode*."

"Here you make a mistake; I rarely know what is *à la Mode*; I never follow fashions."

"That is hardly an accurate statement, for you invariably do, unless, of course, you lead them. The fact is, what constitutes your reputation for smartness consists not merely in good looks, but in the extraordinary fashion knowledge you have acquired. You know which fashion is likely to develop and also when it should be dropped, are never on the wrong track, and only wear clothes which you are certain other women will be wearing six months hence."

Looking about us we find our table deserted. The jazzing of the jazz band has done its work.

Mrs. Ex says that since she is supposed to be the smartest woman in the world she feels a sense of responsibility upon her. "I cannot risk going to pieces in public!"

Besides she considers dancing between dinner tables a very sordid affair. She tells me she very rarely does.

"Why is it that the aspect of even a smart crowd should be so vulgar?" is the next thing she wants to know. "Why do so few women stand out as well dressed?"

"Evidently because an agglomeration of many indifferent gowns submerges the isolated good ones. A well-dressed woman hardly ever stands out in a crowd. She becomes part of it."

"Has it ever occurred to you," Mrs. Ex says, "how few women bother about harmony of surroundings? What unpardonable risks they take in a crowd, such as this one, for instance, and how detracting a background that is, produced by women garbed in every color contained in a rainbow?"

"I feel quite dazed by this kaleidoscopic shifting and reshuffling of jarring colors. I cannot even be fair and make a difference between good and bad. So, I beg of you, don't ask me to dance in so motley a crowd. I cannot take chances with my acquired fame."

The music has suddenly stopped. People find their way back to their seats. A pretty, not particularly well-dressed woman has taken possession of Barbara's chair beside me. The first thing she says to me is, "You're sure to find me provincial. I am quite aware of not being well dressed at all."

She continues: "Having, however, made arrangements to join Barbara in Cannes, I feel I ought to make an effort to smarten up a bit. The trouble with me is—I am fastidious to a degree, dying to be smart, yet nervous of wearing anything which seems to me very new."

"All novelty strikes me as eccentric, and as to a radical change of fashion it simply terrifies me. Only after I've seen new styles worn by other women do I know if I like them or not, and unfortunately only get used to them when most other women discard them. I am afraid I'm hopeless!"

"No, dear lady, merely timorous and devoid of sartorial courage. As we've only just met, I am unable to give an opinion, but I would like to remark that too much reticence in dress is rarely appreciated and is, in most instances, ascribed to sartorial ignorance. If unable to trust yourself, why not select from among women, acknowledged as perfectly dressed, those most closely resembling your type and decide to follow their lead? Or if no one inspires confidence, and you feel you cannot distinguish be-

tween 'new good' and 'new bad', why not make up your mind to be entirely dressed by just one first-class dressmaker in Paris and never by any other?"

"Which Paris house would I advise you to try? The one from two or three I might name which, in your own particular set, enjoys the greatest prestige. It should be a house famed for safety, in which even the newest departures, different from anything one has ever seen before, are never labeled 'eccentric' nor thought in doubtful taste."

"Yes, I know of designers in Paris with a prestige so great and an individuality so marked as to confer upon any woman, a *cachet* of elegance, as well as the hallmark of good taste."

"You are quite right. I have one particular house in mind, and will gladly give you the name, though not now."

"Don't you agree," says the lady, "that there is nothing more distinguished for evening wear than black?"

"So I'm told," I reply. "I've heard people say that black is comfortable and safe. Personally, I consider the wearing of black requires more smartness of personality than any other shade. A woman who manages to be the center of attraction in black is easily smarter than anyone else in the room; if not, she is sure to be unretreivably dowdy."

"Please tell me which is the smarter this season, mousseline de soie or net?"

"Net, by all means. Since the narrow silhouette is a thing of the past, chiffon is no more as popular as it was. In fact, none of the clinging textures are."

"Nevertheless," says the lady, "I observe quite a number of gowns, in georgette, chiffon, and crêpe here to-night."

"Of course, you do. There always will be women to wear them—glittering laces, especially, being particularly attractive, but those who do are no more the ones who stand out as particularly smart. The prevailing Paris evening mode requires both fulness and length of skirt—with ankles veiled in transparent textures."

"And which to your mind is the best-looking gown at Ciro's to-night?" the lady now wants to know.

"Unquestionably the one in black diré satin, with the great black net skirt and the long rounded panel in the back edged by flaring flounces."

"Extremely popular, just at present, are attractive little jackets to be worn over evening dresses."

Barbara, from across the table, proclaims, "These to be imported from London."

She may be right; it is difficult exactly to know where any fashion originates.

"Anyway, a difference exists between the Paris and London jackets. The French models are shaped to the figure, while in London they hang loose and are much less formal looking. Paris makes them appear to be part of a costume, which, with a harmonizing slip and bouffant skirt, produces an ensemble."

"In London, on the contrary, any kind of loose looking gold or silver box coat seems to be worn over almost any evening gown, being merely added for warmth and comfort. The lady at a table across the room will serve as a striking example."

"On arriving, I noticed her wearing a gold jacket, made of some soft texture. She removed it for dancing, revealing a very rich-looking brocade gown bearing the unmistakable Callot stamp. Beautiful, but entirely different in texture from her coat."

"Now, cast a glance at another table farther down the room. You will observe a lady dressed all in white. Her jacket is very tight fitting, its texture entirely composed of white seed-pearls, into which elaborate designs of rhinestones seem to be incrustated. The lady surely finds the jacket too warm to dance in, and may not be entirely comfortable. She is, however, unable to remove it, because her costume, being merely a coat and skirt affair, forming an ensemble, is not supposed to be separated."

This, I should call the Paris interpretation of a fashion that is bound to become increasingly popular, as time goes on.



Madame: The *EUGÈNE SACHET*

¶ We dedicate this page to your better acquaintance!

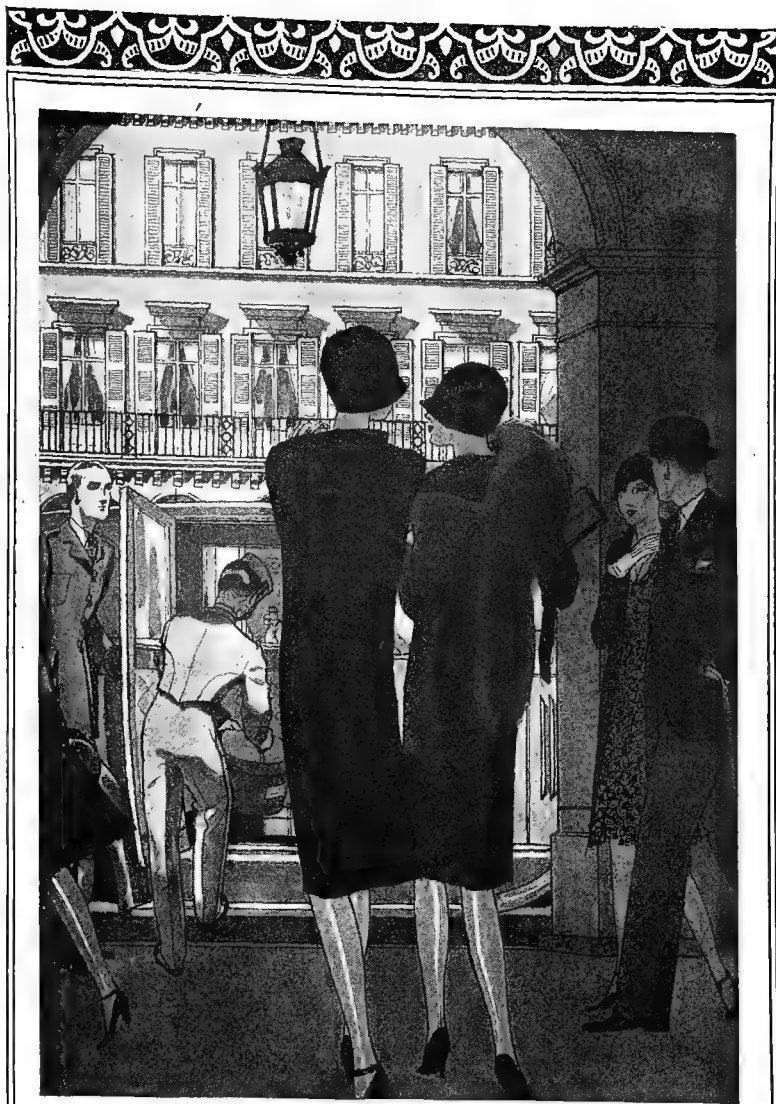
Allow us to present, *The Eugène Sachet*—at once the *source* and the *control* of the steam that so beautifully waves your hair when you get a genuine Eugène Permanent Wave. ¶ The Eugène Sachet, with its patented perforated steam tab, is the all-important secret of gentle, graceful, Eugène permanent waves. ¶ From countless, carefully placed and graduated perforations in the steam tab, come tiny jets of steam, controlled as to quantity, direction and duration—all essential to pre-determined success in permanent waving.

¶ There are no acceptable substitutes for Eugène Sachets. Only the genuine have the patented perforated steam tab—an exclusive Eugène feature.

Be sure your hairdresser uses the genuine—26 to 40 of them for each wave. You will know them by the perforated steam tab—and by the famous Eugène trade-mark symbol stamped on each sachet.

¶ Send for Sample Eugène Sachet!

We will gladly send you a sample Eugène Sachet for your inspection, together with our interesting booklet, "The Eugène Method," and a list of genuine Eugène Permanists in your vicinity. Eugène, Ltd., 565 Fifth Ave., New York City. United States, England, France, Germany, Australia.



The Smartest Street on Earth at the end of the longest gangplank

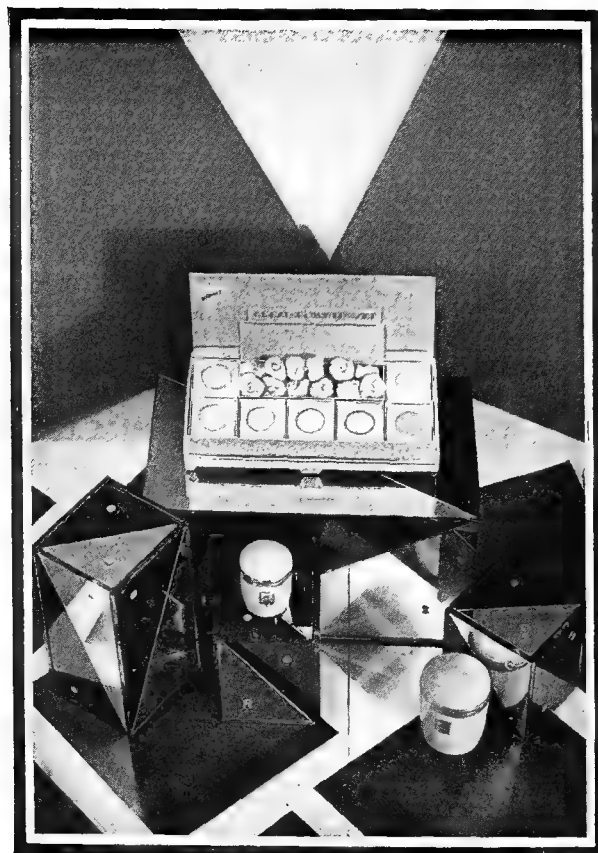
The mode that doesn't begin on the rue de la Paix, or near it... isn't a mode... it's a costly mistake. -- The woman who doesn't adore the thought of buying clothes there, and glittering trifles on the rue de Rivoli... isn't a woman... she's a misnomer in petticoats. -- All the sleek long-nosed cars in Europe, all the racing greyhounds that cut a blue-green swathe across the Atlantic are drawn by the irresistible pull of those little jewel-box shops! -- But the smartest of the women and the wisest of the men are taking the "France", the "Paris" or the "Ile de France", those Weekly Express Liners that carry them to Paris by the quickest, easiest, gayest, pleasantest route. -- The men know they won't find a bore in the smoking room, a boulder at dinner or a menu less than perfect. -- The women know that the world doesn't hold a more appreciative audience for themselves and their frocks. -- Five days in Paris-a float, a call at Plymouth for London, then dock at Le Havre where the boat-train waits... three hours to the rue de la Paix!



French Line

Information from any authorized French Line Agent
or write direct to 19 State Street, New York City

French Line Officers and Stewards Converse in English



Aime Dupont

The guest powder box, containing seven shades of R. Louis' powder, is a novel idea. Also shown are two of the attractive green jars of cream.

THE COSMETIC URGE

By REBECCA STICKNEY

IT IS easy to be lovely in New York, for the most famous beauty experts may be consulted in their salons, and various treatments taken under expertly trained attendants. Usually the largest cities are blessed with branch salons of leading New York specialists, but what of the hundreds of medium sized cities throughout the country where women with the same desire to preserve and promote their beauty have not the same happy facilities for competent treatments? R. Louis, the eminent hair-dresser, who has such a large New York following in his spacious establishment at 26 West 58th Street, has anticipated this need on the part of smart women in smaller communities, and within the last six months has made it possible for them to obtain his splendid treatments and preparations, by putting R. Louis trained operators into local hair-dressing shops.

A list of these hair-dressers will be sent you, on request, from the beauty expert in their New York salon, who will also answer any questions about your particular needs, or, if you are in town, will personally study your skin and supervise your treatment. For Monsieur Louis believes that the best results can be obtained only after expert diagnosis. Each skin accordingly receives a different mixture of creams, depending on its texture and conditions, and each subsequent treatment is varied in proportion to how the skin has responded to the previous salon treatment and care at home. Thrifty souls will be charmed with the attractive pale green jars, which hold the R. Louis preparations and have a hundred fascinating uses after their contents have been exhausted.

Any hostess will welcome with delight the new guest powder set which contains seven different shades of powder--so that every guest may find her exact preference and not be dependent on one color, as is usually the case.

In the back part of the de luxe manicure salon at 50 East 57th Street is a real discovery--Mrs. Edith May: Her card reads, "Electrolysis Specialist," and for some women she ought to be a godsend. Her six magic little needles, guided by sure, nimble fingers, remove superfluous

hair scientifically and permanently from the face, armpits, arms and legs. Even one's eyebrows may be shaped forever! True, to cover a large area of hair, which has grown thick and obstinate through too frequent shaving, requires time and patience. But consider the joy of being free once and for all from this feminine tribulation. If hair is pulled out by the roots it will grow in again unless the papilla, which furnishes the nourishment to the roots, is completely destroyed, and this can only be done by the electric needle. Mrs. May's telephone number, for your convenience, is Rhinelander 2558.

Lovers of Caron's rare and costly perfumes will be delighted to hear that a new scent is being brought out early in March called "Bellodgia." It is a warm, compelling fragrance which clings elusively for days and makes one think, somehow, of great masses of deep red carnations. The crystal bottle is luxuriously simple and comes only in the one medium size. The house of Caron has added recently "Nuit de Noël" face powder to its line to go with its most popular perfume.

The windy month of March is perhaps the most trying month of all to the eyes, for fine particles of dirt and dust are flying everywhere through the air. So it is important that special care be taken of them, for a woman's eyes are her most expressive charm, and perhaps the least cared for. Kathleen Mary Quinlan, 665 Fifth Avenue, long ago established a name for the care of eyes. Her directions are simple and effective. "Night and morning bathe the eyes with Quinlan Eye Bath to cleanse them. Then nourish the tissue about the eyes and keep it free from lines and wrinkles with Vah-Dah Eye cream. Restore youthfulness and firmness to the delicate skin about the eyes with Vah-Dah astringent." For tired, overstrained eyes, her balsam packs, dipped in hot water and pressed over the eyeballs, are most refreshing. The combination of the heat and the soothing herbs takes away all signs of strain. Miss Quinlan has designed a compact little Eye Kit for traveling which holds the essential preparations, and includes Cleaning Oil,

(Concluded on page 156)

The Greater HUDSON

in 14 Distinguished New Body Types



Original Copper Etching by Chas. A. Barker

*"There is a very costly car" you would say
If you did not know the price*

From whatever viewpoint you regard it—whether rich appearance, luxurious appointment or brilliant performance—if you did not know the price of the Greater Hudson you would say, "There is a very costly car."

* * *

On the standard chassis nine models are offered—the Coach, Standard Sedan, Coupe, Roadster, Phaeton, Town Sedan, Convertible Coupe, Landau Sedan and Victoria, ranging from \$1095 to \$1500 at factory. On the long chassis there are five models—the 4-passenger Sport Phaeton, the 7-passenger Phaeton, the 5-passenger Club Sedan, the 7-passenger Sedan and the 7-passenger Limousine, with a price range from \$1850 to \$2100 at factory.





"Gracia"

Ashes of Roses—the subtle color tone of this coat—merges delicately into the beauty of a Natural Blue Fox collar... Rhythmic lines and graceful modulations in length acclaim the Softer Feminine Mode... Fitting close and turning sharply down on one side, the felt hat emphasizes a finely-moulded head and profile.

MILGRIM

6 WEST 57th STREET

Just off Fifth Avenue, New York

600 Michigan Boulevard, South
CHICAGO

1607 Euclid Avenue
CLEVELAND

Milgrim Creations and Hats may also be obtained
at the foremost shops in each city



The Martha Washington Downtown "Make-Up" Box for business women contains all the necessary requisites for a fresh complexion.

THE COSMETIC URGE

(Concluded from page 154)

Vah-Dah Eye Cream, Eye Packs, Vah-Dah Eye Astringent, Eye Bath, Eye Drops, Eyelash Grower, and Eyebrow and Eyelash Brush.

Appearances count in business as much as in private life. The clever business woman realizes this and in spite of long wearying hours at a desk, or rushing in and out of shops looking at new merchandise, one of her chief considerations is her skin. André, cosmetician of Paris and New York, who puts out his line under the name of Martha Washington, has realized the business woman's needs, and made for her a compact kit called a "Downtown Make-Up Box." It is an attractive raspberry-colored box, lined with black, which slips easily into a desk drawer and contains cleansing cream and tissues, a bottle of astringent, rouge and face powder. The last mentioned item is particularly interesting, as it looks much darker than most powders, even in its lightest shade, yet when it is on the face it tones in perfectly with the skin. The rest of this line is well worth investigating and may be found at Saks-Fifth Avenue.

If you are one of those pathetic "left behinds," whose fate it is to remain shivering and pale up in the North, while your friends disport themselves on sunny Southern sands and send you colored post-cards of orange groves and waving palm trees, take heart and betake yourself to the new Salon Bertie at 695 Fifth Avenue. Here you will find a *chambre solaire*, where you may transform your-

self, in six treatments, into a brown, buxom lass, and cause unsuspecting people to exclaim: "My, you look well! Were you at Palm Beach or Nassau?" The special sun lamp is under the supervision of a well-known New York M. D.

Created to supplement this treatment is Madame Bertie's new Lotion Solaire, which is a liquid powder in three shades of tan. It goes on very evenly and will not rub off on your favorite white satin evening dress.

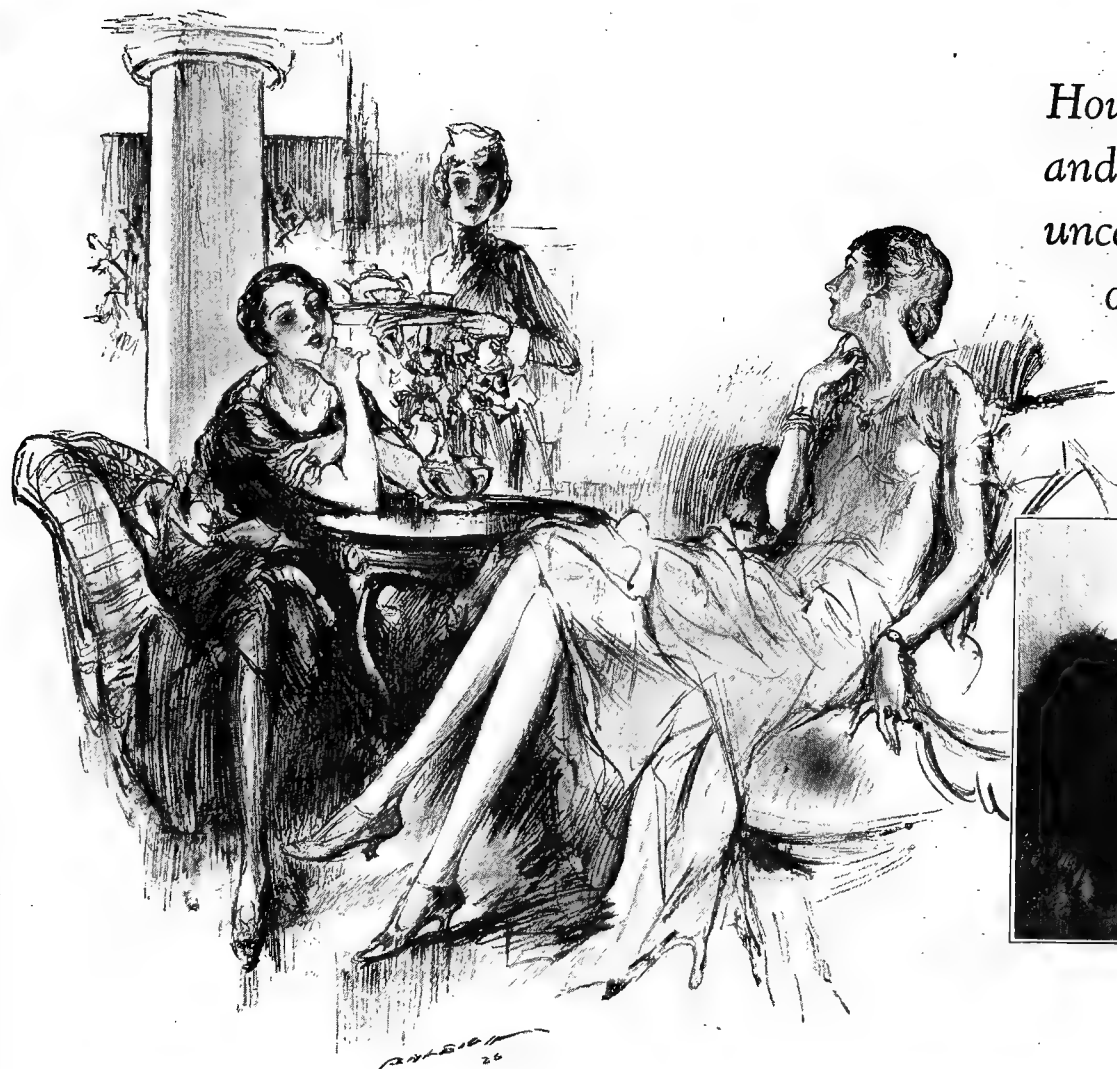
This new Salon Bertie, designed by Lescaze, will charm followers of the modern school of decoration. The atmosphere is attractively restful and the facial rooms boast real daylight from the west. You know it takes courage to give a facial by the uncharitable light of day. The effects are not so alluring, but surely must be more intelligently satisfying. Madame Bertie is a dermatologist, and her treatments simple and scientific. All a normal skin requires is her Lait D'Oesype, a thick creamy liquid for cleansing and nourishing at night; Lait Mediana, a refreshing lotion, redolent of almonds for morning cleaning, to be followed by Crème Mediana, a base for Poudre Mediana, which prevents the pores from becoming clogged with powder and dust. Eau Detersive is an astringent for strengthening the sagging muscles of the throat or for keeping the skin on the neck from wrinkling, and for refining coarse pores. For oily or dry skins the same preparations are used, slightly varied, in conjunction with advice given at the salon.



Shown above are the products of Madame Bertie, which may be seen in her new Fifth Avenue salon.

UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

Ending the Uncertainty of Old-Time Hygienic Methods



*How peace-of-mind, security
and comfort supplant the
uncertainty of former days—
of makeshift methods*



SINCE Kotex now costs so little, one can no longer afford the risks, the bother and embarrassment, of old-style hygienic methods.

For Kotex, the scientific sanitary pad, has overcome all former handicaps to peace-of-mind. By absolute protection, removed all doubts. Poise and assurance today are natural—comfort and ease unknown before are yours.

Just the proper absorbency

Kotex starts by being of proper absorbency. Its exclusive filler material, Cellucotton absorbent wadding, actually is five times as absorbent as surgical cotton! It is scientifically shaped to fit, pliable and downy... thus giving comfort without self-consciousness.

It is adjustable, too, to suit the individual's wishes.

Now deodorizes... exclusively

Kotex, by an exclusive process,* deodorizes. And this is a factor women are quick to appreciate. Nowhere else will you find this patented Kotex feature.

Disposable without embarrassment (see directions in each box)—easily bought by name wherever you are—these are other important things that Kotex brings.

And now, at new low prices, within the reach of all. Health need not be endangered by the old-style methods of yesterday. Radiant health, peace-of-mind and poise are yours, at all times.

Cellucotton absorbent wadding comes in layers, which can be adjusted to one's individual need. That is a unique advantage which women always find comforting. Then, too, there is an easy softness about both gauze and filler today. Manufacturing refinements keep adding to your comfort.

Buy Kotex today

Buy a box of Kotex today... 45 cents for twelve. All drug, dry goods and department stores sell it; also in vending cabinets in rest-rooms through the West Disinfecting Company. Kotex Company, 180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago. Kotex Company of Canada, Ltd., 330 Bay Street, Toronto, Canada.

Use Super-size Kotex

Formerly 90c—Now 65c

Super-size Kotex differs from Regular Kotex only in giving the extra protection of additional layers of Cellucotton absorbent wadding. The advantages in using it in connection with the Regular are thus obvious. Disposable the same way. Doctors and nurses consider it indispensable where extra protection is needed. At the new low price, you can easily afford to buy one box of Super-size to every three of Kotex Regular. Its extra layers of filler mean much in added comfort and security.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

*Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by patented process. (Patent No. 1,670,587.)

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

A ROMANTIC LETTER

(Continued from page 107)

silently, by changing the disk. They're playing Tosti's "Good-bye." It is waiving away at a frightful rate—

"Falling leaves and fading flowers
"Shadows falling on you and me. . . ."

It's strange, but something in the woman's voice made me think suddenly of Isabel—not the sound of it, for her voice was always beautiful and this is the voice of a common woman who drinks too much whisky. It's odd, but this is the second time to-day that I've thought of Isabel when she's been forgotten for years. Lord! How many years? Fifteen. Twenty. Perhaps more. She may be dead, for all I know. Memory plays strange tricks. This morning at the palace I had a sudden feeling that I had seen her somewhere to-day quite close at hand, as if she had passed me in the street without my quite recognizing her. It may have been that I passed someone who resembled her. Faces have strange resemblances.

I've just remembered that you're the same age as Isabel and that this too must be her birthday. You used to celebrate on the same day in the old house on Murray Hill.

What has become of her? I remember her as I saw her on the night she ran off with that fellow Preston. Ah, you were there, too. You must have the same memory of her, though you may have seen her since. I've never seen her, though I heard she was in Peking just before I arrived seven years ago. It's only lately that I've been able to think of her and of how much I was in love with her. Before now, it always hurt me too much. That's why I always avoided meeting her. I could never forget her running off with him. It's so long ago now that it all seems quite beautiful and something to be thankful for. It's almost as if she'd joined the procession of ghosts that haunt the old corridors of the palace. She was a beauty with her dark hair and blue eyes and that spoiled quick bad-tempered way of hers. Ah, Elenor, I was in love with her. She could have had me on any terms.

(They have started the scratchy thing again in the next room. I think they must keep the thing going to escape speaking to each other.)

She could have been happy—Isabel, I mean—but she always had to be making a sensation. Perhaps I'm just a prig. Perhaps she is happy. She always had to be noticed by people. She might have married Preston decently, but she preferred to elope with him. And she might have been happy with him, but she preferred a divorce in days when divorces were still sensational. It's odd how the years make you see things differently. I was in love with her once. She was the only woman I've ever loved. But now I can't help thanking God for all the trouble I escaped because she thought me dull—how much trouble and notoriety!

What has become of her? The last I heard was when she ran off from her second husband with Murchison who seemed a sober enough fellow and not the sort to leave a wife and children for a woman of forty. Always a sensation. "The beautiful Isabel So-and-So eloped, etc. . . ." Life, it seems, has never been exciting enough for her.

And now Murchison's life has been ruined, and he's lost. I suppose they're together somewhere. He was an honorable sort, as I remember him, and by now she must be too old to indulge in any more escapades. I suppose he's sticking to her for the sake of something that is dead. They were mixed up in some sort of yachting scandal in England about ten years ago. I think that's the last time she's been in the papers. She must be old and weary of sensations by now.

The music has stopped again in the next room and they've begun to quarrel. Apparently it's some sort of a rendezvous. Thank God, they're not people that I know. I suppose they think themselves alone in the Pavillon Dorée. I've coughed and dropped a book on the floor—a heavy volume of Saint-Simon—but

the woman is in a kind of frenzy and not to be stopped by the mere presence of a stranger. She's screaming at him and he is silent. She's just cried out, "I'll leave you! Why don't you say something instead of sitting there like a deaf mute? I've ruined myself for you and all I've had is misery, misery, misery!" The man answered her. "For God's sake, leave me and stop talking about it. Leave me in peace." She's gone into hysterics. I think the wretched creature is drunk. I'm going up to my room. I can't stand it any longer.

AN HOUR later.

I didn't escape. I was gathering up my things when the pair of them came through the room, moving across it against the pattern of bloody-magenta funeral wreaths. He was carrying a portable gramophone and some disks. I shouldn't have looked up or taken any notice of them but the man paused and, seeming not in the least put out by what he knew I must have heard, asked me what time it was. He was a tall man with a lean, weary face and gray hair, with the look of a gentleman. I took out my watch and silently held the face of it toward him and as I did so I noticed that the woman had halted in the doorway to see why he had not followed her. You could see at once why she had stopped there on the threshold. She was afraid that he might escape from her.

She was a tall woman with a figure that once must have been fine, before she had grown heavy with dissipation. She had a sagging chin and that hard, worried look of a woman who had clung desperately to her youth. The ravaged face was painted, crudely, as if she had done it while intoxicated, and her hair was of that dyed unreal shade of mahogany red. I should have turned away, but there was something about her that arrested me. She stood drawn up unsteadily against the doorway, with a wild and grotesque dignity, as if she were commanding me. Clearly she was thinking, "Look at me. You are a man. You will seldom see such another beauty . . ." as if she had never understood that she was nothing any longer but a raddled shrew. And then all at once I was sick, really sick, Elenor. There wasn't any doubt. The man was Murchison and the woman was Isabel. Mercifully, she was too drunk to recognize me.

THREE days have passed since I left off writing. I couldn't write any more. I couldn't sleep. All I could do was think, and so I walked the streets all night in the rain, and when I came in, in the morning, the hunting-dog was still howling, dismally and monotonously.

I've just come from the cemetery that lies on the edge of the forest. There were only two of us there besides the Anglican rector—Murchison and myself. We covered the raw red earth with a blanket of flowers. I don't think we said twenty words to each other. What was there to say except, "I knew her when she was a girl?" And you couldn't well say that with the memory of the drunken haridan leaning against the doorway of that terrible salon in the Pavillon Dorée.

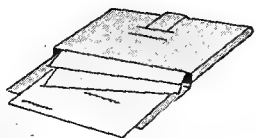
They found her in the kitchen in the morning in a pool of blood. She had cut her throat. She died, you see, as she had always lived, in a sensation. She would have liked a great story of her romantic love and death. But Murchison and I cheated her out of that. We've hushed things up. We can at least spare her family this last blow.

I should never have sent this letter, and I never would have sent it to anyone but you, because I knew you'd be interested and would understand it. I'm trusting you to keep the secret along with Murchison and me. I can never come to Fontainebleau again. I can't help regretting that, even though it seems selfish and small. I did love it and now, of course, Isabel has spoiled it forever. And poor Murchison! I don't know what he'll do. I'm taking him back to Paris with me.

It's things like this that make me regret
(Concluded on page 160)



Those whose taste
is unquestioned use
Genuine Engraving



THEY know, those persons of discriminating taste, that social reputations are made or wrecked by instinctive impressions. Accordingly, their stationery and social forms are graced with the charm and character of *genuine engraving*. No make-shifts, no substitutes can convey the same distinction. To make certain of the *genuine*, look for the identifying symbol pictured here. See that this mark appears on product or package.



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LONG AGO people of unerring taste discovered that articles of adornment have an immense value in expressing personality in the home.

How true this is of the intriguing Futura designs in Roseville Pottery! In the few examples given here you can catch the modernistic beauty of Futura... the dashing lines... the fearless spirit that Roseville craftsmen have so artfully given them.

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THE ROSEVILLE POTTERY CO., Zanesville, Ohio

ROSEVILLE
POTTERY



R. E. Coleman

A Molyneux afternoon coat of a woolen material called Andreia, combined with beige fox.

PARIS CREATES HATS FOR SPRING

(Concluded from page 91)

distinction the earring may be, if it is rightly chosen. It has never been more important as an accessory than it is at this moment. One's present impression of an evening entertainment is luxurious evening wraps and a multitude of earrings. In these sketches Martin has attempted to show the proper agreement of earrings and hair-dressing: For example, the short sports coiffure is shown with an earring that is appropriate with sports clothes, or with a strict tailleur. It is very new, and consists of two large beads, one of turquoise and one of gold, one in front of the ear and the other behind it. This is an invention of clever Madame Agnès, whose earrings are always interesting and individual. This earring could be made in any combination of precious or semi-precious materials, gold and silver, for example, or gold and onyx, or gold and colored enamel, depending upon the costume.

Then, for contrast, look at the blonde head with the mass of curled hair in the back, and the long intricate diamond earring. Madame Jean Charles Worth, who is letting her golden tresses grow, wears her hair in this manner. She has a handsome, rather Roman profile, so, with her heavy mass of curls, she can stand an earring that is both long and wide, and that glitters in artificial light. She often wears big diamond earrings, remarkable, like the one in the drawing, for their elaborate setting.

Madame Agnès wears her iron-gray hair in the fashion of the drawing with the earring of gold triangles. Everything she does is in the modern spirit, and her jewels follow suit. Her hair at present is arranged in flat snail-shell rings that cover the back of her head, and her tiny ear is decorated with triangles in Dunand lacquer, black and scarlet on gold. She has a small head, straight, fine features, and a long neck. Therefore, she can wear an earring that is both wide and long.

Few women realize what very present help in the trouble of defective proportions can be rendered by both earrings and hair-dressing. The head on page 99, drawn by Martin, is a case in point. This woman has a head that is round enough, but rather large for her height. Her neck, unluckily for her, is short—an almost un-

forgivable defect in the present mode. Her hair should be cut particularly short in the back, in order to lengthen the line of the neck, and brushed up, to give her length of line from collar-bone to crown. The piece of hair over the ears, which long-necked women may wear forward on the cheek, should in her case be cut quite short in a diagonal line, mounting toward the back. And she can do wonders with a long, straight slender earring, especially if it is made in some dark-colored material. Martin has given her an old-fashioned one, a woven cord of gold hanging in straight loops and ends. Dark lapis lazuli, deep sapphires or emeralds, onyx, dark enamel, deep brown tortoise-shell, dark red coral, are all good materials for her; but she should avoid the lightness and glitter of diamonds, and the milky white of pearls, if she wants to add to the line of her throat. The woman with a long narrow head, long slender neck, dark hair and narrow face, may wear an earring of light-colored material, which is both wide and long. In fact, she may go as far as she likes in exaggeration of quaintness in this ornament. Madame Charles Martin has a head of this character, and she is also the proud possessor of an unrivaled collection of earrings. It is from her collection that her husband has taken the long wide ovals of engraved crystal, drawn with this type.

I have just seen some delightful earrings at René Boivin's, a jeweler who makes a specialty of these ornaments. One that I particularly liked was a flower in darkest red coral, with a round center of tiny seed pearls, and an enameled leaf in black, made to fit the border of the ear. Another charming model, of Cambodian design, made in both gold and carved crystal, rings and bracelets made of the same transparent material, carved into squares, are also shown in this house of originalities. The effect of too narrow a face may be counteracted by short, wide earrings; too wide a one by long, slim, dark ornaments. Pearls are wonderful with sunburned skin; diamonds or rubies enhance the dazzling fairness of a blonde complexion; emeralds make the skin look rosier by contrast. There is a whole new chapter in beauty culture contained in the selection of earrings.

A ROMANTIC LETTER

(Concluded from page 158)

the fact that I never took up writing seriously. How right was the man who said that truth was stranger than fiction.

I can't write any more now. I'm still feeling it too deeply. And again I beg of you to say nothing of this to anyone because—well, because Isabel was one of us once. She grew up with us. She used to celebrate her birthday with you and the old

house on Murray Hill. Who would have thought that such things would happen to her?

Remember me to George, and if you come to Paris this summer, let me know. I have an exquisite little place at Chantilly. I should love to entertain you both. We could so enjoy ourselves discussing old times.

WALTER

IT HAS THE DATELESS BEAUTY OF ALL DISTINGUISHED THINGS

A CAR so smart that it is perfectly at home at Biarritz or on Park Avenue . . . so beautiful that people turn their heads to see it . . . so finely made that you need not even break it in. . . . A car that will bear you swiftly, smoothly, silently to your engagements. One that embodies the skill of the foremost coachmakers . . . Locke, Dietrich, Judkins, Willoughby, Brunn. (There are no yearly models. The Lincoln you buy today will not be out of date tomorrow. Like all fine things, it grows old gracefully.) . . . Luxury and comfort and good taste always, yet underneath, a mechanism so strong, so perfectly adjusted that you are scarcely conscious it is there. . . . In short, a car that you will feel proud to appear in, till all its years of service have been run.

The Lincoln Motor Company, a division of the Ford Motor Company of Detroit, Michigan.



A Lincoln sport roadster, with body by Locke, the property of George U. Harris, Esq., of New York, photographed on his estate at Tuxedo Park, N. Y.



"AS NEARLY PERFECT A MOTOR CAR AS IT IS POSSIBLE TO PRODUCE"

THE LINCOLN

HIGH WALLS

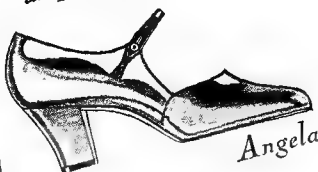
(Continued from page 125)



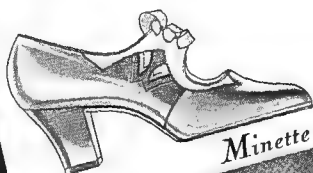
Here's a young lady who lives in a shoe

She Keeps Her Foot Small and Trim in a Drew!
Morning, noon and night . . . always on the go . . . this modern young lady. Her friends envy her fresh enthusiasm, her youthful poise, her smart, small foot. Truly, she has conquered the calendar!

Drew Arch Rest Shoes are made to be lived in. They actually "keep the foot small" by means of their famous Drew Arch Rest Construction . . . an exclusive feature that relieves all fatigue, all ugly spreading, all strain . . . with never a compromise with their fashionable smartness. Most of the smart, new styles, \$8.50, \$10 and \$12.50. Write for the Drew Folio of Fashion Footwear. The Irving Drew Company, Portsmouth, Ohio.



Angela



Minette

DREW ARCH REST Shoes for Women
"keep the foot small"

unprecedented. Color came sweeping to her cheeks. But she met her mother's look of sheer astonishment courageously. "I am going to accept the invitation, Mother," she repeated, as if she wanted no doubt about the matter.

Mrs. Cass-Evans cleverly accepted defeat. She had a knowledge of psychology. She must have sensed the fact that the rest were in no mood to have their one bright little prospect of gaiety, of relief from Natividad's monotony, crushed.

"Very well, then," she said. "You had better go to the dinner, all three of you. I will take care of Charles myself—since nobody seems to have thought of him."

Unpleasant, but true. Greta bit her lip . . . And with that single corrosive thrust at her daughter's expense, Mrs. Cass-Evans dismissed the topic.

IT DARKENS swiftly down in Calagua.

Night had fallen when, at seven, Greta, May and Alexander set out on foot for Ramon O'Reilly's consulate. It was one of those brilliant tropical nights, familiar enough to them by now, but to which they would never become wholly accustomed. Of northern blood, Alexander couldn't help suspecting the presence of something meretricious, something to beware of, in so passionate a display of natural splendor. It was too lavish, too theatrical . . . A dream city . . . One forgot the eternal dust and heat, the smells, the flies and squalor and misery of daytime. Greta paused once on the way, hatless, golden-haloed in the white radiance of the Plaza de las Indias, breathing in the oleander-scented air, whispering softly: "It's all so beautiful . . ." And Cousin May, ever practical, nudged Alexander, urging him to hurry on: "This is a dangerous setting for her, Toddy. I wish, almost, that we were on our way home . . ."

The consulate, which they reached a few minutes later, was an unpretentious one-story structure of white stucco. From the front door, of wire-screening, there emanated a mellow flood of electric light, illuminating a pebbled path leading in from the gate through a small garden. Over the door they discovered the American coat-of-arms. A servant, a mulatto boy, ushered them into the living room, a chamber that at once revealed a rare and excellent taste. Ramon was there to receive them, tactfully dressed in tropical whites because they did not have evening clothes with them.

"We're so excited," May greeted him effusively. "Dining out in Natividad is a great treat for us."

As host they found him a shade graver, more punctilious, than ever. His preparations must have been elaborate and painstaking. As if he had decided that the evening must be perfect, so far as it was in his power to make it so . . . For the first few minutes his formality lingered. All the little mannerisms, the profound etiquette of traditional Spain, came to the fore. He glided over a momentary deficiency of the serving boy by helping May and Greta to their chairs at the table in turn. Later, over the arroz con pollo, the bottle of dark, rich Marquis de Riscal, conversation flourished, the atmosphere became less tempered with ceremony. He and May talked intelligently upon the Latin-American temperament, the aspirations of Calagua as a nation. Greta and Alexander exchanged an occasional word, but he saw that her eyes were forever fastened upon O'Reilly, as if she were trying to impress his image upon her brain, so as to retain it forever . . . Once in a while he turned toward her, with a questioning look in his eyes, after he had made some statement, as if seeking her approval. And Greta would nod and smile, showing those lovely white teeth of hers, and would look radiant and happy.

BUT, except for her, it could not be termed a gay affair. It was too formal for its size—as if no one could quite obliterate from his or her mind the fact that it was, at best, an amorphous gathering hurriedly summoned for some purpose not quite evident, some underlying motive . . . Alexander knew, however, exactly

what that motive was. Despite Ramon O'Reilly's fastidious distribution of his remarks, May and he—Alexander—might just as well not have been present. There were but two spirits in tune that evening. Only two—yet these were completely so. Alexander, sensing this, was conscious of being glad; for he liked to witness a perfection in harmony, whether it happened to be a harmony of esthetics, or of a mood of nature, or of human spirits attuned in complete happiness . . .

The windows facing the garden wall, the Plaza de las Indias, were open, the white lace curtains billowing gently in a warm breeze. The room became permeated with that all-pervading smell of oleander. And toward the end of dinner some unseen and unknown beggar, some vagabond of the streets attracted by the lights shining from the windows, took up his stand by the garden wall and suddenly filled the night with a mellow tenor:

*Esta la noche serena,
De luceros coronada.
Terso el azul de los cielos,
Como transparente gaza . . .*

Alexander glanced inquiringly at Ramon. But the other shook his head. "That is entirely accidental," he assured him hastily. May stared at Greta, who had closed her eyes to the song, and Alexander felt that she doubted the truth of the statement. When the ballad was over Ramon flung a handful of coins out of the window, and May hurriedly resumed the conversation. She wanted to find out more about Ramon. She had a passion for discovering people's souls . . .

"But look here," she finally burst out, after he had given them a brilliant and concise outline of Calagua's history. "Where do you belong in all that? What keeps you down here in this hole, anyway?"

He hesitated before replying. Then, surprisingly, he said:

"Vanity, perhaps. Just vanity. Down here I amount to something. Elsewhere I would not. Down here they respect me, and treat me as someone of importance. The President of the Republic dines with me once a month. Yes, he actually comes here in his great French landau with high springs and outriders. And sometimes I go to the presidential palace, and all the people applaud . . ."

But this did not deceive Alexander. The irony, the bitterness in his voice was ill-concealed. There was more than that to the story . . . "I'm serving the country of my birth, and the United States, am I not?" he challenged May. She nodded doubtfully.

"Yes. In a way. But I have the same feeling that Mrs. Cass-Evans had about you. You should be in a more progressive world. New York, London—"

He shook his head.

"As I told her, I am tied by blood ties to these people. My life is with them. Those in Washington know that. They will never transfer me. The surest way to prevent your promotion in any government employment is to become of some value where you happen to be."

May agreed to that, but said: "How about ambition? Is that a sin?"

He laughed.

"I am content here. I haven't your American virus of always wanting to be somewhere else." He paused; repeated. "Yes, I am content here," as if he must needs reassure himself of the fact. He stirred uneasily in his chair; looked at Greta with glowing eyes. "At least—" He checked himself, rose from his chair, and said to May: "We will join the ladies in a few moments." May and Greta went into the drawing-room arm in arm, seemingly surprised at what they perhaps considered an excessive touch of formality.

RAMON drew his chair closer to Alexander. They lighted cigars. Something was on his mind; something that he must, apparently, make clear. Some remark of May's had perturbed him.

"These people love and respect me," he said. "I have my work cut out for me

(Continued on page 165)

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA



Wash off

the
unwanted
years!

... lightly, swiftly smooth
Pinaud's Cream on your face.
Then—in clear, cool water—
wash it away. Now look in your
mirror, touch your cheek!



... just half-a-minute—yet now you can see that dull, lifeless look change to challenging radiance! Can feel a new velvety texture!... For in a single swift application PINAUD'S NEW CREAM has done three astounding things for your skin—has *cleansed* it more thoroughly than ever before, deep down to the very bottom of the pores—has *supplied* it exquisitely—has *toned* the tiny nerves and muscles and skin glands to healthful activity! For this amazing Cream has a magnetic attraction exactly ten times as strong as the attraction which the skin itself has for dirt. Its delicate oils resemble the fine natural oils

Cleanses •

perfectly, "floating" the dirt from the pores, never leaving them choked with fatty bits of itself—as do ordinary creams!

of the skin itself more closely than any ever prepared for a cream before!... Use it faithfully each day and your cheek will grow—and *stay*—smooth as a petal, young and radiant as dew-washed dawn!... At leading stores in sea-green jars and traveling tubes.

Tones •

till the whole fretwork of tiny blood vessels and skin glands is stirred to normal activity. Awakened. Alive. Young!

Supplies •

the contour-moulding muscles to youthful elasticity, smooths out the premature lines that drying winds and suns encourage.

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*Makers of French toilet preparations
for more than one hundred
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- ☐ Please send me FREE enough Pinaud's Cream for 3 treatments.
☐ For 25c enclosed send two weeks' supply (Check offer you prefer and mail to Pinaud, Dept. H-3, 220 East 21st Street, N. Y., or in Canada, 560 King St. West, Toronto, Ontario.)

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There will be only ONE
car like this in your
community



REO ANNOUNCES

—a special limited edition of
Flying Cloud **THE MASTER**

On the first of each month, beginning with March, every Reo Flying Cloud dealer will get his usual quota of cars—plus one car more.

This car, each month, will be an absolutely individual creation—a limited *de luxe* edition of Flying Cloud *the Master*. It will be upholstered in a special fabric never before used in motor cars. This fabric, made by Cheney Brothers, will be designed and woven solely for this car. The color scheme of the body will be in perfect harmony with the upholstery—an *ensemble* created by one of the foremost stylists in the country.

The Reo "Car of the Month" for March is shown here. Each dealer will be allotted *one*—no more. Each dealer will sell *one*—no more. In the very large cities a few additional cars will be available... but even there the number will be definitely limited.

The woman who purchases this "Car of the Month" will have an individual car in the truest sense. Only rarely will she meet its duplicate on the high road... It will be priced at only a hundred dollars more than the regular sport sedan of Reo Flying Cloud *the Master*.... If you do not know the name of your Reo dealer, write or wire to the Reo Motor Car Company, Lansing, Michigan.

This illustration shows the actual upholstery fabric made by Cheney Brothers exclusively for the Reo "Car of the Month"

THE
REO
FLYING CLOUD
OF
THE MONTH

VAN RAALTE



THE SINGLETTE AND
SILK STOCKINGS FOR DAY



Beneath your formal town ensemble, your country tweeds, or golf and riding togs, this adorably simple Singlette (No. 9665) provides a perfect foundation, giving the figure classic grace. With a town ensemble, the chic woman wears Van Raalte Silk Stockings (No. 648).



The Singlette—by Van Raalte—sets your figure free of swaddling underthings. It liberates body curves, emphasizes body slenderness. It serves for three or four of the undergarments formerly called indispensable. It beautifies—not blurs—your silhouette! A supply of Singlettes is the very first step in a lady's fastidious choice of Spring clothes. \$5 to \$15. Suede Fabric Gloves—Van Raalte created—have the lovely texture of suede, and wash much better! Styled to Paris taste, with exquisite refinements—a gleaming “pearl” to button the flattering wrist of the new 6-button mousquetaire length (No. 8350)—pictured above; or a well-placed elastic to give the fitted wrist French women like (No. 8351) at the left.

VAN RAALTE

295 Fifth Avenue, New York



FOR YOUR FORMAL
"EVENING ENSEMBLE"



Silk Stockings—by Van Raalte—delicate as atmosphere, yet shapely as a sculptor's dream—are flattering complements to the "grande toilette" or the "little" dinner frock. Of purest silk, sheer and fine-spun, they are adorned with gay little hem linings, and Paris clocks. No. 699, shown above, has the clock extended in the foot, for wear with cutout evening sandals. "Slender Ankles"—a boon Van Raalte *Silk Stockings* confer on clever wearers—are further dramatized by these new Paris clocks. Women who love nice things will be charmed, too, by Van Raalte's multi-colored *Persian picot top* (No. 668) and dainty contrasting color picot (No. 678) illustrated at right. See them on *Silk Stockings* in the new sun-tan colors!

Should her stiff taffeta skirt whirl higher in the dance, it might reveal the cobweb-fine lace edge of Van Raalte Singlette (No. 9864) photographed above. The fitted frock of evening is worn most smartly over its cup-bust brassiere top; its shapely, slender waist,



Gay days and brilliant
nights New modes
and Skinner's Crepes

HERE come spring and summer with their call for color . . . and more color. And here are the new Skinner's Crepes, in all the lovely shades that Fashion favors.

For your sports frocks, afternoon dresses and evening gowns, these incomparable fabrics are the very last word. So admirably adapted to the latest, smartest styles that it seems as if those Paris designers had Skinner's Crepes in mind! Soft, rich, draping perfectly in slender lines, yet with that famed Skinner wearing quality.

Did you know you could now get charming ready-to-wear dresses in Skinner's Crepes? Always identify them by the Skinner ticket.

Buy crepes by name—Skinner's—and "Look for the Name in the Selvage".

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS, Established 1848
New York Chicago Boston Phila. San Francisco
Mills: Holyoke, Mass.

Skinner's Crepes

In buying garments
ready-to-wear



look for the
Skinner ticket

"LOOK FOR

THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"

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Google

The smart color combination for spring is shown in this frock of Skinner's white crepe with red hat and short red jacket. Bias bands trim front of frock.

Skinner's Sunstar, a beautiful yellow crepe, makes this one-piece frock, which uses applied bands at neck and sleeves for trimming.

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

HIGH WALLS

(Continued from page 162)

here. There are many misapprehensions concerning the United States which I must correct. I am trying to create among the Calaguans the feeling that the United States is a big, friendly brother." His smile, as he said this, was ironical. "An illusion, of course, since no one up North cares about us down here.

"But some day it may come true, if I can play upon the illusion at both ends until it is, actually, the truth. That is good statecraft, to create actualities out of idealistic possibilities. As Edward the Seventh did with the *Entente Cordiale* . . . But it is a hard task. Calagua is of no importance in Washington. They have not even found a successor to my former superior yet. . . ."

HE CROSSED over to the sideboard; poured out orange curaçao into a pair of tall, conical liqueur glasses. Resuming his chair, his countenance was suddenly grave, his brow furrowed by deep lines.

"I will tell you my history. It will be good for my soul. I am too much in solitude these days . . . And when you have heard me you will realize that I am making the best of things. Here in Natividad I am top-dog. Elsewhere I would be—a mongrel. It is this way. My father, David O'Reilly, was an Irish-American adventurer. He first attained notoriety in South America by gun-running for a revolutionary band of cut-throats in Chile. Also, on the side, he sold a good deal of bad whisky to the *mestizos* and Indians. He was a daring man, reckless, brave, unprincipled. He is described as having a loud laugh and a ready gun. After a year or two he fled from Chile with a price on his head. One night at a dance in Puerto del Norte, which is about a hundred miles from here, he met the daughter of the then-president of Calagua. A beautiful girl. He fell violently in love with her. He did everything violently . . . They eloped, and they lived together in hiding until they could find a priest. A month after they were married he was shot dead in a *bodega* brawl. . . ."

"My mother brought me up here in Natividad. From her I learned to love the Liberal party, to detest the Military. I made friends with the American Consul, obtained a job with him, and later he secured me the appointment as Vice-Consul. I became the friend of the poor and oppressed, through the food ships I obtained from Washington after the famine of 1918. My power grew. And as it grew the Military hated me more and more, because they have been planning for years to oust the President and all the Liberal party and to put Calagua under a military régime which would set the country back about a hundred years. At present the situation is critical. If it were not for his fear of my influence in Washington—mostly imagined—a certain Alquila de Correja, who calls himself a general, would overthrow the government and establish a dictatorship. Those were two of his agents who insulted Miss Cass-Evans outside the Panama cabaret that night. You remember? They were spies following me, trying to find out what my business was in Panama . . . typical of Alquila's scum . . . But these political details are a digression. I mention them merely to show you why I do not aspire to other and greater things.

"You see, I am really a Calaguan, with the blood of this unhappy country in my veins. I am at home here amidst the flies, the heat, the misery . . . I have done things which you of the North would shudder at the thought of. I've shot men to death, in self-defence. I've lived with a young Indian girl, because I was so terribly lonely . . . All that is part of my existence. But they—" He swept his hand toward the sound of feminine voices in the adjoining room. "But they are too good to dream of such things. How deceptive are appearances! You come here as my guest. You see this dinner table, this linen and gleaming silver, this polite host, and you do not even suspect that I am what they would call in the North an outcast, a 'bad man.' . . ."

An unhappy laugh escaped from him. A moment of silence followed. Why,

Alexander wondered, had he told him these things? A baring of the soul, a painful confession, and to what purpose?

"The point is," he went on, "that I may keep all that aspect of my life dark, and locked in my heart; but I will always remember that I have killed men, that I have had a native girl for a mistress, that in my despair I have drunk *aguardiente* until I lay stupefied in a gutter . . . Men of my kind all the world over, without ties or traditions, have done these things as naturally as they eat or sleep.

"I used to laugh at the moral standards of you others. Honesty, I thought, was the only code a man need have. And now. And now . . . Here is the cruelty of it. I find that I have ideals. To the woman I love I must tell everything. Everything. I am not one of those who can conceal . . . And the woman I love would be too beautiful in her purity, too spotless, to comprehend such a thing as an idealist who has wallowed in mud. . . ."

He leaned over the table, gripping Alexander's arm, a man suddenly in a white, mute agony.

"What would she think," he whispered, "if I told . . .?"

And because something beyond his power impelled him at the moment to answer the truth, as he saw it, Alexander found himself saying gently: "She has compassion, and a great heart. . . . She would probably understand."

He doubted if Ramon even heard his reply. Toying with his glass, frowning, he was saying, as if to himself: "Perhaps one can begin again, when one has discovered how beautiful life really can be. . . ."

Abruptly he shook himself, as if waking from a dream. He stared at Alexander blankly for an instant, suddenly and completely aware of his presence.

"Forgive me . . ." he murmured, and with a little laugh he rose to replenish their glasses, lifting his to a toast. And then they left the table; went in to join the ladies.

RAMON walked home with Greta through the blue moonlight. May and Alexander started out a few paces ahead of them. But at the door of the *Ingleterra* they waited nearly ten minutes before Greta and Ramon appeared, walking slowly. After Ramon had gone May went up-stairs to tell Mrs. Cass-Evans that they were back. Greta lingered with Alexander in the patio, and they stood there for a while listening to the liquid song of the fountain, the lazy stirring of the palms.

"He's told you everything about himself?" Alexander asked her.

She looked at him in a surprised way.

"Everything. Queer, that you guessed that, Toddy. He told me the whole story of his life." She gave a tiny shudder. "I suppose men are like that. Even if they didn't do some of those things, they'd want to and not have the courage to. After all, his life's been just a sort of prolonged fight for self-preservation. And these things haven't really touched him. His soul, I mean. In some ways he's like a little boy. So honest, so humble, so unaware of his own worth. There are people like that, aren't there, who can go through anything unscathed?"

She was pleading with him now. Her eyes shone with tears. Presently she gripped his hand, whispering: "Oh, I mustn't see him again. This is madness. Think of Mother. . . . What shall I do, Toddy? Can't you take me away from here, now? Can't you arrange it—somehow? Nothing's ever happened to me before like this. It's—stronger than myself. . . ."

And she bowed her golden head in a rare and lovely humility, as if surrendering to the tremendous thing which had come upon her. . . .

ALL the next morning Greta was noticeably quiet. She appeared pale, as if she had passed a sleepless night. Charles came down-stairs for luncheon, making the most of an invalid's privileges, fussing, ordering all sorts of im-

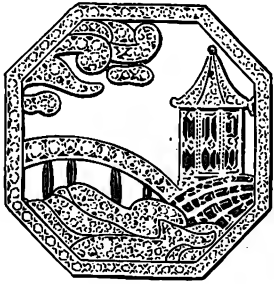
(Continued on page 166)



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HIGH WALLS

(Continued from page 165)

possible things from the slow-witted native waiter. So exacting was he about the wine that after he had sent back no less than three varieties the proprietor himself appeared, and promised to conduct him to the hotel cellars that very afternoon, and allow him to choose for himself. In spite of all this, Greta, patient beyond words, seemed to treat him with especial consideration that day, as if she were trying to make amends for something. Charles, of course, took this as being perfectly natural, but Alexander couldn't help feeling that she was suffering from some form of stricken conscience, so agreeably did she converse with him, attend to his food, and wrap his coat about his thin shoulders when they went out to the patio for coffee.

"Well, Greta," he said to her, "how did your dinner get off, with your friend from the Panama tenderloin?"

Mrs. Cass-Evans frowned over her sewing. May darted a significant glance at Alexander. And Greta, with an elaborate casualness, a toss of her head that wasn't quite natural to her, replied: "It was very amusing, thank you, Charles. Mr. O'Reilly is an interesting man. He told us the story of his life last night."

"Expurgated?" Charles asked, with an unpleasant chuckle.

"Perhaps," she retorted. "But people who never do anything wrong are apt to be negative."

"I suppose he advanced that theory himself," Charles drawled. "It sounds somewhat like him." Greta was slightly flushed.

"Well, it's true, isn't it? Did you ever know anyone amounting to anything who was faultless?"

Mrs. Cass-Evans said in a reproving voice: "That may be true, Greta, but what sort of things do you mean?"

And then Charles astoundingly launched his thunderbolt.

"I will tell you what sort of things, Mrs. Cass-Evans. Last night in my room I had a chat with the proprietor about this fellow, O'Reilly. I was a little anxious about Greta . . . O'Reilly is a thoroughly bad egg. Among other things I learned that he killed a number of men down in Chile several years ago. That is the kind of host who entertained your daughter at dinner."

"Good heavens!" Mrs. Cass-Evans dropped her sewing onto the tiles of the patio. There was a moment of dreadful silence. And then Greta, cheeks aflame, blurted out hastily, thoughtlessly: "But that was in self-defence, Charles! Why don't you tell Mother the whole truth? That was before Ramon went into the Consular Service, when he was the foreman of a nitrate gang. There was a strike of natives, and he was attacked by a violent mob. He showed me his cigarette-case riddled with bullets."

"You seem to be quite intimate with him," Charles retorted with a curl of his lips. Beautifully she had fallen into the trap. "So you knew he was a murderer . . . This is very interesting, Greta. Please tell us some more about your friend. The cigarette-case was probably a fake. Old stuff. To impress women. I know his type."

Greta, calming herself, realizing that she was on dangerous ground, her mother's eyes fastened terribly upon her, replied:

"That is nonsense, Charles. He wasn't boasting. He merely mentioned it, as an honest man would, while telling the story of his life. He was very humble about it. He said that it would always haunt him . . ."

Charles remained skeptical.

"So you're going to try and redeem his soul, like all good women? I'll wager he's a specialist at being redeemed. Probably you're about the tenth woman on the list who has had a shot at his salvation—"

"Charles!" Mrs. Cass-Evans silenced him with a furious glance. "This is no joking matter. It's shameful. I don't want to hear the man's name mentioned again."

Greta, seizing her opportunity, rose from her chair.

"This heat makes us all so disagreeable . . . What shall we do with ourselves this afternoon? I know—I'll walk down to the post-office and find out if we

can send cables to New York. That will help pass some of the time."

"Do go with her," Mrs. Cass-Evans urged Alexander. "Charles isn't strong enough, and I don't want her wandering about these streets alone."

Poor Greta, he thought. Never, never to be left alone for a moment. He agreed meekly: "Very well. I'll go and get my hat. And I'll meet you, Greta, at the front door in about ten minutes."

SEPARATELY, they left the patio, she through the archway which led to the main building, Alexander toward the annex where his room was situated. He obtained his hat, and a few minutes later came strolling back along the little tiled pathway that ran between high white walls to the patio. It was then exactly ten minutes past three o'clock. He looked at his watch as he passed the screen door of the hotel kitchen. Each detail of that exact moment in his life remained, forever afterwards, vividly engraved upon his memory. Years later he remembered catching a glimpse of the big black Martinique cook dozing among her pots and pans; and he remembered, too, a large and placid tortoise-shell cat purring on the kitchen step; and how he had paused for a moment, stooping to stroke her lovely, sleek head . . .

It was at that precise moment that a curious sensation came upon him. A sensation utterly indescribable. He was suddenly terror-stricken. He had a fleeting conviction that he was desperately ill; the victim of some mysterious and unknown malady. It seemed to him that his whole body, from head to foot, was trembling, violently . . . And then he saw that the red tiles of the pathway between his feet were moving. They were parting, infinitely slowly, baring the damp, dark earth beneath them. Soundlessly, with a horrible creeping movement, like motion pictures taken with a retarded camera, the whole length of the kitchen wall bulged out toward him, moving, as if it were the flank of some gigantic, breathing creature. A slab of blue plaster dropped to the path, broke into fragments with a sharp impact. The cat gave a terrified leap; tore down the pathway out of sight. From below the earth there came a deep, sullen roaring, like the sound of some monstrous furnace aflame. And then something struck the whole universe a great blow and sent it reeling wildly into space . . .

Alexander found himself running through a blinding, choking fog of white dust; running through pelting avalanches of plaster. He discovered a hazy archway; plunged through it, and emerged to the wide street at the rear of the hotel. The houses opposite, the sidewalk, the whole town was teetering drunkenly. The air was filled with that whirling dust, filled with a continuous volley of loud reports, long-drawn, reverberating roars. He heard human cries, terrible and heart-rending like the cries of wounded beasts. Men and women were running about the street in circles, like wound-up clockwork toys with no sense of direction. A riderless horse came clattering along the heaving cobbles, ears laid back, foam at the mouth. A ragged black cavern suddenly yawned out of the cobbles and swallowed the horse, screaming . . . A regiment of men and women came plunging down the street, sweeping him along with them, beckoning, shouting up at windows and balconies: "A la playa! A la playa!" Safety, they cried, was at the seashore. But the cruel gods of the hour laughed down upon that flying, terrified anabasis.

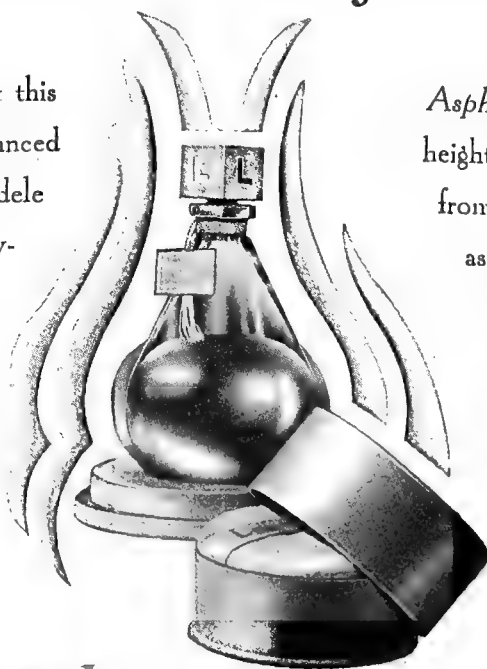
At every street corner wild-eyed little detachments of men converged, swelled that fleeing, sobbing torrent of human beings. "A la playa! A la playa!" The cry loudened; became a confused, meaningless roar. Alexander tried to escape; to stand aside, flattening himself against a wall, but there was no release. Remembering the *Ingleterra*, Greta, he hit out madly; he struck men in the face. But they only pinned his arms down, drew him along with them, shouting to one another that

(Continued on page 168)



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HIGH WALLS

(Continued from page 166)

he was a *viejo* who had lost his reason . . . From some part of the town away behind him there came an explosion that seemed to split the brain asunder as the gas works vomited a column of mustard smoke and flame into the heavens.

AND then, with a final agonized shudder, the earth quieted.

The human tide slackened; paused to take its bearings . . . It looked back, and a great moan arose at the sight of that roofless, wall-less, maimed city. Houses like broken egg-shells. Gaping windows through which one could see the serene, mocking blue of the afternoon sky. The cathedral, beheaded, shorn of its belfries; the clock with its twisted hands of golden metal like paralyzed fingers sprawling over a sightless, broken dial . . . Huge mounds of rubble, plaster and split wooden beams blocking the narrow streets. A moment of unreal, psychic stillness as if the very world itself had died. . . . Oh! . . . Oh! . . . Oh! And then God came sweeping down with unseen hands to carry Alexander Todd into a world of nothingness.

THE actual moment, the exact circumstances of his return to consciousness, were but vaguely established in his mind. His next clear recollection was that of moving in a species of trance through a darkened city of fire and death and ruin. Night had fallen, and the flames from the burning gas works had spread widely so that now the whole northern end of the town leaped intermittently out of the darkness, a panorama of black ruins silhouetted against an orange wall of sky. He found himself wandering along a narrow street cluttered up with pitiful little heaps of household goods, bedding, furniture, stoves, each guarded by a forlorn and terror-stricken family. He saw one old, old woman, so very old that nothing any longer mattered to her, unconcernedly cooking little maize cakes upon a stove before a group of hungry children. In that chaos of terror Alexander kept repeating to himself two words, as if he feared that he would forget his goal: *Ingleterra*—Greta. He moved slowly onward, a dazed, trembling creature, passing house after house of gaping bedrooms, of rafters and tiles piled cruelly upon broken furniture. And, suddenly, reaching the corner of the Calle Bolivar he came upon three corpses guarded by a grim little soldier in the soiled red-and-blue trumpery of Calagua's army, a sullen fellow leaning with folded arms upon his rifle. Something about those figures struck him with horror.

"Fusilado?"

The soldier nodded at his question.

"Si, señor. Looters . . . The order came from General Alquila, who has declared martial law."

A new terror . . . What had become of that safe, happy world of only a few hours ago? Hardly daring, he glanced up the Calle Bolivar in the direction of the *Ingleterra*. But it had vanished. A great chill came creeping over his heart, and his knees shook . . . A cordon had been stretched across the street, and he saw that soldiers were holding back a hushed, hatless crowd. Somehow he pushed his way through the gathering; reached the cordon. He spoke to a strutting fellow with gaudy epaulettes, a sword dangling from his womanish waist. Would *el capitano* let him pass within the lines? He had lived at the hotel. He had dear friends there . . . And presently, with a doubtful look at Alexander, the man lifted the rope, and led him to a small tent.

"Where were the señor's friends at the moment of the earthquake?" the soldier asked.

"In the patio," Alexander told him. "All of them."

The man lifted the flap of the tent, glancing out toward that huge tangle of plaster and iron. Then came that exasperating and inescapable Latin shrug of the shoulders.

"It will be several days before anyone is able to reach the patio. It is buried in

the center of the building. The señor can see for himself. I am afraid there is no hope . . ."

Out in the street the young captain who had allowed him to pass the cordon stepped up to him swiftly, and saluted with mechanical precision.

"The señor is an *estranjero*?"

Alexander nodded.

"I am an American."

"Hager usted el favor de ir conmigo."

He nodded toward a comparatively intact building opposite the *Ingleterra*. Following him Alexander was assailed by a singular premonition of danger. He detected a change in the officer's manner. What had previously been an air of sympathy had now given place to a brittle military formality. At the same time he noticed that the street, the whole town, was now filled with infantrymen standing in little groups, bayonets fixed.

In a small and sour-smelling room he was brought before a desk between two flaring oil lamps. A young officer sat there, one of those pale, efficient young men who carve a career out of life unhampered by human sympathies. His head was entirely shaven, his hairless countenance devoid of expression. His chin, slightly overfleshed, rested in a double fold upon his high pale green military collar.

"Your name?"

The sound of his own language, precisely spoken, made Alexander jump.

"Alexander Todd—of New York."

"Age?"

"Fifty-four."

"Your passport?"

"Lost in the *Ingleterra*, I'm afraid."

"So."

Pale, almost colorless eyes surveyed him through pince-nez from head to foot, with a kind of slow insolence. Alexander saw his name being written in precise characters upon an imposing white document.

From a desk drawer the officer produced a rubber stamp, and began to pound it upon the document before him. Alexander recalled something that Ramon O'Reilly had once said about the Calagua army being trained by Europeans . . . He faced that stiff, expressionless figure, those inhuman eyes, squarely, boldly.

"What does all this mean?"

The lieutenant answered him with a faint mixture of boredom and annoyance, continuing to write as he spoke.

"You sink I owe you an explanation?"

Very well. A military government has taken power some hours ago. Zere are no longer civilian rights. Zere iss a shortage of food, a pozzibility of famine and plague. Ze Commandant hass made orders zat all foreigners be deported at once. We cannot be troubled . . . Zere happens to be a British tramp steamer sailing for Panama in a few hours, and so I am doing you ze favor—on account of your age—to giff you place on ze first ship."

He wrote his signature with a fine flourish at the foot of the document: *Otto Von Balke, Ajutante*.

"Your *laissez-passer*. You shall embark at dawn."

Alexander contrived to straighten his dazed faculties.

"But look here. It's impossible. You can't deport me. I have friends here. Dear friends. I must find them."

The officer drew himself up stiffly. Once again those inscrutable eyes were focussed upon Alexander, who had a strange, fleeting fragment of thought: to be stretched upon an operating table under eyes like that . . .

"About your friends, I regret. Already you haff had ze privilege of passing ze cordon. We can do no more. Zere iss, of course, no hope for zose caught in ze hotel . . . Yet I shall say ziss. You may perhaps return in a montz time to ziss country. Sings shall be better by zen, and you may look for zose bodies. Yess. To zat effect I shall make a *dossier* for you."

He wrote something in a book; pounded upon a little bell. A soldier appeared:

(Continued on page 170)



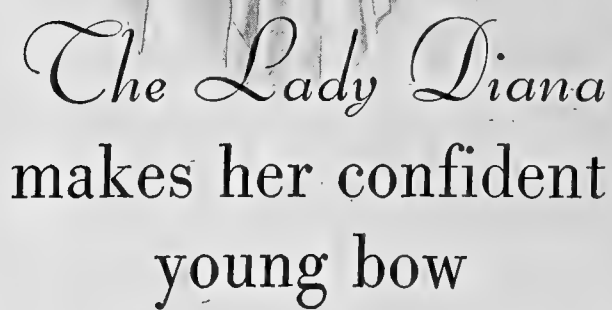
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HIGH WALLS

(Continued from page 168)

saluted; and took Alexander's arm with a firm grip. The adjutant rose to his feet, clicked his heels together and directed toward him a stiff bow. He had a whale-boned waist . . . "Compliments," he murmured. The soldier led Alexander away.

They mounted a dark staircase to a small, bare bedroom. Through a barred skylight he could see the night-sky of Calagua, a rich square of blue patterned with the eternal wonder of those trembling stars. The same stars that had smiled down upon a happy world twenty-four hours—or was it years—ago. He heard the sigh of that same gentle night wind that had caressed Greta's throat and arms while they had stood in the patio upon their return from Ramon O'Reilly's, that had whispered lovely little messages to her through the lazy-stirring palms. Greta . . . He knelt at the bed, sobbing, praying, while behind him a key rasped as it turned in a rusty lock.

For a night and a day he stayed, locked in that room. A soldier came at intervals; unlocked the door, and passed frugal meals to him. He protested, argued in the manner of all helpless foreigners illegally imprisoned in an alien country. But these protests were of no avail. The soldier would only stare at him stupidly, or perhaps grin.

IN THE middle of the second night a soldier with a lantern stood over his bed, shaking him. He arose, flung on his clothes, and followed the man down-stairs. Outside in the Calle Bolivar there was a confused glimmer of moving lanterns, a sound of hushed voices from a shivering group of men, but it was too dark to see their faces. They were lined up in several ranks; a command was given; and they began marching silently through the dark, quiet streets.

In ten minutes they had reached the harbor, and here the night air was suddenly and agreeably fresh. They were led stumbling over a network of railway tracks to a wooden shack at the end of a jetty. To Alexander the whole proceeding had an unreal quality. It seemed to him that he was moving through a timeless, incoherent dream . . . They waited, shivering in a salty breeze, while unseen Calaguans disputed volubly in Spanish. At last they were taken into the shack, and lined up before the Harbor Master, a bearded old man with sleepy eyes who squinted at their papers, scribbled his signature illegally upon each document. Alexander's fellow travelers were an odd mixture; half a dozen negroes; a stolid Dutch commercial traveler; a pair of frightened Venezuelan half-castes. At this point he decided to make his final protest.

"I will not leave," he announced. "My friends must be found before I go. They were in the patio of the *Ingleterra*."

A silence fell upon the group. The old Harbor Master looked at him blankly. An enormous black fellow with the face of a child, spoke up in the pompous, dignified English of the West Indian negro:

"Ah, am familiar with Spanish, sah. Ah will be pleased to translate for you."

Patiently the Harbor Master heard him; then replied in a swift flood of Spanish. The negro turned to Alexander; a gentle, childlike sympathy in his eyes.

"They will not permit you to remain, sah. These are not British persons, sah, lahk myself. These foreigners have no intelligence, sah . . . But he has a piece of news for you. A soldier, a volunteer, crawled through the debris of the hotel and reached the patio some hours ago. He reported, sah, coming up on several bodies, mangled beyond description. I am deeply sorry for you, sah; but such is the will of the Lord. In the midst of life—"

He groped his way out of the shack into the cool black night. It wasn't gorgeous, spectacular, like most of those tropical nights. It had, rather, a healthy, normal quality to it that was soothing. He could almost imagine himself at home, up North. The stars were faint now; the moon veiled by racing clouds like thin

gray smoke. From the smoke of the harbor there came a steady breeze. Alongside the jetty a small steamer was rising and falling upon the harbor swell, a lamp swinging like a yellow pendulum at her masthead. Clouds of acrid smoke swirled down from her funnel, and upon her forward deck a windlass grumbled unceasingly at its work. These details impressed themselves upon him with a singular and sharp distinctiveness, an importance out of all proportion to their significance . . . They weren't real, he whispered to himself. None of it was real. A nightmare . . . *Mangled beyond description . . . In the midst of life . . . Greta, where are you? . . . It isn't true . . .* He remembered dimly being led aboard the ship, stumbling across the tiny gangway.

WHEN, just before the earthquake, Alexander went to get his hat in the annex of the *Ingleterra* so that he might accompany her to the post-office, Greta strolled out to the front door of the hotel to wait for him. It was then a few minutes after three o'clock, and the streets of Natividad were hot and deserted. Only one person was visible, an old blind woman seated at her accustomed post on the *Plaza de las Indias*. Greta had often noticed her there before, a forlorn creature in rags, propped up in the shade against the empty bandstand, with a tray of greasy little cakes balanced upon her knees. Now, looking out across the glare of the Plaza, Greta saw that she was in trouble. She had dropped her tray. One of the leather straps which supported it had slipped off her weary shoulders, and the cakes were scattered all over the asphalt in front of the bandstand. The old woman was on her knees, searching for them, with pitiful, groping movements of her hands.

Greta immediately started out across the Plaza. She would, she told herself, give the poor creature a dollar or two, so that she might forget the cakes and go home for the day.

Half-way across the Plaza the earth began to tremble beneath her feet. Then came that terrible, long-drawn roar of falling things, and the great cloud of blinding dust . . . She went forward, staggering, reeling . . . Through the swirling gray haze she saw the pastel-tinted houses across the Plaza, pink, yellow, apple-green, folding in upon themselves, collapsing with a slow and fantastic deliberation. Something impelled her, against her will, to look back, toward the *Ingleterra*. She stood there dazed, powerless to move while the whole building crumpled up like a piece of paper. And all the time she was thinking: Mother's there, and May, and Toddy, and Charles . . . She swayed; gripped the twisted side of the iron bandstand for support. At her feet the blind woman lay motionless.

And then came the awful silence, when the earth had stilled itself. Greta stood, frozen, looking at that mountainous heap of plaster which had been the *Ingleterra*. It no longer seemed to have any meaning. It had lost all semblance of a building. Suddenly she heard herself screaming; found herself running toward it, crying, wringing her hands. Her clothes were torn; her throat parched, her eyes smarting with the waves of dust that came rolling over the Plaza like an incoming tide.

In front of the debris of the hotel it occurred to her with a dreadful suddenness, with an impact that made her heart stand still, that there was no use trying to reach the patio. No human being could possibly have survived under that deluge of plaster and iron. She was alone. All alone . . . In a single, catastrophic moment the little world in which she lived had been forever swept away from her. The truth dawned upon her as she stood there, sobbing, in that great, silent waste of wreckage, with the sun beating down upon her, the sky above still placidly blue, as if nothing had happened. She knew, suddenly, a craving for someone to talk to; someone to comfort her. And, almost subconsciously, in that delirious moment, her mind directed her to—

(Continued on page 172)



... whose art it is
to make lovely woman
lovelier still . . .

Spoken of Lucien Lelong, of course. His the artistic consciousness, the understanding of how much the *right* parfum adds to the totality of feminine attraction. His, too, the superb creative art which brought into existence the three distinctive odeurs of Lelong parfums.

Lucien Lelong parfums, compacts, lipsticks, lotions
at the smarter shops and department stores.

PARFUM
LUCIEN LELONG
PARIS

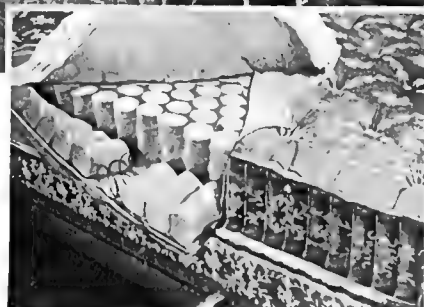


Mrs. Robert R. McCormick

from a portrait by an eminent painter. Mrs. McCormick treasures pictures, owning one of the finest Cezannes in the world, an exquisite Matisse, and other splendid moderns. Extremely versatile, she is, as well as a distinguished Chicago hostess, a painter of some note, and the breeder of a prize Guernsey herd on her place at Wheaton.



THE DAMASK-COVERED BEAUTYREST MATTRESS AND MATCHING ACE BOX SPRING. The Beautyrest has a center of hundreds of small, individually pocketed coils that insure lasting buoyancy. The splendidly constructed box spring has the same taped edges and stitched sides, making a comfortable, pleasing pair. Rose, light blue and lilac in this pattern and a medallion design in sea-foam green, beige and Venetian blue.



In her Beautifully Appointed Town House MRS. ROBERT R. McCORMICK

has these Luxurious Mattresses and Springs

ELEGANCE and luxury characterize the Chicago home of Mrs. Robert R. McCormick. Each smallest detail has been exquisitely thought out, from the Chinese brocades that hang in the entrance hall to the marvelous Aubusson rugs richly carpeting the floors.

There is an entire Adam room which came intact from England, and the garden was done by Vitale, who makes those charming Chinese shadow trees of iron.

And for this house of treasures Mrs. McCormick chose these most luxurious mattresses and springs—the damask covered Simmons Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Box Spring!

In this bedroom, done in the French and Venetian manner, their rose damask covers blend beautifully with the rose and apricot hangings. Mrs. McCormick, who is delighted with them, says:

"I can't say enough in praise of these buoyant Beautyrests and the new Ace Box Spring. They are the last word in comfort. The rose fits the color scheme of the room perfectly, and completes the harmony of color and comfort."

In furniture and department stores, Simmons Beautyrest Mattress, \$39.50; Simmons Ace Box Spring \$42.50; Simmons Ace Open Coil Spring \$19.75; Simmons Beds \$10.00 to \$60.00, No. 1581 \$32.75; Rocky Mountain Region and West, slightly higher. Look for the name "Simmons." The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.



THIS EXQUISITE BEDROOM in Mrs. McCormick's home, has soft green walls, light rose organdy glass curtains with deep peach taffeta hangings, and a handsome Aubusson rug. In this setting of elegance, Simmons Beds No. 1581 fit perfectly, in green with apricot trim, and rose damask covered Beautyrests and Springs. This bed also comes in peach, mahogany, and walnut finish.

Already, 655,487
Beautyrests
in American homes*
Every 54 seconds,
one more Beautyrest
in someone's home!

*These records are for the U. S. only.

SIMMONS

BEDS • SPRINGS • MATTRESSES

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Marie Earle

Basic Treatment is obviously the simplest

AWFULLY smart women are too busily engaged to indulge in involved facial ceremonies every day. Knowing this, Marie Earle has always kept her Preparations extravagantly good, so that her Treatment might be extremely simple.

You begin with the Essential Cream. It is the most luxurious cream in the world, with a texture surprisingly like honey instead of grease. The first application cleanses. The next, with a dash of Cucumber Emulsion (right on top of the Cream) to increase absorption, is to be stroked and smoothed into the skin to nourish the tissues. When the skin has accepted all it can, wipe away what remains, and tone with Soothing Freshener Lotion.

That is the simple Marie Earle Basic Treatment. If you were to practice it daily for a month, you would understand why women of the class who can afford literally anything, use only the preparations of Marie Earle. You will find them (including the new Marie Earle Powder!) on sale at the toilet goods counter in your own favorite smart shop.



A treatment at the Marie Earle Salon does wonders to your looks and your spirit. The measured stroking of creams into your skin (without stretching!) releases all the nerve centers in your face, neck and back (It is tension that causes wrinkles, you know) and makes you feel deliciously relaxed and look encouragingly young. The Salon is at 660 Fifth Avenue, bet. 52nd and 53rd Streets.



HIGH WALLS

(Continued from page 170)

ward the single human being she knew in Natividad outside the hotel. She found herself crossing the Plaza, turning up the Calle Ventura—toward the Consulate. Her mind didn't seem to function properly. It was hard—oh, immensely hard—to think of anything. She couldn't make any definite plans. She only knew that there was someone—a shadowy person whose name she could barely contrive to remember, with a prodigious effort—who represented some form of security, who might help her. She dared not look forward, ahead of the actual moment in which she was living. The whole future was black, impenetrable. A great fear of the unknown clutched at her heart . . .

To the east of the Plaza the town, on slightly higher ground, had not suffered so badly. The shock had been milder. She turned a corner in the street, to find the Consulate practically unharmed. The American flag still fluttered in a desultory fashion over the door. Only the flagged pathway in the garden was cracked, split asunder, revealing the dark, damp earth beneath it, and several palmettos lay grotesquely uprooted. In the doorway she saw, through a blurred haze, the white, hatless figure of Ramon O'Reilly. She moved slowly toward him, inarticulate, unable to cry out to him, while the image of him grew all at once fainter, more blurred. She stretched out her arms toward him, like a tired child appealing for assistance, dimly aware that he was now running down the path to meet her, through a rising vapor of darkness . . .

FOR perhaps two hours she remained unconscious. And then, opening her eyes, slowly emerging from that pale borderland on the very edge of life, she found herself upon a sofa in the drawing-room of the Consulate. The first thing that she recognized was the bowl of pink pomegranate blossoms, which she recalled having seen on the night she had dined at the house. An elderly woman, a wrinkled native servant, was bathing her brow with a wet handkerchief. Suddenly she sat upright, realizing that the room was dark but for a single oil lamp burning feebly upon a table. The wooden shutters at the windows were tightly closed. Fear again gripped her heart.

"Ramon!" she called. "Ramon!" The native woman smiled; made a motion toward the hall. At that moment he entered the room. From his expression she at once knew that he was facing some desperate, perhaps critical, situation. He came over to the sofa.

"You are all right?" he asked anxiously. "Uninjured? I have been much worried for you."

She stood up; began automatically to arrange her hair; to smooth her crumpled, torn dress.

"Yes," she told him. "A little shaky; that's all. But don't bother about me—Tell me, why is the house dark?"

He raised a finger to his lips. "Our only chance is for them to think that the house is empty. They are not at all sure that I am here."

Bewildered, she passed a hand over her forehead.

"Who are 'they'?" she whispered, in new terror.

"Soldiers. Paid hirelings of Alquila, the military leader. Things have happened with great rapidity since the earthquake. He seized the moment to make the coup which he had been planning for many months."

The earthquake . . . In an overpowering flood of memory all the details, the horrors, of the early afternoon came back to her. Until then, since her return to consciousness, the whole catastrophe had remained an elusive shadow in the back of her mind—something terrible which she couldn't quite grasp. And now, in the rush of realization, she seized his arm, trembling.

"Ramon! Tell me quickly. The *Ingloterra* . . ."

He shook his head slowly. "I am afraid that there is little chance. It is better for me to be frank with you. While you were unconscious I was obliged

to leave you—to go to the *Intendencia*, and I left you in care of the servant here. On my way I passed the hotel—what remains of it—" he paused, again shaking his head. His dark eyes looked down tenderly upon her. "It has been completely destroyed. No one could possibly have lived."

She began to sob softly. "But—but, do you know what this means to me? My mother, my friends, my whole world—blotted out. Oh, it can't be true! I have no one—absolutely no one left. That is why I came—here."

HE SAT down beside her. His brow was wrinkled; he looked utterly weary. At the same time he dismissed the servant from the room. Then, turning to Greta, he said:

"I know. I realized all that when you came into my garden. The whole thing was apparent—in your eyes. They told me the story. I am too sorry for words . . ." With a gentle movement of his hand he barely touched her shoulder. Then, all at once, his mood changed. His attitude toward her became more impersonal.

"Please listen to me now. I have things to tell you. Much has happened this afternoon. Our own situation is, at present, extremely serious. Alquila, taking advantage of the disaster and the stunned condition of the people, has already seized the government buildings and has assumed a dictatorship. The old president—my good friend—died in his palace during the earthquake, they say. Personally, I believe that he was murdered. Now, you may not understand, but this Alquila is my mortal enemy. Here is exactly what happened this afternoon:

"I went down to the *Intendencia*, after leaving you in care of my servant, because I had to send a cabled report of the earthquake immediately to Washington. That was my duty. I was astounded to find the building full of soldiers, and was told by an officer that no cables could be sent. I protested violently. At that moment Alquila himself came strutting into the place, and I—angered beyond caution—told him that his military occupation was a piece of treachery which none of the great nations would stand for. I told him I would see that the United States heard of it, and if that failed to produce any results that I, personally, would lead an opposition rebellion among the people of Calagua. Under Alquila's rule the progress of this country, you see, would be put back a hundred years. There would be no liberty; no safety for our citizens."

"Alquila, furious, replied that I could consider myself a virtual prisoner; that I had forfeited the privileges of a foreign consul by the political bias I had expressed. That was very clever of him. He had me there, and he knew it. He was about to have me locked up, but some rioting broke out in the streets just then, and in the excitement I managed to escape from the *Intendencia*, and to return here. However, you see that my life is not worth so much—" he snapped his fingers—"in this town."

There was irony in his voice as he continued:

"So here you are, in the house of an outlaw, who may be seized, perhaps shot, at any moment. God forgive me for bringing such danger upon you. I spoke my sentiments too recklessly. But I cannot surrender to Alquila. If I did, it would mean the end of all safety for you. Throat cutting is not the only pleasure of Alquila and his followers . . ."

He buried his face in his hands. And the sight of him, in despair, almost a broken man, filled her at once with a new strength.

"I would help you in your defence, if they should attack," she said calmly. "I am not afraid—of that kind of thing. We can at least make a fight for it."

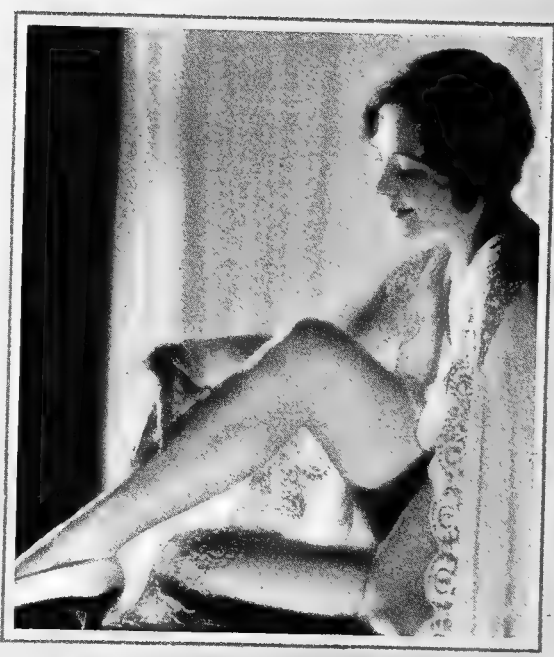
He looked up at her, amazed. It had perhaps never occurred to him that a woman could possess initiative, individual bravery. To him her suggestion, her courage, came in the nature of a revelation.

(Continued on page 174)

TO RID ARMS AND LEGS OF HAIR WITHOUT BRISTLY RE-GROWTH



*Reappearance of hair is slowed amazingly,
coarsened re-growth banished forever*



*Even by running one's hand across the skin,
absolutely no stubble can be felt this new way*

An Utterly New Discovery That Not Only Removes Hair Instantly—But Delays Its Reappearance Remarkably

A NEW WAY of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair, but delays its reappearance remarkably.

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

What it is

It is an exquisite toilet creme resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be

removed. Then rinse off with water. That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your



hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt. *And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!*

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

Where to obtain

It is called NEET—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors. In both \$1 and 60c sizes. The \$1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size.

Neet Cream
Hair Remover
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HIGH WALLS

(Continued from page 172)



MODEL BY

Mangone
NEW YORK

MANGONE MODELS ARE FEATURED BY THE
BETTER STORES IN OVER TWO HUNDRED CITIES.

At first he didn't understand her. He told her, somewhat curtly, that there was absolutely nothing she could do. He appeared, even, to suspect her of attempted humor at an inappropriate moment. She crossed the room, and presently returned to his side with a .45 Colt, which she had observed lying upon his desk.

"If you will teach me to fire this," she said evenly, "I could help. Because if you die, I go, too. You see, my dear Ramon, there is only you left in the world" That was all she said. She made the simple statement of the facts quietly, dispassionately. She had made up her mind. For an instant he stared at her blankly, his features white and strained. And then, swiftly, he knelt at her feet and kissed her hands. "You have given me new courage," he told her.

THEY sat there for a while in silence, he gazing upon her with a faintly puzzled expression, in which the light of a new and tremulous admiration was slowly dawning. About seven o'clock he left her. "Where are you going?" she asked.

"To find some supper," he answered. A few minutes later he returned, with a plate of cold chicken, some bread, and a bottle of dark red wine.

All the remainder of her life Greta remembered the picture of Ramon O'Reilly at that moment. Now calm, self-possessed, he stood there setting their two places at the table, pouring out the wine, moving about in his peculiarly graceful, leisurely way. As if this were the most natural, normal occasion, he had reverted to his exquisite manners of a host. He bowed to Greta; offered her a chair with a gallant and polite sweep of his arm. They sat down in silence, facing each other.

It seemed to her that she had been transported to a new existence. Outside there wasn't a sound in the deserted streets. Only the occasional tinkling of their knives and forks broke the stillness. Under the flickering yellow glow of the lamp she could observe Ramon's dark, handsome face, a somber and conventional mask covering the chaos which, she knew, must exist within his mind. Sometimes he would lean forward, with a little smile, to offer her more bread, more wine, accompanying the act with some formal, everyday remark. He was now, entirely, the gracious and dignified host. The centuries of indomitable Spanish ancestry prevailed, holding in check any untoward display of emotion, any tendency to refer to their plight as long as she was his guest. She began, then, to understand some aspects of his complex character during that quiet, still hour; and, strangely, she felt almost as if she had been with him always. She was no longer afraid. Yet, all the time, echoing and reechoing through her mind was the ever-sharpening realization, the stunning fact, that her mother, Toddy, the others were gone—forever. She gripped the table; choked back a sob, aware that Ramon, his dark eyes full of compassion, was raising a slender glass toward her in a wordless toast. And slowly she lifted hers in return . . .

AFTER supper Ramon made an inspection from the roof, to ascertain whether the house was being watched by Alquila's men. When he returned to Greta he reported that the street was clear. Then he told her his plans.

She was to go up-stairs to the attic, to rest in safety until midnight. He had to go out into the town, to see a friend. He would lock the house. There would be no danger, as she would be well hidden in case of marauders. He would return at midnight promptly, and then she must be ready to leave Natividad.

"You must trust me," he said. "That is all I can tell you now."

He was preoccupied, perturbed, pacing up and down the room with a frown upon his brow. But Greta, dreading to be left alone, clung to him and implored him not to leave her.

"You must trust me," he repeated. "I have an appointment—at a house not far away. It concerns my plans of escape. With Alquila in power my life in this town isn't worth a peso." Original from

"Please," she finally begged him, "find out if there is news of any survivors from the *Inglaterra*."

This he agreed to do, shaking his head as if he feared to raise any false hopes within her. He escorted her to the attic, bade her good-by. She locked the door, as he had instructed, and sat down upon an old chair, in darkness. Mercifully, in spite of the terrors and miseries she had undergone, she was so tired that she soon fell asleep.

She was awakened several hours later by his return. He came into the room with a lantern, and there was a bundle under his arm. He was pale; quiet; very serious. "I found out what you asked me," he said. "You might as well know . . . I am sorry to tell you that a salvaging party has reached the patio of the *Inglaterra*, and there is no hope—at all. Please do not ask for details . . ."

For a little while she wept silently. Then she turned to him; asked him where they were going.

"My friend did well," he replied. "He has made all arrangements for us. We are going up into the hills, for safety. I cannot stay here, and I cannot leave you alone. Alquila's band are no better than murderers. One of the sentries shot at me a few minutes ago, down the street. If he had gotten me, there would have been a written apology to Washington stating that it was the error of a stupid soldier. That is a sample of Alquila's methods . . . Now tell me: will you come with me, and trust me?"

She turned to him with grateful eyes. "I will go anywhere with you, Ramon," she said. And once again he seized her hands, and kissed them in turn, in a fashion that quickly reached her heart because she understood all at once his idealism of her.

He then unwrapped the bundle which he had brought with him; displayed to her a khaki shirt, a pair of corduroy breeches, and tall, shining boots.

"These will be more suitable," he said, glancing at her white dress. "We will be obliged to lead a rough existence for some days, until we can reach the Ecuador frontier."

He became brisk and businesslike. The gentle quality in his voice departed.

"Please hurry now, and change. We must leave at once. Everything has been timed to the minute." He left the attic, and she heard him clumping down the steep stairs. By the light of a candle she changed into the rough, sturdy clothing he had brought her. And when she saw her white dress lying on the attic floor, all torn and soiled and crumpled, the tears came into her eyes, because the dress was symbolic of that old existence which was now irrevocably gone; because it recalled to her memory all things which were now of the past.

She joined Ramon, and they left the house by a back door. The moon had not yet risen, and it was dark outside. In a narrow alleyway they came upon a peon, a rough unshaven fellow, waiting with three horses, thin and wiry little creatures, cinnamon-colored. Two of them had high Mexican saddles of scarlet leather; the third carried a bulky pack. The peon saluted Ramon, tightened the girths, and adjusted Greta's stirrups. Everything was done in complete silence, a grim little pantomime . . . They began picking their way through a network of alleys, carefully avoiding the larger streets. Greta felt that the whole thing must have been very carefully planned, observing that the horses' hoofs had been padded, to deaden sound. Once or twice they were compelled to dismount, and to lead their horses over heaps of plaster and wreckage.

At last they reached the city walls. The peon went ahead of them, and opened the gates. Not a soul was there. It was not one of the two principal gates, the *Puertas del Sud* or the *Puertas del Norte*, but even then she whispered her surprise that the military had neglected to post a sentry there. For the first time that night Ramon smiled, and whispered back that even Alquila's hirelings were not above earning a hundred pesos in a discreet way . . .

(Continued on page 176)



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NOW

NATURAL GLEAM

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Smart women have abandoned artificial looking nail tints. Instead, an entirely new type of nail loveliness is now the fashion—*natural gleam*, given in an instant by Glazo.

The soft shimmer of Glazo Liquid Polish is neither too deep nor too pale—just a natural, soft brilliance! So adorning to any woman's nails and hands! So new and correct!

This exquisite polish was created for women by Edna Albert, one of America's foremost business women. She searched the exclusive toilet goods shops of Paris for a truly distinguished nail polish—brought back a secret formula and then perfected it in her own laboratories. That is Glazo—the loveliest, most sophisticated, and now most

popular, of all liquid polishes.

A "nail sheath" thin as silk

A brush flick, and Glazo gives a lustrous "nail sheath" which is mirror-smooth, glinting with the light.

And this dainty nail sheath lasts a week. Glazo never peels, shreds, turns brown. Its delicate lustre does not dull in spots. It spreads on evenly and instantly, without that thick, gummy look. See for yourself how much prettier your hands look when your nails have the *natural gleam* of Glazo. At all toilet goods counters, in clever twin bottles—Glazo Polish and Remover—50c. Or send ten cents for generous triple sample set, including the new cuticle oil—use the coupon below!



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I enclose 10 cents. Please send me Glazo Samples (polish, remover and cuticle oil). Shade checked above. Also booklet of complete manicuring instructions.
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HIGH WALLS

(Continued from page 174)

THEY rode all night, and it was nearly six when they began to approach the foothills of the Andes. So far the road had been flat, through sugar fields and along a desert shore. The night had been cool, with a clouded sky, but they had ridden slowly in order to spare their horses for the arduous climb which lay ahead of them. Ramon had been silent, in an uncommunicative mood, and nothing had broken the silence but the agreeable rhythm of the horses' hoofs. Once, when she had looked back and discovered that the lights of Natividad had disappeared, she had experienced a fleeting pang of terror. . . . There was, she had felt, a sort of crowning finality in that ultimate severing of all connection with the past.

In the first glimmer of dawn, with the dark ramparts of the Andes soaring into a pure amethyst sky ahead of them, Ramon at last broke the long silence.

"You must forgive me," he began, "for not explaining my plans. I have had so many, many things to think of. . . . But my intention is to take you to Merida, in the mountains near the Ecuador frontier. I have there an old aunt, a Dona Martina, who will look after you as if she were your mother—until the situation clears and I am able to take you over the frontier."

Now that they had left behind the chaos of that ruined city, were in the same stillness of the countryside, a change had come upon Ramon. He had reverted to an inflexible formality. He appeared to be avoiding any act, any form of speech which might imply a touch of intimacy. An invisible wall was being erected slowly, brick by brick, between them. At first Greta was puzzled; then—she admitted it frankly to herself—nettled. She couldn't reconcile the stilted politeness he now assumed with his tender interest in her during the long hours they had passed together at the Consulate. It was, probably, the first time in her life that she had been a witness to that extraordinarily tenacious sense of convention which is inherent in the average male, that obstinate clinging to the symbols of conservatism in the most impossible situations. She hadn't before realized that although a woman rarely desires to reassume the shackles of convention, once she has flung these aside, a man in his peculiar, blind way, will keep reverting to the traditions upon which he was nourished, trying to chain himself up again. What had happened was that Ramon, brooding over his saddle during that long night ride, had come to an astounding realization of his exact position in relation to her, and of what the implications of their flight would be in the eyes of the world at large; whereas Greta had been able, at his first suggestion of the plan, to grasp these things in one of those instantaneous feminine flashes of comprehension; had weighed the consequences; had made up her mind. But Ramon had only arrived at understanding through the slower and more complex building-up process of the male mind. He had been unable to soar directly to conclusions. . . . And now, comprehending the completeness, the finality with which she had been placed in his hands, he was slightly staggered at the revelation and sought refuge in a protective silence.

WHEN they paused to take breakfast under a clump of pepper trees by a roadside crucifix, paintless and battered on its wooden pole, Ramon assisted her from her saddle with a mute and punctilious gallantry. With the peon's assistance, he proceeded to collect aluminum utensils from the pack and to prepare the coffee. They had, also, a tin of goat's milk and some dark, thick bread.

"I suppose," she remarked presently, "that I am to stay with your aunt until you can get me down to some port, to embark for America."

She was seated on a rock, watching his preparations. He turned to her, surprised apparently at the challenging note in her voice.

"That is, roughly, what I had planned," he admitted. "Do you object?" As he

spoke, he continued pottering about the blazing fire, avoiding any direct encounter with her eyes. She saw that a dark flush had mantled his features. He looked extremely handsome, standing there in his khaki breeches, his shirt open, revealing the tanned muscles of his neck. She had—for some obscure reason—a sudden and sharp impulse to mount her horse, gallop away, leaving him alone. She was in a mood when his seeming male obtuseness irritated her. She herself now faced the facts squarely; and couldn't any longer deny to herself the exalted state of her heart. The realization was intermittent, ecstatic, clouded by other issues at hand; but it was undeniably there. And while he moved about methodically, with that little frown of preoccupation, she contrived to distort the truth, and to blind herself to the real motives of his behavior. She even made herself believe that he now regretted what he had done, and was perhaps endeavoring politely to make her aware of this. In her hypersensitive state she barely answered him, replying to his questions in colorless monosyllables. The breakfast was consumed in a mood of uneasy silence. Only hours later did she come to comprehend his point of view, and understand the relentless idealism which he had built up around her.

Throughout the morning this state of affairs continued. They rode side by side, in silence, pretending. . . . They might just as well, she told herself, have been riding in Central Park. Thinking it over, as they turned inland toward the mountains, she found herself amazed at the independence of her own trend of thought. Twenty-four hours—and she had become a self-managing unit in the cosmos. Her actions, her future, no longer depended on what others planned, or thought best for her. And how swiftly she had adapted herself to this new point of view. . . . Her dependence upon Ramon was, after all, superficial, a surrender to the conventional ideas of protection. And, obtaining this point in her self-analysis, it became clear to her that she had placed herself entirely in his hands not through fear or desperation but because she wanted, actually, to be in his keeping. The idea of protection had been, then, purely nominal—a sop to her maidenly conscience. This Spartan examination of her own mental processes left her elated, with a new and easy consciousness of freedom. She felt, suddenly, as if she had at last become a definite entity, her actions and thoughts disentangled, clear. . . . The high walls, which her father had spoken of years ago, when she sat on his lap, a little girl, no longer overshadowed her. She could now look fearlessly over them; could perceive the limitless expanse of bright country beyond. . . .

By eight o'clock the sun was high, and the road had degenerated into a narrow, stony trail winding up the mountains between boulders of red basalt. They climbed steadily all the morning and most of the afternoon, giving the horses an hour's rest at midday. Toward five o'clock they passed through a narrow gorge, cutting through the outer wall of the mountains, and emerged suddenly upon a narrow ledge high above a cup-shaped valley. They looked down upon a wide green amphitheatre surrounded by snow-covered peaks. In the center of the valley Greta observed a lake, about two miles long and perhaps a mile in width. The trail, now wet and slippery, veiled in coils of white mist, descended steeply beside a roaring, rock-strewn torrent. The sun was setting when they at last attained the valley, left the trail, and rode toward the lake.

AT THE water's edge they came upon an old rowboat. Ramon, indicating to her an island covered with tall cedars, in the middle of the lake, said: "We had better spend the night there. It will be safer than staying on the mainland, because there is just a chance that Alquila may have sent a party in pursuit of me."

The peon, a grim, silent old creature, with a face like wrinkled black leather,

(Continued on page 178)

GLAZO

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UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

WORLD'S EASIEST
DRIVER CONTROL

NEW
NASH
"400"



THERE is a finer touch to the operation and control of the new Nash "400." Q Perfect confidence, even in severe traffic, is yours. Nash brakes stop the car comfortably, instantly. Gears shift smoothly, noiselessly. Clutch pedal yields to the lightest pressure. You've never driven an easier car to steer and park. Q Drive the new "400," and then you will know that, here indeed, is the *World's easiest car to drive.*

NASH LEADS THE WORLD IN MOTOR CAR VALUE



HIGH WALLS

(Continued from page 176)



This design is called "Le Printemps"

Genius Inspired by Genius

JUST as some beautiful flower may influence the fashion designer in making his creation of silk; so another craftsman is inspired by the gown to produce this exquisite jewelry, interpreting his thought by means of sterling silver and semi-precious stones.

WACHENHEIMER
REAL STONE
JEWELRY

conforms to the trend which modern adornment is taking and yet is different enough to be distinctive.

Like the jewelry workers of the old world, our modern craftsmen have caught that indefinable touch which marks Wachenheimer jewelry as unique.

WACHENHEIMER
BROTHERS, INC.
Providence, R. I.

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who hadn't spoken a word all day, then became voluble, pointing to the horses. Ramon replied in Spanish. Greta, who didn't understand, asked him what the man had said.

"It is about the horses. Let me see . . ." Apparently he had encountered an unexpected obstacle in his plans. Then, quickly finding the solution, he told her: "We will all row over to the island, and pitch the tent for you. After that the peon and I will return here, to guard the horses."

He himself appeared satisfied with the scheme. But Greta, tired and overwrought, glanced across the lake and was all at once unnerved at the prospect of passing the night alone upon the island.

"That is absurd," she told him decisively. "If you came back here you would be defeating your own purpose of securing safety on the island during the night. The peon can come back, if necessary, to look after the horses. But you can't leave me alone over there."

He directed a significant glance toward the peon. She understood the process of his thoughts, and laughed with a slight trace of irritation.

"Oh, Ramon. Do you really believe I care what that wretched peon thinks of us, after all I've been through in the last twenty-four hours? I want protection from actual dangers; not protection from the thoughts of peasants."

He looked at her in surprise. Any display of initiative on her part, she had noticed, invariably aroused his astonishment. The impractical attitude of his race toward women became apparent to her. He was still struggling, she knew, with those ancient traditions of his, inherited from his Spanish-American mother. Then, apparently turning over her words in his mind, admitting the sensibleness of her reasoning, he nodded slowly. Almost reluctantly he tethered the horses; and motioned to her and the peon to enter the boat.

They rowed across the still mirror of the lake to the island, and here, under the tall, dark trees, Ramon and the peon pitched the square canvas tent. At sunset the native, with a perfunctory grunt, apparently intended for a salutation, climbed into his boat; rowed back to his horses. For a while Greta and Ramon sat in front of the tent, watching the craft until the outlines of it became vague, disappeared in the violet shadows that were deepening over the lake.

Away off in the distance there were faint, intermittent flashes of lightning above the mountains; but to these she paid little attention. She was preoccupied, absorbed with the astonishing situation in which she now found herself. Alone with Ramon, upon an island, in the wilderness of the Calaguan mountains . . . Compared with the careful routine of her previous existence, it was incredible. The completeness with which all traces, all connections with the past had been swept away, suddenly appalled her. He, sitting beside her, toying with a stick, seemed also to be surrendering himself to a maze of thoughts. She found it all at once terribly difficult to think of anything adequate to say to him.

"HOW long," she asked, with an effort at conversation, "do you think we will be here—on the island?"

He jumped slightly at the sound of her voice; said, with a curious little laugh: "So you are real—after all. I was wondering if this couldn't perhaps be some strange dream of mine . . ."

There was a wistful quality in his voice which disturbed her. She wanted him at that moment to be matter-of-fact, businesslike.

"You haven't answered my question." "Oh—that." He rose; began to gather pieces of wood for a fire. "I suppose a day or two—until I'm assured that Alquila isn't on my trail. And then we will go on to Merida." He proceeded to build a small fire; to cook supper. Darkness came on. The flames cast his profile into sharp relief against the black back-

ground of the trees while he stood there, humming to himself the fragment of some Spanish song. He seemed immensely at ease. Unreasonably, exasperatingly so. She wished that she had the power to penetrate the barrier of his mind, at the same time thanking heaven that he could not see into her own mental chaos. She was at once elated, yet with a sharp undercurrent of unhappiness. An incomprehensible mixture of emotions surged at her heart. Her body, her muscles, were actually weary, stiff, with tension. She felt that at any moment she might surprise him with tears, for no particular reason . . .

"My aunt," he continued, "will chaperone you heavily and seriously, as if her very life depended upon it, while you are staying with her. She was born to be a chaperone. Motherly, but without children of her own, she will fold her soft wings about you, and your reputation at Merida will be unassailable."

She wondered whether he was attempting to tease her; or merely manufacturing a stupid brand of conversation to cover his own emotional state. There was a forced facetiousness to his tone which she resented.

Almost bitterly she blurted out: "All of that will be rather futile, won't it, after this experience?" And instantly she bit her lip, at the possible implication of her words. He made a half-step toward her, dropping the cooking utensil he had been holding; then halted, and returned to his work at the fire, frowning.

"That was not a necessary remark," he reproved her. "My whole aim is to protect you. Isn't that clear? And forgive me if I remind you that I am here, to-night, on the island, at your own request."

SHE recognized the Latin quality in him prompting that self-justification. No Anglo-Saxon, she told herself, would have reminded her. It was the dangerously feminine streak of psychology in him that made him dare to reprove her on precisely those grounds. She rose, angrily; strolled off toward the shore of the lake, aware at the same time that her irritation was not altogether justified. At her feet the waters lapped lazily with the sweet cadence of a lullaby. The stars had come out overhead, with their usual yet ever-surprising brilliance. For a long time she remained there at the water's edge, striving to disentangle the intricate pattern of emotions within her, striving to attain a reasonable calm. Since they had been together on the island, it seemed to her, the personality of Ramon had grown to outlandish proportions, approaching nearer and nearer to her, until now it fairly towered over her, dominating her every thought and action. Or was it, perhaps, her own disordered mind which imagined this? Anyway, during the past hour, she had been acutely aware of every single movement he had made; had felt imprisoned by the fact of his presence . . . She returned slowly, thoughtfully, toward the fire, in a less tensioned mood, determined to make herself more agreeable company to him. The fire, she discovered, had not diminished to a dully glowing heap of embers. Ramon wasn't visible. A sudden fear gripped her, and she hurried into the tent. By the light of a small lantern she found a slip of paper, pinned conspicuously to the central wooden pole. "I have gone," she read—"to the other end of the island to sleep, and to allow you to sleep. I will return at seven in the morning. Ramon."

On the floor of the tent there was a narrow mattress and a pair of rough, scarlet Indian blankets. The careful manner in which these had been laid out, obviously prepared for her, and the thoughtfulness which lay back of his note, wrenched her heart. She extinguished the lantern; and in the darkness, in an excess of loneliness, she found herself reaching out her arms toward an imagined and blessed vision of him . . .

(To be continued)

What **BEAUTY** has learned from the beast

Compounded of dasypodine hormones, Amor Skin feeds youth into subcutaneous cells and removes wrinkles from the skin

SCIENCE has turned back Time and given to women new years of youth!

Dasypodine hormones — glandular secretions from a vital species of tortoise—have been found to feed new life into subcutaneous cells and banish all wrinkles from the skin.

Modern knowledge of these hormone substances and their youthifying effects has led to the perfection of Amor Skin. Amor Skin revitalizes because it meets and conquers the cause of the marks of time.

Hormone famine comes to everyone

It is a sad but inexorable law that Nature builds beauty only to destroy it. As early as twenty-five, youth begins to fade; Time to etch into the face. Scarcely perceptible at first, the lines grow deeper and more numerous with each passing year.

Hormone famine is the cause. At the age of twenty-five the hormone output of certain glands of internal secretion begins to dwindle. Without this life-giving substance tissues break down. Under the skin, cells begin to die. Not enough new cells form to replace the old ones, and soon the tissue is composed more of dead cells than living. Dryness, dearth—set in. Faces sag, and on the surface of the skin wrinkles and crow's feet appear.

Amor Skin feeds in youth hormones

Then it is that Amor Skin brings you new life. Right through outer layers of skin its youth hormones penetrate and enter the tissue cells beneath. Revitalization begins! Dying cells live, living cells multiply! The tissues grow stronger—firmer—younger! They taut—shove up from beneath, and push the wrinkles out of the skin!

Amor Skin was perfected by a famous German specialist in organotherapy.

Compounded originally at enormous cost, it was until recently available only to a few women of European nobility. Gladly they paid exorbitantly for its priceless boon of youth.

Now it is formulated on a slightly larger scale, and is being offered to a limited number of women in America.

Watch wrinkles fade and youth return

Avail yourself at once of this European discovery. It is sold in two formulae. Amor Skin Number 1, of single strength, and Amor Skin Number 2, of double strength, for more obstinate cases.

Its application is simplicity itself. Its success depends upon its daily use.

The genuine Amor Skin is always packed in the characteristic lamp-shaped package and each package is numbered and sealed.

Do not, when you buy Amor Skin, expect overnight results. Slow starvation of the cells put those wrinkles and sags into your face. They will not disappear until life is returned to the cells by the youth hormones of Amor Skin.



But start Amor Skin treatments at once. Be faithful in your night by night application. Little by little the tissues will firm, the wrinkles will fade . . . Look now into your mirror! It is a flawless, fair face that shines back at you, radiant with glorious youth!

Our present source of supply will permit only twenty thousand women in America to buy Amor Skin during 1929.

AMOR

AMOR SKIN NUMBER 1
(SINGLE STRENGTH) \$16.50



SKIN

AMOR SKIN NUMBER 2
(DOUBLE STRENGTH) \$25.00

Amor Skin Corporation
123 West 57th St., New York

I should like to know more about the scientific way in which Amor Skin erases wrinkles and returns youth to the skin.
Please send your descriptive booklet to

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H. B.-3



This New Facial

—a delightfully different experience!

A Contouration Facial is totally unlike those which you may have known before. It combines the soothing sensations of massage, electricity, fragrance—and gives the pleasurable certainty of looking years younger.

In your beauty shop, a trained attendant twirls the *Contourator*—an electrically heated roller—over your face and neck. Urged by this warm wand, beneficial oils and emulsions seep into the depths of your skin, nourishing starved cells, refining open, coarsened pores, invigorating fatigued muscles—thus bringing back to your complexion and contour the flaw-free loveliness of its youth.

If you would outwit Time, Worry and Weather, reserve for yourself one luxurious hour each week for a Contouration Facial. Never will your skin experience a more delightful, more soothing sensation. It is not to be wondered that Contouration is the modern way to add years to youth!

Contouration Treatments are rapidly becoming the favored facials of those who appreciate—and want—the best. If your own beauty shop has not yet installed this service, we will gladly direct you to one nearby where these treatments are now being given.

Contouré Laboratories, Inc., 6 W. 48th St., N. Y. City

contouration

Treatments—at your Beauty Shop
Contouré Products—for your use at home

These new products

for a really professional home facial!

Contouré Preparations will give you an easy-to-apply, really professional home facial that takes but five minutes—yet accomplishes years of good! Fastidious women, who know the necessity of caring for their complexions at home, have chosen these same preparations that professional beauticians use and endorse!

Contouré Products were first created for professionals and for beauty shops. Then, at the insistent demand of beauticians and their patrons, boudoir sizes were made obtainable.

These are the invisible helpmates of lovely complexions everywhere:—*Rapid Cleansing Cream*, quick as the tick o' the clock in its thorough action—remarkably efficient—delicate—delightful. *Contouré Skin Food*, eagerly and easily assimilated by starved tissues and hungry cells. *Contouré Finishing Lotion*, decidedly unusual, with a gentle, persuasive power over skins that just won't hold powder—and a most refining effect on coarsened pores.

⌘ Contouré Cleansing Cream . . .	\$1.25 ⌘
⌘ Contouré Skin Food	1.25 ⌘
⌘ Contouré Finishing Lotion	1.50 ⌘
⌘ Contouré Reducing Cream . . .	2.00 ⌘

Your favorite beauty shop will tell you about these professional products now available for home treatments. Or write us for an introductory sample tube of cleansing cream, which we'll forward with a very frank book on the care of the skin. Contouré Laboratories, Inc., 6 West 48th Street, New York City.





Refreshing as May—the Airplane Feel of Air-Cooled Motoring!

To the man who has owned twenty or more automobiles—a challenging new motoring experience is now offered. ¶A motor that has conquered all the major road and hill records from coast to coast—keeping its top speed undiminished after long hours of continuous driving. ¶A second gear as silent as high, from a standing start to 55 miles an hour—permitting quick, easy shifting and noiseless operation throughout all the ordinary range of

traffic conditions. ¶Riding ease that brings you home fresh and relaxed after an all-day drive—doubly assured by the flexible, light-weight construction and the famous full-elliptic springs. ¶As to body lines, interiors and appointments—exactly what you would expect in the one car with the driving feel of the airplane—the world's fastest road car. An interesting demonstration awaits you. Franklin Automobile Co., Syracuse . . . New York.

The new Franklin prices range from \$2180 up—at the Factory.

FRANKLIN



UNDERTHINGS IN THE MODERN MANNER

skillfully fashioned in rayon

In these modern days, when Fashion chooses rayon for so many exquisite purposes, it is scarcely surprising that she offers rayon underthings with a new loveliness, a dainty wearability distinctly their own!

Cleverly these new rayon garments are designed to serve every feminine need, from frivolous dance sets to the practical one-piece garments that are so easy to launder and to pack. All

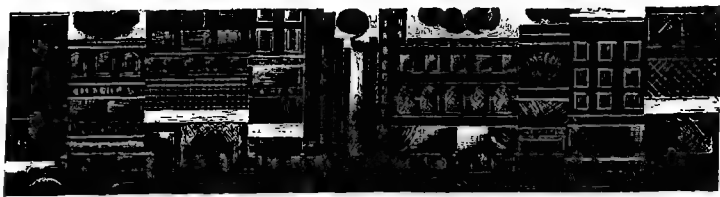
the new sun-tan shades, all the favorite pastels—in Patou shorts, athletic shorts and panties—in night frocks delicately lacy or sternly tailored—in pyjamas for sleeping, for lounging, for beach wear.

Slim, smooth, feminine, these rayon underthings are yet amazingly durable. Through repeated tubbings they neither fade nor lose their lustre, but hold the clear beauty of their

colors and the trim perfection of their lines.

You will find these new garments in your favorite shop—some modestly priced, some frankly expensive! You will find them delightful to look at and to handle, and—because of their new strength and practical advantages—decidedly economical to wear. Rayon Institute of America, Inc., 250 Fifth Avenue, New York.

RAYON



Ilonka Karass

ADVENTURES IN SHOPPING

By FRANCES ALEXANDER WELLMAN

SURELY, no city in the world has such fascinating shops as New York. Rare jewels, splendid furs, clothes of the latest models at all prices, entrancing novelties sometimes for sale a few days after they are conceived, magnificent objets d'art, motors, delicious foods—in fact the world at your feet.

Often under one name, a huge building contains hundreds of different departments, many of them arranged like separate little stores. Then, there are many large stores given exclusively to one type of thing, and also tiny shops containing infinite variety.

We feel that we tell our readers very fully about the places on the great avenues and principal side streets, but we also want to mention the particularly successful small shops difficult to find. Their name is legion and we will never be able to tell you of all well worthy of mention, but every few months we will give a short, helpful list.

At 14 East 48th Street, you will find a hat shop, called Marimay, that has four things in common with the great Reboux of Paris. First, it is always crowded with smart women; second, the hats are fitted to the head; third, with a sweet smile you are told that they will be with you in a minute, and then you may have to wait; but, fourth, you will certainly find it well worth the time when you receive the result of your labors. There must be a mysterious psychology in the making of hats, for one often discovers a strenuous atmosphere in hat shops.

Next door at 16 East is Gervais, a most successful dressmaker. This is probably due to the fact that there one finds both excellent models and excellent values. This winter it has looked more like a tea-party on Long Island than a dressmaking establishment. It is always filled to overflowing with pretty and chic women. The clothes are made to order from French models and they are not only youthful styles but the successfully simple type that make older women look like their own daughters.

AT number 42 East 48th Street is Rose Clark, a very smart woman who makes exceptionally smart clothes. She gives her personal attention to all fittings and is like a super-vendeuse that you might find at one of the best French establishments. She goes to Europe several times a year and always has a collection of excellently selected clothes, most appropriate for the woman of taste. Her shop is also quiet—a virtue rare to find.

Mary Howard Inc., although on 57th Street is at 108 East, on the second floor, so we mention her, to be sure you will not miss her. She has many unique, very delightful things. Among them taffeta week-end sets made of two-tone taffeta and monogrammed, consisting of a large case of four compartments for lingerie and other small articles, a soiled clothes

bag, sponge bag, these two rubber-lined, and a pin case. She has patented a wonderful beach bag, made of rubberized tweed, trimmed with pigskin handles and strap, that has three compartments, fastened with zippers—one compartment for fresh clothes, the second for wet bathing suits and the center one for miscellaneous articles. Among her other unusual articles is a cigarette-box made of Russian tuya wood with enamel monogram that has an interior divided into six compartments for six different kinds of cigarettes.

Also on 57th Street at number 20 East, on the 16th floor, is the shop of Mrs. Maughan, called Syrie Maughan, Inc. She has a tremendous flare for the combination of beautiful old pieces with a modern treatment in decoration. She does no decoration herself but gladly gives her marvelous advice to those who wish to get their furniture from her. She is bringing over wonderful pieces of English and French furniture, particularly choice samples of the eighteenth century.

At number 41 West 56th Street is H. H. Hornfleck & Sons, a furrier who makes a speciality of selecting superlatively good skins. In case you want a fur coat of particular beauty for next winter, we suggest that you go to him at this season and that will allow him sufficient time to make you something outstandingly successful. Mr. Hornfleck, himself, says that straight-line coats continue to be the best. The collar is the happiest place, in his opinion, for elaboration. He believes ermine will still be splendid next winter, and natural gray broadtail a novelty of this season that will continue in popularity. Of course, mink coats are an established classic; he has been outstandingly successful with this fur.

ON the second floor at 29 West 56th Street is a delightful dressmaking shop, called Billie Kaye, owned and run by a wonderfully smart woman. She has a great sense of true chic and attends personally to all the fittings. This is an attention so many women are beginning to feel a charming necessity.

At 18 East 49th Street, you will find Vendome, a superb grocery shop. When you have once been there, it will become a habit, because it is filled with the most luscious things to eat. They make a great feature of their caviar which they pack on ice to send to steamers and trains. They have the best of French *paté* in tins and crocks, and also *en-croute*. This latter makes the *paté* retain its subtle flavor. They have many imported delicacies from France, Germany, and Hungary. One of their unusually successful things is their cooked, real Virginia hams all ready to be sliced and served. Among their many good cheeses is one called the "Vendome". It is an imported Stilton, specially treated. They have a fine selection of all nuts, and, of course, many excellent things in tins, and heaps of delicious fruits in glass jars.

ANDANTE: IN THE CITY

RED lights! Green lights!
All the lights together!
God's too big to hide Himself
In any kind of weather!

Martha Roberts

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The Ensemble Mode

Bruck-Weiss interprets the ensemble mode:
in costumes for sports, afternoon
and evening wear

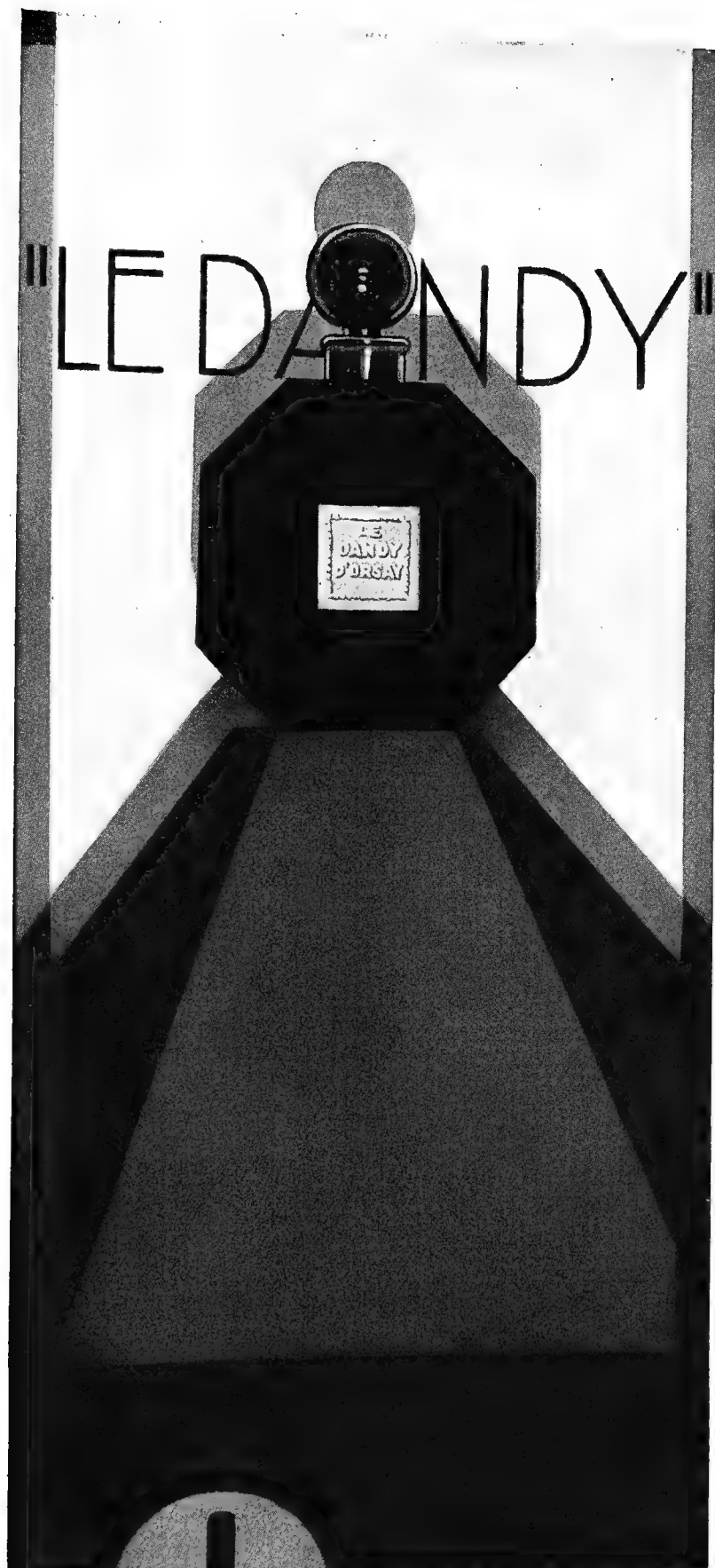
Hats, Bags, Hosiery
Jewelry and Accessories

that are perfect complements to the
ensemble effect

Bruck-Weiss
20 West 57th Street
New York

Original from

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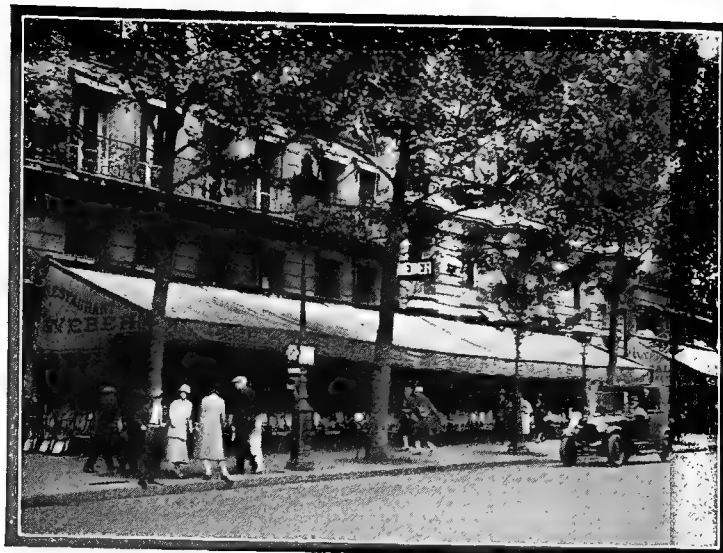


"LE DANDY"

d'Orsay

le parfum mondain
le plus subtil

17 rue de la paix
paris



Arthur Samuels

Restaurant Weber on the Rue Royale, near the Madeleine.

THE GOOD AMERICAN IN PARIS

By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

THE prosperity of a jest has never been greater than that of the *mot* from which the title of this ensuing article is derived. Such a *mot* is the crowning achievement of the humorist's art, and such universal achievements of wit are rare indeed. Even the greatest professional humorists have toiled all their lives at their arduous calling, with no such luck. There are perhaps scarcely a dozen such *mots* on record. One is enough for immortality. But such immortality is all too likely to be anonymous, and had it not been for his friend, Oliver Wendell Holmes (to whom, indeed, his *mot* is often erroneously attributed), Thomas Gold Appleton, the successful merchant and politician of New Hampshire, had enabled him to live a genial life as amateur and patron of the fine arts, might well have been "forgotten in the immortality of his epigram", to quote from a pleasant account of him by Mrs. John Lane, who also describes him as "the Sydney Smith of the Boston society of his day, a big, round-shouldered man with heavy somber eyes behind which his audacious humor lay in ambush and enlivened the transcendental seriousness of the Boston of that time." Yet while the authorship of his famous *mot* is thus on record—it is to be found, indeed, duly recorded in the Encyclopædia Britannica—it is, I imagine, not so universally well-known as to make it superfluous once more to give him credit here for a saying, which, like most great witticisms, is not merely amusing but cuts deep, with its insight into the American character. There is, indeed, a striking affinity between the French and the American temperaments, which only seems paradoxical till we recall that the Pilgrim Fathers were not the sole settlers in America, but that such important States as Virginia and the Carolinas were settled by cavalier gentlemen, who were far, indeed, from being Puritans.

THEN the American climate has to be taken into account. Its dry, rarefied air, its sparkling sunshine, which long ago, in pre-Volstead days, I was permitted to describe as "aerial champagne", seem to generate gaiety; and so mysterious is the chemistry of climate on character that no visitors to Paris seem to possess a gaiety so akin to that of the French as the American descendants of that British Anglo-Saxon, who, in the form of the present-day Englishman, if, indeed, no longer hostile to France, still takes his pleasures sadly, and is quite unable, in the famous phrase of Anna Held, to "come and play" with Paris, as the American has done for over a century. "When good Americans die,

they go to Paris." Yes! Thomas Gold Appleton was right. Paris is the Valhalla of the Americans, where, at the present moment, it might be figuratively said, they drink champagne out of the skulls of the Prohibitionists!

BUT while this mutual spirit of gaiety has always been a bond between the American and the Frenchman, their long friendship, it goes without saying, has been based from the beginning on a community of serious interests, too. Is not each country a republic, because of the inspiration as well as the material help they gave each other, when each was fighting into existence? And all along the interaction between both countries has been close and constant, and left its marks on both. While France has helped to mold America, America also has helped to mold France. This, doubtless, is well-known to the reader. Books have been written about it. Yet, there are so many books to read, and such deep relationships between nations, particularly at the present time, cannot be too often recalled. There are many good reasons why good Americans come to Paris, and I shall deal with some others of them later on—surely Paris itself, that masterpiece of Time and Human Nature, is enough—but one particular American interest I would urge as a form of entertainment for the American visitor, or, in this connection, pilgrim: that is, the part played by famous Americans in Paris, what they did here, the places in which they lived. As we all know, France, with that reverence for its great men which is perhaps the most valuable form of religion—a very practical and fruitful ancestor-worship—places medallions on the façades of the houses once lived in by any man or woman who has contributed in whatever way to its greatness—poets, painters, priests, soldiers, statesmen, scholars, men of science, inventors; none, even the smallest, is forgotten. On the side of a house a few doors from where I write this, one reads: "Victor Hugo Habita cette Maison en 1821."

A block away is a statue to Diderot, a little further, one to Danton. Then up a street nearby is a medallion to the inventor of the microphone, and anyone who has walked up the Boulevard Saint Michel will remember two imposing stone figures in sweeping doctoral gowns—the discoverers of quinine! No one, as I said, is forgotten. Distinguished strangers also have their memorials, streets named after them, like Benjamin Franklin, for instance; and thinking of him, and other famous Franco-Americans, would it not

(Continued on page 184)

Film Discolors Lovely Teeth

and then destroys them

Dental science is awakened to the danger of a new-found menace—film on teeth. Serious bodily ills are indirectly traced to it. The new way dentists urge you to remove it.

The Film

that is found by dental research to discolor teeth and foster serious tooth and gum disorders

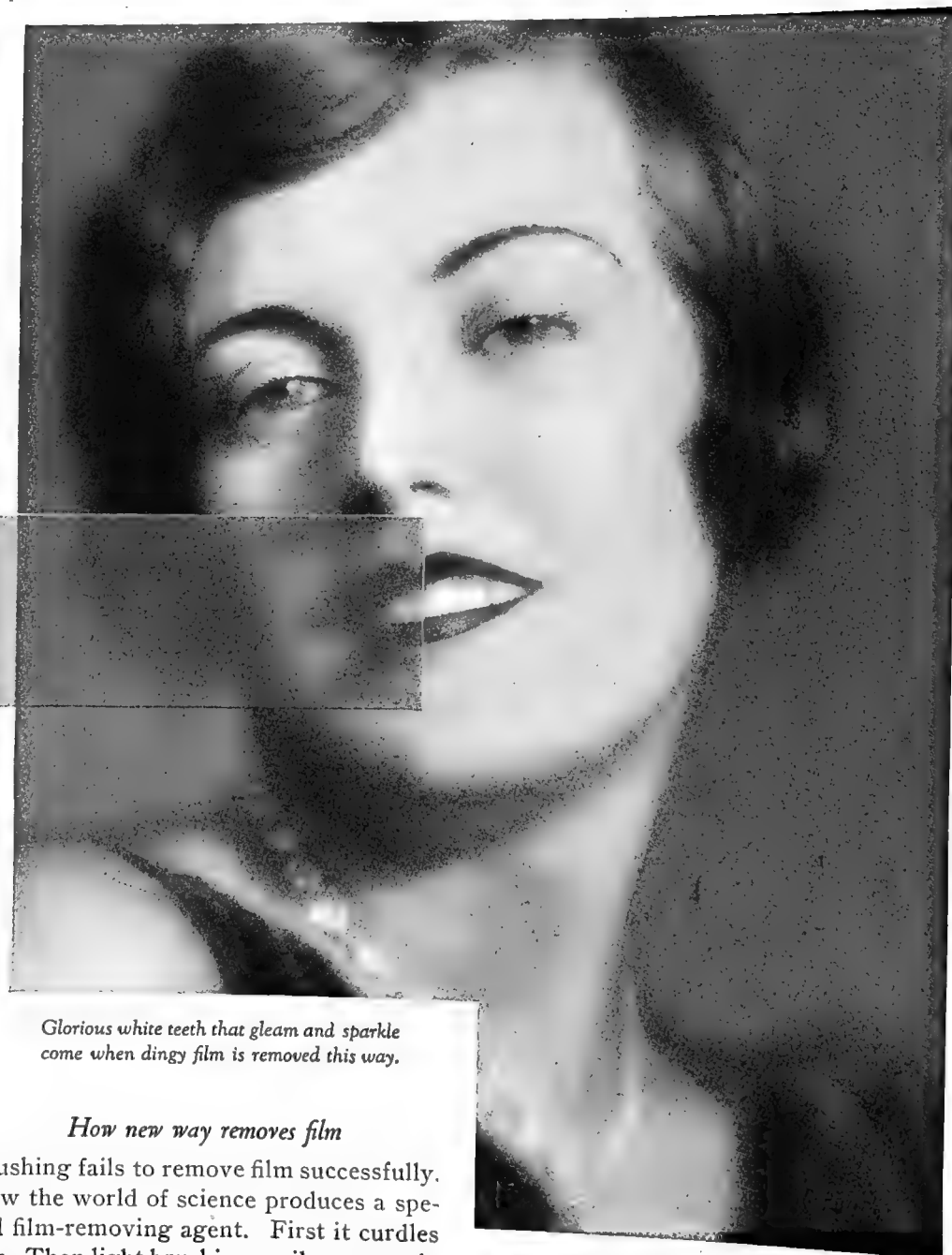
THE misfortune of cloudy, unattractive teeth might be accepted if nature were to blame. But dull teeth and pale gums softened by disease are not natural conditions.

In a startling number of cases dental science now traces the chief cause of discolored teeth and serious tooth and gum disorders to a film that forms. When it is removed a marvelous change takes place. Teeth become dazzling white and are less subject to decay. Gums grow firmer and regain their rose-like color. By all means test its powers for 10 days free.

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Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel the dreaded coating—film. It clings to crevices and stays. It absorbs ugly stains from foods and smoking.

Film hardens into tartar—thus invites decay. Germs by the millions breed in it. And germs with tartar are the chief cause of pyorrhea.



Glorious white teeth that gleam and sparkle come when dingy film is removed this way.

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Brushing fails to remove film successfully. Now the world of science produces a special film-removing agent. First it curdles film. Then light brushing easily removes it.

Teeth begin to whiten. The danger of decay is removed. The source of pyorrhea and bleeding gums is combated. And many of the ills that appear in later life are immeasurably lessened.

Try this way for 10 days—Free

Remove film by this method for 10 days. A glorious surprise awaits you. Teeth regain sparkling whiteness. Smiles grow far more charming. This is a great step toward a winning personality. The

greatest movie star could never have succeeded with dull, unattractive teeth.

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UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

"LE FERRONNIER"

a new

ORINOKA GLASS CURTAIN

inspired by
the exquisite tracery of
modern ironwork



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FROM the forge-studios of modern metal-workers came the inspiration for this new Orinoka glass curtain. We name it, "Le Ferronnier." It suggests the exquisite grille work so much in vogue today. The motif, authentically modern in itself, is reproduced in gleaming, lustrous threads on a sheer background, clear as crystal. The fabric may be had in a variety of soft, charming tints which will not fade. For, according to the smart idea, glass curtains need no longer be neutral in shade. They harmonize with the color scheme of the room.

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decoration, they are wholly modern and sophisticated. Yet it is not necessary to have a modern room in order to use them.

"Le Ferronnier," pattern No. 9627, is transparent, double-faced and does not lose its pattern when hung against the window.

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Orinoka

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THE GOOD AMERICAN IN PARIS

(Continued from page 182)

be a good idea for Americans to make it their business similarly to distinguish the houses with which their famous compatriots are associated? (Oscar Wilde, by the way, is already commemorated by a tablet on the façade of the hotel in the Rue des Beaux Arts where he died.)

The other day, for example, I was walking with a friend, down the Rue de Tournon, the top end of which sweeps with stately breadth to the gateway of the Palais de Luxembourg. My friend stopped me in front of a distinguished looking building, now the Hotel. On one side of the great old doorway is a "Cours de Danse", on the other a learned bookshop, with illuminated manuscripts in the window. "Look up there," he said, pointing to the third floor, "Paul Jones lived in those rooms, and it was there he died." The number is 19.

A FEW doors below is a house with a tablet telling that Gambetta lived there. Higher up is Foyot's, one of the most famous restaurants in Paris, well-known to gourmets. But I had passed number 19 many a time, all ignorant of its dramatic significance, for there is nothing to tell that one of the most romantic figures of a romantic time once strode in his nonchalant, conquering fashion through that old doorway. And how many more distinguished ghosts, had one but the clairvoyant eye, one might see passing in and out of that doorway, for Jones's exploits as a "sea-wolf" against England had made him the idol of Paris. King Louis himself had presented him with a gold sword at Versailles, and at the opera the house rose at his entrance with stormy enthusiasm. Nor were his own countrymen behind-hand in doing him honor. How often Jefferson and Gouverneur Morris and Tom Paine have passed through that old doorway, but best of all, and oftenest, his friend and mentor, "the American Socrates", Benjamin Franklin, who had taken him under his wing from the start—Franklin's own earliest dream, it will be remembered, was the sea—and welcomed him to his pleasant home in Passy. There in its quiet garden, Jones and the canny philosopher would walk to and fro together with noble French ladies, with whom Jones was particularly *persona grata*, for their companions, especially the spirited Duchesse de Chartres, wife of him who was afterwards known as "Philip Egalité", she with whom his relations seem to have been decidedly tender, and who showed her love also by financing him in his harrying of the common foe across the channel.

At a dinner given to him by her and her husband, she had presented him with a watch that had belonged to her great sailor ancestor, that Count de Toulouse, who was the son of Louis XIV. by Madame de Montespan. It was on that occasion, that in his gallant fashion, he had promised to lay an English frigate at her feet, a promise he kept when, after his immortal fight in the "Bon Homme Richard" (named in compliment to Franklin and his "Poor Richard's Almanac") he had brought her the sword of the English captain, with one of those speeches which, in dealing with women, were ever ready on his tongue. "The least I can do toward keeping my word of two years ago," he said, "is to place in your dainty hands the sword of the brave officer who commanded the English forty-four. I have the honor to surrender to the loveliest of women the sword surrendered to me by one of the bravest men—the sword of Captain the Honorable Richard Pearson, of his Britannic Majesty's late ship, the *Serapis*." How often "the girl duchess" must have stepped out from her sedan-chair and passed under that old portal at number 19 Rue de Tournon. And the hoop-skirts of another lovely young girl, still closer to the sea-wolf's heart, often rustled past there too, again the love-child of a King, Aimée Adèle de Telison, daughter of Louis XV.

An unsupported legend says that she became Jones's wife, and it is certain that he was faithful to her for fourteen years;

that he left her a third of his fortune, and a house in the Rue Vivienne, and that in his last illness his friends used always to find her seated by his hammock, slung in the little garden in the Rue de Tournon. She had begun by assisting him with the French language, translating his official papers for him, an occupation which prompted Franklin, who had smiled on their attachment, and whose common sense was not diminished by prudery, to remark that "the best master of languages is a mistress."

Franklin, for all his simple republican ways, was, as we know, no little of a lady's man himself; and though his relations with his friends, Madame Helvetius and Madame Brillon, were, doubtless, platonic they included quite a dash of warmth, particularly, perhaps, in the case of the young Madame Brillon, who used to sit on the philosopher's knee, call him her "papa", corrected his French, and tried to turn him into a good Catholic. Both these ladies lived in Passy, where Franklin made his home for eight years (1777-1785) occupying a house offered him by a rich French admirer, M. Le Ray de Chaumont, who would take no rent from him, counting the honor of his residence there sufficient return. The house had a charming garden, in which at one time or another nearly every great or famous person of the day must have talked with perhaps the most popular plenipotentiary by whom America or any other country has ever been represented. In this garden he experimented with his famous lightning rod, while he talked science, politics, philosophy and everything under the sun, and capped witticisms with such formidable immortals as Turgot, Buffon d'Alembert, Condorcet, La Rochefoucauld, Raquel, Beaumarchais, Lafayette, Mirabeau, Marat, and was even visited by the Papal Nuncio. Needless to say, no American of importance, or even of no importance, came to Paris without calling on Dr. Franklin. That house and garden, alas! how long since disappeared. A school now occupies the site, with this inscription:

*Ici s'élevait un pavillon
Dépendance de l'hôtel de Valenlois
FRANKLIN*

L'habita de 1777 à 1785

Et y fit placer

Le Premier Paratonnerre Construit en France

*Société Historique d'Auteuil et de Passy
8 Mars, 1896*

THERE is also a statue to "le sage que deux mondes réclament" (the words are Mirabeau's) close to the Trocadero, at the beginning of the Rue Franklin. Other Parisian houses associated with Franklin are the Hôtel de Hambourg in the Rue de l'Université, and 26 Rue de Penthièvre, but it is at Passy where, if he ever revisits the glimpses of the moon, we are sure to meet him. It is strange to think that the terrible battle-cry of the French Revolution, which one associates most grimly with the Terror and the guillotine, "Ça via", was originated by Franklin, who used to say in reference to the American Revolution, "Ah! ah! ça via, ça via." (It will go, it will go.)

Another intrepid American whom both Paul Jones and Franklin would have taken to their hearts has a monument in Paris like none other—no less than the Seine itself; for surely no good American can watch those powerful little toy boats, with their train of barges, ducking their smoke-stacks as they pass beneath the bridges, without thinking of that August 9, 1803, when the Seine banks were black with spectators watching a young American "dreamer" making the first trip ever made in a steamboat between the Convent des Bonhommes (now the Trocadero Gardens) and the Place de la Révolution (now the Place de la Concorde). For four hours the strange craft puffed and belched between those two points. So Paris and the whole world became acquainted with Robert Fulton. Napoleon had said of Paul Jones that, if only he had lived,

(Continued on page 186)

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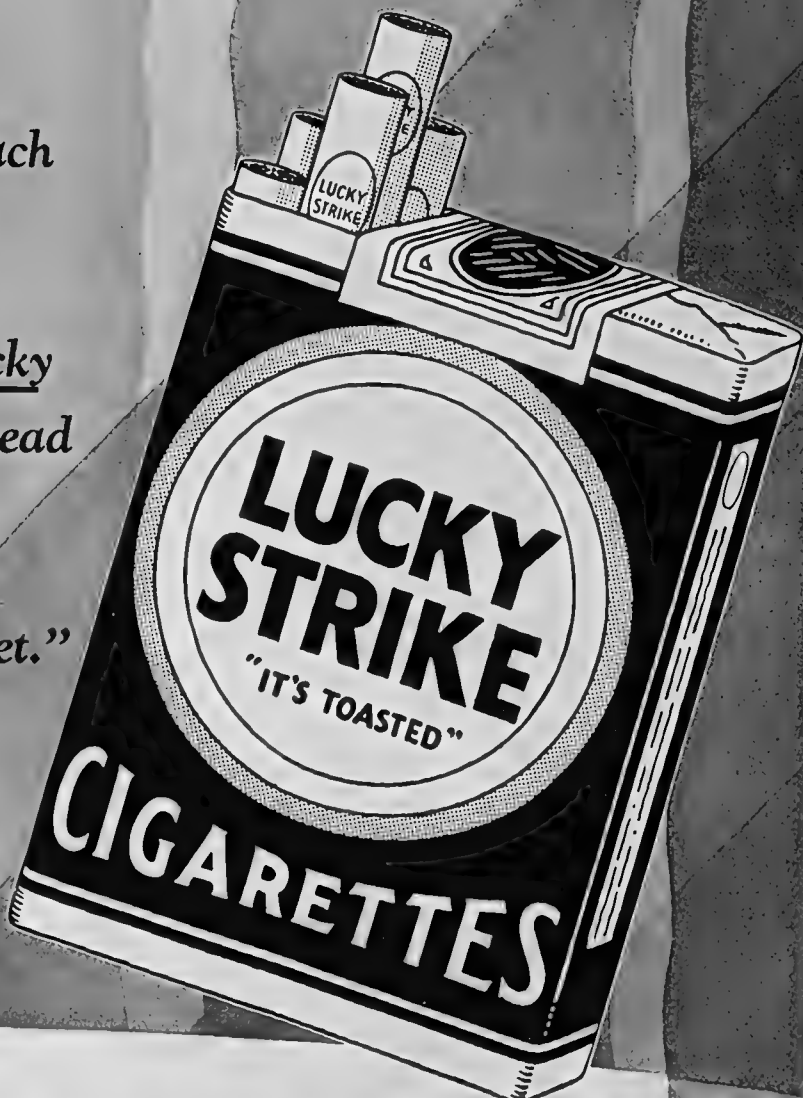
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"If you want to keep slender -
and who doesn't these days -
avoid sweets and
smoke Lucky Strikes!"

Paul Poirot



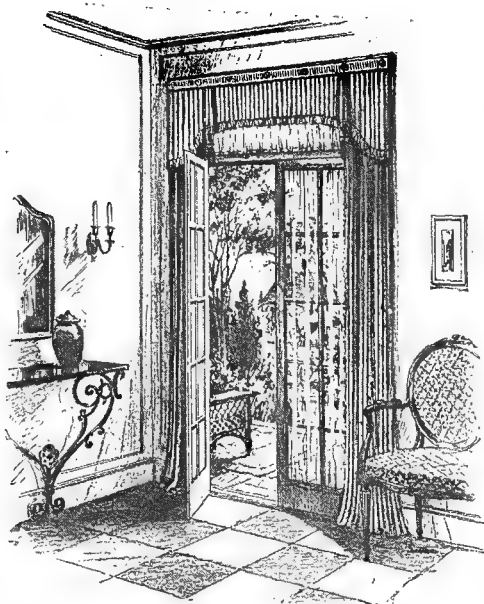
"Reach
for
a
Lucky
instead
of
a
sweet."



Miss Jean Ackerman, of Ziegfeld's success "Whoopie"

PAUL POIROT

© 1929, The American Tobacco Co., Manufacturers



KAPOCK

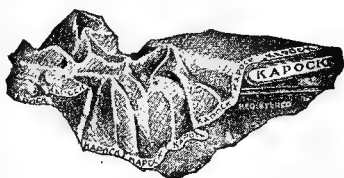
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Arthur Samuels

Moulin Jancey, built about the ninth century, and now a restaurant, fifteen or twenty miles from Paris, on the road to Meaux.

THE GOOD AMERICAN IN PARIS

(Continued from page 184)

France would have had an admiral. Had he only been able to give closer consideration to two propositions Fulton presently put before him, that of transporting troops by steamboat across the British Channel, accompanied by a flotilla of submarine torpedo-boats (an invention which he had already brought to considerable efficiency), there might have been no Saint Helena.

Paris still retains another memorial of Fulton's many-sided genius, in the name of the Passage des Panoramas, on the Boulevard Montmartre. Fulton's first dream was to be a painter and there still exists a portrait by him of his friend Joel Barlow, poet and American ambassador, with whom he lived in Paris at 50 Rue de Vaugirard. Then he conceived the idea of painting panoramas, and for this purpose constructed two rotundas, on the Boulevard Montmartre, in one of which he painted the burning of Moscow (in the 17th Century) following it with others. These remained till 1821, and the present Passage des Panoramas is a curious reminder of the odd twists and turns which genius sometimes takes before finding its true path.

NOTHING has been more significant of an essential affinity between the French and American peoples from the beginning than the part played in France by American ambassadors and diplomats. They have always been far more than official representatives of their government, and have been regarded by France, whether under royal, imperial or republican rule, as friends of the family, their advice sought and their assistance welcomed, entirely *ex officio*. If, perhaps, it was Benjamin Franklin's uniquely comprehensive and comprehending character which first evoked this cousinly accord between the two countries, it would seem to have been a natural relationship, for all those Americans who as Jefferson graciously, and truly, said, merely succeeded him—for "no one could replace him"—have, so to say, instinctively carried on the tradition he originated.

Jefferson himself conspicuously did so, and, friend alike of Louis XVI., and the Revolutionary patriots, his advice was sought by both sides, and the National Assembly at Versailles invited him to assist at their deliberations as though he had been a fellow Frenchman. As a sympathetic third party, his counsel was welcomed by both sides, and had the proposition of compromise which he suggested to Louis been accepted, the Revolution might have been accomplished without the Terror and the guillotine. He was

able to act as friend alike to King and people without abating one jot of those ardent revolutionary principles which had so great a share in creating the American republic. His satisfaction in the Fall of the Bastille was fearlessly outspoken, and his lodging in the Rue Taitbout was the rendezvous of many French officers who had fought in the American Revolution, and whose political opinions, largely influenced by American example, did much to bring about the Revolution in France.

Gouverneur Morris, again, temperamentally more of an aristocrat than a republican, considering that France was not ready for a republic, did all he could to save the King, sketching out the outlines of a constitution for him, planning his escape with the Queen, and taking charge of his money, in trust for his daughter, when the guillotine had come to seem inevitable. During the Terror, he befriended Americans and the French noblesse alike, rescuing Lafayette and his wife from prison, assisting them with large sums of money, and also financing the Duc d'Orleans, afterwards King Louis-Philippe, during his exile in America. Morris took great risks in these royalist activities, and on one or two occasions narrowly escaped the mob. Driving in a fine coach one day, he was surrounded, and assailed with cries of "Aristocrat!" Thereupon, with witty courage, he exhibited his wooden leg, declaring that he had lost it in the cause of American liberty. The story saved his life, and he drove off, chuckling to himself, for, of course, the story was an opportune lie, his wooden leg actually having no more patriotic explanation than an ordinary carriage accident in Philadelphia. The American pilgrim desirous of "locating" this aristocratic American ghost must visit 65 Rue de Richelieu, where Morris lived, the house being called in his day the "Hôtel du Roi".

JAMES MONROE, again, whose dreary immortalization by the Monroe Doctrine makes us forget what a vivid, handsome fellow he was when he came over to Paris to negotiate with Napoleon the sale of Louisiana. Unlike Gouverneur Morris he was an ardent revolutionist, and when Rousseau was buried in the Pantheon, an American flag which he had given to the Convention was carried by his nephew at the head of a little company of the American admirers of Jean-Jacques. He lived at 95 Rue de Richelieu, then known as the Hôtel des Patriotes, and it was there that he gave refuge to Tom Paine, after effecting his release from prison in the Luxembourg.

(Continued on page 188)

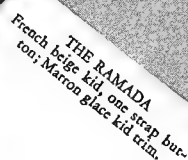
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THE MANHATTAN
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wide one strap button; Beige
suede quarter.

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S For Arch Preserver Shoes are kept authentically ahead of the mode by advance style notes flashed from the Selby studios in New York and Paris.

Moreover, unlike all other extremely smart footwear, they have exclusive patented features that enable any woman to wear the smartest styles with utter comfort.

Their famous hidden arch bridge takes all the strain off the arch and protects the foot's greatest beauty—the lovely curve of the instep. Their flat inner sole prevents pinching and crowding. Their metatarsal support puts new life into every step.

As the crowning touch of smartness, Arch Preserver Shoes are measured from heel to ball, achieving a custom-tailored appearance, just as if made especially for the feet they adorn.

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*Supports where support is
needed—bends where the foot
bends.*

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Silver kid one strap button. Gold
and silver Rajah kid, lacing on
vamp and front strap.

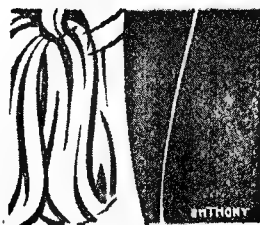
THE GOOD AMERICAN IN PARIS

(Continued from page 186)



LUCIEN

Colorful, graceful of line, modern in pattern, this new step-in by Andrew Geller is presented in blue, brown or beige kid and patent.



ANDREW

exquisite

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GELLER

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Tales of new and delightful dots on the map you may have overlooked, and news of the more familiar pleasure places, are waiting for you in this room with world-wide walls at 572 Madison Avenue.

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NEW YORK CITY

(Regent 7160)

bourg, Gouverneur Morris having refused to raise a finger to help him. Few fighters for freedom have been so ungratefully treated as Tom Paine who did so much for both the American and French Revolutions, "The Father of Republics" as he has rightly been called, and posterity has continued to be as prejudiced against him as was Gouverneur Morris. His reputed atheism seems to be his chief offence, though in dying, he declared, "I put all my confidence in God, my Creator"; and it was the tenderness of his heart which had prompted him to plead against the execution of Louis—"Kill the King, not the man," he had said, which brought him within a hair's breadth of the guillotine. Narrow indeed was his escape. Well-known as the story is, it is worth recalling.

It was the custom of the gaoler to mark with chalk the doors of the victims for the daily holocaust. Paine's door was open as he passed, and carelessly the gaoler marked it on the inside, so that when Paine closed his door it was not visible when the time came to round up the condemned. Paine had many Paris addresses, but that most associated with him is 144 Rue du Faubourg Saint Denis. The house had once been occupied by Madame de Pompadour, and Paine has himself described "the old yard full of poultry and the garden full of fruit, where apricots and green grapes, the best he had ever eaten, grew." It may be recalled that it was to Tom Paine that Lafayette entrusted that great key of the Bastille to be delivered to General Washington, which is still to be seen at Mount Vernon.

FROM those early Republican times up till our own day, when we all know how it has been sustained by Ambassador Herrick, the tradition by which the American minister has always been even more a helpful guest of France than a mere official has continued. The noble work done by Elihu Benjamin Washburne during the siege of Paris, and the horrors of the Commune needs a separate chronicle to itself. To him, as he said, was entrusted "half the nationalities of the earth," including thirty thousand German citizens, no less, shut in along with their French foes, within those walls of Paris which their own armies were engaged in besieging. Nor, of course, among all these good Americans in Paris, will the name of Dr. Thomas W. Evans, who engineered the escape of the Empress Eugenie, be forgotten. Heroism has been found among all conditions of men and women, but the American dentist as knight-errant was a novelty in heroes. Dr. Evans, too, was an example of the American as public-spirited Parisian, and it is to his suggestion that we owe the stately Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. His "hotel," since demolished, stood where the house numbered 41 now takes its place.

LET us now trace the footsteps of those Americans who came to France in no official capacity, but were drawn to Paris as the modern Athens, the intellectual and artistic capital of the world, the city of Abelard and Robert de Sorbon, the confessor of St. Louis, the city of great writers, painters and sculptors, the city of the Académie Française, the Comédie Française, the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, the student city of the Montagne St. Genevieve, Montmartre, and Montparnasse, the city that, indeed, has been largely made by its scholar population, and is even ruled, in no small degree, by students to this day. Among these Americans have played, and are still playing, leading parts, dominating the colleges and the cafés alike. Such early masters of American letters, who still hold their own in spite of momentary revolutionary fashions in writing, as Washington Irving, Fenimore Cooper, Longfellow, Emerson and Poe, found themselves inevitably drawn to Paris as the city which then, as now, was the Alma Mater of all those who dreamed with a pen in their hands.

Washington Irving had just finished his "Sketch-Book" when he came in 1821

to lodge at 4 Rue du Mont-Thabor (running parallel with the Faubourg Saint Honoré) next door to the house in which Alfred de Musset was to die thirty-six years later. There is a tablet on de Musset's house, but good Americans have still to place a tablet on number 4. Later Irving was to write to a friend: "Louis Napoleon and Eugenie Montigo, Emperor and Empress of the French! one of whom I have had a guest at my cottage on the Hudson; the other, whom, when a child, I have had on my knee at Granada. It seems to cap the climax of the strange dramas of which Paris has been the theatre during my life-time."

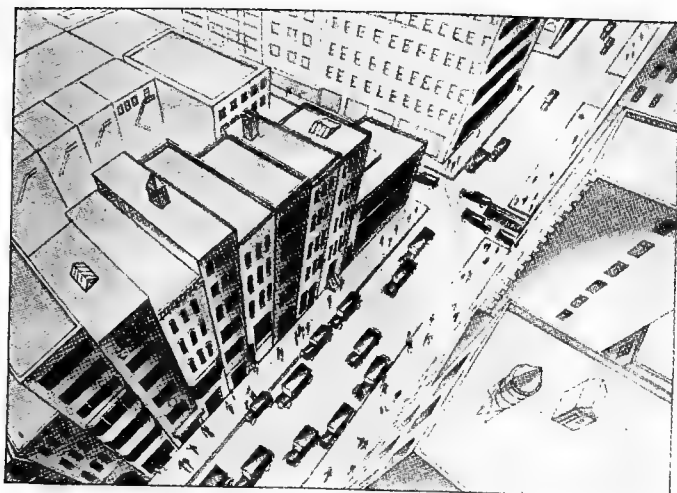
N. P. WILLIS, whom I suppose no one reads nowadays but who both as a man of the world and as a man of letters did excellent work toward the civilization of his provincial fellow-countrymen, lived in the Rue de Rivoli (1831) where he was frequently visited by Fenimore Cooper, an ardent Parisian, who, like his hero, Paul Jones, continued with all his rugged strength the gift of saying courtly things to royal ladies. Asked by the wife of Louis Philippe, a daughter of King Ferdinand of the Two Sicilies, "Of lands visited which do you prefer, Mr. Cooper?" he promptly answered, as to the manner born, "That in which your Majesty was born, for its nature; and that in which your Majesty reigns, for its society."

A meeting at which one would give much to have been present took place when Cooper was living in the Rue Saint Dominique, a meeting with his great master Sir Walter Scott. Cooper, by the way, used to declare that the execution of Louis XVI. was the fault of Gouverneur Morris, whom, like the French mob, he regarded as too much the "Aristocrat!" Cooper, one reads, (in a delightful book on "Famous Americans in Paris" by John Joseph Conway, to which I gladly acknowledge much indebtedness) "admired the polish, grace, elegance, and wit of French society." In this he differed with Emerson, who is rather tiresomely "transcendental," and almost boorish, in his comments on Paris, which he called "a loud modern New York of a place," remarking too, that "there was more fine society in his own little town than he could command" in Paris. Also, after hearing a lecture at the Sorbonne, he declared that "a lecture written by himself would be more useful to him," a modest comment worthy of Mr. Bernard Shaw. On his last visit in 1873, he was a little more genial, praising "the good breeding of the French," declaring them to be "the most joyous race," and admitting that "Paris enjoyed the largest liberty of any city in the whole civilized world." Emerson's habits in Paris do not seem to have been recorded. The young Longfellow, with his love of all European culture, found himself much more at home in Paris, being adopted as one of her student "sons" by the motherly keeper of a boarding-house at 49 Rue Monsieur-le-Prince, Madame Potet, who charged him but five shillings a day for his board and lodging. He was a true lover of Paris, delighted to wander through its old streets, with their memories of great Frenchmen.

The Luxembourg garden was one of his favorite haunts, and he has left charming records of his summer days at Auteuil. He had none of Emerson's contempt for Sorbonne lectures and took every advantage of the opportunities to learn those various languages which he was afterwards to put to such charming use. He countered Jefferson's censorious remark that "only vice and modern languages were taught better in Europe than in America" by the sensible retort that a man was no more forced to seek vice in Paris than anywhere else.

THOUGH it is evident from "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" that Poe was well acquainted with Paris, there is no record of his visits there. William Cullen

(Concluded on page 190)



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THE GOOD AMERICAN IN PARIS

(Concluded from page 188)

Bryant liked Paris so well, for all his rural simplicity, that he paid no less than six visits there, and he has left a piece of delightful pastoral prose descriptive of his journey from Havre to Paris. Hawthorne, too, was a lover of Paris, his favorite haunt being the banks of the Seine, with its anglers and its old book-stalls along the quais. Parkman, the historian, also made himself much at home in Paris, a familiar of its libraries, and he refreshed himself from his learned labors by jogging along on the tops of omnibuses, or making excursions on the river boats. Nor must Margaret Fuller, the Egeria of Brook Farm, be forgotten. She was a great admirer and valiant champion—even of the morals!—of George Sand, also of Rachel, the great actress, and no American writer has shown more sympathetic understanding of French life and character. She lodged in the Boulevard Poissonnière, at number 4, the Hôtel Rougemont, now a tailor's shop. John Howard Payne, who perhaps wrote "Home, Sweet Home" because he lived so much abroad, dying at Tunis, where he was twice American consul, had many addresses in Paris, addresses difficult to identify, one of them being in the Rue du Colombar, now Rue Jacob. Washington Irving used often to write to him at 89 Rue Richelieu, which seems to have been his last Paris address.

Many and deep as are the associations of Paris with American men of letters, American painters and sculptors have in recent years made the Paris of the Latin Quarter and Montmartre peculiarly their own. The first American painter who came to study in Paris was John Vanderlyn (1775-1852) whose picture "Married in the midst of the ruins of Carthage" won a gold medal from Napoleon I., and was the first canvas by an American painter to be hung in the Paris salon. But there was a picture in the salon of 1847 by another American painter of greater talent, the "Décadence Romaine" of William Morris Hunt, then a young man of twenty-three.

Hunt's significance in the history of modern art is not only that of his being a fine painter, but comes of his being the first to lead his fellow American artists to the study and discipleship of French masters. French painting itself owes much to him, for he was the earliest champion, and even "discoverer" of the Barbizon

school. His admiration of Millet was regarded as so singular at that time that he was nick-named "the mad American" because of it. He bought that painter's masterpiece "The Sower" for sixty dollars, when no Parisian dealer would look at it; and Corot, Courbet and other Barbizon painters, now classics, owed no little to his prophetic appreciation. Mr. Conway tells how Carolus Duran at a reception in Washington asked to be introduced to Hunt's daughter, that he might say to her: "I wish to know the daughter of the great American to whom France owes a deep debt of gratitude for having recognized and brought to our notice that splendid bouquet of our own painters who formed the Barbizon School."

The home of the great portrait-painter, John Sargent, for many years was 41 Boulevard Berthier, though when he was the pupil of Carolus Duran he found a lodging near the latter's studio in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs, in which Whistler had a studio also, at number 86. Not far away, one of the vine-trellised studios in the Rue de Bagnaux, (number 3 bis) running down from the Rue de Vaugirard, has many pleasing memories of Augustus Saint-Gaudens. There his famous pupil, Frederick MacMonnies, used to work with him, and his modeling stand made a rendezvous for all the great American sculptors and painters of his day. Sargent, John W. Alexander, Lafaye, Alden Weir, George Barnard, and Paul Bartlett, whose fine equestrian statue of Lafayette at the side of the Louvre sorrowfully reminds us of one of the best of good Americans, who literally went to Paris to die an untimely death there.

Here is but a very cursory retrospect of the history of the good American in Paris, and there are more good Americans there than ever, nor, in spite of occasional differences of opinion, do the bonds of fraternal affection that have so long united the French and American peoples show any signs of weakening. France is always generously ready with its laurels for any American achievement, as it showed in its reception of Chevalier Lindbergh: one of those characteristic attacks of that "American Fever" to which it has been subject since Louis XVI. lent several million dollars to the struggling American republic, and, for the first year, refused to take any interest.



Arthur Samuels

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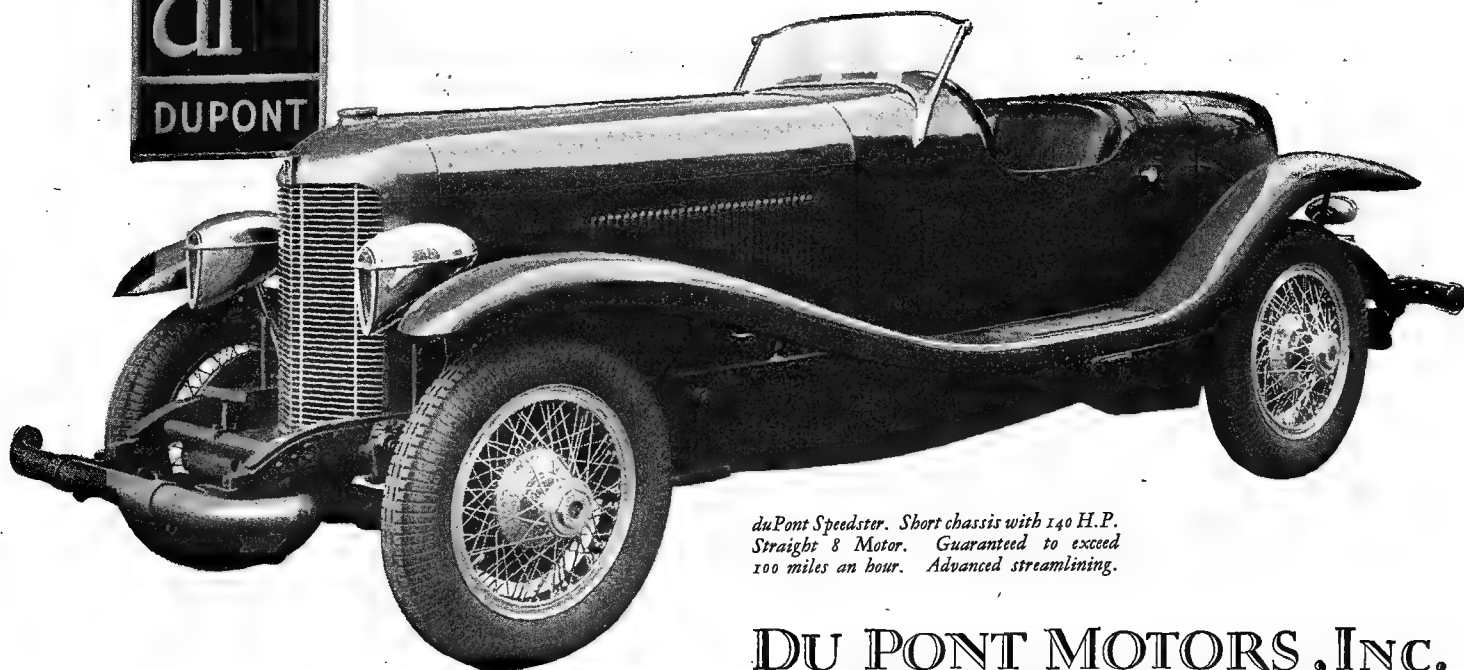
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WHY SO MANY WOMEN HATE MEN

By ADA PATTERSON

IF MEN knew what women think of them human males would crumple. There might be a fatal epidemic among them. For when you slay a man's vanity you have dealt him a deadly blow. His vanity is as necessary to him as oxygen.

In joint gatherings of that half of humanity termed "stern," and that other half called "fair," we hear at most whispers of woman's dislike for her brothers, her husbands, her lovers. "Aren't they ugly?" a divorcee asked me in safely lowered tones at a dinner, refraining even from nodding at the black clad, white linen fronted group that had gathered near a fireplace after a holiday meal for converse about what should be done to secure a paragon for president in 1932. "So coarse! And every one as horrid as he looks." That she was engaged to marry one of them next month made no difference in her low-toned comment.

She was addressing one of the sisterhood, one who knew, one who had heard the murmurs and the mutterings of the mental war between women and men. One who would not deem her eccentric. One who would not be shocked by the individual comment because she knew how general, how nearly universal is the attitude she represented.

The majority of women hate men—including their own. They do not say so, everywhere and at all times, for business or social reasons.

Feminine criticism of the human male at the fireside has spread to criticism of him in business, in society, in politics, in his bungling conduct of human affairs that permitted turning of earth into that great slaughter house, the World War. Women of the United States, believing that they determined the presidential election, have grown bolder in their fault finding with the deposed lords of creation.

Wherever women congregate, after a brief time the scent of roasting male ascends. We gather from clear statements that women hate men because they are unmanly. A full browed, wistful eyed young woman tossed the observation across a luncheon table, "Isn't it strange how much more manly women are than men? I mean it. More women than men possess the characteristics that we have bracketed as manly. More women than men are brave, have physical endurance, can march on smilingly when their feet and hearts are bruised—are faithful, and move grimly on, without complaint, to the solution of a problem that seems baffling. I don't know any men who are really manly."

Women dislike men because they are illogical. Women have been called the illogical part of humankind, but it was man who hurled the adjective. Men profess to worship the good woman and they patiently love the bad one. They shout their preference for a girl who is modestly clad, but they dance oftenest with the girl who most nearly approaches the nude. They compose blank verse about the mellow light of the fireside and seek the mellowed emotions that may be secured at the cabarets. They agree with their country's enormous economy, in the home, but buy the best of whatever they wish, from cigars to automobiles.

She may observe silently, she may look on mutely, but every woman sees men as children strutting as adults. She is growing tired of her work of centuries, of stilling his sobs, of healing his bruises, of salving his wounded self love and of sending him forth, renewed, to acquire more wounded vanity and punctures of the ego. With a curl of the lips distinctly unflattering she impatiently makes ready the next bandages for his blows. Like an actress who has played one character over long she is afraid she will "dry up" in a long speech some day. She fears that she will sprinkle some salt of truth into his wounds. Every woman is infinitely tired of sharing a man's sorrows.

Woman's sharing of former business secrets with men have stripped the gauze of illusion from their mates, or those who might have been their mates. Mrs. Black, incensed with the stock in-

vestments her husband had insisted upon her making, against her outspoken protests that she did not believe in them, regards her companion with unloving glances the morning she reads the rating that tells her they have "been wiped out." Her admiration for him is nil.

A woman who is trying to manipulate without loss her inherited real estate told me that she was shocked at the recklessness of one, and the gross incompetency of the other contingent of the board of directors with which she sits in conference. If women "went to business" every week day for two years, sat side by side with men in offices, beheld them in their mental shirt sleeves, saw them tremulous at fear of losing their job, be it that of a chairman of a board or third assistant bookkeeper, the marriage market would drop ninety-five percent. For hero worship no longer would be possible.

A woman cannot love the average man if she knows him. Wily old Mother Nature, who often behaves more as a stepmother than a mother, tries to create illusion. She throws dazzle dust into our eyes to give to a humdrum individual the semblance of a god. Daily propinquity tarnishes the dazzle dust, then destroys it. To be the man complete that schoolgirls, and those grown into women who are still students in the school of life, fondly imagined most men to be, he must be brave and strong and loyal and kind and in all things adequate. Which unhappily Miss Everywoman must discover that Mr. Everyman is not. And great is her unhappiness at the discovery.

A GRADUATE of many social seasons is supremely content with her athletics, her apartment in town, her dogs, her cars, her place on Long Island, her two trips to Europe a year, and an occasional visit to her camp in the Adirondacks. Someone dared to say, "I can't but wonder whose husband you are waiting for, dearest. Most bachelor maids are waiting for someone's husband, you know."

The bachelor maid's answer was clear as the tinkle of ice in a glass. Like it, unmistakably sincere. "Your mates are all safe from me, darling," she answered. "Pardon me for saying that I never look at one of them with a moment's interest. Every man I know is a man minus the qualities every woman has a right to expect in her husband. The candidates for my hand were either weaklings or brutes. I despised the weaklings and loathed the brutes. Since this is an hour of frankness, I can't understand how any of you endure your husbands. Half of them I should want to strangle. To the other half I would play the Borgia, and poison. Again, because this is the frankness hour, I tell you that I have no husband of my own because I have been busy keeping the husbands of my friends at a proper distance."

"Did she mean it?" asked one of her guests from whose face the glistening smile that accompanied "Such a delightful afternoon!" had scarcely faded.

She did. And so do other possessors of their own and sole latchkeys.

Lady Astor said, at a banquet: "They call us the weaker sex. But men are the weaker sex and every woman knows why." The American woman in the English Parliament hinted at woman's chief reason for woman's hatred for men. His extreme susceptibility. Extreme emotional instability, in the presence of any woman from sixteen to sixty, is the major fault that most women find in men and that stirs in them primitive hatred and modern scorn.

Men have been weighed in the scales, social, domestic and economic, by feminine hands and adjudged wanting.

Is the situation hopeless?

No. But it may require many convales, small and large, social and sociological, psychological and therapeutic, to establish friendship and tolerance.

Men haters are legion. Women haters, at least frank ones, are rare. Perhaps one of them will ventilate his opinions as freely as I have ventilated mine.

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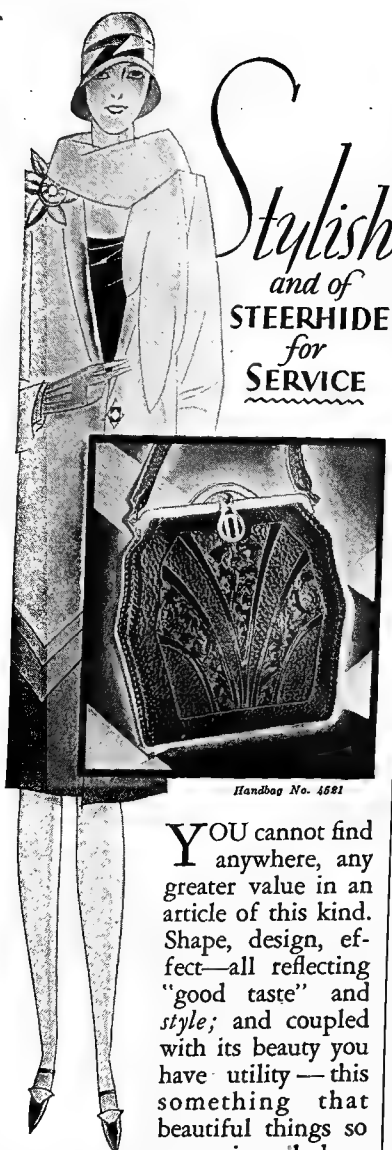
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ON LOVE

By CHARLES G. SHAW

I HAVE heard, in all, 2,347 definitions of love, but am unable to agree with any of them. I believe that love means something different to all of us. Like pleasure, I do not think it can be found by those who continually seek it.

I believe, contrary to the opinions of certain professors on the subject, that the average man infected with the love germ, presents to the world a picture of dulness or absurdity. A woman in love, on the other hand, I believe shines at her brightest. I do not believe anyone capable of turning love on or off at will. I have found in many cases the most effective lovers to be the greatest liars.

I believe it quite possible for one to be in love for a considerable period without being aware of the fact. I regard one's amatory views as highly variable between the ages of twenty-five and thirty. I consider no age wholly immune to the condition of love. I believe the most burning of loves is rarely the happiest.

EVERY so often I am sought out by a friend to give a few words of advice on love difficulties. I am happy to give such advice, but do not believe it to be worth a tinker's dam. I am not of the opinion that one is able to be really in love but once in their lives, just as I, too, am of the opinion that there is no such thing as love at first sight.

I believe that the greater portion of any romance takes place in the minds of those concerned. The happiness of any love, I am convinced, depends mainly upon trust. I do not regard the love of the Latins as more intense than that of the Nordics. I consider jealousy to be love's most corrosive influence.

In order to forget an old love I do not recommend the practice of plunging headlong into a new love. Nor do I subscribe to the theory that the most sincere lovers are always the most effective. I believe that there is nothing in the world capable of reviving a love that has died. I think the real reasons for anyone falling in love are seldom those that are advanced.

I look upon love and logic as opposite extremes. I believe there can be no great happiness in love without a certain amount of pain. I feel that fully three-quarters of the joys of any amour consist of one's anticipations plus one's memories. I do not consider marriage necessarily the inevitable result of a perfect romance.

I view love as the greatest serio-comedy ever written. I believe it highly idiotic to be forever analyzing our emotional reactions. That a romance never ends for both parties simultaneously I regard as one of Cupid's cruellest pranks.

I have known some of the most successful love affairs to have involved seemingly the most ill-mated couples. I am of the belief that there is no mystery on earth equal to the mystery of love. I believe each romance to be much like another

and, at the same time, wholly unique. I regard love without humor as a house without furniture.

I am unable to understand why because two people fall madly in love with one another, they should remodel their entire lives. I believe many a lasting love has been born in a single smile. I consider, next to jealousy, a constant association to have separated more couples than any other factor. I know of nothing so faded as a faded love.

I believe the most robust loves thrive upon difficulty. I further believe too much sentimentality to be fatal in the end to any love. Each day I am more and more inclined to conclude that no intelligent reason exists why most people fall in love with those they do.

I regard, in all affairs of the heart, sympathy more essential than cleverness; companionship more vital than beauty. I have beheld some of life's most glamorous romances sprout in the duldest of surroundings. I look upon a love built upon deception as a sorry business for all concerned. I do not agree with the notion that the physical side of love is of relatively small importance.

I do not believe that love *per se* has undergone a very drastic change within the last several centuries but that the chief change has been in the technique of lovers.

I do not think it possible for one to be truly in love with more than one other at the same moment. I am bored with the eternal love and infatuation discussion. I feel that a really interesting romance should embrace a certain element of danger.

I BELIEVE that women fall in love for entirely different reasons than men. I consider no love greater than the lovers concerned. In the cup of amour I regard sacrifice and illusion among the prime ingredients. I believe many of love's crassest stupidities to have resulted through the kindest intentions.

I do not think any love can endure without nourishment on the part of both parties. I consider the actual business of love slight when compared with the infinite joys and sorrows of any really great affair. I regard Cupid as an old, old man disguised as a little boy. I believe chuckles have saved more nearly-wrecked romances than tears.

I believe that many a minor love has bred a major hate. I believe the sturdiest of loves is unable to survive continual disappointment. I do not believe a romance ever existed in which each side loved equally.

I think it is far easier to fall out of than to fall in love. I regard Time as life's most effective love balm. I maintain that every love encounter should contain a touch of surprise. I look upon love as the most wonderful and most terrible thing on earth.

NONE SO BLIND

HE SIGHED for golden Carcassonne
That gleamed so bright in years ago,

He wept for castles of Cognac
And ruined citadels of Spain,

For past romance and vanished glamor
"Lost in the modern dust and clamor."

And as he sighed—across the street
Loudly the rivet-hammers beat

Upon a tower which would arise
In soaring beauty to the skies

Lovelier than the rosiest dawn
Had ever bathed in Carcassonne.

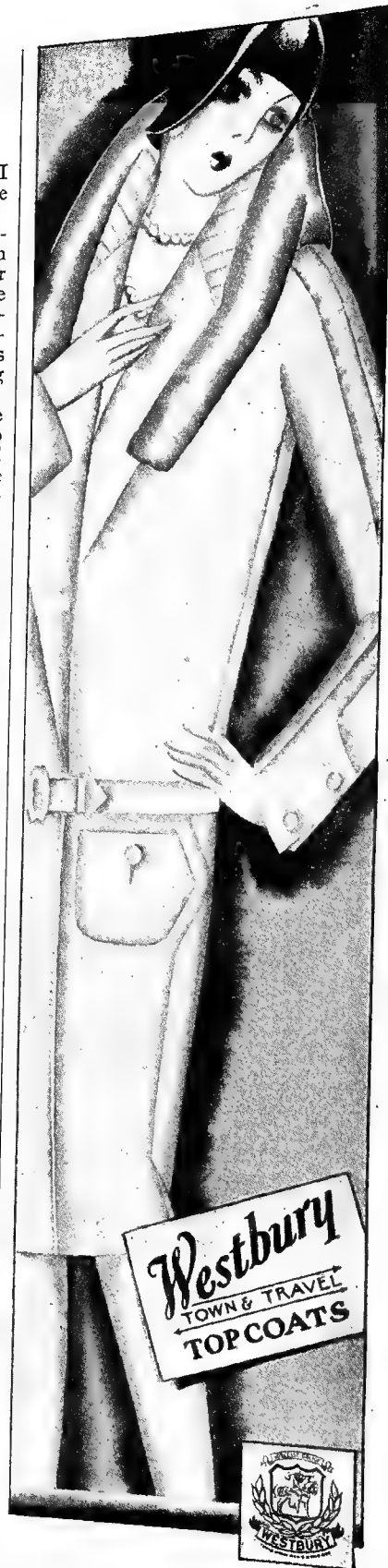
And as he wept—brisk, busy men
Built, and tore down, and built again

Structures that would have seemed but vain
Enchanted visions—in Cocaïne.

High rose steel castles of Romance,
He viewed them with unseeing glance

And sighed and wept and babbled on
Of lost Cocaïne and Carcassonne!

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THE DUTY OF BEING AGREEABLE

By FRANK SWINNERTON

A WRITER of genius has just been condemning the pernicious modern cult of kindness and considerateness toward others, which he angrily calls "tolerance." This repulsive habit of mind, he says, is growing more and more popular in England, until it threatens to destroy everything that is worthy of the crusader's zeal. The genius is perturbed. The spectacle of an agreeable—that is to say, a tolerant—world appals him. He is for the rudeness, the impatience, the healthy offensiveness of other days.

"What then? 'You lie' and doormat
below stairs
Takes bump from back."

as Mr. Chesterton parodying Robert Browning, once wrote. He is for the giant among the pigmies, the autocrat among the groundlings, dealing cuffs and blows where he pleases, savage, peremptory, and above reason. He is for strife and quarrelsomeness, for insult and injury. In a word, he is for intolerance, as some people are for war, upon the ground that civilization is a mistake, and that we all ought to try to be little barbarians. Is it any wonder that he is annoyed by the tolerance—which is mental good-behavior—which listens kindly and with sympathy to his own fulminations?

I wish I could believe that this general passion for good behavior—as described by the impatient genius—had lately seized the population of these islands in its firm grip. But, judging by the conduct of a good many persons whom I see, the evil habit of kindness, even though it may be increasing, has not yet sapped all the brusque impulses of hatred and tyranny from our national character. Many people are still rude to those who dare not hit back, and quarrelsome with those who *can* (and do) hit back, and provocative to all others whose combative resources are unknown. They continue to stalk through life as though other folk are merely impertinent or grotesque.

With haughty stare
And nose in the air,

they continue to be bad-mannered and disagreeable. Foreigners have for so long seen these intolerant ones parading Continental streets during holiday times, that they have come to believe that the English are all conceited, imperious, and ill-behaved. Hence the popularity of the English in other countries.

I HAVE never been able to understand why the bad-mannered are bad-mannered, as it were, on principle. There are some who are even conceited about their bad-manners. I have seen motorists "cut in" unforgivably, and signify the utmost complacency over their feat. I have seen and heard snubs administered by well-dressed women in shops, as a result of which the snubbers were quite elated by their own skill in the art of vanquishing the defenceless. Such snubs, also, have been repeated to me by the snubbers, always with deep self-satisfaction. More than this—in days gone by, when I was an inoffensive young man, I have myself been affronted by those who believed rudeness to be in some way clever and necessary. I wonder what is the cause of this strange perversion of the human spirit. What does Mrs. Switch, upon one side of the counter, really think of herself when she insults Miss Nobbs, who is upon the other? What she says, of course, is that these girls are getting quite too dreadfully impertinent, and need constantly to be quelled; but is that what she believes? I do not suppose it can be. I think Mrs. Switch is probably unhappy, "nervy," a sufferer from indigestion. I think she probably, at times, hardly knows what she is saying. And yet Mrs. Switch, in administering the snub, must have considered that she had something more than the mere power to affront. She must have felt sure that she had the right to snub, as well as the duty of snubbing. And what, when insulted, is Miss Nobbs

to do? Is she to "answer back?" If she does, she will lose her situation. Is she to smile satirically? If she does this she will almost certainly be accused of further impertinence. She may, in fact, become impertinent; but only if she is a potential Mrs. Switch and already has a little pink nose as a result of gobbling her food, or a little sore heart as the result of some private trouble with Mr. Blank or Miss Dash, or with Mrs. Nobbs (her mother) or a dozen other Mrs. Switches.

For her livelihood's sake, Miss Nobbs will be more likely to submit than to protest; and when Mrs. Switch, with one last stern, self-complacent glance of power, has left the shop, Miss Nobbs will tell her companions about the scene. "That old gel," she will say. "That old cat . . ." I am sorry to say that she will probably invent a marvelous retort by means of which she will claim to have crushed Mrs. Switch. And, as a writer of fiction, I regret still more to say that Miss Nobbs's masterly retort will at once be dismissed by her friends as a fabrication. "She never said that," they will whisper to each other. "She made that up!" A lie that convinces nobody—not even the teller of the lie—is ignominious. "As thrilling as any novel," as the critics frequently say about books of memoirs; meaning "And as little to be believed."

Well, now, here we have malice, pride, resentfulness, the worst kind of falsehood (the incredible), and sophistication, all arising from a little scene which need never have occurred if only Mrs. Switch had been able to hold her tongue. Mrs. Switch's heart and tongue have been blackened by wickedness. Miss Nobbs's day has been spoiled, and her view of life and humanity has been soured. An "impossible situation" has been created. Two courses are open to Mrs. Switch—the course of contrition or hard-heartedness. Either she can feel ashamed of herself, in which case she will stay away from the shop in which Miss Nobbs is employed, and give her custom elsewhere, which will not mend matters (or manners); or, as is more probable, she will glory in her own brusqueness and evil tongue, and be confirmed in the belief that in salutary rudeness she has discovered the key to good living.

With this notion firmly fixed in her mind, she will go out of her way to administer snubs in every quarter. She will generally—it is an instinct—choose as her victims those who are most inoffensive. She will attack the tender, the forgiving, the innocent, knowing that they can be wounded to the heart, and that they cannot effectively counter. Mrs. Switch's arrogance will increase poisonously with every easy triumph. A passion for snubbing will seize her. "Oh," she will say, archly, to her friends; "have you never been able to think of an answer to people who say 'Pleased to meet you?' I always say 'Not at all.'" Spoiled by the laughter which this reported answer provokes, and by the consternation which she can plant in simple hearts, Mrs. Switch will become the slave of her tongue. If the fancy persists, she will become like King Gama, in *Princess Ida*, who is surprised, when, after boasting that

"To all their little weaknesses I open
people's eyes,
And little plans to snub the self-sufficient I devise,"

he finds himself described as a disagreeable man. He says he "can't think why"; but I am sure he knows; and I am sure Mrs. Switch knows why she is occasionally shunned, although the stunning angers her and increases her habitual ill-behavior.

WHEN I was in America two or three years ago, I stayed in one of the big Middle-Western cities at an hotel the proprietors of which had drawn up a list of instructions for their employees. I do not recollect what the instructions were, and I have forgotten the wording of the note

(Concluded on page 195)

Beauty cast her spell—

—upon these lovely shoes.
And their magic bestows a
charm on those who wear
them.

Martin and Martin crafts-
men create the designs of
these shoes from the artistry
of the moderns . . . and
their charm from the tenets
of good taste.

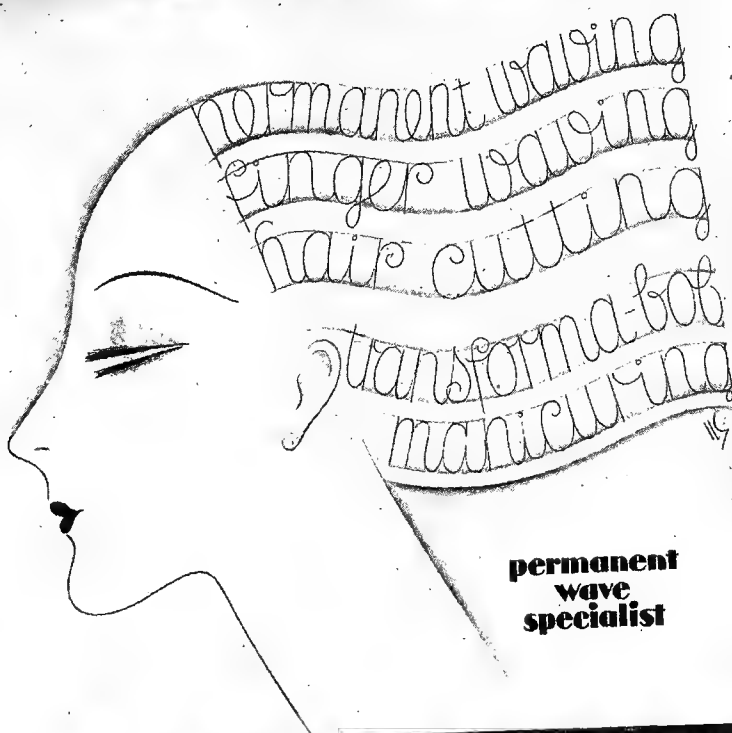
May we fit you out for the
Springtime?

MARTIN
and
MARTIN
BOOTMAKERS

695 Fifth Avenue, New York
326 So. Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Exhibits in all principal cities.

PERMANENT WAVES OF DISTINCTION



J. SCHAEFFER INC.
590 FIFTH AVENUE Bet. 47 and 48th St. NEW YORK
Bryant 7615
WHITEHALL, PALM BEACH

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UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

THE DUTY OF BEING AGREEABLE

(Concluded from page 194)

which caught my attention most particularly; but it was to this effect:

Be courteous to all. That modest, unassuming man may be a millionaire.

I will not dwell upon the fact that I waited vainly to be treated as a millionaire; but will pass to what I believe to be the notice which we should all—within the limits of self-respect and anti-priggishness—carry in our minds. It is:

Be courteous to all. That modest, unassuming creature is, quite certainly, an immortal soul.

"What!" cried Mrs. Switch, at this point; "am I expected to turn the other cheek to all and sundry? I won't do it! Unless you keep these people in their place (or is it places?) they'll take advantage of you. I know them. You poor simpleton. Learn a little of human nature, I implore, before you turn wise-acre!"

The term "human nature" is the key to the whole situation. There is not a Mrs. Switch nature and a Miss Nobbs nature, as Mrs. Switch supposes ("Ourselves" and "Those others"); but one nature common to Mrs. Switch and Miss Nobbs. Would Mrs. Switch like to stand behind a counter all day? She would not like to do so. To her, a whole day of such work would be torture. "Oh, but fish like to be caught," says Mrs. Switch; "and girls such as Miss Nobbs have no finer feelings. They're not brought up to expect anything different!" Stupid Mrs. Switch, who cannot escape from herself by imagining what other people feel. Rather ridiculous Mrs. Switch who knows nothing of Miss Nobbs's equally remorseless eye for the weaknesses of Mrs. Switch. Old-fashioned Mrs. Switch, for ignoring all the signs of the times—the clothes of Miss Nobbs, her hair-dressing, her extraordinary gift for—in the evenings and at holiday-times—looking exactly like all the Mrs. Switches in England. And, in the end, wicked Mrs. Switch, for going about the world, as she does, blaspheming against human nature.

I AM now going to reveal a great secret to all who have suffered from the ill-behavior of Mrs. Switch. It is, that just as midges cannot endure the scent of lavender water, so Switches cannot bear to be treated with tolerance, or good manners. When, full of rudeness, she is met by agreeable calm, she is instantly deflated. I once heard a hysterical nursemaid weeping and shouting to a sympathetic friend: "And after I'd said I was going, she come downstairs as cool as cool!" I imagine that the victor in this content may have been a disagreeable woman; but what if she were not? What if her coolness were but pride, but tolerance? Picture to yourselves the havoc created by such good manners in a Switch of the nursery! Picture how rudeness was checked by courtesy and composure! Imagine Switch—for Mrs. Switch may be a bad-mannered nursemaid as well as a bad-mannered mistress—behaving rudely. Bring yourself to the thought of Mrs. Switch, back at the counter, insulting an imperturbable Miss Nobbs. I know it is difficult to do this. The Miss Nobbses of the world are very sensitive and are easily

flattered. But it is not impossible. Dignity is to be found in every class and in every calling. And I say that dignity and calm and good temper will always check rudeness—even in a person who can be checked by no other means.

THE explanation is that it is impossible to be disagreeable without knowing that one is disagreeable. And to be met by agreeable manners when one knows that one is being disagreeable is in itself a severe lesson. The disagreeable person is quick enough in the wits to perceive the end of power. Quick enough, also, to make a comparison and feel a sense of inferiority to the agreeable person. Anger gives way to respect, and respect to emulation. Just so, I imagine, does a naughty pony sense mastery in a new pair of hands upon the reins. The disagreeable person, conscious at last of infirmity, becomes apologetic. I have seen it happen. Tolerance, kindness—call the response by any name you will—are all indications that the possessor has attained to self-mastery. The disagreeable person, however cultured, is savage; and the savage will always be controlled by that which is civilized. Even the genius to whom I referred at the beginning of this article is only angry at present because he knows he is going to laugh in a moment and become a good little boy again. He is, so to speak, at the kicking stage; but he is beginning to hide his face, to which uncontrollable smiles of shame and recovered good-temper, and a sense of his own ridiculousness, are rushing.

To be agreeable, it is not necessary to be slavish. It is most undesirable that one should be patronizing, as many good workers, district visitors, and the like, too frequently are. To be agreeable, all that is necessary is to take an interest in other persons and in other things, to recognize that other people, as a rule, are much like oneself, and thankfully to admit that diversity is a glorious feature of life. One must not be conceited. One must not flatter, because flattery is a condescension or a servility. One must merely recognize the existence of other personalities than one's own. The wisest man I have ever known once said to me: "Nine out of every ten people improve on acquaintance;" and I have found his words true. Nine out of every ten—what if one should oneself be the tenth?

To me, that is a very terrible doubt. It would be enough, at all times, to make me hesitate in delivering a snub, or in behaving disagreeably even under provocation. The world has grown so close about us, and we are woven into its texture so finely, that we are nowadays more than ever dependent upon the good-will of our fellow-creatures. Take away that good-will, that kindness, that love; and we cannot exist. In self-defence alone, if in no other interest, it is our duty to behave agreeably to others. But not only in self-defence. Rather, in recognition and repayment of all the good-will and all the love that enables us to live our short lives at peace with our neighbors. If they were hostile, we should die. They are not hostile. They are extraordinarily humane. An appreciation of that fact—and of course, since we have blood and not milk in our veins, we cannot love everybody—should make us, if not affectionate, at least cordial and sympathetic.

DEDICATION

TAKE then this phrase, the dewy spray
Which I have plucked for you at dawn.
Finger it, curious—in dismay,
Lo, withered is the dew thereon!

Seek not, O curious one, the how
Of love that brings to you first fruit;
Do apples on the orchard bough
Trace selves to blossom, tree to root?

Dorothy Bennett

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VENUS

FOR TRAVELING

THE finest department stores in New York have for years sold Venus* Compressed Sanitary Napkins.

Now they can be had from coast to coast and always in the finest stores in each city.

Though costing a little more than the usual kind, Venus have comfort qualities that are truly their own. For they are made of the finest quality surgical cotton (not paper) and enclosed in a softly knitted cover (not gauze).

Venus Traveling Package is a small box, no larger than one's hand, that contains three full sized Venus Napkins amazingly compressed to tiny size so that they may be conveniently carried in the handbag or traveling case.

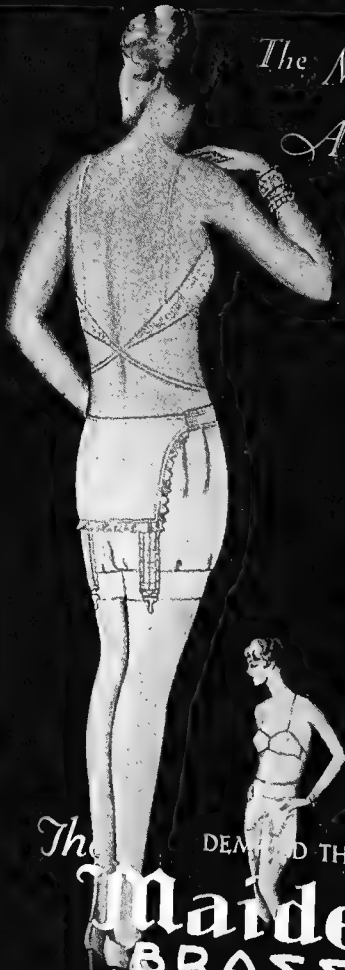
just ask for

"VENUS TRAVELING PACKAGE"

* Sold also non-compressed in boxes of a dozen.

VENUS CORPORATION
1170 BROADWAY
NEW YORK CITY

The Maidenette Decolette
A Brassiere Invisible



the makers of the famous Maiden Form Brassiere present this newest creation to meet the need of a 'brassiere invisible' for the most extreme of evening fashions. Slender ribbon bands button in front and give delicate firmness to the unique triangular pocket design by which the Maidenette Brassiere achieves its gentle uplift support.

That modern women have eagerly welcomed this new Maiden Form creation is only another example of the remarkable popularity of the entire Maiden Form line in which there is a brassiere for every type.

DEMAND THIS LABEL

The Maidenette BRASSIERE

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. NOV. 9, 1927

Made by the Makers of Maiden Form

ENID MFG. CO., 245 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

(Ask about Maiden Form Originals and Carter Belts)

Sold Everywhere

Building . . . or Remodeling . . . plan Telephone Convenience for your Home

*Service can be fitted
exactly to your personal tastes
. . . it will add tremendously
to living comfort and appearance*

1 1 1

If you are building or remodeling your home this spring, be sure to include *telephone convenience* in your plans. Telephones all through the house, for ease in placing and answering calls . . . sufficient telephone outlets to give flexibility of service . . . wiring and some of the apparatus *built in* . . . these and other features of modern telephone convenience will contribute greatly to the living comfort and smartness of your home.

Telephone convenience can be "custom built" to your individual tastes and requirements. It can be fitted exactly to every household.

The living room, for instance, suggests itself as a desirable location for a telephone in most households. So, too, do the library, sun porch, kitchen, reception hall and bed chambers. A telephone in the guest room is a nice compliment to your guest. When the basement is utilized as a recreation room or amateur workshop, a telephone adds immeasurably to its comfort. And the servants' quarters should, of course, be equipped so that all calls can be answered promptly.

Two or more telephone lines are desired by many families, for the added assurance this gives that at least one line will be available for incoming and outgoing calls.

And besides the general service arrangements, some people want additional equipment for special purposes. Push buttons and switches for intercommunication among the house telephones. Special bells and other signaling devices for particular uses. Portable telephones which can be plugged in where desired. Switches to cut off bells temporarily. Other switches for disconnecting the servants' telephone temporarily.

It is not at all necessary that you build or remodel in order to have complete telephone convenience. Your local Bell company will be glad to tell you how easily . . . and at how reasonable a cost . . . you can apply this new idea to your present residence. Telephone today for an appointment.





DRAWING BY
CARL O. A. ERICKSON

She has that wordless something about her. Call it chic, distinction . . . what you will. Compounded of subtle color, texture, allure . . . the silks she wears define it.

Stehli Silks

Copyright 1929 by the Stehli Silks Corporation, 200 Madison Avenue, New York • Paris • London • Zurich

TIFFANY & CO.

JEWELERS SILVERSMITHS STATIONERS


DIAMOND JEWELRY

1837 - 1929

Quality Through Generations

MAIL INQUIRIES RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK



HAF-HEEL* HOSIERY

Dancing in the favor of the smart world is "Haf-Heel" Hosiery. It gained recognition first by its 'little' heel—that ingenious Kayser conception of the modern square heel...trim...chic...thoroughly adequate.

For service sheer weight 90X is the choice, \$1.50. For all-occasion wear, No. 153X all silk picot edge chiffon is only \$1.95. For formal wear No. 70X, a 54 gauge at \$5.50.

THE SEASON'S SMART SHADES

Sunskin
Clearskin
Bareskin

Roséskin
Beachskin
Fairskin

You may purchase Kayser Silk Products at all the better shops and at the Kayser Store, Fifth Avenue at 41st Street, opposite the Library.

Kayser

*Trade Mark Reg.
Licensee under Pat. No. 1,111,658

Copyright 1929 Julius Kayser & Co.



dans la nuit

OTHER "dressmaker" perfumes have come and gone, but Worth's Dans la Nuit will live as long as there is a smart woman in the world to appreciate the subtle suggestion of this unforgettable fragrance.



Obtainable in all the leading shops in the United States and
FRANKLIN SIMON & CO.
Fifth Avenue New York



With the diamond jewelry here pictured is a star ruby ring. This rare stone is remarkable for its size, its shape, its exquisite coloring and the perfection of the star.

J. E. CALDWELL & CO.
Philadelphia

"Crest of the Wave"—a bronze by Harriet W. Frishmuth
Caldwell jewelry has a personality distinctly its own—a superior something that cannot be copied nor taught. There is a finality in its charm that is—that completely satisfies the artistic sense.



Lace Tweed and Knitted Wool Lace

With Paris' authority, Bonwit Teller introduces these original fabrics in original spectator sports fashions. These tweed or knitted laces are used in the major parts of sports ensembles as the illustration shows.

Sports Clothes for Women and Misses . . - Fourth Floor

**BONWIT
TELLER**
FIFTH AVENUE AT 38TH STREET

NEW YORK

PHILADELPHIA

PARIS

LONDON

COMPLEMENT YOUR SKIN-TONES WITH THE NEW

GORDON STOCKINGS

This is the latest rule in the world of fashion today. And—in complementing your complexion with your stockings—you will find that this subtle harmonizing of your very self makes every frock you wear infinitely smarter . . . with color, line, and beauty accented.

Gordon is first to interpret this newest mode, in all its variations, for every woman.

FOR THE FAIR-SKINNED WOMAN: "Champagne" to match her natural coloring; "Noon" to lend it warmth of tone; "Fair-tan" to match her suntan; and "Circe" for evening.

FOR THE WOMAN OF MEDIUM COMPLEXION: In the same order of use—"Rachelle," "Scudán," "Blushtan," and "Cymbeline."

FOR THE BRUNETTE: In the same order of use—"Ormond," "Coronado," "Pandora," and "Casino."

FOUR VERY NEW deep suntan tones are "Alamo Tan" and "Sonora," with a golden cast; "Pocahontas," a coppery tone; and "Ramona" for the suntan of brilliant complexions.

Gordon
HOSIERY

© S. D. CO., '29



A SMART SPRING WARDROBE
WILL INCLUDE THESE NEW
SPORTS FASHIONS FROM BEST'S



MODEL 201—This is the little jacket, knitted in corduroy effect, that had such a vogue at Palm Beach. White, navy, or brown with brass buttons. Sizes 14 to 40.

14.50



Model 203

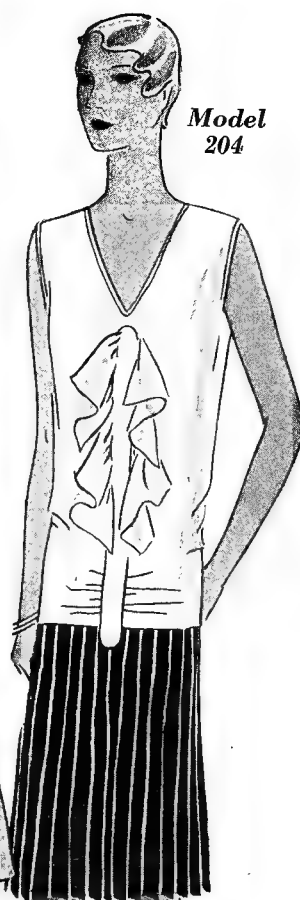
MODEL 203—The one piece sweater frock is new for sports wear and very smart in "gingham checks". Red and white, green and white, brown and white, blue and white. Sizes 14 to 20.

19.50

MODEL 206—The three piece kid-angora sweater outfit that was a favorite at Palm Beach. V neck pullover, skirt pleated in front, four button cardigan. Flesh, blue, cameo, shell pink, white, yellow. Sizes 14 to 40.

29.50

MODEL 204—Sleeveless handkerchief linen frill blouse.



Model 204

Model 205

White, yellow, green, coral, sun-tan. Sizes 32 to 40.

9.50

MODEL 205—Crepe de Chine skirt pleated all round. On bodice top. Black, beige, flesh, green, blue, or white. Sizes 14 to 40.

12.50

MODEL 207—The double breasted sweater costume was inspired by an English model. Fine zephyr in red, blue, green, yellow, beige, or white. Godet skirt. Sizes 14 to 40.

21.50

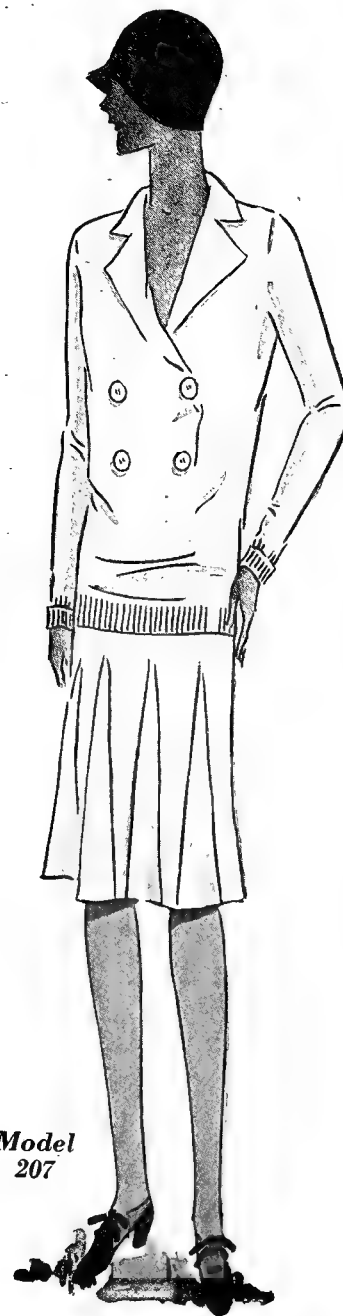


MODEL 202—The silk cardigan can be worn over another blouse to achieve the important new double-blouse costume. Flat crepe in brown, black, red, or royal. Sizes 14 to 20.

17.50



Model 206



Model 207

MAIL ORDERS FILLED

Best & Co.

FIFTH AVENUE AT 35th ST., N. Y.

PARIS PALM BEACH LONDON

"LA LOIE SILVEL"... the durable TRANSPARENT VELVET ~ ~ ~

THE RIVIERA JACKET
—extremely youthful is the short jacket of "La Loie Silvel" which varies colorfully the simple sports costumes of the smartest women.



THE EVERGLADES ENSEMBLE

—favored for general daytime wear—is a flattering long coat of "La Loie Silvel" worn over a figured silk frock of harmonizing colors.



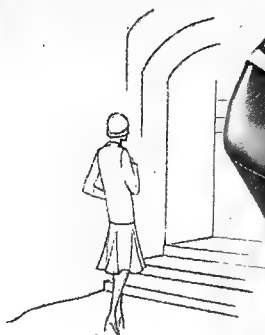
With the enthusiastic approval of the SOUTHERN mode, "La Loie Silvel" will dominate summer fashion luxuriously, flatteringly! . . . Smart women—wise in the ways of beauty—find in the transparent loveliness of "La Loie Silvel" a fabric so delightfully, so subtly youthful, that they insist upon enjoying it every hour in the twenty-four . . . Because of its exclusive, specially-designed weave, "La Loie Silvel" is easily freshened after use—it is the really durable Transparent Velvet, practical for an infinite variety of uses from negligées to evening wraps . . . Upon request, we will be glad to send you a booklet telling you the very best way to care for your velvet garments.

The Shelton Looms
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AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY



THE CASINO COAT

—a charming complement to the evening mode are coats like this of "La Loie Silvel" cleverly designed to accentuate the feminine in fashion.



Footwear
at Its Smartest

Now appearing with tasteful
elegance in the exquisite
new Altman

FOOTWEAR SALON
SECOND FLOOR

B. ALTMAN & CO.
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Dorothy Gray

A TOWER OF LOVELINESS

The straight young column of a woman's throat



LIFE gave you a proud gift. In the smooth sweep of your throat there is ageless beauty, and enduring youth. Strange if you should neglect such loveliness! Strange if you should let your throat grow old!

Look closely. Are tiny criss-cross lines beginning to give your throat a crêpe-like texture? You must not permit it; a crêpy throat is enough to age a woman's entire appearance. In her long years of studying women's beauty

problems Dorothy Gray evolved remarkably successful treatments for preventing crêpy throat, and for correcting it. If it is impossible for you to visit one of the Dorothy Gray salons you can still follow these treatments in your own home, because *the very same Dorothy Gray preparations used in the salon treatments may be had at leading shops everywhere*, and the Dorothy Gray method is clearly explained in the booklet which this coupon brings you.

DOROTHY GRAY
DOROTHY GRAY BUILDING
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Salons in

WASHINGTON

ATLANTIC CITY

SAN FRANCISCO

ANGELES

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© D. G. 1929

DOROTHY GRAY

H. B. 4-29

Six Eighty Three Fifth Avenue, New York

Please send me the new Dorothy Gray booklet, "Your Dowry of Beauty." I am particularly interested in:

☐ The Treatment for Lines and Wrinkles ☐ The Treatment for Double Chin ☐ The Treatment for Relaxed Muscles and Crêpy Throat.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....



spring clothes for the junior!

youthful, yes . . . but certainly mindful that, at
15, 16, 17, one is growing up . . . and de-
cidedly a credit to *saks-fifth avenue's*
faculty for making fine distinctions.

(illustrated) an
afternoon frock
of flat crepe in
the smart, new
pastels.

junior misses' department . . . third floor

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

New York

*Frances Denney
leads to loveliness*

The way to natural loveliness — originated by FRANCES DENNEY — is open to every woman who will faithfully follow the advice of MISS DENNEY on the care of her skin.

MISS DENNEY now offers you for home treatments the same preparations she has used so successfully for years in her distinguished Philadelphia Salon. They include her Cleansing Cream, Herbal Skin Tonic and Tissue Cream.

These exquisite preparations — together with the easy and delightful methods suggested by MISS DENNEY for their home use — form a perfect system of keeping your skin *cleansed, stimulated and nourished*.

In her little book — “The Affairs of Beauty” — MISS DENNEY explains her special treatments for blackheads, enlarged pores, dry skin, oily skin, freckles, double chin, relaxed muscles and other aggravated skin faults.

A copy of this little book by MISS DENNEY may be obtained, with the compliments of the author, at any store where her preparations are sold, or by writing to MISS DENNEY in Philadelphia.

DENNEY & DENNEY
 NEW YORK • PHILADELPHIA • PARIS
 ESTABLISHED OVER 30 YEARS



**lord &
taylor**

FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

The Heroine in "After Dark" (1868)—now playing in the Rialto Theatre, Hoboken—says,

"I DARE SAY, You Know Moliere and Dante Better Than I Know Lord & Taylor"

Thanks for the ad, as F. P. A. would say. We wonder, however, if all Gothamites know . . .

ABOUT the Bride's Own Shop, with its special staff of consultants, Third Floor.

ABOUT the Little Salon, with its Paris originals and special order services in hats and gowns.

ABOUT our Man's Shop, reached by Express Elevators, where a man can outfit himself completely on one floor.

ABOUT our free "Ask Mr. Foster" travel service on the Tenth Floor.

ABOUT the Budget Interiors, on the Sixth Floor, changed four times a year.

ABOUT the Modern Rooms on the Seventh Floor, decorated in furniture of contemporary design.

ABOUT the 18th Century maisonette on the Seventh Floor, furnished in authentic Antiques and Reproductions.

ABOUT our Antique Department occupying the Entire Eighth Floor.

About the Linen Room . . . our pedigreed antique jewelry . . . the Blouse Shop . . . our Moderate Priced Dress and Coats Shops . . . the Young People's Store . . . the Luggage Shop . . . the Chintz Shop . . . the Decorating Department . . . and the innumerable other departments and services that make Lord & Taylor not a department store—but an institution.

Wooltex and Peggy Paris

Wooltex
Tailor-made
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
WOMEN'S & MISSES SIZES

Peggy Paris
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
For Little Women



WOOLTEX NO. 2566



WOOLTEX NO. 2567



PEGGY PARIS NO. 1568



PEGGY PARIS NO. 1569

*These famous COATS
meet every demand for smart fashion-
custom tailoring and real utility*

Reputable coats like these will make desirable and complimentary possessions. WOOLTEX Coats are made in womens and misses sizes. PEGGY PARIS Coats are styled for the short miss and woman—and fit instantly without alterations. *We should like to send you our new BOOKLET of SPRING STYLES.*

WOOLTEX-PEGGY PARIS INC.
1372 Broadway Original from New York
UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

I. MILLER

INSTITUTION *M* INTERNATIONALE



Interprets

EARLY SUMMER SLIPPERS

... In the lighter tones and brighter textures ... in pale-toned reptiles and new harmonies ... to blend with the season and the season's smartest frocks!

Displayed at all I. Miller shops and agencies.



Shops and Agencies in Principal Cities

Over the counter or ready-to-wear

Now you can have Skinner quality in all your better frocks, whether you have them made or buy them ready-to-wear.

Since Civil War times, fashionable dressmakers have used Skinner's Silks and Satins in their loveliest creations, and today Skinner's Crepes and Satin Crepes are the ideal fabrics for the Paris modes—sports frocks or evening gowns.

Dress manufacturers have awakened to the value of giving their smarter models the added richness and wearing quality for which these beautiful fabrics are famous.

Skinner's Crepes are made in all the exquisite new colors. If your store does not carry them, or dresses made of them, write us for the name of one that does. Every inch of the genuine has the name "Skinner's" woven in the selvage.

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS Established 1848
New York Chicago Boston Philadelphia San Francisco
Mills: Holyoke, Mass.

Skinner's Crepes

In buying garments
ready-to-wear



look for this
Skinner ticket





This Only Says What Nearly Everyone Knows

The blunt, uncompromising truth is that if you want the superlative type of performance which Cadillac and La Salle provide, you cannot get it except in Cadillac and La Salle.

If all the millions which the Cadillac Motor Car Company and General Motors have expended in developing the closest, finest, highest type of precision manufacturing in the world did not show itself in performance—it would be love's labor lost. But it *does* demonstrate itself with immediate emphasis. ☞ All you need do is to drive some car aspiring to compete with Cadillac and La Salle—and then turn to the latter. The contrast will prove so startling as to be unanswerable. The moment you step into a Cadillac or La Salle and drive away—you *know* that there are hours and days and months and years of supremest satisfaction ahead of you which no other cars can yield. ☞ The

difference is perhaps more obvious today than ever before. For there are embodied in the newest Cadillacs, La Salles and Fleetwoods on these chassis, exclusive features of safety, performance and driving ease that contribute a measure of enjoyment and freedom of mind surpassing any other conceivable motoring experience. ☞ Make the comparison yourself. Drive one of those cars seeking to class itself with Cadillac-La Salle. Then drive a Cadillac or La Salle. The conclusion is inescapable.

La Salle is priced from \$2295 to \$2875; Cadillac, from \$3295 to \$3995; Fleetwoods up to \$7000—all prices f. o. b. Detroit. Cadillac-La Salle dealers welcome business on the General Motors Deferred Payment Plan.

CADILLAC - LA SALLE

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY • DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS • DETROIT, MICHIGAN • OSHAWA, CANADA

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Original from
UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA



GENERAL
MOTORS



Fisher resources, Fisher volume, create far greater beauty, richness and VALUE APPARENT AT A GLANCE

No other cars begin to measure up with Fisher Body cars in downright body value. ¶ The reason is, that no other body builder can begin to measure up with Fisher resources and Fisher volume. ¶ In every General Motors car from Chevrolet to Cadillac, this appraisable value is apparent at a glance. ¶ The more closely comparisons are drawn, the more does the Fisher Body car in any particular field gain by those

comparisons. ¶ Upon Chevrolet, for instance—forgetting for a moment speed and power performance utterly unknown in its class—Fisher Body has conferred so much richness and beauty that all cars around or immediately above it are ruled out of consideration. ¶ This is true of every Fisher Body car. So true, in fact, that thousands now clearly recognize that, in every price

field, the car which is unmistakably the better choice is always the car with Body by Fisher . . . ¶ There is only one way to know and to appreciate the almost sensational superiority of any Fisher Body car—and that is, to compare that car's body, point for point and feature for feature, with that of any car in its price field. Do this, and you will soon become a judge of real motor car value.

CADILLAC • LASALLE • BUICK • VIKING • OAKLAND • OLDSMOBILE • PONTIAC • CHEVROLET

The spring mode presents

NEW RAYON FABRICS FOR EVERY SMART PURPOSE

THIS is a year when, unmistakably, Spring is proud of her fabrics! For costumes of every type she offers new weaves, new colors, new patternings—fabrics to which rayon lends its unique modern beauty, its sturdy strength.

Rayon-and-cotton fabrics for the countless little tennis frocks, the sports coats and skirts, the beach pyjamas and ensembles that every summer wardrobe *must* include.

Jerseys and knitted rayons that color the sports mode with a new brilliance—in skirts, in cardigans, in sports and beach ensembles.

Tweeds, in which wool and rayon combine to achieve novel patternings, soft textures that refuse to wrinkle.

Flat crepes that have won their way even into the evening mode, and, of course, are widely used for sports and afternoon frocks. These rayon flat crepes—pure dye, unweighted—offer an amazing new washability, holding their rich colors through repeated tubbings.

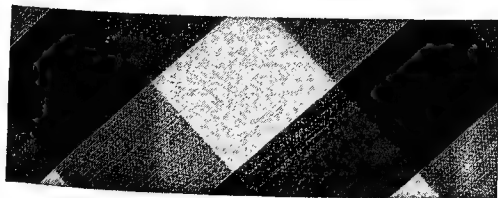
The exquisite rayon laces which the season sponsors for evening; the moirés; the satin weaves; and the perennial transparent velvets.

Doubtless you have read about these rayon fabrics in your favorite fashion magazine. But you will want to see them for yourself, and you will find them in your own store—at the yard goods counters and in ready-to-wear garments for every occasion.

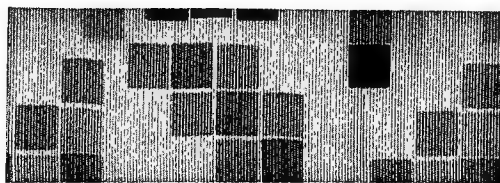
And remember that rayon is *not* an imitation, *not* a substitute, but an entirely individual textile, offering new beauty and interest, and a new durability and economy as well. Rayon Institute of America, Inc., 250 Fifth Ave., New York City.



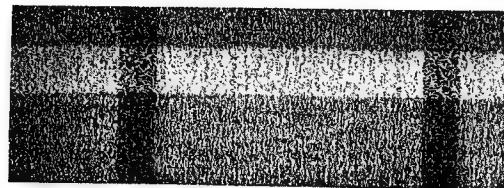
A rayon-and-wool fabric fashions this smart Vionnet tailor in one of the new red shades.



A rayon-and-cotton fabric in a checked gingham pattern. From Macy's.



A rayon piqué in a colorful simplified modernistic print. From Stern's.

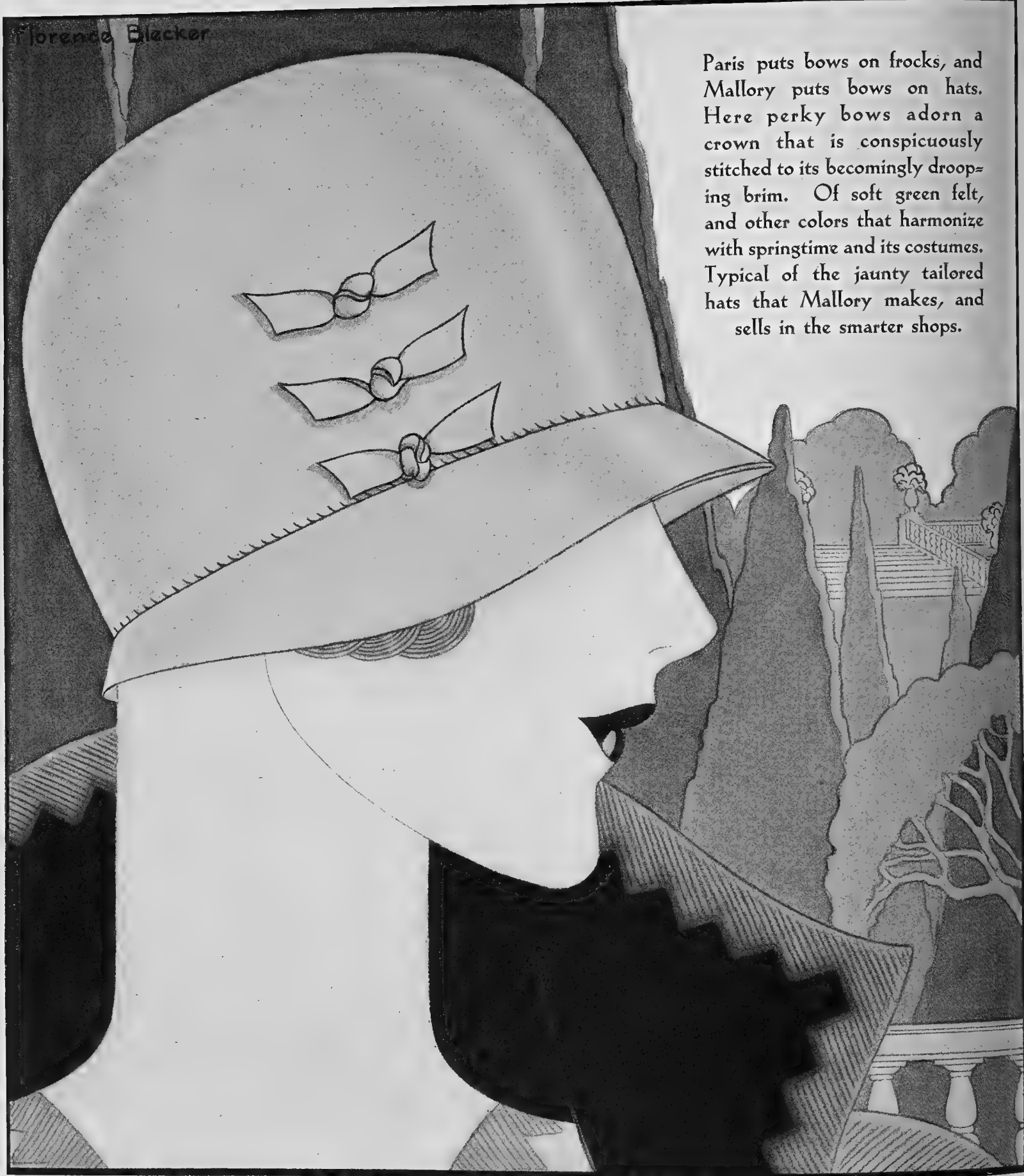


An exquisite new Rodier fabric in rayon and cotton.

rayon

Florence Blecker

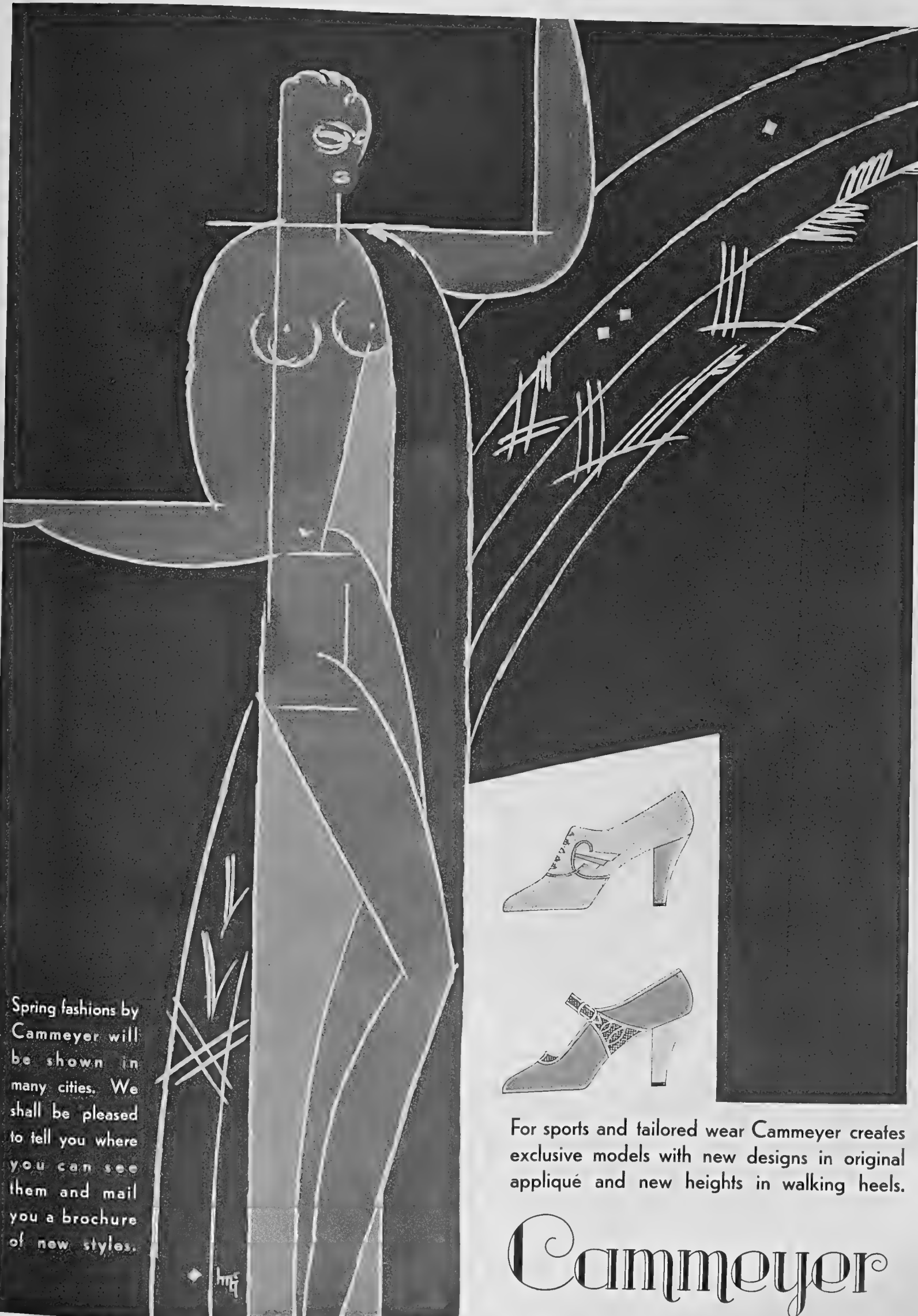
Paris puts bows on frocks, and Mallory puts bows on hats. Here perky bows adorn a crown that is conspicuously stitched to its becomingly drooping brim. Of soft green felt, and other colors that harmonize with springtime and its costumes. Typical of the jaunty tailored hats that Mallory makes, and sells in the smarter shops.



MALLORY

Hats of Quality since 1823

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Spring fashions by
Cammeyer will
be shown in
many cities. We
shall be pleased
to tell you where
you can see
them and mail
you a brochure
of new styles.

For sports and tailored wear Cammeyer creates
exclusive models with new designs in original
appliqué and new heights in walking heels.

Cammeyer

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"SHAGMOOR" TOPCOATS

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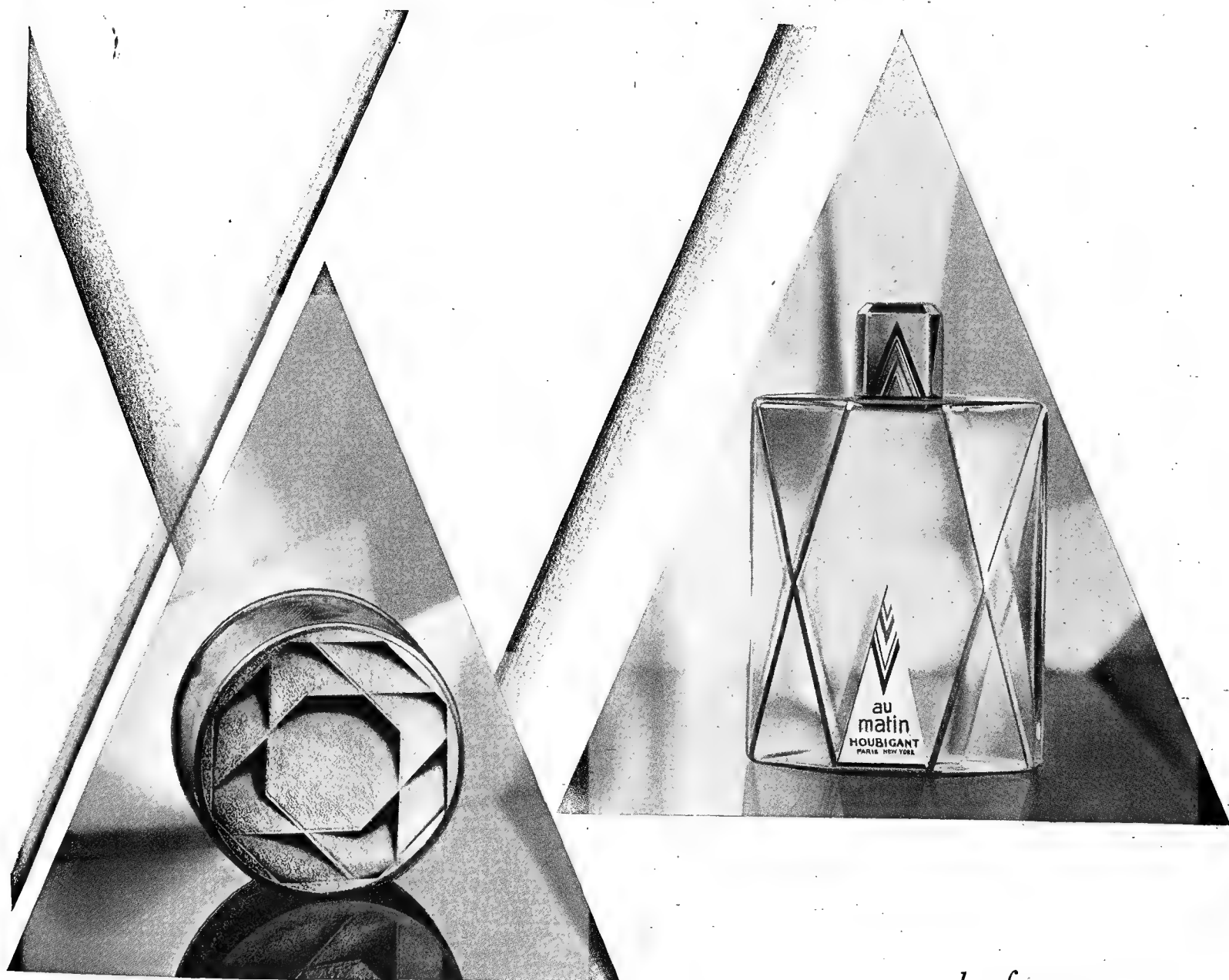


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of a new day . . . keeps dual tryst
in a parfum and poudre that are
the triumphs of modernity, and
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The Gossard Line of Beauty

Gossards give
the figure answer

... casual grace
and groomed beauty

Casual grace and groomed beauty — these are the figure requisites of the modern woman of fashion. There must be no obvious striving for the mode, no straining of line and sudden emphasis of curves. Rather, the easy flowing contours of the natural feminine figure, supported to grace and firmness by the skillful design of a softly textured fabric.

The Gossard Line of Beauty is the direct answer to modern figure beauty, so clearly shown in this illustration. Patterned lace forms the uplift bust sections of this combination, giving the softly rounded lines of natural beauty. Blending from the lace to the lower sections is satin brocade, giving firm contours to the front and back figure lines. And over the hips are controlling sections of hand-loomed elastic, gloving the curves into graceful proportions. It is a foundation of unusual loveliness, answering the modern demand for casual figure grace, easy movement, and groomed beauty.

Model 1890—\$18.00

Photograph by Bertram Dorian Basabé

THE H. W. GOSSARD CO., Chicago, New York, San Francisco, Dallas, Atlanta, Paris, London, Toronto, Sydney, Buenos Aires

Division of Associated Apparel Industries, Inc.

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Printzess

COATS AND SUITS



Leading the smart Spring Mode

Every season, the discerning woman looks to the new Printzess Garments for the latest and most wearable styles. She has only to try on a Printzess Coat, Suit or Ensemble to realize how chic the manipulation of fabric; how flattering the silhouette; how perfect the tailoring. Also "Printzess Petite" for the shorter woman — "Printzess Travelure" for travel and sports wear. Ask for these by name at the leading store in your locality. And be sure to look for the label. The Printz-Biederman Company, Cleveland, Ohio, and New York.



*This Garment
is Style 608*

DISTINCTION IN DRESS — SINCE 1893

See what miracles of knitting Van Raalte has achieved for you! Stockings of purest silk, sheer and wonderfully clear and even; created with consummate art and supreme felicity of detail—dainty lace circlets of "June-tree" motif (No. 679) or exquisite color-lined hems (different with each color stocking—No. 678). These cobweb-fine originations give the daintiest woman a new sense of luxury.



Observe the Singlette—created by Van Raalte! "Away," its designers said, "with extra layers of fabric, extra shoulder straps, overlapping of garments! Let's evolve one foundation to serve for all!" No. 9866 is the "suntanned" Singlette—its tones so fused and graduated, that, from skin to stocking top, the result is a melodious blend from pale nude to deep beach tan. ...Van Raalte Company, 295 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

VAN RAALTE

... *"In the very nick*

These new, beautiful and graceful models arrive upon the scene!"

QUOTED above is a reference to *the new Pierce-Arrow Straight Eight*, by Colonel Robert D. Garden, who for twenty-five years supplied fastidious New Yorkers with motor cars of this same famous make.

And now another page in fine car history has been turned with the new Pierce-Arrow—a car that has size without bulk, and beauty rather than tonnage.

Generous size and capacity there must be in the finer cars. But no longer at the

sacrifice of symmetry of line, and spirit of performance.

Pierce-Arrow has solved the problem in the finest tradition. Incidentally, it has brought forth an automobile which spells the end of "the dowager" type among fine cars.

There was never a car more satisfying to the eye, or one more easily handled, than this newly arrived patrician among automobiles.

Twenty years ago Louis Fancher painted the original of this Pierce-Arrow automobile—then the finest car of its day. The scene is the Library of Columbia University, New York City.



PIERCE

ck and point of time -



The same artist who did the illustration on the opposite page painted this 1929 Pierce-Arrow. The scene is the same . . . the car is of the same make, the same fame . . . the finest motor car in America.

\$2775 to \$8200

AT BUFFALO

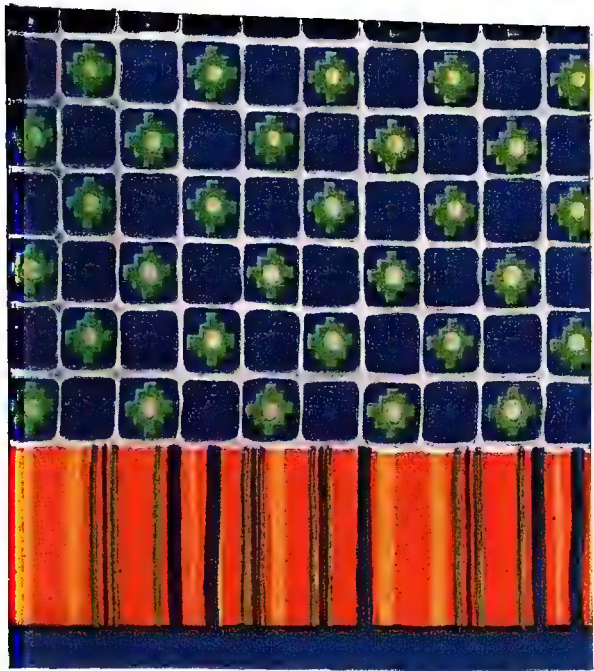
The purchase of a car from income has been made an altogether attractive procedure by the Pierce-Arrow Finance Corporation. The average allowance on a good used car usually more than covers the initial Pierce-Arrow payment.

A STRAIGHT EIGHT *by* PIERCE-ARROW

125 Horsepower Engine * * 85 Miles per Hour * * 133-inch and 143-inch Wheel-bases * * 59½-inch Rear Tread * * 72-inch Over-all Height * * Ample Head-room * * Wide Doors * * Pierce-Arrow Coachwork * * Non-shatterable Glass * * Fender or Bracket Headlamps optional without extra charge * * Bodies by Pierce-Arrow—and Pierce-Arrow in every part! *Pierce-Arrow mechanical detail embraces every device of proved character known to fine motor cars.*

ARROW

PAYSANNE SILKS . . inspired by the gay, flower-bright costumes of the old French Provinces



The theme of the new Cheney Paysanne Silks . . . so demure . . . so decorative . . . so diminutive — and above all, so wearable . . . is derived from the Romantic Period in France a hundred years ago. It was then the costumes of the country-side were at their brightest and best.

These modern designs are decidedly for the inevitable little print frock of Spring . . . And Fashion moulds and manipulates them very charmingly into frocks of the utmost sophistication.



**CHENEY
SILKS**

**CHENEY
WEAVES**

The Chiffon Frock uses a delightful Print pattern in the blouse and on the sleeves—with the design shimmering through the Chiffon Coat. The graceful tiered Skirt shows a touch of contrasting Print, too.



BLACKSHIRE PRESENTS THE WOMAN'S ENSEMBLE

For the woman of many social affairs, the new Blackshire Costume is a charming assurance of repeated success! They who keep their loveliness far beyond early youth, find in Blackshire Gowns the distinguished smartness which runs like a theme through all modern wardrobes. Blackshire Creations are designed with exquisite taste; they are a sophisticated compliment to the feminine instinct for slender, flattering lines. Shown at better shops everywhere.

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IF YOU WOULD
wear but one garment beneath
your frock — the Solo-ette will
afford you the restraint of a cor-
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loveliness of exquisite lingerie.

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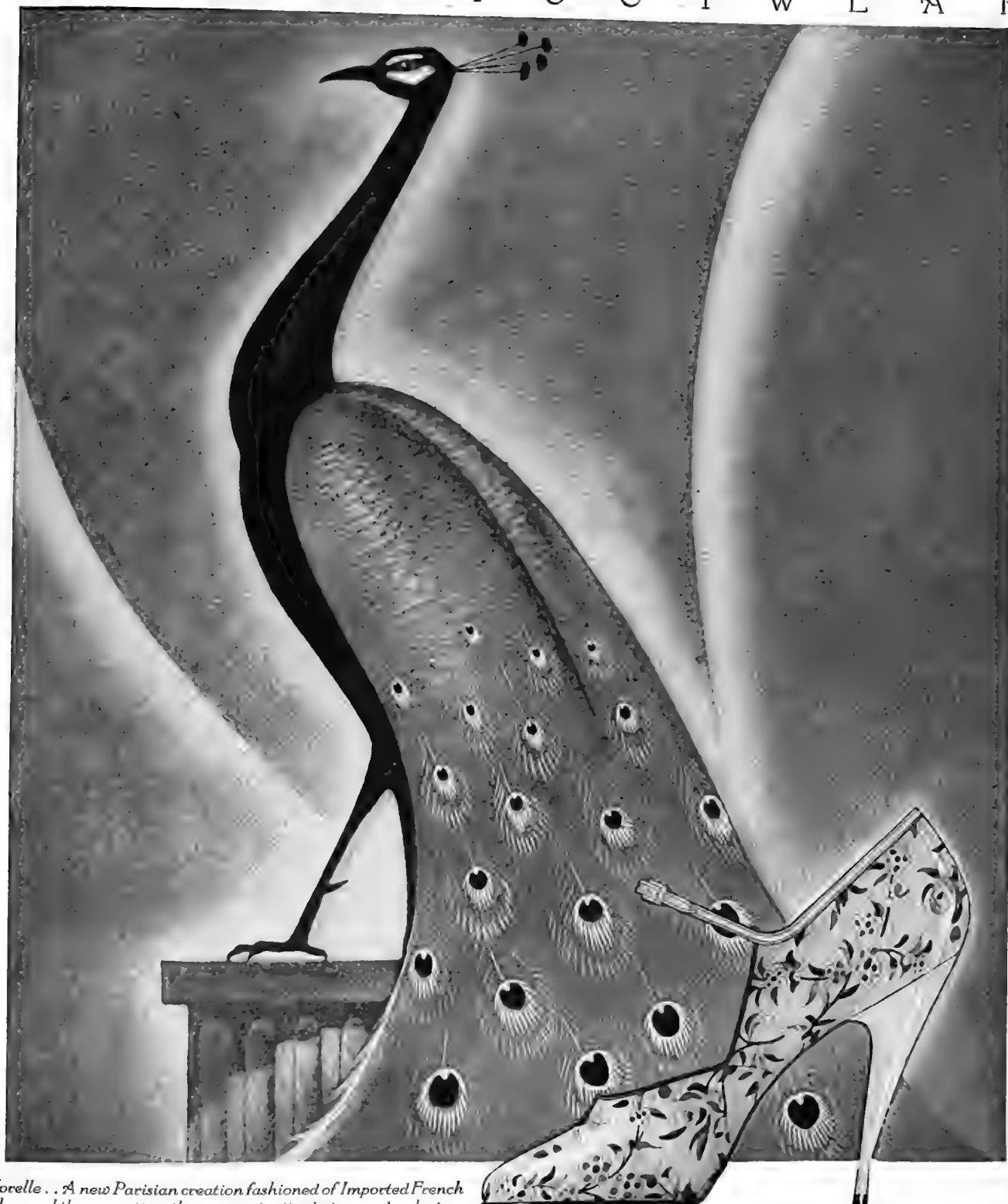
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IN EVERY
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The Morelle . . . A new Parisian creation fashioned of Imported French Damask . . . subtly suggesting the season in its design and coloring.

THIS EASTER . . . and the coming Spring . . . fashion's distinctive individualists will establish the new vogue with Peacock Hi-Arch Narrow-Heel Footwear . . . Ten Dollars to Twenty-Five . . . Most styles . . . Ten and Twelve-Fifty.

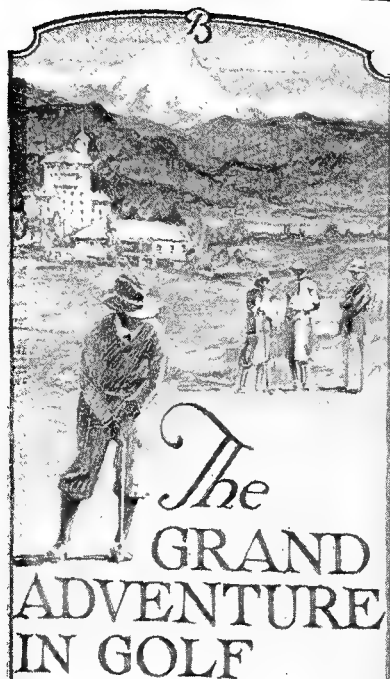
PEACOCK SHOES

PEACOCK SHOE SHOPS AND DEPART-
MENTS IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

BY BOYD-WELSH

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Laid out by Donald J. Ross on an inspiring terrain that gave every natural advantage; seasoned by ten years of constant play; comfortably playable 300 days a year; serviced by a Club House complete to the last detail; praised by masters of the game; no other course is quite like Broadmoor!

Now another 18-hole course is being built, soon to be opened.

In the Club House, a new \$50,000 addition affords a gymnasium, game courts, lounges, a grill, kitchen, and ballroom.

And right at the course is one of the world's truly fine hotels!

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Only geographical, it's true . . . but none the less potent . . . On this Murray Bay links your caddy says "*M'sieu, votre ball est en tee*" and the only dog-leg hole on the course is called Cap à l'Aigle . . . or there is St. Andrews, apparently imported intact from the Firth of Clyde . . . and farther north, at Bigwin, you can fish for the wily trout in a hundred Inverness-like lakes . . .

With summer arriving, the new Harper's Bazar Travel Bureau is as necessary as new awnings, and much more romantic . . . If you are Canada-bound . . . to any of the eastern resorts . . . or if you would go gaga on a horse on the trails around Lake Louise . . . or at Jasper Park . . . or at Banff, where you can be primitive by day and sophisticated by night . . . just drop in or write to the Bureau, and we will speed you on your way . . . This service . . . efficient . . . intelligent . . . convenient . . . is one of the few things in this world which is free!

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What would you know of America... if you'd only seen New York?... By train... by autobus... this year, see France!... Take the *route des Vosges*, cool even in summer... forests, sky-high pastures, snowpeaks on the horizon.... Or the *route de Jura*... gorges, cascades, tree-covered plateaus with vineyardssmiling on the western slopes.... Travel through Brittany... witness a *pardou*, understand the sea.... Slip down the Loire Valley and recreate the splendor of Old France from those magnificent chateaux.... Make the rounds of the smart "cures" in Auvergne and know the secret of the chic Parisienne's verve.... Visit the Gorges du Tarn... grottoes and rivers underground, the thrilling passage on a rushing stream between colossal cannon-walls.... Cross the Alps, Napoleon-wise... passes, lost villages, stupendous glimpses valleyward, lone churches, set so high their spires touch heaven.... Take the Pyrenees in your stride... glaciers and peaks, aerial resorts of super-smartness all year 'round.... Skirt the Mediterranean, flitting from one gay beach to the next along the Grande or the Petite Corniche... or onto Corsica in the blue Mediterranean.

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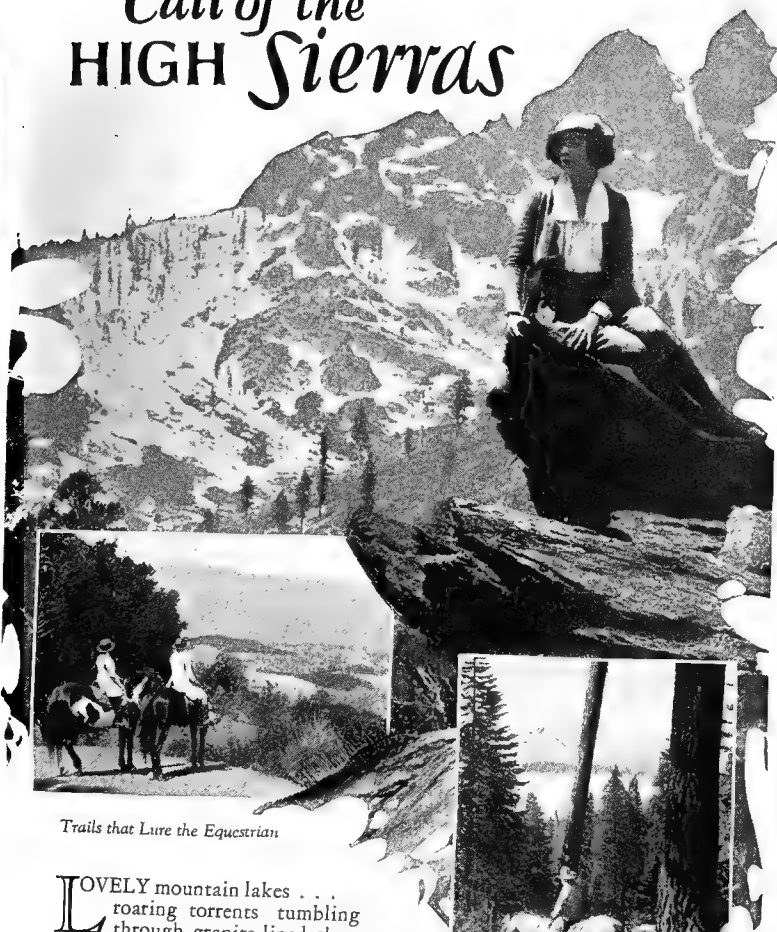
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and the Call of the HIGH Sierras



Trails that Lure the Equestrian

LOVELY mountain lakes . . . roaring torrents tumbling through granite-lined chasms . . . forests reaching up to the timber line . . . majestic peaks, snow clad until late summer, or flanked by the glacier's ice—glistening to the touch of golden sunrise; bold-featured in the light of noon or brooding and mysterious against the sunset glow—the grandeur of the High Sierras lures the traveler back year after year. Few people know that within an area of some 3500 square miles of the more rugged portion of California there are 145 peaks over 11,000 feet in height, while all of Switzerland, 13,500 square miles in extent, claims but 115 peaks of this height.

Paved highways and good mountain roads bring most of this scenic wonderland within but a few hours' drive of the principal cities of Alameda County—center of Scenic California. From this central point the tourist or resident—traveling by air, rail, or highway—can see more advantageously the far greater proportion of the scenic and historic points of California, than from any other section of the state. Living amid the inspiring surroundings of these cities—almost next door to many of its playgrounds—makes a home here a source of unending delight.

Scattered through this vacation wonderland are hot springs and geysers, national parks set aside to preserve the giant redwoods, oldest form of life in the world; river resorts; points still bearing the imprint and saturated with the romance of the Gold Rush Days, early missions of the Franciscan monks—quiet, fertile valleys prospering in agriculture; cities, growing in industry, trading with all the nations of the earth.

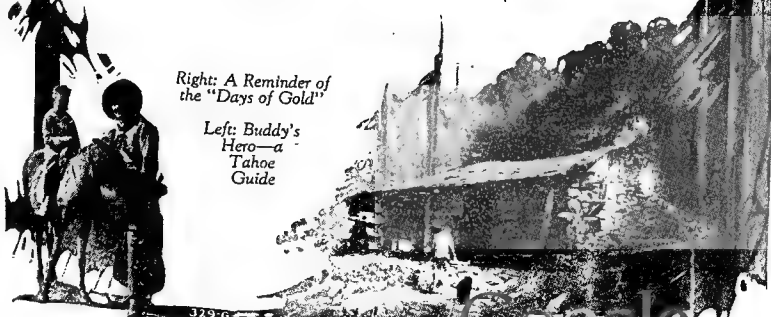
Plan now to visit Scenic California this summer, see the cities on the mainland side of San Francisco Bay—select the place for your home here on the shores of the mighty Pacific.

For Further Information Regarding a Vacation or Residence in Alameda County, Center of Scenic California, write to the

Oakland Chamber of Commerce

OAKLAND, California

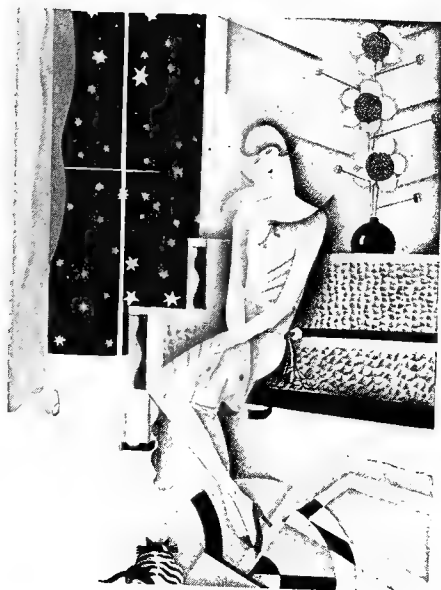
Request Booklet 17



Right: A Reminder of the "Days of Gold"

Left: Buddy's Hero—a Tahoe Guide

Above: The Sierra Buttes
Below: Distant View of Lake Tahoe



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Is there a nightly performance of everyone leaving the house—everyone out except you? You're left alone—a sit-by-the-fire with the blues. There's a very simple way to change this program—in a modern Cinderella manner.

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HOTEL ST. REGIS NEW YORK

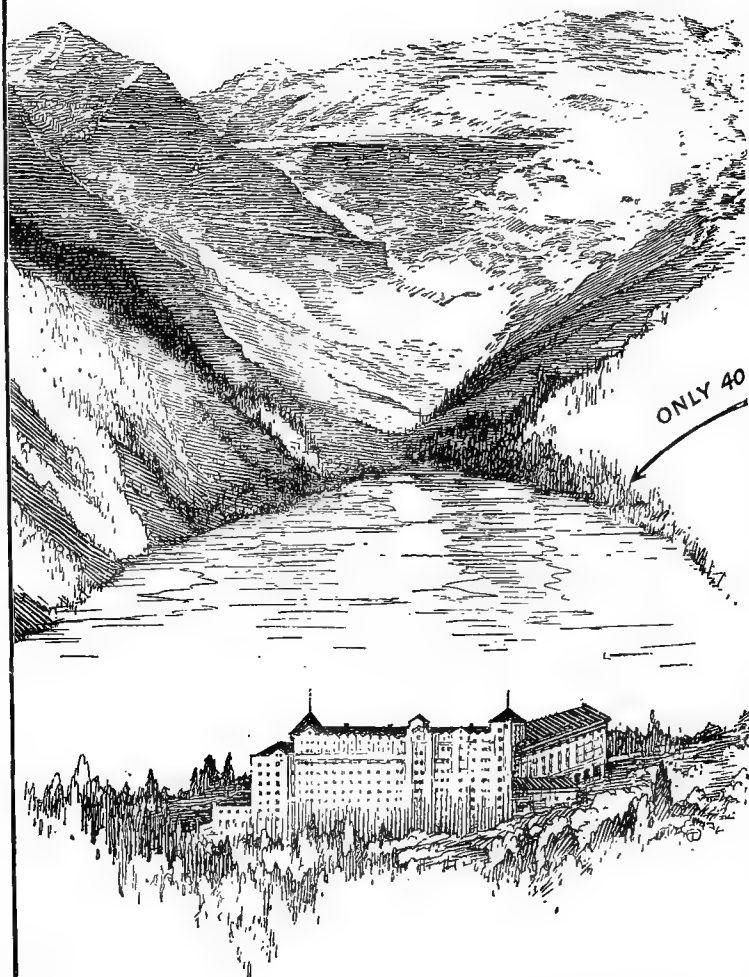


Floor-secretary and full call button service... an attention to the guest's every want carried still further... typical of the doubled facilities at the St. Regis. It comes with the expansion of the 330-room New Addition. It parallels other brilliant St. Regis disclosures such as the Seaglade, where Urban imagery and Lopez dance rhythms form a gaiety to smart New York's liking... the Salle-Cathay, where "illuminated mosaic" gives the new interpretation to formal lunching and dining. Thus, in many delightful ways, the established graciousness of the St. Regis extends itself anew. By-the-day accommodations at rates hitherto unavailable. Suites on short or long-term leases.



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An easy motor run
from Banff lies Lake Louise... a jewel set in a mountain ring... a chateau lying in banks of Iceland poppies on the lip of a pale-green mountain lake... all against the backdrop of a living glacier.

You idle among the ferns of the tea-hour terrace. You swim in a pool of jade. You pack a little lunch and hike or ride to Lake Agnes among the peaks. You canter on sure-footed mountain ponies along the exquisite curve of the lake. You motor off to the Valley of the Ten Peaks. You clamber along ice-axe steps, roped to Swiss guides, over Abbot Pass to sleep in a stone hut among the snows.

One of the nicest things about both Banff and Lake Louise is the variety of vigor from which you can choose. You can dally in gardens and lounges... or you can risk an adventurous neck on mountaineer trips... or anything in between.

Canadian Pacific

... twin queens of the Rockies ... *Banff*



Set the world's smartest hotel on a mountain ledge in a virgin spruce forest... Face it with a huge valley blocked off at the end by a gigantic wall of 9,000 foot snowpeaks. Below its formal terraced gardens, place a pale-green swimming pool... below that, shelving woodland walks... below these the falls, the rapids and the winding reaches of a glacier-fed river. Trail through the valley, between silver river and sheer rock cliff, the red-clay tennis courts... the velvet greens and beautifully trapped holes of an 18-hole Stanley Thompson golf course. Up Sulphur Mountain, thread the trails where mountain ponies carry trail-riders to the top of the world... Then, you begin to have a picture of Banff Springs.

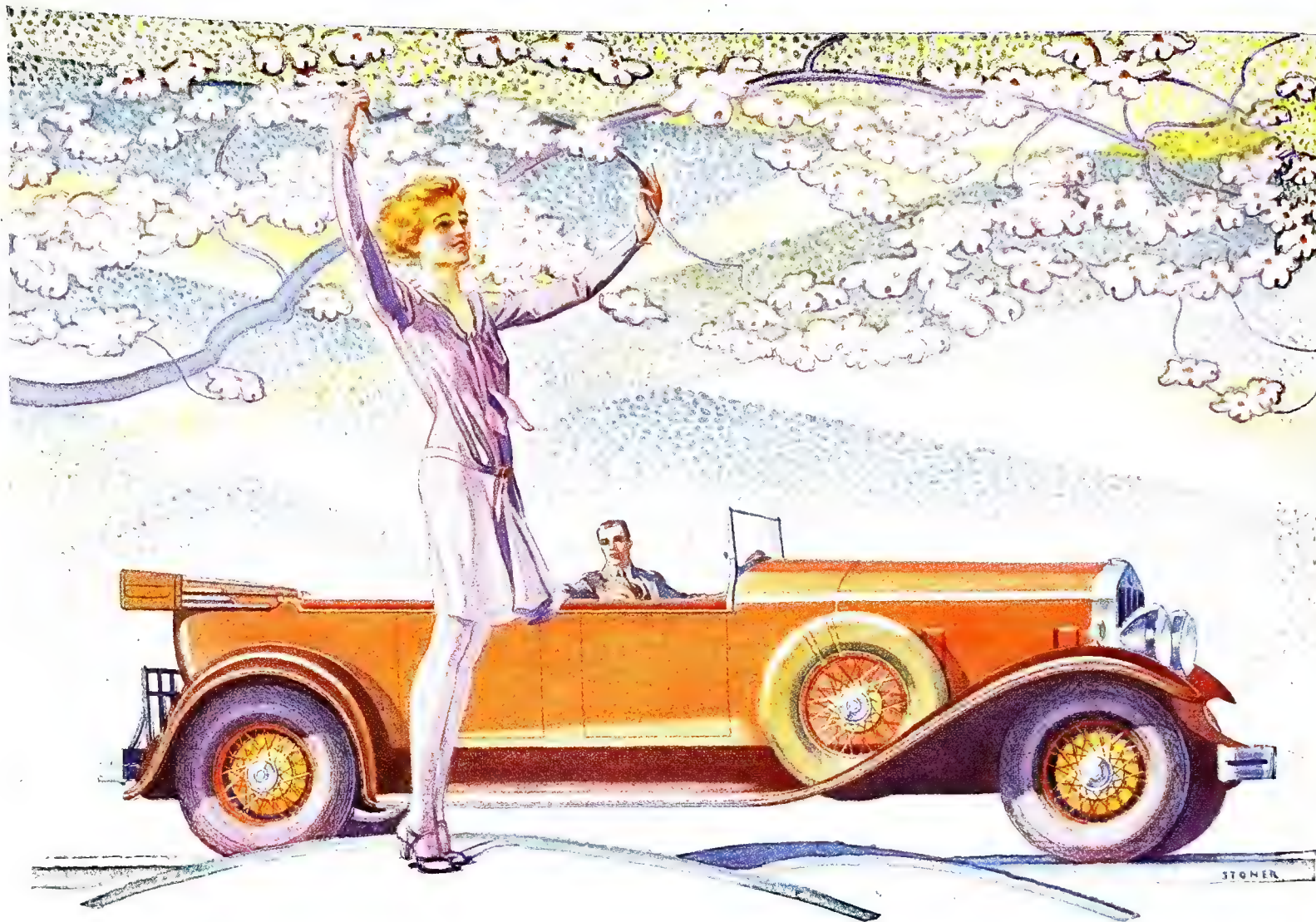
An hour spent on the terrace facing that noble view is an experience to be remembered for a life-time.

Visit Banff this summer... motor, golf, ride, swim, play tennis, climb mountains as you will... spend long hours in the lounge, merely watching the shift and sweep of cloud-shadows on that tremendous range of snow-mountains... be comfortable as only a Canadian Pacific hotel can make guests comfortable. But, we warn you, make your reservations now. Even spacious Banff's 600 rooms are booked well in advance. Open May 15th.

Information from Banff Springs Hotel, Banff, Alberta, Canada, or any Canadian Pacific Office: New York, Chicago, Atlanta, Boston, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Dallas, Detroit, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Memphis, Minneapolis, Omaha, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, San Francisco, St. Louis, Seattle, Tacoma, Washington. In Canada: Montreal, Nelson, North Bay, Ottawa, Quebec, Saint John, Toronto, Vancouver, Victoria, Winnipeg.

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Always the pioneer—the leader—Franklin, through air-cooling, again brings amazing and revolutionary performance to America. Youth—and all those who recognize progress—have enthusiastically accepted the new Franklin as the greatest motoring advance in years.

New motoring joys! Your first ride is a thrill. Here, in the new air-cooled Franklin, is a completely *different* and finer type of travel. Power—and to spare. Quick second gear get-away—quiet as high, even at 55 miles an hour. Effortless control—with soaring smoothness and cushion-like rid-

ing comfort. As you drive, you sense the *feel of driving an airplane*. You delight in having the car do things you never thought possible before. You marvel at its snap-quick acceleration—its supreme roadability—its eager speed.

Drive this new car! You cannot possibly appreciate the full meaning of *air-cooled motoring* until you do. *There is absolutely nothing like it!* The astonishing performance of the new Franklin, and the car itself, are in a class alone.

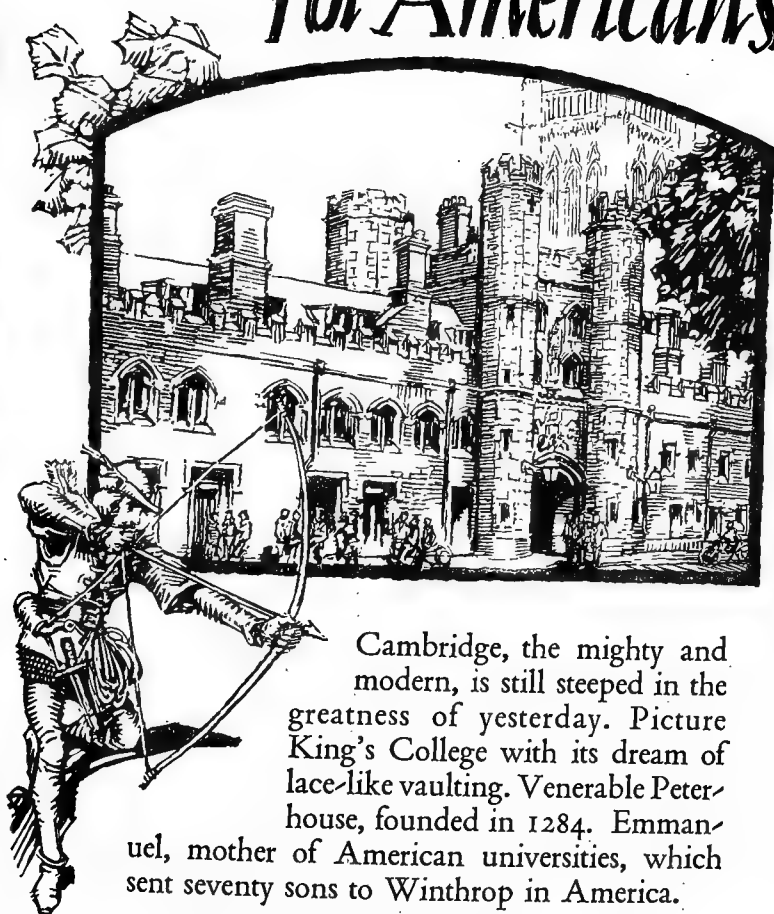
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FRANKLIN

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a Glorious Adventure for Americans



Cambridge, the mighty and modern, is still steeped in the greatness of yesterday. Picture King's College with its dream of lace-like vaulting. Venerable Peterhouse, founded in 1284. Emmanuel, mother of American universities, which sent seventy sons to Winthrop in America.

Imagine the loveliness of the Tudor and the Renaissance—at their best in Cambridge; the gentle sloping lawns; the world renowned river Cam; great old trees...bathed in a golden sun.

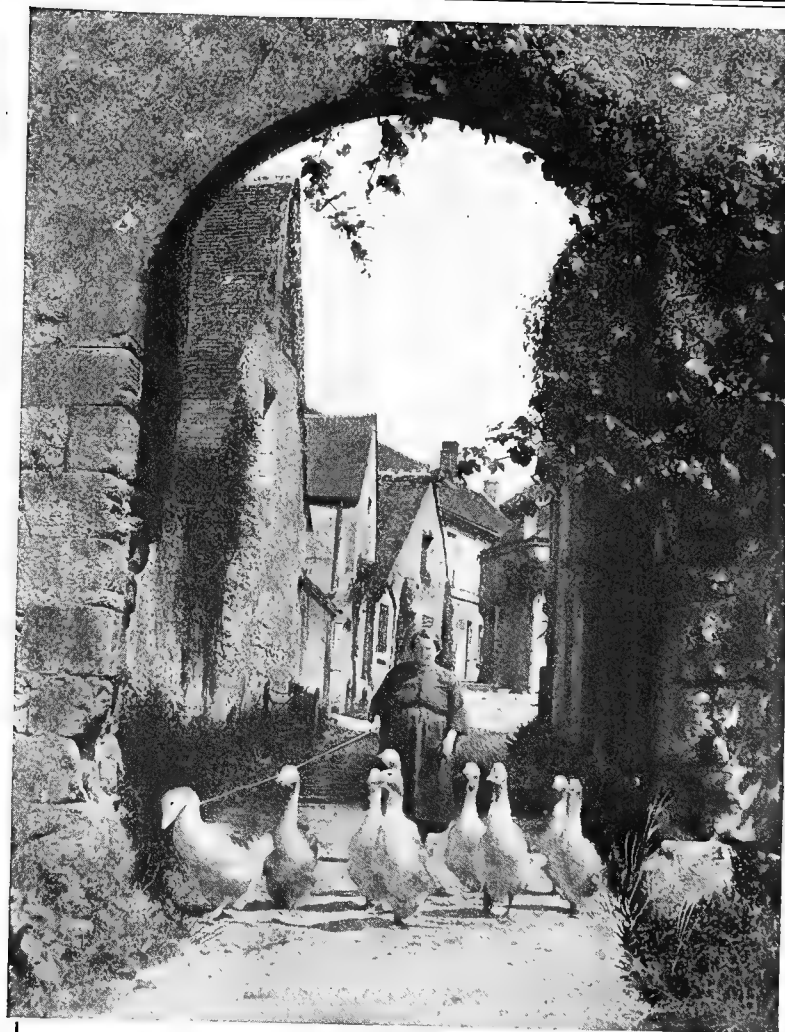
Then leisurely wander to enchanting Ely, the home of the Watchful Hereward; to Wondrous Peterborough, to Sulgrave of the Washingtons; to Norwich, Lincoln, York and Durham. The entire East Coast of England is a paradise of excursions intensely interesting to Americans.



Cambridge will more than repay a visit. Write for the free illustrated booklet No. 34, giving full details and information

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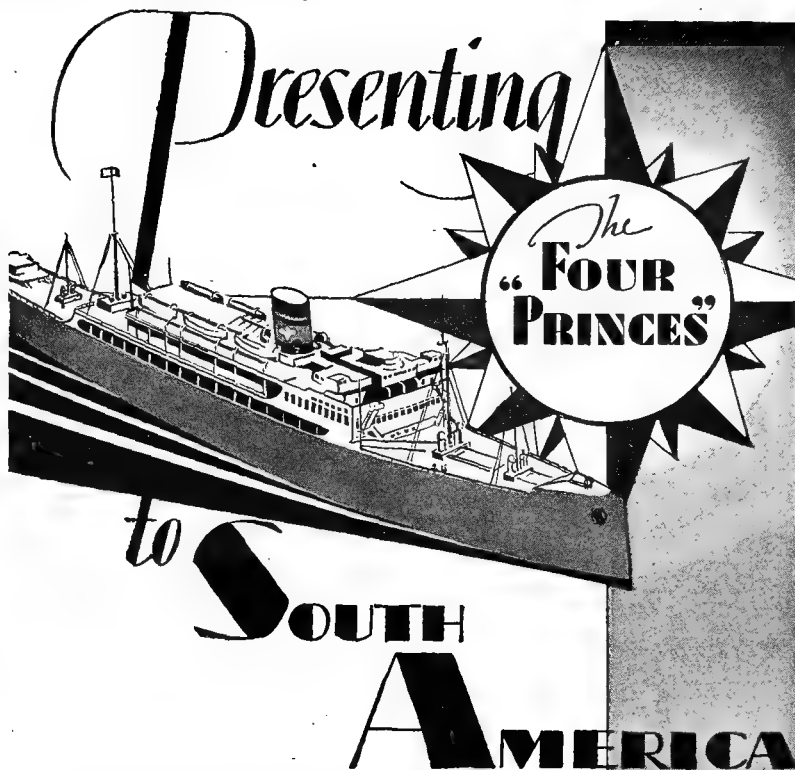
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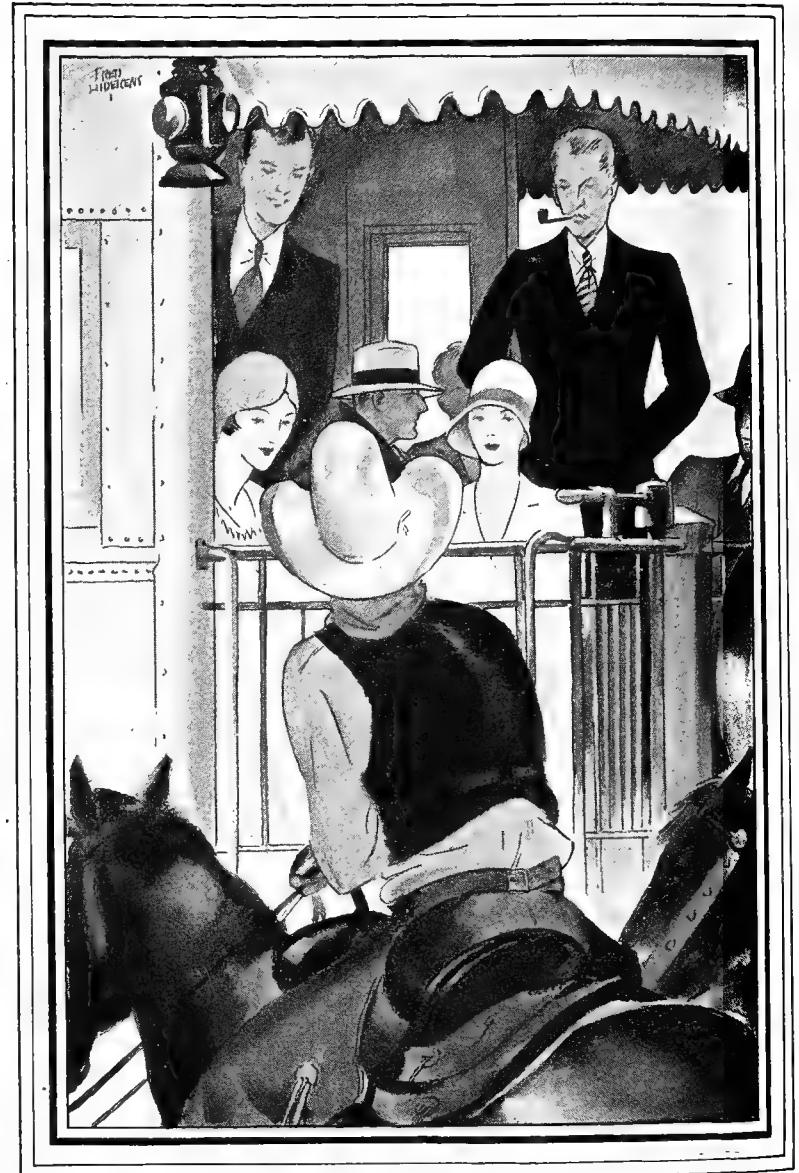
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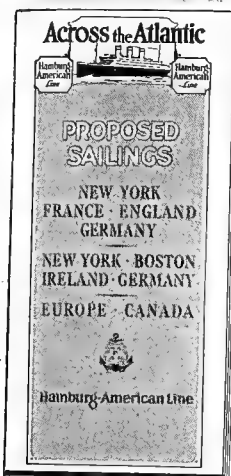
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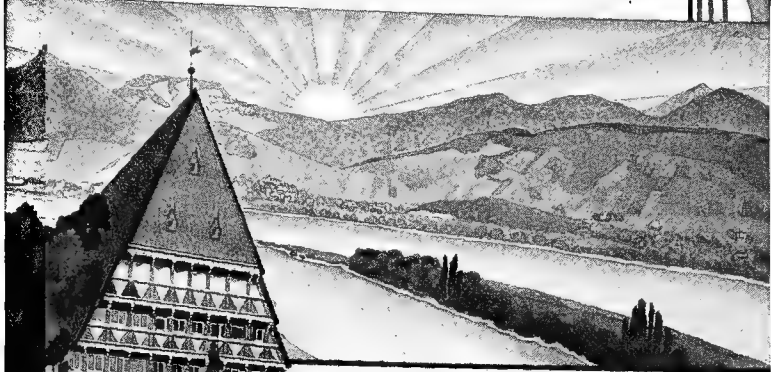
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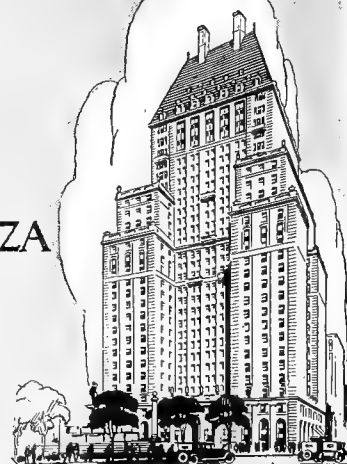


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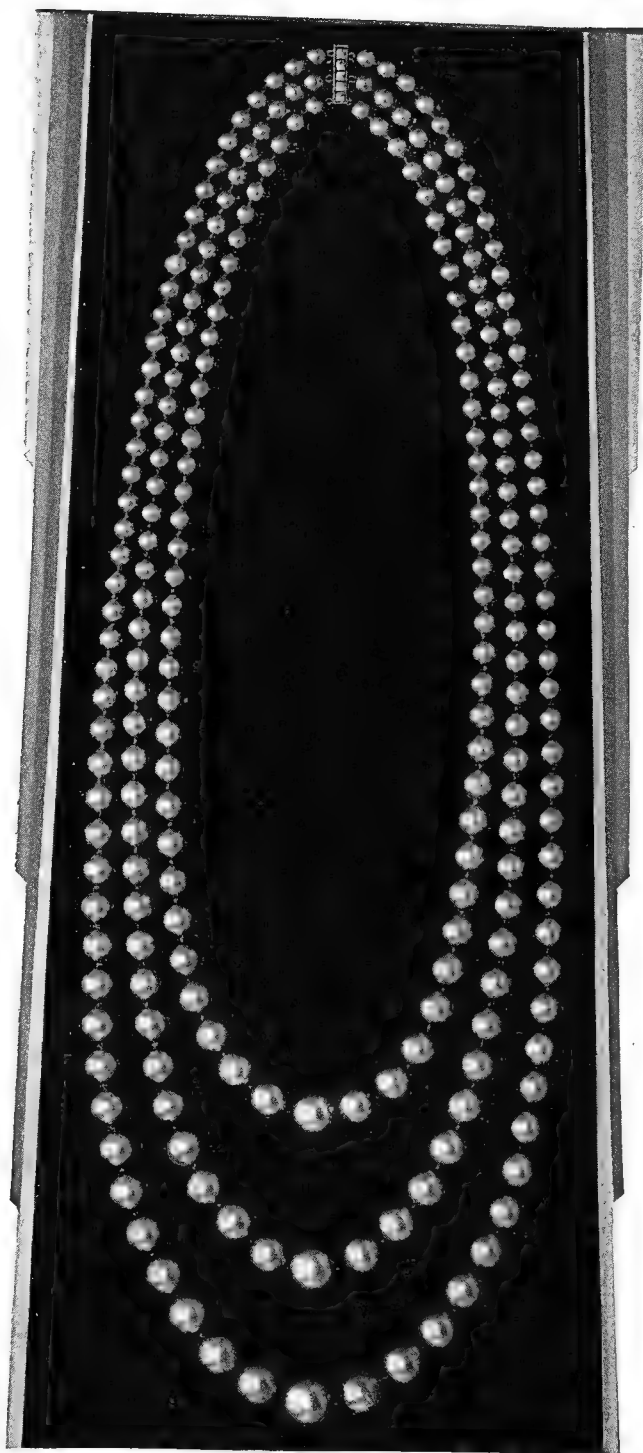
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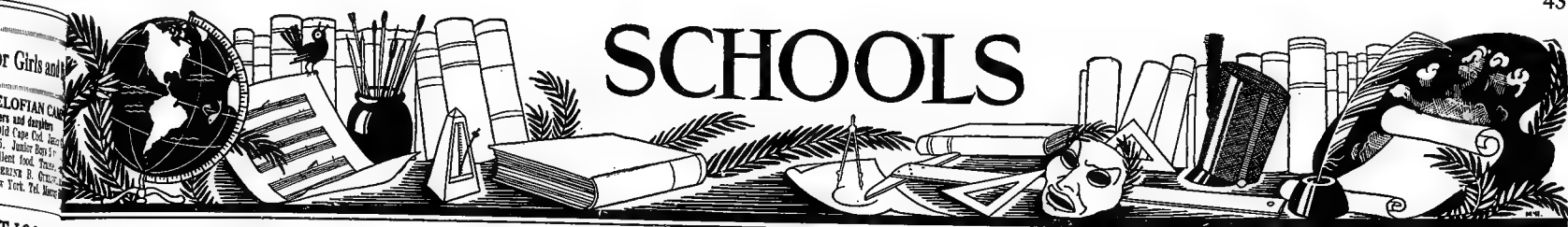
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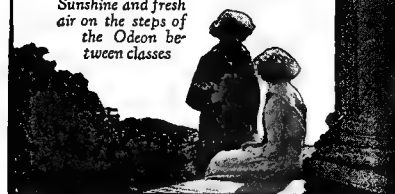
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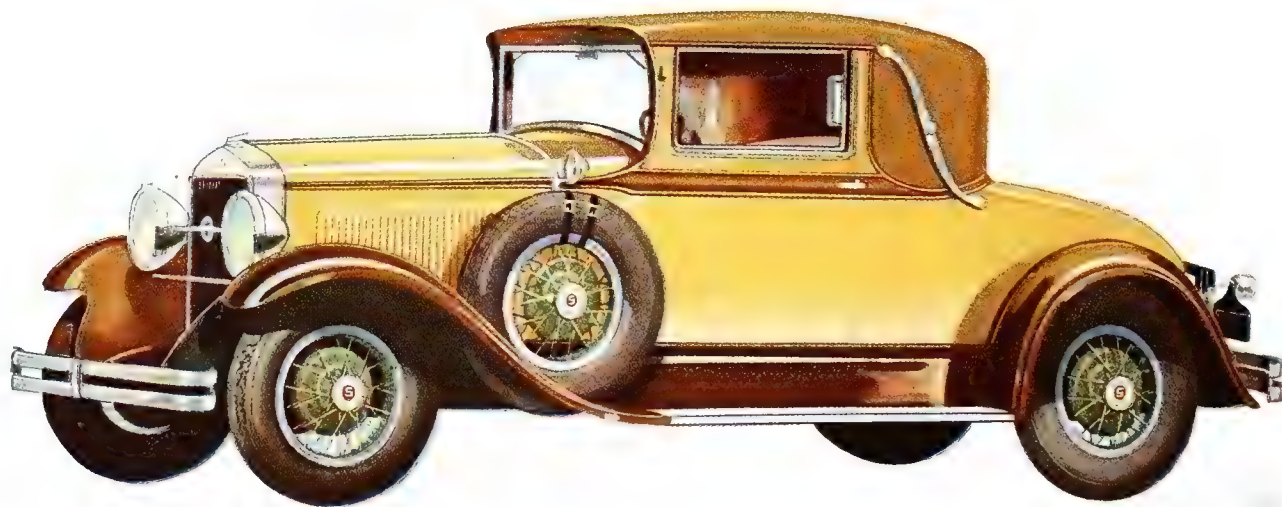
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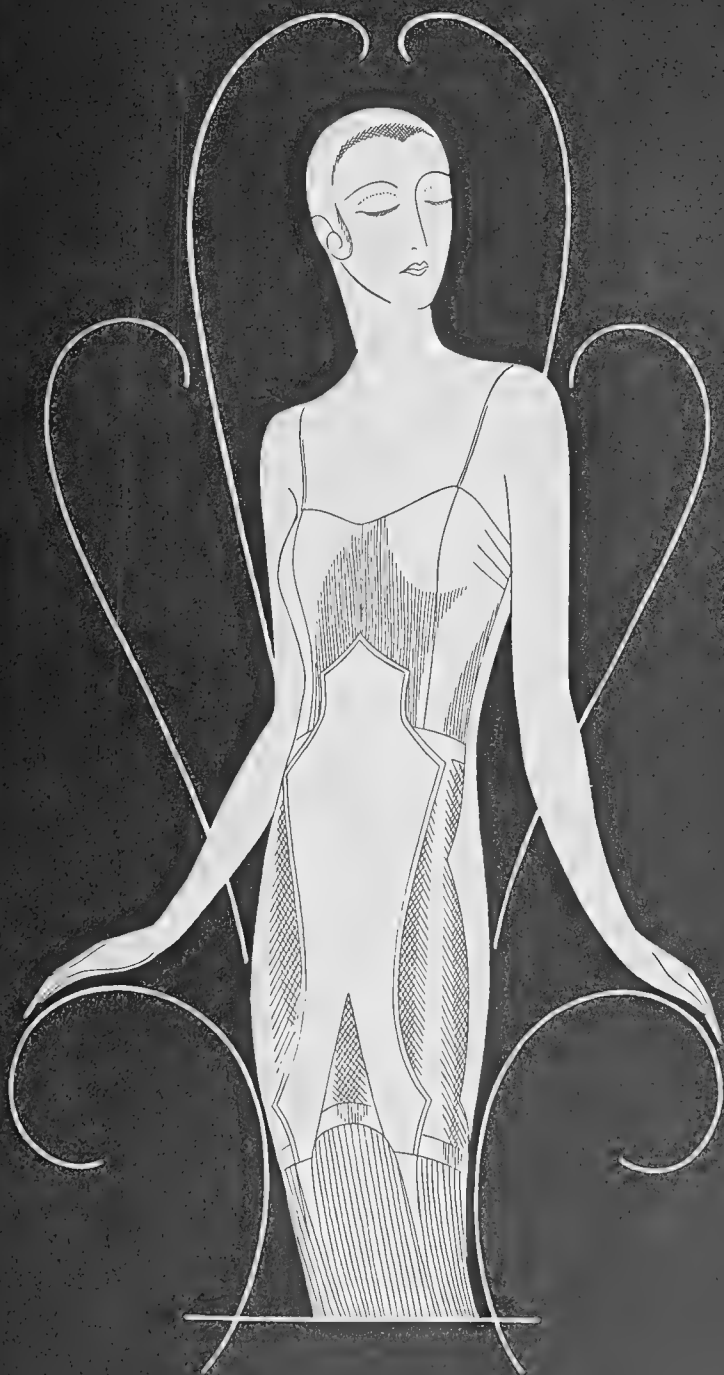
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SOCIAL CALENDAR

for APRIL 1929

MONDAY, APRIL 1—Miss Edith M. Benjamin's Get Together supper dance at the Park Lane.

Dinner dance by Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius F. Kelley at Pierre's for their daughter, Miss Mary Kelley.

Theatre party and supper at the Ritz Carlton, Philadelphia, Pa., by Mr. and Mrs. Francis A. Taylor of Chestnut Hill, in honor of Miss Catherine Falck.

Costume dance at the Pickering Hunt Club by Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Le Boutillier of Paoli, Pa., in honor of Miss Frances R. Le Boutillier.

TUESDAY, APRIL 2—Wedding of Miss Dorothy Colford, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Jones Colford of No. 130 East Sixty-seventh street, to Baron Pierre Sibert, at the home of the bride's parents.

Wedding of Miss Carolyn Ellicott Maccoun, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Ellicott Maccoun of Pittsburgh, Pa., to John Hanson Croker, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Croker of Baltimore, in Emmanuel Church, Baltimore. Reception to follow at the Belvedere.

Metropolitan dance at the Ritz Carlton, New York City.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3—Jinks dance at Pierre's.

Middle Holiday dance at Hotel Plaza.

Concert by the Royal Belgian Band in Madison Square Garden, Boston, Mass., for benefit of Boston Lying-In Hospital and Infants' Hospital.

THURSDAY, APRIL 4—Wedding of Miss Betty Foster, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Maximilian Foster of No. 103 East Seventy-fifth street, to Lloyd O. Vernon Mann. Reception to follow at the Park Lane.

Dinner at the Ritz Carlton, Philadelphia, Pa., by Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Le Boutillier of Paoli, Pa., in honor of Miss Daisy Le Boutillier.

Wedding of Miss Helen Hill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Hill of Montclair, N. J., to Kenneth Dakin Brown, at the home of the bride's parents.

Dance by William Eisenbery Arey at the Button, Philadelphia, Pa., in honor of Miss Mary Arey.

FRIDAY, APRIL 5—Last of the Friday Assemblies at the Ritz Carlton.

Carnival of Imagination at the Waldorf Astoria in aid of the Halton Endowment for Girls, Inc.

Mayfair Assembly at the Ritz Carlton.

SATURDAY, APRIL 6—Wedding of Miss Frances Minturn Hall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Marion Hall of No. 15 Gramercy Park, to Thomas Clark Howard, in St. George's Church.

Wedding of Miss Ethel Phelps Hoyt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Sherman Hoyt, to Dr. Byron Stookey, in the Madison Avenue Church. Reception to follow at the home of the bride's parents, No. 1 Sutton Place, New York.

Wedding of Miss Mary Fahnestock, daughter of Mrs. James F. Fahnestock of Philadelphia, to William Goodell Freeman, in St. James' Church, Philadelphia.

Fourth Knickerbocker Assembly at the Ritz Carlton.

Dinner dance by Mr. and Mrs. James Gerhard Leiper of Chestnut Hill, Pa., at the Whitemarsh Valley Hunt Club in honor of Miss Gertrude Leiper, Miss Mary Amory Cook and Miss Sarah Whelen Carson.

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SOCIAL CALENDAR

for APRIL 1929

MONDAY, APRIL 8—Hasty Pudding Club show, "Fireman Save My Child," in New York City.

TUESDAY, APRIL 9—Wedding of Miss Priscilla Bowns, daughter of Major and Mrs. Howard S. Bowns of Brooklyn, to Donald Morrison Snell, at the Hotel Bossert.

THURSDAY, APRIL 11—Wedding of Miss Dorothy Cobb, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold A. Cobb of Brooklyn, to Ira U. Cobleigh, in St. Mark's M. E. Church. Reception to follow at the Park Lane.

Bridge and tea by Mrs. Cortlandt Godwin at Sherry's.
Wedding of Miss Vere de Vere Adams, daughter of Mrs. Adolph Uhl of San Francisco, Calif., to Lieut. Robert Barrett Hutchins, U. S. A., in St. Luke's Church, San Francisco. Reception to follow at the home of the bride's parents.

FRIDAY, APRIL 12—Friday Evening Dancing Class dance in Washington.

SATURDAY, APRIL 13—Wedding of Miss Urling Valentine, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Langdon Barrett Valentine of No. 56 East Fifty-fourth street, to Campbell Robert Coxe, in St. James Church. Reception to follow at the home of the bride's grandmother, Mrs. Henry C. Valentine, No. 1155 Park avenue.

Dinner dance by Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Jordan of Chestnut Hill, Pa., in honor of Miss Mary Douglas Wentz.
English Folk Dance Festival in the Seventh Regiment Armory, New York City. Second of series of dances for the younger married set, under the direction of Miss Susan C. Frick, at the Alcazar, Baltimore, Md.
Miss Benjamin's spring dance at Sherry's.

TUESDAY, APRIL 16—Wedding of Miss Mary S. Sheppard, niece of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Plimpton of No. 108 East Sixty-sixth street, to J. Burr Bartram, in St. Thomas' Church.

THURSDAY, APRIL 18—Race meet under the auspices of the United Hunts Racing Association in New York City. To continue through April 20.
Wedding of Miss Elizabeth C. Heath, to George Jackson Hill at the First Parish Church, Brookline, Mass.

FRIDAY, APRIL 19—Wedding of Miss Jean Robertson, daughter of James L. Robertson, of Bronxville, to Robert Sherrard Elliot, Jr., in the Reformed Church of Bronxville.

Wedding of Miss Elizabeth Woodbridge Carter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Trow Carter of No. 115 East Sixty-ninth street, to Edward Lambert Richards in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church. Reception to follow at the home of the bride's parents.

FRIDAY, APRIL 26—Supper dance at Pierre's in aid of the New York City Committee of the American Society for the Control of Cancer.

Wedding of Miss Louise Trippe, daughter of Mrs. Charles White Trippe, of No. 55 East Seventy-sixth street, to Sargent Bradlee, in this city.

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mansion***46, rue de Douai
Paris****MARIA
GUY****MODES****8, Place Vendôme
PARIS****LETOUQUET CANNES****GOVBY****Robes
Manteaux
Lingerie****10, Rue de Castiglione
PARIS****From New Zealand,
Mexico and Panama
to Paris**

To our Paris office at 15, rue de la Paix, come pilgrims to Paris, asking questions. Last month, for instance, names of photographers, turkish baths, dentists, landscape gardening teachers, girls' camps, face powders and bootmakers were among the requests.

And letters come—from Panama, England, Mexico, and New Zealand, as well as Paris and New York, asking for the expert advice, that such a magazine as Harper's Bazar can give. Are you making use of this service, which is gladly furnished to our readers?

**Harper's Bazar Paris Information Bureau
15, rue de la Paix****MARIE STEURTEWAGEN****Lingerie, real lace, lace mono-
grams, handkerchiefs, table
linen, cocktail napkins****5 Rue du Sergent Hoff, Paris****WALLACE & DRAEGER****11 bis rue d'Aquesseau
Paris****Advertising
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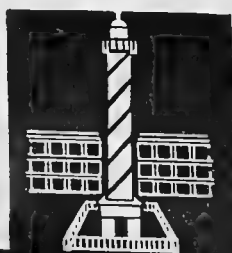
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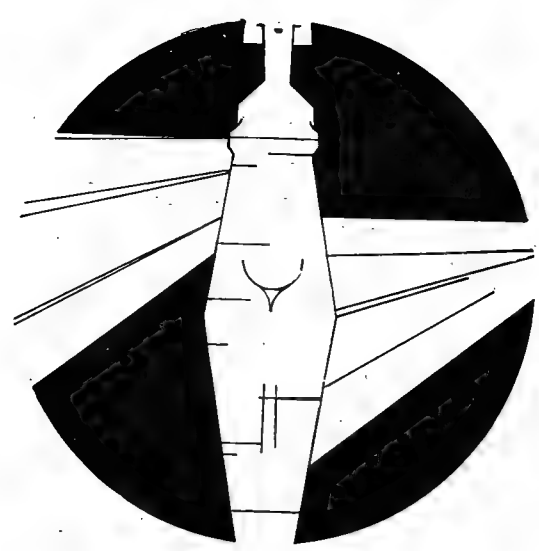


NORMAN HARTNELL

33, Rue de Ponthieu
PARIS

The summer collection of the Dress-maker of the British Court, Norman Hartnell, shown for the first time in Paris at his own salons, 33 Rue de Ponthieu, has had an overwhelming success. This distinguished "Robe" of black faille is called "Dracula."

Pub. Wallace - Paris



LOUISEBOULANGER

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3, RUE DE BERRI



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ROBES
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Madeleine, well-known Paris
designer, announces an April
showing of her Summer and
advance Fall creations

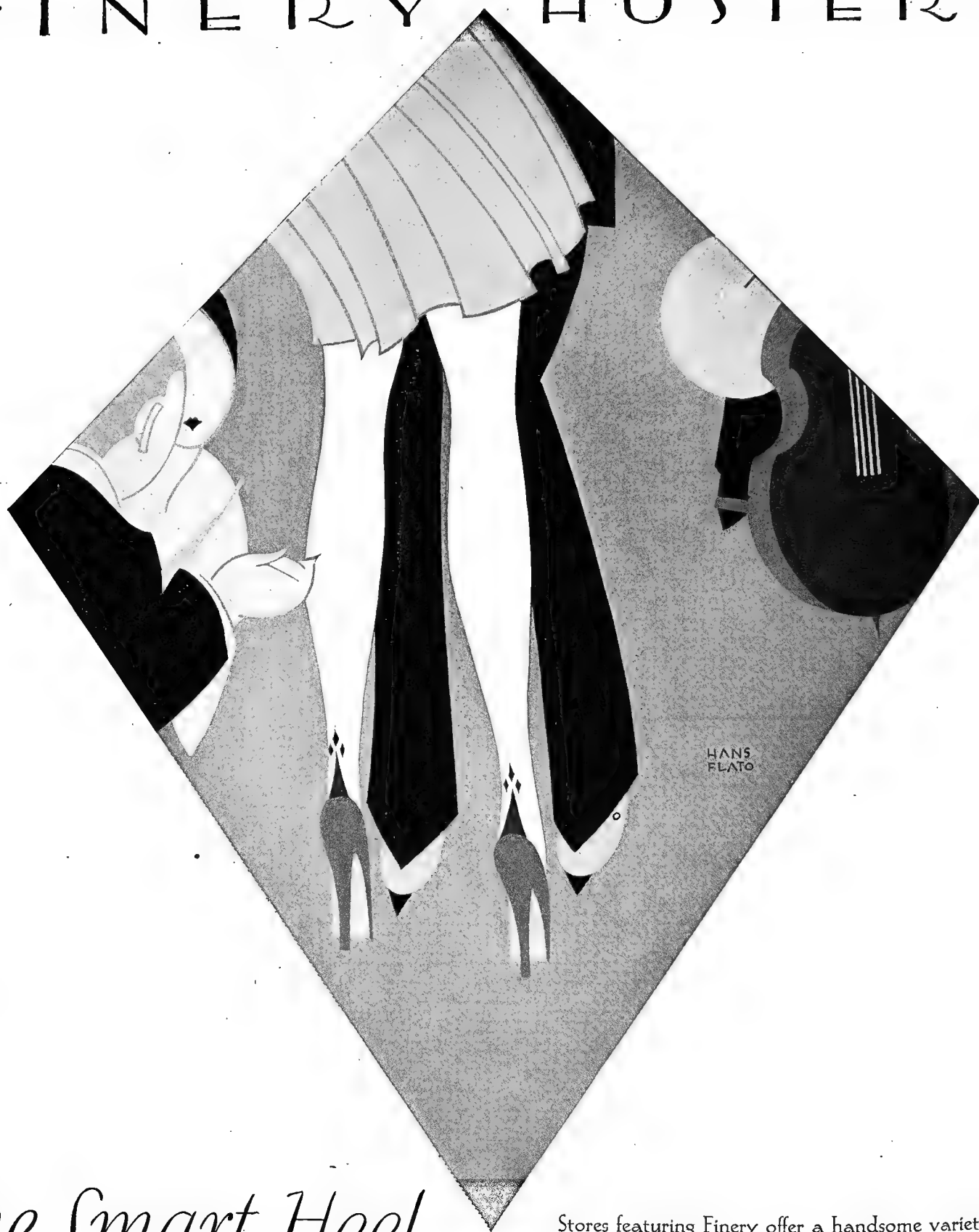


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TELEPHONE MAYFAIR 1726

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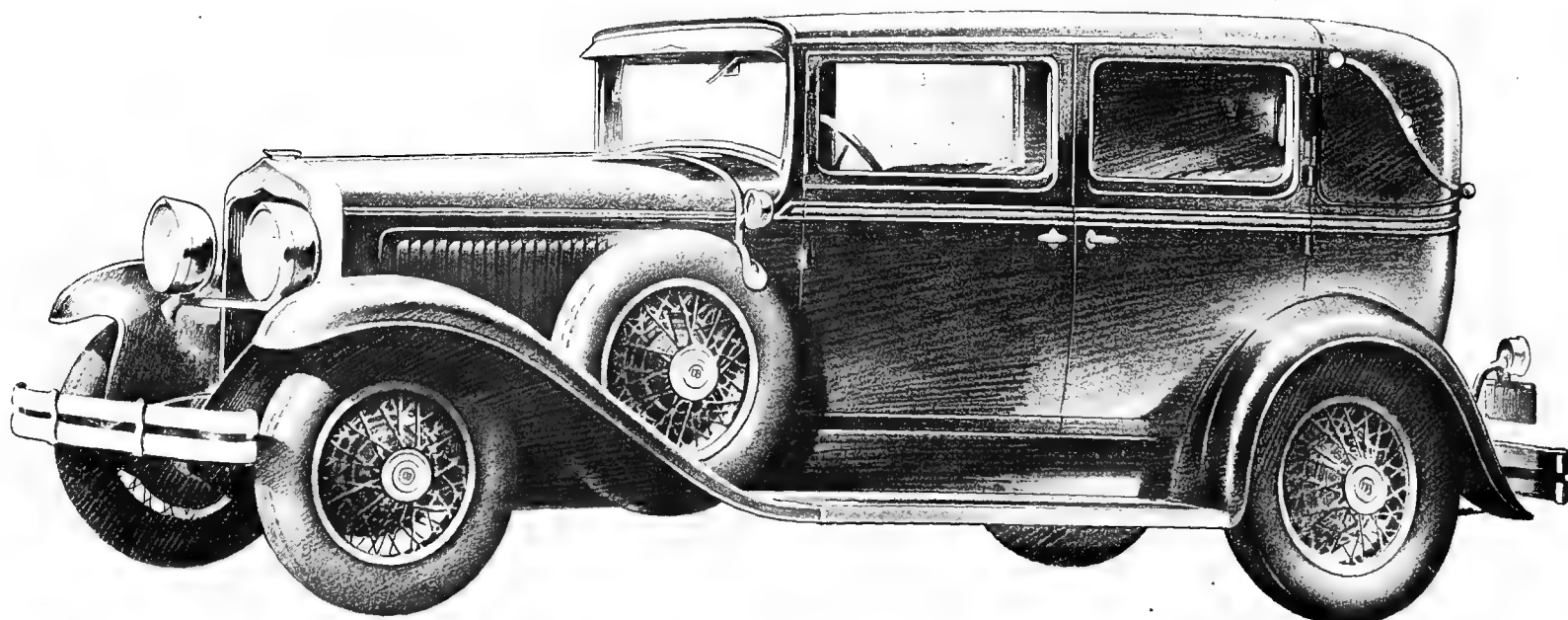
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Original from

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"Sealing" each Tiny Silken Strand spells the end of hosiery woes!

*Now, even filmiest
chiffons will wear!*

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Dexdale perfects "Silk-Sealing"

Dexdale, long makers of lovely hosiery, have perfected a "sealing" process to make fine hosiery wear.

Each lustrous strand of purest silk is "*sealed*" to make it smooth and strong—to *double its wear*. Runs will find it hard to start. Color and lustre and knitting are superbly clear and even. Repeated washings will not dim the beauty of the fabric.

Although gossamer clear—luxuriously fine—Dexdale "Silk-Sealed" Hosiery need not be pampered.

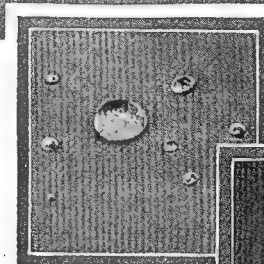
To wear the new Dexdale "Silk-Sealed" Hosiery you bid good-bye to stocking woes. Sheer as sunlight . . . in all the exquisite shades of the season . . . neatly fashioned and stylishly heeled . . . sure of their extra strength, you can confidently forget your hosiery . . . *and what could be smarter?*

Sheer, long-wearing Dexdale "Silk-Sealed" Hosiery is popularly priced; ranging all the way from \$1.35 to \$2.75. If you cannot find Dexdale Hosiery in your city, write us and we will send you the name of your nearest Dexdale dealer together with a copy of the descriptive booklet "*Wear comes to lovely hosiery*". Address, Dexdale Hosiery Mills, Lansdale, Pa.



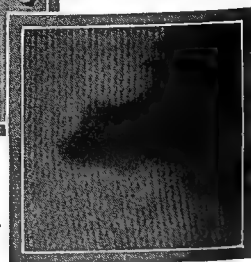
HERE is visible evidence of "Silk-Sealing"

Water or rain drops will roll off Dexdale Hosiery. Yet Dexdales wash as readily as ordinary hose. "Silk-Sealing" repels perspiration acids, giving extra wear.



Water drops roll off
Dexdale hosiery

Ordinary hosiery
absorbs water and
becomes spotted



DEXDALE HOSIERY

SHEER LOVELINESS . . . SEALED IN



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GOODMAN**

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NEW YORK



dress with all of New York's sky helping to reveal its color subtlety ... The season sweeps in with brilliance ... color ... line-symphony ... Everything is chosen with the unerring judgment of our experts and shown against the actual décor for which it was created.



*Small tables—smart colorful china—an ingenious menu—a good orchestra—
24 to 50 guests...that's the recipe for a dinner dance that will be talked about*

The Hostess of the Moment... *must dramatize—or fail*

ENTERTAINING is a very finished thing today—or one's not a popular hostess... Dinners aren't as long—but gayer. Menus aren't as heavy—but more ingenious. China isn't as dull—it must be exquisite in quality, modern in color, arresting in design. And—to be quite in the movement—it should vary from course to course.

Calla lilies and mimosa—the singing crystal of her glass—the shining richness of her damask... these, for one hostess, make a stage

setting for her ivory service plates bordered in rich old red and lightly laced with gold. She follows them, course after course, with plates that swing the emphasis from green to blue—through bands and patterns set against the ivory—to after-dinner coffee cups in black and gold... Another hostess uses roses—drops the blue—and rounds her color gamut with a simple banded plate in ivory and gold.

Black Knight China retains all that is loveliest in conventional design, refusing to go

meaninglessly mad. The modern tempo is expressed in color—those jewel tones against warm ivory—and in variety, to suit the most exacting hostess of the moment... Surprisingly, one finds such beauty isn't fragile. The flawless ivory glaze won't scratch in a lifetime of useful service.

To the hostess: May we send you Black Knight's little book on the "color-for-every-course" vogue? And tell you where to find this lovely china? Just write Black Knight China, 104 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

BLACK KNIGHT CHINA



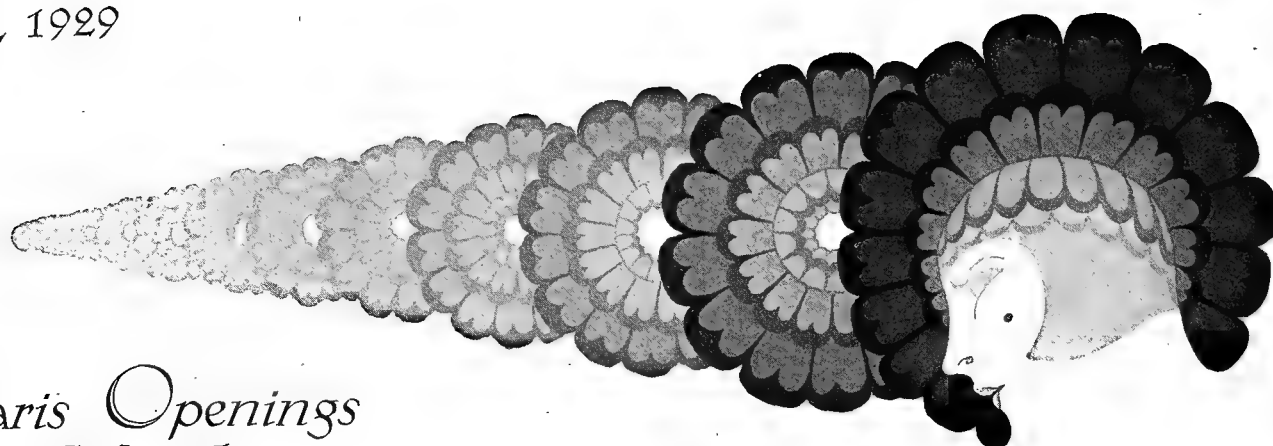
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HARPER'S BAZAR

Number 2598
63rd Year

APRIL 1929



[Signature]

Paris Openings Number

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CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, *Editor*

THE fiction for May will be distinguished by stories by such well-known writers as Nina Wilcox Putnam, Corey Ford, Nancy Hoyt and Arthur Tuckerman. Gertrude Atherton, too, will be represented, by an article dealing with impressions of California. In the second instalment of her reminiscences, The Duchess of Sermoneta will tell of gracious associations with King Edward, Queen Alex-

andra and other royal personages of the early 1900's. The fashions of New York will be represented and luggage and shoes will have attention. Evening gowns are particularly interesting because of the controversy as to length. The ups and downs of waistlines, according to New York and Paris dictates, will be shown, and French brides will trail before you.

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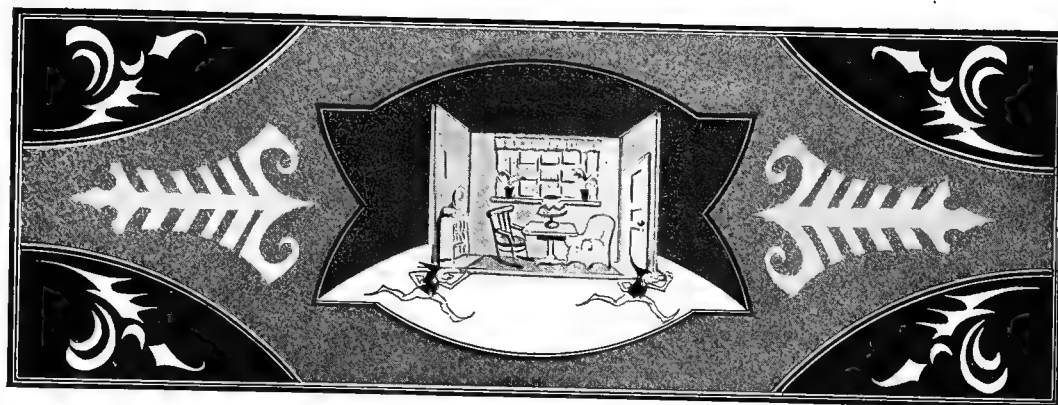
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"ONE MORE ROOM"

I SUPPOSE no one ever builds a house without wishing, the moment it is finished, that it contained one more room. Or at least one more closet. Some extra space somewhere.

It is only human to wish to expand. I read an article almost a decade ago, called "Poor on \$10,000 a year," and wondered how anyone could possibly not get along comfortably on such a royal sum. The reasoning which seemed foolish then, now seems perfectly sound. With millionaires on every other corner, an income of \$10,000 a year is like a grain of corn in an enormous bin. It is hardly noticeable. It makes no impression, and is almost pathetic in its humiliating smallness.

And so, the house of yesterday which seemed ample for our needs, contracts, literally, as the days and months roll on. We may not grow physically, but we ought to grow spiritually; and spiritual growth craves a larger library, or a larger living-room, or even a larger dining-room for the cultivation of those new friends who are bound to come into our lives unless we sit passive and dull.

A father, as he grows older, and perhaps wiser, longs for a den where he can creep off by himself. A mother secretly desires a sewing-room all her own. And what daughter and son do not crave an expansion of their allotment of space in any home, no matter how lavish it may have been in the beginning?

This is not greediness. It is merely a normal aspiration. As natural as the physical expansion of the morning-glory on the wall outside. Surely no one ever desired less space, unless one built so foolishly in the beginning that there was unlimited waste and confusion from the time the vast foundations were reared. But we almost always desire more. The answer lies in the fact that things and possessions which looked large in our youth have a way of mysteriously diminishing as we take on years. Go back to your childhood school, or to Aunt Esther's great sloping lawn with its enormous elms, to see if this is not true. The school-house will have the dimensions of a chicken-coop. And you will wonder how so many children managed to crowd into it. And the lawn will suddenly take on the proportions of your present drawing-room rug!

Don't think it is weakness which causes a wish to grow. A pretentious expansion is odious, and is an indication of innate vulgarity. The refined can enjoy simplicity without complaint. Yet there is no harm in hoarding a dream in one's heart—a dream of greater glory, even, or a dream of something more, not only for oneself but for one's family and friends.

So go on thinking of that "one more room." You might design it yourself, and fill it with modern furniture, as a contrast to your ancient belongings: a resting place where you could get away from the fret of busy days; a refuge in time of stress and storm.

"One more room." Just one more. It is little to ask. We may have it—sometime.

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE





The Treasure has been found.
It is shared with all those
who love sweets. The trail of
the treasure hunter leads to

the sign of the nearest
Whitman agent—Ask him for
Whitman's PLEASURE ISLAND
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UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

ALLO! ALLO! NEW YORK! HELLO! HELLO! PARIS!

OUR FRENCH AND AMERICAN
FASHION EDITORS CUT TIME AND
SPACE TO DISCUSS IMPORTANT
HIGHLIGHTS OF THE MODE

PARIS—Allo, allo!

NEW YORK—Hello, hello!

PARIS—How marvelous! Your voice sounds just like itself.

NEW YORK—So does yours—but don't let's waste the precious minutes. Quick! Talk about clothes! Every word a knockout!

PARIS—I've just seen about ten thousand models. What do you want to know?

NEW YORK—What America is going to like, of course.

PARIS—The revived tailleur, that Americans wear so well, in all sorts of materials, with linen batiste blouses and ruffles.

NEW YORK—And longer skirts?

PARIS—I don't think so. Not this spring, anyway, for tailleurs. Though when I ordered a black cloth and tiny yellow print ensemble for Cannes, they said, "Skirts are going to be longer."

NEW YORK—I don't think America will want the morning ones longer, either. Go on.

PARIS—Ensembles, of course, print and plain as often as not, with the print used in rather novel ways. Frocks with frills and flounces. As they get more formal, they grow longer, till, in the evening, they are really long all round. That's the great novelty.

NEW YORK—But what about the revived even-all-round short skirts, for evening? I think we are going to like them, here.

PARIS—So do I, and we are going to like them here, too. They make one look younger. But quantities of evening gowns will be very long somewhere when they are made of opaque materials, and have deep transparent hems when they are made of thin fabrics. "The more formal the occasion, the longer the skirt" will be the rule.

NEW YORK—And color? America wants color this spring. Does Paris?

PARIS—To a certain extent, but nothing will get us out of black, over here; not even spring sunshine, nor electric lights. The persistence of black is one of the leading notes of the collections.

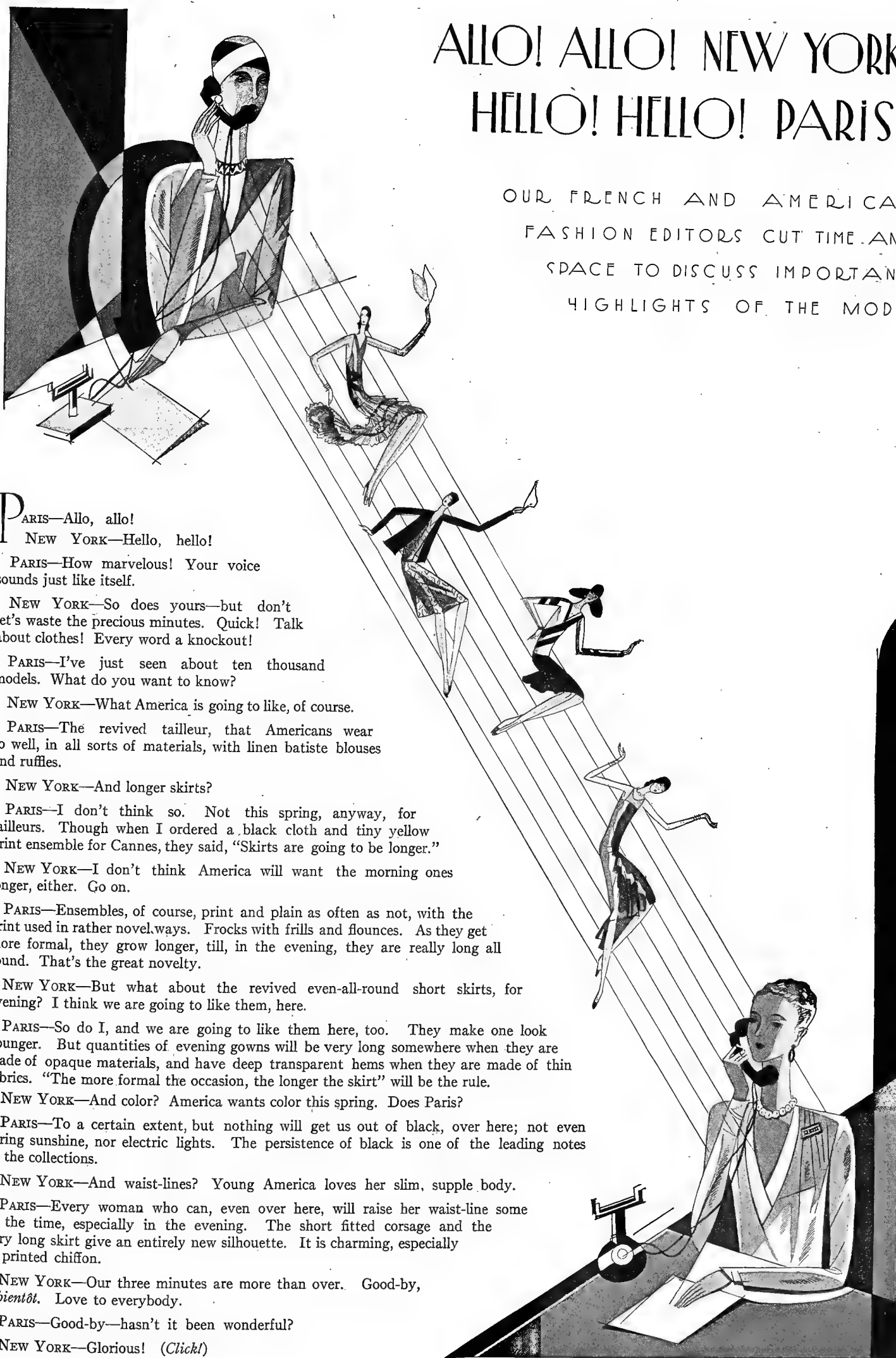
NEW YORK—And waist-lines? Young America loves her slim, supple body.

PARIS—Every woman who can, even over here, will raise her waist-line some of the time, especially in the evening. The short fitted corsage and the very long skirt give an entirely new silhouette. It is charming, especially in printed chiffon.

NEW YORK—Our three minutes are more than over. Good-by, *à bientôt*. Love to everybody.

PARIS—Good-by—hasn't it been wonderful?

NEW YORK—Glorious! (Click!)





DEMETER

6

LANVIN

LANVIN uses black and white chiffon effectively in modern zigzag lines down the front of an evening gown, with embroidery of jet and crystal like a broken cobweb. The black and white chiffon trails on each side.

BY *Baron de Meyer*

IS THERE A REVOLUTION IN THE FASHION WORLD?

Here's the Answer to an Interesting Rumor

DAME Rumor has it that the newest spring styles might be tending toward revolutionary fashions, this being the dawn of a new era.

New fashions, new era! What terrifying prospects for any timid soul! Yet, how can we avoid such revolutionary dangers while pursuing modern evolution?

My reply to that rumor is that the problem is admirably solved by every French designer. The 1929 spring collections develop nothing but the good things that were dated 1928.

"Thank heaven," exclaims the foreign stylist, recently arrived in Paris, "for radical changes are detrimental to business and upset women's equanimity."

"Not mine," I tell her; "quite on the contrary, I find the describing of novelty great fun." I should have enjoyed proclaiming, "Waist-lines—raised to immediately below the bust, or some similar fantastic statement."

The foreign stylist deplores such levity. She wants facts, and inquires as to the waist-line's actual location. I tell her it's a normal proposition, and is placed in 1929 wherever designers fancy and clients insist on.

"And about styles in general, which are the ones most popular?"

"Those which were too extreme last season for the general public have by now been rejected by the élite."

"And is simplicity as smart a factor as it used to be?"

"Even more so than before. Ever since clever Mademoiselle Chanel taught the world to distinguish between simplicity and plainness, woman's cultured eye associates sophisticated luxury with what, till then, had expressed nothing but poverty."

"What dressmaking establishments are you going to mention in your article for Harper's Bazar?"

"Only the ones I've visited myself. There'll be a paragraph about Madame Vionnet, another about Monsieur Patou. I shall speak of the scientific Vionnet scissors which never have been known to cut aimlessly into valuable fabrics. I shall use the word Art to describe the Lanvin collection, and have a good deal to say about Lucien Lelong and a few others."

"Is the Lelong collection as good as ever?"

"Far better, because of its accentuating Lelong specialties, such as 'purity of line' and 'beauty divested of unessentials'. He calls this the 'Serene Mode'."

"And of Patou, Baron de Meyer, what will you say?"

18 rue Vaneau, Paris.

"The truth, including praise for his imaginative work, as well as for the dramatic quality that is introduced into his presentation of models. I may add that the type of Parisienne created by him is known the wide world over as the 'fascinating Patou girl'."

"He's so attractive and clever," remarks the foreign stylist. "Has his finger permanently on fashion's pulse. What are his new departures?"

"Very few in the way of sports clothes. 'Attractive sweaters,'

he says, 'can be found in most shops, also good jersey clothes. So why should I waste time and texture? As a matter of fact, I am tired of jersey; so are my clients.'

"His newest departure, he tells me, resides in his accentuating the difference between day and evening fashions. All his day clothes are undoubtedly longer, though not likely ever to attain to the length of his new evening dresses, which are down to the ground both back and front. He seems thereby to have solved a vexed problem, 'Does a long skirt accentuate youth or not?'—in the affirmative. Patou's new evening dresses are tubelike and have widening floats from the knees downward. They hide the limbs, envelop ankles, and render feet almost invisible."

Observations, copied out of my note-book: Very successful use is made of men's suiting materials for tailored clothes, of tweed and marocain for dresses and coats; of crêpes of all denominations; of printed fabrics in great diversity (mostly printed on soft chiffons); of quantities of net; of a kind called Patou net, suitable for the new tailored *robe de tulle*; of taffeta and faille; of velvet

for evening coats trimmed with fur.

To be remarked upon is that he uses very little plain mousseline de soie; very little brocade; no metal texture at all; and no embroidery (save on one or two evening wraps).

Patou seems to have a preference for black, the collection consisting principally of black models. Color is, of course, used, but sparingly. White, principally, as well as every shade of nasturtium, pink, a variety of green, but very little blue and no navy at all.

Tailleurs are a Patou specialty. They are as classical in cut and style as men's suits. Bright-colored dresses are shown for Southern wear and for a sunny summer. Most of them are in crêpe de Chine, have (Continued on page 78)



ARDANSE

Ardanse's two million franc gown, in gold lace with a butterfly in diamonds and other precious stones by Ostertag.



DESIGNER
L

PATOU

*Patou's new nasturtium color in the middle shade,
in crêpe romain with the long skirt in points*



WORTH

WORTH

*Worth's dark blue chiffon teagown over pyjamas
of flesh-colored lace, with a sirdle of blue and red*



POIRET



Poiret's evening gown, a brilliant creation in Bianchini lamé chiffon, with a small gold lily-of-the-valley in black ciré to make it still more lustrous.

DEMEYER

plaited skirts and short jackets. These are decorated with stitchings and straps and rendered feminine by lingerie details, such as frilled collars and jabot-like tabs.

Patou's beach suits are a fascinating feature of the collection, and are shown with wide-brimmed plantation hats and sunshades. Costumes for sun-bathing are noticeably abbreviated.

There is a scarcity of material used, but the little there is, dotted black faille, as well as printed fabrics, with colonial designs, is well selected.

All Patou's most noticeable evening dresses seem to be black, all of them being tubelike, long and transparent about the feet. Most models are of crêpe romain, georgette, net or lace. There are very few in satin, and only one is in all jet.

Another series of *robes du soir*, mostly in printed chiffons, are, by way of contrast, glowing with color, bright pink, jade-green and nasturtium being some of the shades most favored. All of them are narrow, clinging, ending in befrilled fish-tails. They remind one of the long trailing dresses of Spanish dancers.

Patou asserts in his booklet that women *en grande toilette* and jewels look absurd when accompanied by men in lounge suits and soft shirts. He is right, of course; the combination, as he says, being unpleasant and preposterously inharmonious. He consequently designs a very special kind of evening costume for such mixed occasions. One such model is called *Le diner à Montmartre*, which consists of black net, down to the ground, with a black net coat and a close-fitting white spangled hat.

Two more evening dresses worth mentioning are *Diane*, of pure white marocain, a chemise-like tube, flaring under a shimmering white wrap edged with sable; and *Romanesque*, a crêpe gown similar in shape, of nasturtium yellow, very narrow but with no belt at all. This is decorated by two long sash-ends tied into a bow in the back. Modernized Watteau effects.

MADAME Lanvin deserves praise, not merely for her admirable workmanship but for her modern aspirations, pursued unwaveringly. The point of view expressed in her



DEMEYER

CHANTAL

Figures at the left and right: a chiffon gown from Chantal in four shades; flesh, Chantal pink, red and mulberry. In the center, a frock in nasturtium shades.

various collections differs from that of any other designer.

What she presents this season cannot be called merely new models assembled in order to clothe her many clients, but should be considered an expression of modern decorative art, unwilling to be dictated to by the past. It is work to be judged by similar standards as those applied to the judging of modern artists designing furniture, textiles, even jewelry.

Madame Lanvin uses scissors and pins as does a painter his brush and pigment. Black and white is the dominating impression carried away from this season's Lanvin collection. Entire black, or black on white, as well as uncompromising white on black.

The next impression received is the use made of touches of violent shades on black, contrast being achieved in every instance.

Madame Lanvin makes great use of modern patterns, such as squares, triangles, lozenges, as well as of a number of other geometrical designs. She calls one black and white suit *Tric-*

trac, another *Domino*, which names speak for themselves.

Open work, treated in futuristic designs on frocks and coats, especially in woolen textures, is very new.

Black tweed, treated like "lingerie," is anything if not unusual.

On coats, and principally on capes, little hoods of contrasting shade and material, or of short-haired fur, are inserted at the back of the neck. Standing up they form a collar.

Deep cuffs, given an hour-glass shape, reach to the elbow, while scarfs on either day gowns or wraps are tied in the back, the ends left hanging, an extra tab being attached, jabot-like, in the front. Favored shades for such scarfs are emerald green and brick red, bright blue and yellow.

For a great number of afternoon gowns printed fabrics, in most instances satin, are being used. Some designs resemble exploded rockets, this pattern being repeated in many colors.

The Lanvin afternoon and, more (Continued on page 197)



DEMMEYER
L

MOLYNEUX

*Molyneux's ruffled georgette cape
over a long black tulle gown*



DEMEYER

L. LELONG

*A Lelong cape of lamé silver star-dust
on black, over a long white tulle gown*

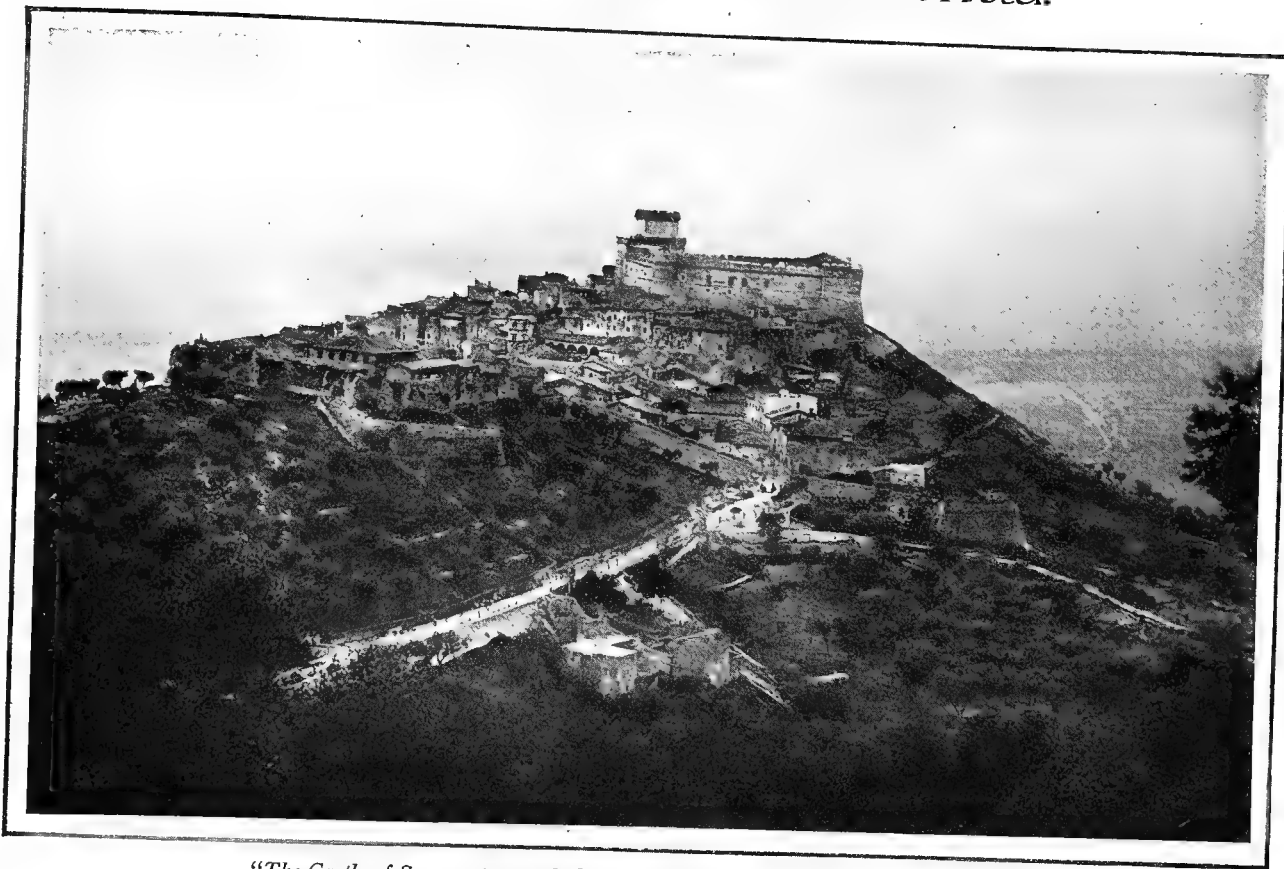


Drawn especially for Harper's Bazar by
MARY MacKINNON

THE DUCHESS OF SERMONETA

is a lady-in-waiting to the Queen of Italy. Descended from an ancient line of aristocrats, she received her early education both in her native land and in England, which she came to love. Visiting America for the first time this year, she was impressed by the vitality of our United States. Still young, she writes brilliantly of Continental society. She has known almost everyone in the fashionable and artistic circles of Europe, and she records her experiences with grace, dignity and humor.

Beginning a Brilliant Series of Articles By the Duchess of Sermoneta:



"The Castle of Sermoneta, perched on the summit of a hill, like an eagle's nest."

REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST

A Lady of Title brings Vividly Before Us the Fashionable

Europe of the Last Two Decades

I WAS born in the house of my great-grandmother, Mrs. Locke, who lived in 36 Lowndes Street, London. I do not think a child ever lived two more totally different existences than I did from that day until I was married on June the 20th, 1901, to Leone Caetani, Prince of Teano, eldest son of the Duke of Sermoneta.

Of course, Palazzo Colonna was supposed to be the real home, and it is one of the largest houses in the world. Its site, near the church of SS. Apostoli, has always been the stronghold of the Colonna family, first as a fortress during the dark days of the Middle Ages, and afterward expanding into a palace when art was more important than protection from one's enemies.

It is really shaped like a gigantic number eight, with two very large inner courts and a lovely old garden full of cypresses, fountains and old statues, connected with the palace by stone bridges that cross the street. Of course, like most Roman palazzos, it is too immense to be lived in by one family alone, and a large part of it is always let. I doubt whether my father had ever been into as many as half the rooms in his own house. We lived in a delightful apartment between the courtyards, flooded with

sunshine and full of valuable old pictures.

I must say that pictures in Palazzo Colonna were as thick as leaves in the forest. On the floor beneath us was the picture gallery, full of masterpieces, and its great hall which served as



Captain William Locke, great-grandfather of the Duchess of Sermoneta.

a model for the Galerie des Glaces at Versailles.

As a child I used to love to go down there on hot days with a book, and spend an hour in the cool marble hall among the statues. There were on the walls so many portraits of dead and gone Colonnas and I liked to look at them and to remember all their histories. Vittoria Colonna, painted just before her marriage and long before Michelangelo came into her life, young, and yet so austere in her dark green dress; Stefano Colonna immortalized by Holbein, so curiously northern looking with his red beard and short nose; Maria Mancini with her famous pearl necklace and a sidelong glance and smile; her son with his curly wig, whom I was supposed to resemble so strikingly; Cardinal Pompeo Colonna, with his hand resting on his funny little white dog; and then the big portrait by Velasquez of Carlo Colonna on his black horse, with an angel carrying a column in the heavens before him. Arrogant he must have been, for he was the last Colonna to kill a Caetani. And the tale is so characteristic that I must tell it. It all happened in the seventeenth century, which is quite modern in the history of Rome.

The Duchess of Sermoneta and the Princess



G. Felici-Roma

"My father was very 'grand seigneur' and 'ancien régime' in all his ideas."

Colonna of the day both went out driving in their coaches, and met at the entrance of the Corso. Neither of the coachmen, doubtless encouraged by their mistresses, would yield precedence to the other. There was a good deal of scuffling of hoofs and clamping of bits and sour looks exchanged, and the ladies returned to their respective homes full of indignation and complaints.

So then a sort of collective duel was fought in the streets of Rome, between several male Colonnas and Caetanians, and their respective gentlemen-in-waiting. If Carlo Colonna was arrogant enough to be portrayed with an angel carrying his family arms, he thought nothing of killing a Caetani, which he did with ease and grace. But times had changed, and what was considered an everyday occurrence in the Middle Ages was murder in the seventeenth century, so poor Carlo was exiled and ended his life in a convent in Spain.

And then, besides the family portraits, there were other things that interested me enormously. The great armchair that always stood with its face to the wall, under the tall canopy, for no one but the Pope could sit in it, when he came to visit the Colonnas. I used to love to perch in that chair, staring at the red velvet wall in front of me, and feeling extremely daring and wicked. Then there was the huge ebony cabinet with its ivory panels, all exquisitely carved with the tiniest figures and trees imaginable. The center panel was an

accurate reproduction of Michelangelo's "Last Judgment" in the Sistine Chapel. It took two Germans twenty years to carve that cabinet, and their receipted bill, for an absurdly small sum, is in the Colonna archives.

But there was one terrific picture I only passed with my eyes tight shut, it frightened me so; the Devil, with horns and a tail and other horrid attributes, was dragging a baby out of its cradle, in spite of the wretched mother hanging on to the infant's foot. The Devil's claws were buried deep in the flesh of the little arm, and blood was dripping from the wound. The mother was looking up to Heaven with an open, imploring mouth and there above her was the Madonna with a big stick in her hand, just making ready to drive the Devil away. I do not remember the author of that nightmare picture, but any tourist visiting the Colonna gallery can see it for himself.

I think we lived very casually, for I was allowed, ever since I can remember, to have a key of the picture gallery and all its untold treasures, and kept it loose in a drawer among my handkerchiefs and ribbons!

On the ground floor was the so-called apartment of Maria Mancini, a suite of exquisitely frescoed drawing-rooms and halls, opening one into another. They had been originally decorated by Pinturicchio, but as they were already damaged at the time of Lorenzo Onofrio Colonna's marriage with Maria Mancini in 1661, they were redecorated for the event by Gaspar Poussin.

I like to think of Maria—my how many times great-grandmother? (for I descend directly from her)—wandering through those beautiful rooms in her brocaded gowns, still longing for Paris and mourning her royal lover, Louis XIV., but surely a little comforted by the beauty of her surroundings.

In my father's day the ground floor apart-

ment was not used for receptions, as the family archives were kept there. It was only once thrown open in his time, for the great ball my father gave in honor of my sister's début.

As my two brothers died when they were babies, the title of Prince Colonna passed after my father's death to his second brother, Fabrizio, and then from him to his son Marcantonio, who is the present holder of the title. My father left in his will the Palazzo Colonna to his nephew Marcantonio, for the sake of the family, so my sister and I lost our old home which would otherwise have remained ours.

In these unique surroundings we two small and rather lonely little girls lived with our father and a succession of peculiarly disagreeable governesses of various nationalities. Our father and mother had separated after very few years. Unfortunately, matrimonial bliss has never been customary in our family.

My father was extremely handsome and very *grand seigneur* and *ancien régime* in all his ideas. He liked London, but was fonder of Paris, enjoyed shooting without liking the country, owned a racing-stable in Italy, had been a good amateur actor in his youth and only admitted three possible careers for a gentleman: the army, diplomacy and the Church. He did not believe in the existence of microbes or of ghosts. He had a horror of education for girls, and said young ladies should talk good French, play the piano and dance lightly. Any other accomplishment made them a bore. He always carried an opera hat under his arm in the evening and never wore a pair of boots more than a few times.

In his later years he disliked anything more "country" than St. Moritz in August. I have heard him quote a French friend's sentiment as exactly defining his own: "*Je deteste le Bois de Boulogne, cela me rappelle trop la campagne.*"

He was an excellent mimic, and though he never seemed to notice things particularly, he would reproduce people's characteristics of voice and mannerisms in a remarkable way.

The succession of foreign governesses all tried to make up to him, but he was not attracted by



A charming study of the Duchess of Sermoneta and her son, Onorato Caetani.

their charms and saw them, and consequently us, as little as possible, which was probably the reason why the governesses became so bad-tempered.

All the love and affection we wanted was given to us lavishly by our English nurse, Elizabeth Annie Sizeland, the beloved "Sizy," who came as my nurse in London three days after I was born and stayed with me for thirty years, only leaving to be replaced by her daughter who, happily for me, is still with me as my maid and friend. I am happy to say that "Sizy" is alive and well, living in her little house in Hampstead, and always the first to greet me with a loving welcome when I visit England.

"Sizy" took lively part in our games, mothered us when we were ill, which in my case was very often, and fought our battles royally with the disagreeable governesses. Thanks to her, there was a corner in the vast Palazzo Colonna that was forever England.

Otherwise our child-life in Rome was pretty dreary. Few friends and fewer amusements. In those days children were not the fashion, and what they thought and felt and wanted was not considered in the least interesting or important.

In winter we drove out every afternoon with the reigning governess in the big family landau; we were never taken to see any of the marvels of Rome or taught anything about them.

On Mondays and Fridays we drove to Villa Pamphili; on Tuesdays and Saturdays to Villa Borghese, on Sundays to the Pincio, and on Wednesdays to Via le Parioli. We were made to get out and walk for exactly an hour, and then return to our particularly stupid lessons at Palazzo Colonna.

When the spring came it was a little better, for we were taken twice a day to play in the Colonna Gardens, which communicate, as I have already said, with the palazzo by old stone bridges that cross Via della Pilotta. Here we spent pleasanter hours playing round the statues and up and down the steps under the big cypresses, and though we were in the heart of Rome the town seemed very far away.

But the time of year we lived for was June, when we were put in the train with beloved "Sizy" and whichever of the disagreeable governesses was reigning at the time, and sent off to England to stay with our grandmother, Lady Walsingham.

One of my earliest recollections is Victoria Station in London, and a barouche with two fat gray horses drawn up alongside the platform. There are two old ladies in it, one with plaited hair arranged in "paddle boxes" over her ears and a large round bonnet tied under her chin; the other adorned with black laces and plumes and long pearl earrings and holding a pug dog on her lap. They are mother and daughter, Mrs. William Locke and Lady Walsingham, my great-grandmother and my grandmother, and they are both eagerly welcoming "the children from Rome."

But with this recollection my grateful thoughts fly at once to another person, thanks to whom my childhood knew the blessings of English country life. Lord Walsingham, my grandmother's third husband, was all kindness to "the children from Rome," or "the Toddlemites," as he liked to call us, treating us exactly as though we had been his own grandchildren. His lovely home, Merton Hall in Norfolk, was open to us with loving hospitality summer after summer; his old coachman, Amos Carrier, gave us our first riding lessons on Merrylegs and Snowdrop, two ponies Walsingham purchased for our own use. It

gave us the illusion that we really belonged to the place, and I'm afraid we took all his extraordinary kindness for granted, but we certainly repaid it with a most wholehearted devotion to "W", as we called him. His unfailing good temper, his ready jokes, his cleverness and agility at all games, made him an ideal playmate for children. To the world in general he was famous as one of the two best shots in England—Lord de Grey sharing the honor with him—and the great authority on entomology, his vast collection of moths and butterflies at which we always saw him working morning

The Duchess of Sermoneta combines in her heritage both Italian and English nobility. Her mother, shown at the left, was the daughter of Lady Walsingham and the granddaughter of Mrs. William Locke, both of whom were prominent in British society.

after morning, being now in the British Museum.

It is with reverence that my thoughts turn to Merton Hall, the place to which I gave such passionate adoration in my youth that the mere mention of its name now brings a mist before my eyes. There is a sadness in having so loved a place to which one does not belong, in a country that is not one's own. Merton has now passed out of my life for ever, but I treasure its memories more than anything else in my life.

Merton taught me to love games, green grass and trees, the blackberry hedges and the nut woods, the whirl of the pheasants rising in the park, the bulrushes on the shores of the mere.

I had friends in all the cottages of the surrounding villages, Merton, Tomston, Tootington and Stanford, who did not even realize I was not English, but knew me and greeted me affectionately as "the young lady from the Hall."

Carrier and his kindly wife were among my dearest friends. I had my first toss off Merrylegs, and Snowdrop (Continued on page 142)



Eva Barreu



A Novel by Nancy Hoyt: **BRIGHT INTERVALS**

Continuing the Happy History of a Young American Girl who Seeks Romance and Finds It

Illustrated by Everett Shinn

The First Part of the Story in Brief:
THE throb of the ferry steamer's engine was a steady pulse beating in the silver silence which lay over the Solent. The placid outline of the Isle of Wight faded and was replaced by the sloping lawns of Southampton water. Lydia's heart thundered in her ears above the engine's noise. Nearby, an Atlantic liner sped out of the fog and she noticed a smart young woman in black, whose eyes were also in mourning. She had a queer subconscious feeling that the figure staring down at her was herself, Lydia Graeme, a tired grown-up self, setting out on a long journey. Her hand clutched more tightly a small piece of cardboard—her pass to adventure. She was drunk with escape, tense with anticipation and a lively desire to know what was coming around the next corner.

She had always hated the hotel at the watering-place where her grandfather, head of the famous firm of Stephanyi Brothers, jewelers, lived, mourning that it was her life-long fate, and that she had accomplished nothing in her twenty years. She thought of her mother and her two aunts, the glittering trio who had composed the beautiful Stephanyi sisters. At twenty they had all been famous.

Then had come the day when she had overheard angry voices in the summer house and a string of pearls had flashed past her bench into the rose-bushes. After a silence there appeared a dazzling young creature with a gardenia skin and scarlet mouth, who started to search lazily for the gems. Lydia offered her services and they recovered the pearls, whereupon the extraordinary girl invited her to have a cocktail and to celebrate.

Camellia Tarleton and two Martinis amused Grandpapa. So keen was his enjoyment that when this strangely exciting favorite of the London theatre, vaguely sensing Lydia's stage ambitions, invited both of them to come up to town for her next opening, he unexpectedly gave Lydia permission to go.

The following week, arriving in London, Lydia flung down her bags and rushed for the theatre, past the sign "No Admittance" at the stage door, and only halted at the dressing-room marked "one". Within, surrounded by her dresser, Mrs. Keyes, two young men in gray flannels, and a Pekingese, sat Camellia in a blaze of electricity before her mirror. She was neither very glad nor very sorry to see Lydia, but remembering her promise of the other week she became more cordial. While Camellia was going through the final rehearsal, Lydia, chatting with Mrs. Keyes, realized that at last opportunity was sitting here

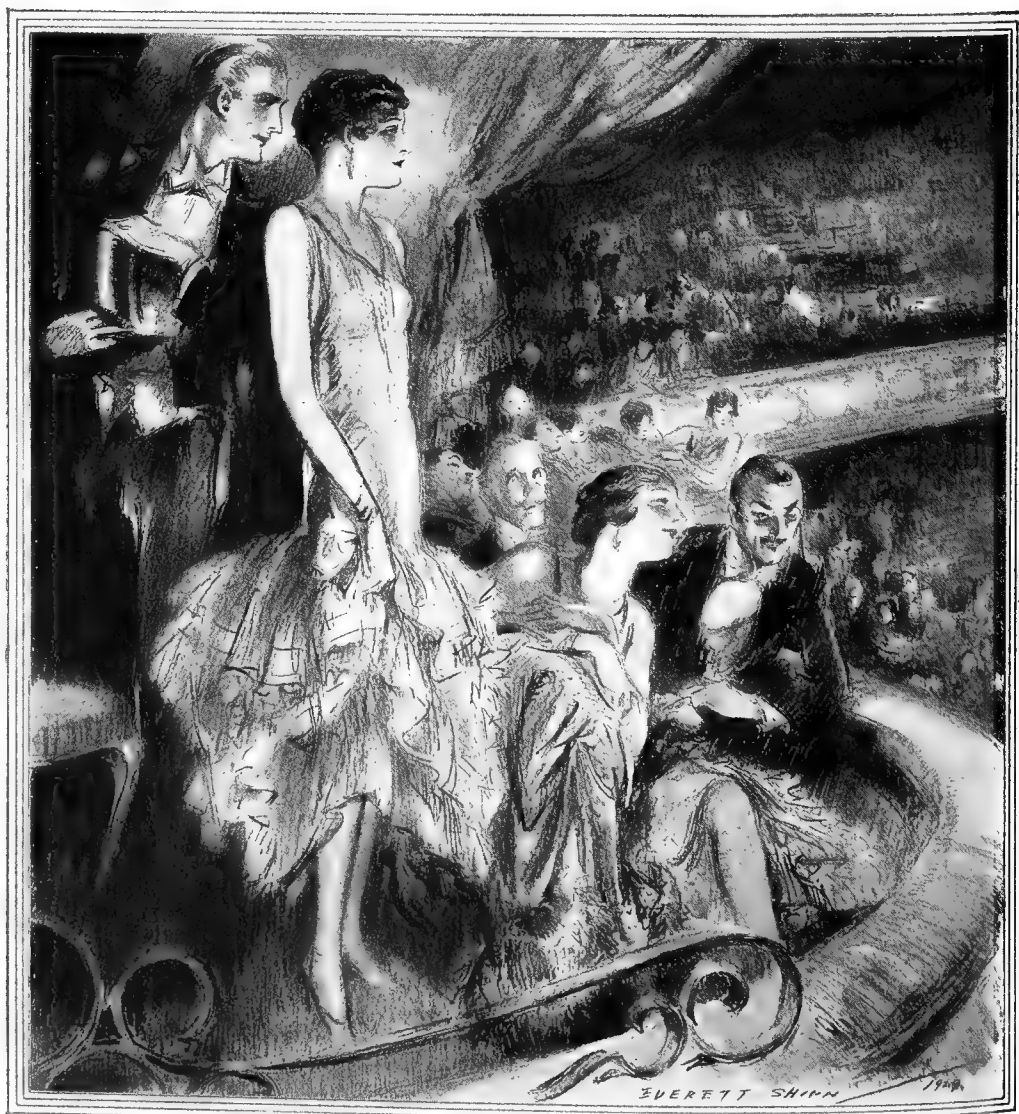
before her and if she could not make the grade this time, it was her own fault.

The opening was a tremendous success. Camellia took a flimsy drama and breathed life and fire into it. Lydia and George Haversham, who had been told off as her escort, found standing room in the back of Lady Honor Fane's box, where, over a view of that lady's spine, they could see the house and stage. George, fulfilling some idea of his duty, threw her an occasional name as a celebrity swept into her place. As the play progressed, Lydia, trying to laugh at herself for the tear in her eye, realized that whether Camellia could act or not was a dry question for the critics. She knew that the

actress had just succeeded in making her show signs of feeling over a play which any taste, brains, or humor she possessed revolted against.

"Isn't Cami too marvelous?" asked George, as, at the close of the performance, he and Lydia made their way back-stage.

They were the first visitors in the dressing-room. Then followed a stream of actors, managers, great ladies, boys with telegrams and cables, boxes of flowers, frantic young men and elaborate maidens. It was almost an hour before the tumult died, leaving the actress with a carefully picked bodyguard to escort her to the fête given in her honor.



"Lydia and George Haversham found standing room in Lady Fane's box, where they could see the house and stage."

Copyright, 1929,
by Nancy Hoyt

PART TWO

A LONG slim bullet nosed its way toward Chelsea, swooping up and down the switchback railway of empty Piccadilly, humping its back in waves like a sleek snake, coasting down Constitution Hill, whistling through the decorum of Belgravia and Eaton Place to the bright patch of Sloane Square, and on, past the barracks, to the River. Lydia, squealing with delight, sat in the center of a huge pool of moonlight which was her silver frock, and clung to anything which offered, indiscriminately grabbing the side of the door, Camellia's shoulder or the curls of Camellia's young man, the beautiful harlequin who, slumped low down in the red leather seat, smiled indulgently at such youthful enthusiasm.

"Ooo-oe," she cried, "we must have touched seventy."

Which made George call back, "Seventy-eight, as a m'a'fact," over his right shoulder.

What a life! Driving across London in a silver streak at nearly eighty miles an hour. Certainly the height of worldly joy.

A tumbled golliwog, with wild black hair, dressed strangely for a ball at the Tuileries, clambered out of the back seat into a group who at last found the child amusing—(this, though she was nearly as old as they). Even George, the cool and weary, thought that at least the new kid appreciated a decent car.

The car had stopped, still throbbing, before a narrow house, slimly elegant in the style of the eighteenth century. It was the loveliest of a lovely row, quiet, unassuming, but conscious of its superior distinction even in Cheyne Row. A fan of golden light spilled from the arch over the front door onto the brick path which led to it through a dark rectangle of clipped grass and flowers. Lydia stopped for a moment, charmed by the quiet façade where three French windows, open onto a narrow iron balcony, seemed the bright spots of a stage setting, hinting of the party within.

She wanted to stay and admire, but was hurried in by the others.

Ronald Grant met them at the door. He was a formal, rather elaborate young man, faintly old-fashioned in his manners, which were too good for the present day and only understandable when close inspection proved him to be not the thirty he looked but nearer fifty. There was something uncanny in the youthfulness of this tall, middle-aged man who preserved all the attributes of a boy except the eyes.

He was as polite to Lydia, the obscure tagger-on, as to his adored Camellia who fell limply into his arms like an enormous Perroquet presentation doll and a minute later left them to plunge into the greetings of the supper room.

Here ecstatic cries at her appearance and praise of her performance were less hysterical than in the theatre, but almost as automatic. One or two elderly beauties sulked slightly, but most hastened to greet the younger star with effusive affection.

It might almost have been a party at Elizabeth Arbuthnot's, Lydia thought. The long table, beautifully decorated by silver bowls of grapes and the charm of the people who were



"They danced together with the perfect precision of long custom and did not notice that the room was gradually filling with restless couples."

seated around it, was very nearly any other attractive supper table. But not entirely. Peopled by faces familiar from the pages of magazines, well-known features long cherished by some impressionable room-mate or instantly recognizable as the materialization of some youthful dream, the room seemed haunted by the ghosts of forgotten enthusiasms. Peter Pan and Mary, Duchess of Towers, chatted together over a plate of gray caviar which they sampled with gusto from time to time. Paula Tanqueray and Eliza, fatter than in her flower-girl days, teased a self-consciously fascinating Dear Brutus and petted the darkly romantic idol of a sixteen-year-old's passion.

It seemed almost blasphemy. Lydia was relieved to find the fair-haired giantess still beautifully cold and coldly beautiful in the winking incandescence of her tiara, the only thing about her she deemed decent to allow to sparkle. Other ladies, physically less great but equally high-born, were present, each with an admirer and, occasionally, a husband. A picked lot from the young-men-about-town who were probably-in-the-guards flaunted the perfection of their white ties before the marble mantel or congregated at one end of the supper table where champagne, for those who would not sit down and be served, was instantly available.

Ronald, the perfect host, who could gauge

any unrest on the part of his guests as accurately as he could tell just which of his famous set of chairs were really the work of the Heppelwhites, had in some way insinuated Lydia into a place between the only two people in the room who did not make her feel slightly uncomfortable. On one side the enormous bulk of the kindest woman on the American stage received her with warm welcome, and on the other she turned to meet the sherry-brown eyes and hurt smile of her one venture into Romance.

Meeting Lawrence Prescott knocked the wind out of her momentarily. She scrabbled blindly for a defense and took gratefully the glass of champagne pushed toward her by Prescott, who was grinning unsympathetically.

"I'm not upset by seeing you, idiot!" she protested.

"Then why are you pink in the cheeks and slightly weepy?"

Lydia looked at him thoughtfully. "It's true I was startled, and I admit you've still got swell eyes; they sound like fox-hounds baying or something; I used to say that when I was half-witted about you. Such a brown sort of sound your eyes make, Lawrie. And you've got nice ribs and cheek bones, but apart from a purely academic interest in your good points, which I'd feel for a horse or a dog, only I don't care very much for (Continued on page 134)

HIGH LIGHTS ON THE PARIS COLLECTIONS

A Silhouette that Moulds

*The Upper Part of the Body Sometimes to the Knees.
Longer Skirts but Some Short and Even all Round for Evening.
Great Variety in Materials. The Persistence of Black.*

BY MARJORIE HOWARD

FELLOW-countrywomen! There is a conspiracy against your sartorial liberty. They want to get you into tight bodices and long skirts, and even to send you back to the tyranny of hairpins. What are you going to do about it?

At the moment, the cloud is no bigger than a man's hand, but let us be prepared: a return to uncomfortable clothing is in the air. "A man's hand" is a particularly apt simile, because the houses directed by women are not nearly so stringent in their proposed reforms. Many of those directed by men, however, are determined to force us into what they call femininity at all costs. I suppose they cannot bear any longer that our clothes should be so much more comfortable and easy to get into than their own.

There is an offensive even against our favorite sports clothes, for there are far fewer modes of this type in the collections than there have been for many seasons. Not that I think there will be any falling off in the number bought and worn. There is a more plausible explanation of their absence from the collections of the great houses. Sports clothes have become so definitely crystalized into a recognized formula, that there is no longer much chance for invention and imagination in them. So the *couture*, with a big C, has decided to leave their production largely in the hands of the specialists, and to concentrate on types that demand more art in conception and more craft in execution.

The most interesting point in the collections as a whole is the length of skirts. Of course, this is not a point at all in most cases, but a series of them, for uneven points and panels continue to lengthen skirts at the back in the majority of evening dresses. This season, the fronts are sometimes long as well; they touch the ground. You have all heard in head lines of Patou's long-all-the-way-round evening gowns; Worth has some very long ones, and so has Chantal. Many houses continue and even increase unevenness of hem for formal afternoon gowns, as in the model on page 96 from Drecol-Beer; but Patou is one of the very few that lengthens skirts several inches for the morning.

The trained evening gown was introduced in the August collections, but exceedingly few women adopted it. They readily accepted a point or a panel that touched the floor, but they drew the line at trains. The mid-season collections therefore abandoned them; but the spring collections do not show skirts with trains exactly; they are merely so lengthened that they sweep the floor. At St. Moritz I was struck by the very-long-somewhere evening skirts, though they all had a short place as well.

This short place has been left out in some of the spring models. That is the novelty. So, if we adopt these long-all-round evening skirts, we may get a new popular song, "They're wearing them longer on Long Island," and our feet beneath our petticoats may repeat the little mice act, possibly to the renewed joy of the poets.

A new look is given to the long-in-the-back evening skirts by the shortening of the waists and the tightening of the bodices. I do not think evening gowns touching the floor in front will be generally worn; not this spring, at least; but I do think that many women will like the look of the shorter, closer waist,

with its added effect of length of limb. Artists have always raved about short-waisted, long-legged women, and they will have an opportunity to do a bit of raving very soon now. I have heard many of them protest bitterly against the continuance of the low waist-line and the short-legged look that it gives to many women. It is devoutly to be wished, however, that only women whose slender suppleness permits, will adopt this silhouette, or that the Junos will not try to wear it by seeking to control their goddess-like proportions with long tight corsets, as they have done so many times in the history of costume.

We had something like this silhouette about 1907. There are snapshots of myself wearing it,

but wearing it over a long corset that curved very distinctly at the waist, a garment that was a fertile subject for caricature at the time. The very essence of this revived silhouette is flexibility, the uncorseted look of the natural figure. If you do not possess it naturally, go to a dressmaker who will allow you straight lines, vague, perhaps slightly bloused bodices, with a tight flat look to the hips which can be adequately controlled by the modern corset, and keep your belt, if you want one, at the top of your hips. The effect will be better, believe me, in spite of all the artists in creation. Such important designers as Chanel insist upon your retaining this silhouette; while Vionnet and other favorite designers give you your choice between the two.

Very interesting is the revival of the short, even-hemmed evening frock, side by side with the long ones. Chanel, Molyneux, Douillet-Doucet, are numbered among the houses that are showing many frocks of this type; not only the simple little dinner gown of more or less informal materials, but important looking models, sometimes entirely beaded, spangled, or jeweled. Vionnet does some of them, but hers are mostly very youthful frocks, obviously for young (Continued on page 93)

SING, MINSTREL!

By EDWIN MARKHAM

SING, Minstrel, music-mad:
Let the wild chords grow madder:
Make all the glad hearts sad,
The sad hearts gladder.

Sound yet a wilder strain,
Which only a song can capture:
Let glad hearts taste the pain,
Sad hearts the rapture.

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Little
Jacket
to
Match

louiseboulanger



Drawing in color by Reynaldo Luza

WHITE MOIRE GOWN WITH
LONG SIDE TRAIN
AND ORIGINAL
DÉCOLLETAGE

Chéruit
(Mme. Wormser)



Drawings in color by Reynaldo Luza

PALEST ROSE CRÊPE ROMAIN
WITH FLAT BANDS
OF MATCHING
TUBE BEADS

Vionnet





Bright
Brown
Crêpe de
Chine

Skirt
Panels
Lined
with
Yellow
and
Two
Shades of
Orange

jenny

Drawing in color by Reynaldo Luza

girls. Occasionally, the skirts are slightly uneven at one side, or dip a little in the back, according to the way they are cut. Sometimes they are tiered, or have that peplum tunic that must be noted among the season's silhouettes. Sometimes they are on princess lines; sometimes straight and slim. Oddly enough, older women have demanded this line, finding it more youthful in effect than the long skirt. Some of the professional observers were heard to remark during the collections, as the long-all-round evening gowns were passed, "That would look charming on a very young woman." A paradoxical sort of reasoning that allots long skirts to youth, but women who study themselves have found that there is something in the idea.

Besides the short-waisted, trailing in the back evening-line, we find another that reminds us of the dress of the Spanish flamenco dancer, when she does the Sevilliana. Perhaps La Argentina, with her sinuous body and her rustling white frills that almost chatter, has inspired it. Close-fitting to the knees, sometimes marking the natural waist, the flare or frills begin suddenly, and lengthen to a point in the back. Do not try it unless you are as supple as a Spanish gypsy, but it is a lovely line for those who can wear it.

It is illustrated from Bernard in a gown of black lace on page 100. Daring souls claim that if this silhouette is generally adopted, it will mean the end of the era of exaggerated slimmness. Some go further and declare that this era is finished already. C. B. Cochrane, the English producer, is said to be giving his chorus girls and dancers nourishing luncheons, with the idea of putting flesh on their bones, and he has received hundreds of congratulatory letters on the move—from men. I have not heard of any women's letters as yet. Certain it is, that the very bony flat figure is as unsuited to this type of gown as the heavy one, but it will be difficult to get some of the thin ones to see it. They have had everything their own way for so long, and have become accustomed to making a virtue of their necessity.

We get all kinds of flare in evening dresses, starting from the natural waist-line or far below it, or from the hips; at one side only, at the back, at both sides—anywhere you like. Backs of evening gowns continue to receive attention. Besides their length, all sorts of things are done to make them interesting. Lelong puts long ends from the tip of a décolleté; Madame Wormser (Chéruit) ends a deep V with a big pink rose on a pale blue satin gown, or she puts bows in the curve of the back, with long ends; Vionnet has a new way of drawing together her slim-fronted satin gowns, to a flat knot, a shirred plaque, or a bow with its loops sewn flat right in the small of the back; Premet sets bows low on the skirt; Chanel uses long trails of chiffon from the back of each shoulder, that blend with two others from the hips. Louiseboulanger continues her poufs; her favorite place for them is still in the back, when they are double, or to

one side toward the back when they are single. But this season she has done a gown in blurred orange and gray taffeta that has four hanging poufs, two in the front and two in the back, a masterpiece of handling.

One of Lanvin's most striking effects is in a gown of purple faille, cut to the waist in the back, where there is a large strass embroidered ornament, though the front of the ample skirt is plain. Lanvin, it should be mentioned, often makes her full faille skirts longer in the front than anywhere else this season. Poiret, as you see in Baron de Meyer's photograph on page 78, still interprets the 'eighties. But the influence of the bustle, though it dies hard, is dying fast. It is very rudimentary now, and the continuance of "interest in the back" is traced to a de-

sire to make a gown look important in dancing, when one turns one's back on the world.

As to hair-dressing, many men want to induce us to make something of our "crowning glory."

That is a masculine expression; most women refer to long hair as a crowning nuisance. Nevertheless, I greatly fear that the general vogue of hair short in the back of the neck will soon be over. Already it is worn longer, with curls and twists, and even tiny chignons. The small head is still desirable, but if waists shorten and skirts lengthen we shall be able to stand larger heads without looking shorter. Hats will grow larger to correspond; a good many of them are more important in size already. All the hats that Patou showed with his daytime models were bigger; some had distinctly wide brims, others widening bunches over the ear. The dipping brim in the back, the "sou'wester" line, is quite conspicuous in the first spring millinery, probably to take care of growing hair. Talbot has an amusing conceit, illustrated on page 104; little curls added to the hat in the back, which change a blonde into a brunette in a twinkling. Reboux tried this last autumn, but it was a fashion born to blush unseen outside her salons.

After waist-lines and skirt lengths, the thing that interested me most in the collections was the enormous variety of materials. Their motto seems to be "anything goes." I mentioned, in the discussion of fabrics in February, the tendency of woollens to be light and thin, and that of silks for the daytime to be crisper and firmer. This holds true in general, many collections showing daytime frocks of tussore, twill, cravat silk, silk shirting, and even of taffeta. In woollens, the jerseys take an enormously important place, jerseys of every conceivable type, tweed-jerseys, some of them perfectly imitating real Scotch tweeds, so that you have to look closely at them to see that they are jersey; plain, striped, printed jersey; djersaplume, and many varieties of openwork weave looking like crochet work; silk jersey, often the wide striped sort that Rodier calls Djersasoie; at Chanel's (Continued on page 95)



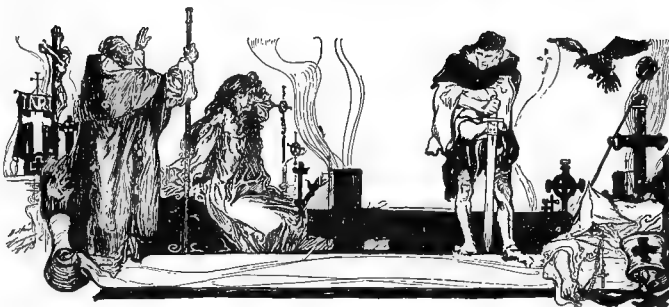
THE NECKLACE

By THEODOSIA GARRISON

IN THE Queen's garden were a thousand roses blowing,
She leaned on the low wall to watch the fountains flowing.
She was such a pretty Queen, like a golden feather,
She picked the reddest roses there, she bound them all together,
She made herself a necklace of the red, red roses,
All about her soft throat among the garden closes,
She bent back her white throat, she poised her lovely head.
"Now saw you ever the like before of that, my lord?" she said.
(All about the Queen's throat a necklace all of red.)



Pressed about the scaffold the wild crowd was swaying,
Howling women, snarling men, a mad-man praying.
She was such a little Queen who gained the scaffold's height,
Standing there shoulder-straight, as any soldier might.
Came a sudden silence like a hot, black cloud;
Then a brawny arm that held a white pearl to the crowd.
In the Queen's garden the roses all are dead,
"Now, saw you ever the like before of that, my lord?" she said
(All about the Queen's neck a necklace all of red.)





DŒUILLET-DOUCET

DŒUILLET-DOUCET

From the house of Dœuillet-Doucet comes a very effective new idea for evening wear, the addition of a perfectly straight coat, heavily beaded and spangled, to a chiffon frock of a matching color. This ensemble may be obtained in black or in bright red. It is another example of the flair for luxury in dress which characterizes the new collections of the spring season.

Dated 1929 is this charming version of the black chiffon frock, which also is advanced by Dœuillet-Doucet. The soft frills of the skirt mount in the back to the left hip, there meeting the exquisite drapery which falls from the shoulder. The bodice is fitted, and the uneven hem-line is continued in this newest exemplification of chic. The silhouette is animated.

a new jersey for evening that she calls jersey-tulle, as fine and thin as a real tulle, but falling in limp, wispy folds without stiffness. Real tweeds, some colorful, some neutral; speckled, mixed; some hard and firm as a man's material, some soft and open in weave. Some diagonal. Then all sorts of woollens in all sorts of weaves, crêpey, very sheer like étamine or wool voile, basket-worked, soft-surfaced. A good many coats in thin smooth broadcloth. In nearly all collections where there are tailleurs, dark close material with a white speck has been used.

For afternoons quantities of ensembles, with woolen coats and silk frocks, and often all silk. The crêpe de Chine coat will be very good; Jane Régné tailors it exactly as if it were wool. Many houses are making use of the little jacket as a complement to a print frock, instead of a coat. This is a hot weather fashion, of course. Louiseboulanger shows a little jacket with almost every frock of printed crêpe. Sometimes she likes the novel effect of a slim straight jumper, belted at the top of the hip, with a little jacket that stops well above it. Capelets are also seen. Chanel's print frocks in crêpe and chiffon are frequently cut with a frill round the neck, that broadens over the arms into little cap sleeves, and makes a deep pelerine collar in the back. Jackets with evening gowns are everywhere, sometimes matching, sometimes of printed chiffon with a plain gown, or of some quite different material, or beaded or embroidered when the gown is plain. This fashion has entered into the dress scheme of the smart woman, and she would be loath to relinquish it.

There is no getting away from the plain coat lined with print, with a printed frock to match. Prints are rampant, though there are a great many one-color ensembles with frocks of plain crêpe as well. Some houses have used prints very cleverly. Vionnet makes the top part of a blouse and part of the sleeves of print, the rest of the frock and the coat of plain; Goupy has done some charming plain crêpe frocks with little jackets of print that any woman would like to wear. The most amusing use of prints is in Premet's surprise dresses. I am describing them in the "high lights" from individual collections at the end of this article.

AS predicted in Harper's Bazar, most designs in printed crêpes are small, many tiny; while in chiffons—and printed chiffons are used in thousands of meters—the design is apt to be large and showy. Some houses like their printed color schemes very restrained and neutral; others incline to the pastel combinations; others rejoice in the frankly gay colors, and the silk houses have provided liberally for all tastes.

Evening fabrics continue to show the present favorites. You may choose a crisp, firm material, faille, heavy satin, taffeta, sometimes moire; a medium material like crêpe satin, crêpe de Chine, georgette, a lace with thick patterns; or the fragile weaves, chiffon, printed or plain, soufflé de soie (the thinnest sort of chiffon), tulle, or the fine laces. Several houses (Chanel, Maggy Rouff, Chéruit, et cetera) have made good use of mousseline appretée, or starched chiffon. During the winter, in Paris, satin certainly diminished in popularity, and the palm went to dull-surfaced materials. However, at St. Moritz I saw satin worn by some of the most distinguished women, in black, white, and pale colors. It fairly rivaled the popular crêpe de Chine. In the collections, some of



SUZANNE TALBOT

This lovely gown in black crêpe satin was made by Suzanne Talbot for Madame Henri Labourdette, who wears it with her lovely Cartier necklace of coral, turquoise, onyx, and diamond points, worn with the pendant in the back. The lines of the dress, cascading in tiers all the way to the floor in the back, are extremely graceful, and regal in effect. The drapery across the shoulders gives an added smartness.

the most famous houses have used it for evening, though to a lesser extent than last year.

The only material that is missing in evening gowns seems to be velvet, and that is well represented in evening wraps, but seldom in the stiff varieties. I am glad to see that the lovely lamé chiffons and gauzes are slowly coming into their own. Many designers have used that charming one from Bianchini which shows a tiny silver or gold lily-of-the-valley blossom on black, dark blue, or white voile, ciré to make it as shiny as the spangles that it was designed to imitate. Worth, for one, has used Coudurier's miracle of weaving, a chiffon lamé showing large brilliantly colored printed flowers, each blossom outlined in a gold lamé-line, as if it had been traced round with a brush. Stiff materials are also touched with gold, gold dots of different sizes sprinkled on black taffeta for example, shown in the model from Lenief on page 99.

The all-over beaded, spangled, or jeweled evening gown is not neglected. Augustabernard shows several; one in crow-blue, the chiffon surface almost covered with iridescent tube beads, leaving a zigzag line of the plain running down the back and front of the slender gown; another in all-over jet tubes used horizontally. Lelong has a gown entirely jetted with tubes, sewn on by one end, so that the effect is like jet fur. Molyneux puts diamanté tracery all over white satin.

MANY houses use embroidered tulle. Vionnet has a lovely gown in black tulle, with fitted bodice and full, long skirt, embroidered with green silk leaves scattered haphazard over it. Worth beads coral tulle with massed coral beads in circular design, and shows a darkest blue chiffon, the skirt striped with long lines of silver crystal tubes, like slanting rain. Everyone must have heard of the Chanel spangled evening costumes, exactly like sports clothes. Imagine a short skirt, belted blouse, and cardigan of massed shiny black spangles, with a fan to match. Or a straight sports coat of scarlet spangles, with a skirt and blouse. She has others entirely spangled, gowns with tiered skirts, one in spiral tiers of brilliant Irish green. All have scarfs to match. Chéruit has a straight short skirt and sleeveless jumper of black spangles, with a chiffon jacket bordered with spangles over it.

Lanvin does an entire gown in diamonds of black and white spangles, with a long black chiffon end on one side of the skirt and a long white one on the other. She also uses strass on black taffeta in a design like broken spider webs. On the opposite page there is an ensemble from Dœuillet-Doucet of which the chiffon coat, straight and simple as a sports model, is entirely covered with spangles and beads in the same color. This coat is worn over a chiffon frock, and the effect of the heavily hanging, glittering coat over the soft, plain, frilled gown is novel and charming. I might go on with this list indefinitely.

Many houses have taken advantage of the fact that two materials are often patterned with the same design. There is an example from Lucile Paray on page 101.

Linen and cotton are not neglected. There are linen models from London Trades and Schiaparelli on page 98, and Rodier's printed cottons are shown as used by Mary Nowitzky on page 103. The latter has had a new idea, which she calls "Garden Dresses." Visiting the Riviera, last summer, she was struck by the contrast between the rich



DRECOLL-BEER

formal surroundings of the private swimming pools, and the simplicity and informality of the bathing suits and pyjamas worn by their visitors. So she imagined big full skirts of printed cotton that may be slipped on over a swimming maillot, and taken off just as easily. Charles Martin has illustrated them, with Jane Régný's best bathing suits on the opposite page, some of them with coats of cotton, or of her special white linen printed with masses of yacht pennants in bright scarlet, blue, and yellow. Beach costumes are so important a part of the smart woman's equipment that the greatest houses are paying great attention to them. I shall show you some others in a later issue. Schiaparelli has had the amusing idea of using real tattoo designs, which she collected from a master of this art, on tricot bathing suits. One may have any conceit that one fancies, or choose one of the classic patterns that have been sacred to deep-sea sailors until now. Chantal is showing a special little collection of bathing suits and pyjamas, after her regular collection. Her ideas of color and the use of material are always original.

Color is an all-important question at this moment. The first thing to say about it is that black persists in spite of all the dyers' art. Some collections are black from beginning to end, especially Patou's. I noticed at St. Moritz, where one has the opportunity to see many socially important women under the roof of the Palace Hotel, that when women wore their "best" gowns to a big private dinner or a special gala, nine times out of ten they were black. I also remarked that these black gowns had to be real creations, or they looked dowdy. Black can be wonderful, and often is, or it can look like the economical resource of the impoverished, as, alas, it often does also. Black and white combinations are legion. They have even invaded the realm of sports clothes. Lelong, who likes to show his sports ensemble in groups of three in three color schemes, always includes one black and white one in the group.

Navy blue also persists with remarkable tenacity, and combinations of navy and white, navy and grège, navy and another blue are met with everywhere. Beige and brown is still a favorite combination, while some houses keep the light beige, putty and café au lait, well to the fore. Few use browns for evening;

Drecoll-Beer have a lovely afternoon gown of the draped type, soft and feminine, in black crêpe satin. The scarf, an important feature of the dress, is of chartreuse satin on one side, black on the other. The hem-line is uneven, as it often is for afternoon this season.

A novel silhouette, recalling the modes of 1870-80, just before the busle became enormous, has been evolved by Premet this season. It is done in brown cravatte silk speckled with white. The closely fitted bodice buttons up the back, and the collar and cuffs are white organdie.



PREMET



REDFERN

REDFERN

An attractive costume for a summer reception is this ensemble from Redfern, consisting of a gown and knee-length coat in a printed chiffon of bold design in black, white and gray. The coat is bordered with gray-beige fox, and has a narrow matching scarf collar.

Tussore is one of the most popular of the materials of the new collections. Redfern has used it in this exceedingly smart ensemble in an unbleached ecru color. The coat is attractively trimmed with black gaillac, and the gown is plain black and ecru tussore.



LONDON TRADES

A charming summer sports ensemble has been fashioned by London Trades by the use of rose, white and printed rose and white linen. The pattern is large daisies in two shades of rose on a white ground. The jacket is rose, lined with the print.

For the jacket of this sports costume, Schiaparelli has used white cheviot with a large black line check; for the skirt the same cheviot without the black line. The skirt is mounted over the white jersey blouse with a band of wool tricot.

Also from Schiaparelli is this blouse and skirt in China-blue linen. The blouse is tucked at the neck and wrists to fit. Appliqued on it is an anchor in white linen. The skirt is stitched at the top to give a slim look, and is plaited below.

but Molyneux still likes them. Grays are represented, but nothing like in the same quantity.

Red is important still, more for evening, perhaps, than for the daytime. Red and blue are often combined. Goupy has a red and blue collection. Worth has a clear, fresh color scheme, which he declares he took from yacht pennants. He likes to use red, blue and white, or red, green and white together. Yellow is a comer; some collections make a great deal of it, others neglect it strangely. The greens appear more often in mixed tones than straight. The yellow-greens, with their attractive names, tilleul, absinthe, chartreuse, pistache, Nile, are well represented.

Some collections seem almost entirely blue. Talbot uses many shades; Lelong blends green and blue into colors that you can hardly name. He loves a pale greenish-yellow that is exactly the color of some white Burgundies. You find pink when you look for it. Lanvin's collection is almost all black and white, except when it is purple. Louiseboulanger's daytime models seem, as I recollect them, to be almost all red or beige, or both together. I must not forget Patou's three new nasturtium shades, which he uses for models for all times of day. The combinations of yellows and oranges, which I called "autumnal" in the fabric number, appear quite frequently, especially in printed chiffons.

The list, as you see, is a very full one. White we have always with us, and later on, we shall have quantities of white in the daytime touched with bright color and often with black or brown. Chantal is famous for her odd color combina-

SCHIAPARELLI



tions. This year, she has composed evening gowns in chiffon that look like great bouquets of flowers. One is in pinks and reds, flesh, Chantal pink, scarlet, and mulberry, like a bunch of carnations. Another is in all the yellow and orange tones that nasturtiums grow in.

Checks were listed for popularity, to replace polka-dots. They might perhaps have done so, had the polka-dots effaced themselves; but they are still with us, often in several sizes used together. One might expect striped fabrics to be due for a revival after all this time, and Chanel has done all she can to assist their coming. Many of her jerseys are striped diagonally in three colors, and she uses a widely striped café au lait print over and over again, always horizontally. Worth has a series of little striped shirting silk frocks, very trim and simple, in red and white, blue and white, and black and white, like old-fashioned shirt-waist dresses.

As to details of workmanship and trimming, there are few worth noting. We are still of the opinion that too many tricks spoil the cloth. Some houses have used ruches, Lanvin, Redfern, Jenny, et cetera. Chanel has a special way of her own of making ruches out of the flowers of printed chiffon. She cuts them out and masses them together to form edges for tiered skirts and for scarfs. She also likes to cut the blossoms out of a chiffon print and use them in rows on the edges of her printed gowns. Some designers are still strong for applications and incrustations. Lanvin's collection might be labeled "patchwork," for she loves to cut out motifs and apply them to dresses, coats, and jackets.

LENIEF



MAGGY ROUFF

An unusual summer evening ensemble in printed and plain chiffon comes from Maggy Rouff. The print is a bold one, large flowers in shades of pink and green on a dark blue ground. The cape may be worn in several different ways.

Very amusing is this Lenief evening gown in black taffeta broché with golden dots of unequal size. Several houses have used this material. This gown is built on slim lines, with a large pouf at one side, ending in a long pointed drape.

Lenief makes a lovely evening gown in black crêpe de Chine and black chiffon. The very important girdle is embroidered in strass. On one shoulder is a large flower in black chiffon. The skirt dips all the way to the floor in the back.



GOUPEY

BERNARD et CIE

Many types of satin appear in the spring collections, particularly for evening wear. The material of this Goupy gown is a very heavy satin, of all silk, and the kind that "stands alone." The unusual color scheme is tilleul green and mulberry. The gown is of the tilleul satin, and the large bow at the side is of mulberry faille. The bodice is closely fitted in the manner which we find in many collections, replacing the vague soft flowing lines of the last few seasons.

Spain, and particularly Andalusia, has inspired many of the new evening gowns, and especially this one, from Bernard et Cie, which is called "Andalouse." Its skirt is made entirely of black lace frills, trailing slightly in the back, like the skirt of the Sevillian Flamenco dancer. The gown is completed by a cape of black tulle, bordered with frills of the same. Red roses are worn pinned to the corsage. The cape is not drawn in order not to confuse the sketch.

Whole models are made of oblong or square patches appliquéd to a thin base, making a fabric.

Another favorite detail is the lingerie collar and cuffs. All the houses use them. Chanel puts starched white linen collars of the Eton variety even on her prints. Schiaparelli adds a huge organdie cravatte, with rounded tucked ends, to print frocks, a gray one on a black and white striped print, for example.

AS TO costume jewelry, it is still interesting to the creators. The most striking example of jewelry applied to gowns, however, is found at Ardane. The gown is photographed by Baron de Meyer on page 75. This is one of the most extraordinary models that ever came out of a Paris house, and the reason is that it is worth two million francs. Eighty thousand dollars is a good price for a gown in any country. It is made of gold lace, and in the front is a most remarkable butterfly, entirely made of real diamonds, emeralds, rubies and sapphires, by Ostertag. Mistinguett is the proud possessor of this model, which she will wear on her coming world tour. It vividly recalls the times of the

Medici, when Catherine's bridal robes were sewn with stones worth thousands, and the pickings after a ball must have been worth having. Examples of some of the best costume jewelry are shown on pages 104 and 105, drawn by Dynevor Rhys. Louiseboulanger has some delightful necklaces made of twisted strands of wooden beads and exotic seeds, fastened with lumps of gold. Chanel has an endless variety.

We are going to wear scarfs as much as ever, judging by the collections, some of them examples of bright patchwork in different colors.

It is quite new to show the models with gloves. Worth's mannequins all wore a new glove made of chamois, with a fluted gauntlet, buttoned with pearl buttons up the top side of the cuff. Talbot's entire collection, morning, afternoon and evening, was shown with special gloves, made of heavy antelope, in tones of gray beige and brown for the daytime, and in pale shades, such as leaf green with a yellow frock, for afternoon; while for the evening they appeared in gilded leather and black lace! They were all elbow length, more or less wrinkled on the wrist, and looked extremely smart.

As to furs, fluffy collars have the preference

over flat ones. Vionnet trims everything impartially with blue fox, for instance. A pretty example of the use of fox with printed chiffon is from Redfern drawn on page 97. But the furless models far outnumber the furred ones. New is a spotted brown and white fur, used by Vionnet, which I was informed was *nuques de vison*, or mink necks. A little black gaillac and caracul find their way into the collections, but not a great deal. Worth has a new and extremely thin and supple fur used for a coat and a short jacket, and called "agneau lisse." It is an unborn lamb, and looks like a satiny moire. Patou has revived black monkey on some black ensembles. New is a printed leather, the designs copied from woolen weaves and jerseys, called "Tannan leather," which is both washable and waterproof. Jenny and Bernard have used it.

THERE are always certain changes to chronicle. This year, the principal one was the installation of Madame Besançon de Wagner in the house of Rouff, under the name of Maggy Rouff. Rouff is an old-established lingerie house which has moved from the rue Royale to the former Drecol mansion on the Champs Elysées, while

for APRIL 1929

One of the features of the silk collections was the appearance of two different weaves of material with the same design. Many of the designers have taken advantage of this to make delightful summer ensembles, of which this Lucile Paray frock is an excellent example. The wrap is of black and silver thin lamé, and the frock is of chiffon, printed with the same design in black and white. It has the continued trailing panels in the back, which seem as widely popular as ever.

This gown from Yteb is in a broché georgette, a material which is at last coming into its own for summer evenings. For years the silk houses have been making lovely lamé chiffons, gauzes and georgettes, but none of the designers have made great use of them. This year, several houses are using them for evening gowns and ensembles, at the same time rich and light. This one is black, with a gold design, used simply as so bold a pattern demands.



YTEB

LUCILE PARAY

Drecoll, of course, has combined with Beer in the Place Vendôme. Monsieur Lenief, long the designer at the house that bears his name, has opened a new establishment of his own on the rue d'Astorg, which is charmingly decorated in modern style, forming a neutral background for the models. His premises are small, and the fitting-rooms show an ingenious novelty. They look like flat mirrors, but these mirrors pull out from the wall, bringing curtains of heavy unbleached linen with them, that run on sliding runners, and form a little square fitting-room. The trick reminds one of an accordion. The house of Lenief on the rue St. Honoré continues to be conducted by the Baronne Fouquier, who designs all the models, under the name of Marie-Georgette.

Now for a few high lights on individual collections. Baron de Meyer has described his impressions of a good number of the collections in his usual personal way. Technical summaries of all the most important showings have been furnished to the Trade Service, and those interested will certainly be welcome to information in further detail on any one of them. But this article would spread until it filled the

magazine if I tried to describe minutely all the thirty-four collections that I myself have seen. The high lights of many of them are photographed and drawn on these pages.

WORTH

A HIGH light on the rich and extraordinarily varied Worth collection is the principle of cutting material "on the straight." Circular sections of all sorts have been replaced by straight hanging materials, the fulness achieved by plaits or gathers. This gives a very new look, even to the stereotyped long paneled evening gowns. Another high light is Monsieur Jean Charles' belief in trousers for women. He shows a long series of pyjamas and culotte dresses of many different types, for the yacht (white flannel trousers, striped sleeveless pull-overs and double breasted jackets of navy blue flannel), pyjamas for the bedroom, for the beach, for tea, for informal dinners, and for the cocktail hour. Some of the latter look at a little distance like very long chiffon dresses with angel sleeves. Baron de Meyer has photographed the prettiest of them. Certainly, wearing these

at the cocktail hour, a woman might exploit her infinite variety. The culotte dresses look like afternoon gowns with skirts somewhat longer in the back. They are often made of crêpe and fine lace, or chiffon and lace. The skirt is plaited in the upper part and divided at about the knee, with a deep transparent hem of lace or of tulle, shorter in the front than in the back. The entire collection strikes a note of youth and of the future which is remarkable in a house of such old-established tradition. A lavish use of glittering ornaments is a distinguishing note. Many boleros, as short as a Spanish one, done in jewels or strass on evening dresses is another.

CHÉRUIT

IMPORTANT enveloping evening scarfs that are almost evening wraps, continue to be a feature of Madame Wormser's collection, remarkable for great variety and individuality, as always. A Chéruit gown bears its own signature, and is never to be mistaken for the work of any other designer. These scarfs are made of golden tissue, or of two materials combined, such as velvet and tulle, or (Continued on page 189)



JANE RÉGNÝ

GAY COLORS RIDE THE WAVES

Very striking will be the mermaid who appears on the beach in Jane Régný's new bathing suit of red and yellow crêpe de Chine and wool jersey. The trunks under the top part are of yellow jersey, and so is the lower part of the top. The upper part is crêpe de Chine in red and yellow. The belt is of brown braid.

Jane Régný has followed the lines of a man's dressing gown in this beach coat of yellow fine wool jersey. She even buttons it to one side, using large buttons, and belts it high. The suit underneath the coat is a maillot in blue, yellow and brown. The costume gives its wearer a smartly tailored appearance.

One of the most attractive of the Jane Régný beach costumes is this bathing suit and coat. The suit is in two shades of blue wool jersey, and triangular designs are appliquéd all over it. The coat is in white linen printed with yacht pennants in red, blue and yellow, a special fabric reserved for Jane Régný's use.



MARY NOWITZKY

BEACHES YIELD TO THE BIZARRE

Here is one of Mary Nowitzky's new "garden dresses," big skirts of printed linen or cotton from Rodier, worn over maillots. This one has a maillot in pale green wool jersey, and the skirt is in Rodier's linen, white ground, with a design of flowers in red, blue and green. The hat is in white straw with a red ribbon.

Mary Nowitzky makes an amusing pyjama in natural colored tussore. The wide trousers are piped with orange in stripes. The jacket is also piped with orange, matching the waistcoat in orange tussore, which is piped with the natural color, and buttoned up the front. The hat is stitched to make it take a square form.

Typical of Mary Nowitzky is this costume consisting of a maillot in black wool jersey, with wide pyjama trousers of Rodier's printed cotton, an odd red, printed in green, black and mauve. The sash belt is in spinach green, matching the coarse green straw hat. A long-handled cotton parasol goes with the costume.

THE FRENCH COLLECTIONS REVEAL NOVELTIES

SCHIAPARELLI

SUZANNE
TALBOT

Schiaparelli suggests a collarette of white caracul lined with black moire, the high line of the back framing the face. It is especially designed to wear with tailleurs, to replace the fox if something lighter is required.

Suzanne Talbot, a creator of much originality, is showing this bonnet-like poke shape in her spring collection. The veil over the face and rows of little curls across the back of the hat are indications of a most feminine mode.

Very new and so practical that every woman will want it, is this device of Baronne Fouquier—a purse-pocket with a metal mounting inside the facing of a coat. In the buttonhole of her tailleurs she places a tuft of feathers.

Lanvin completes many chiffon gowns with necklaces of beads closely studded with colored strass, from which depend wisps of matching tulle, giving movement to the silhouette and lending a new interest to costume jewelry.

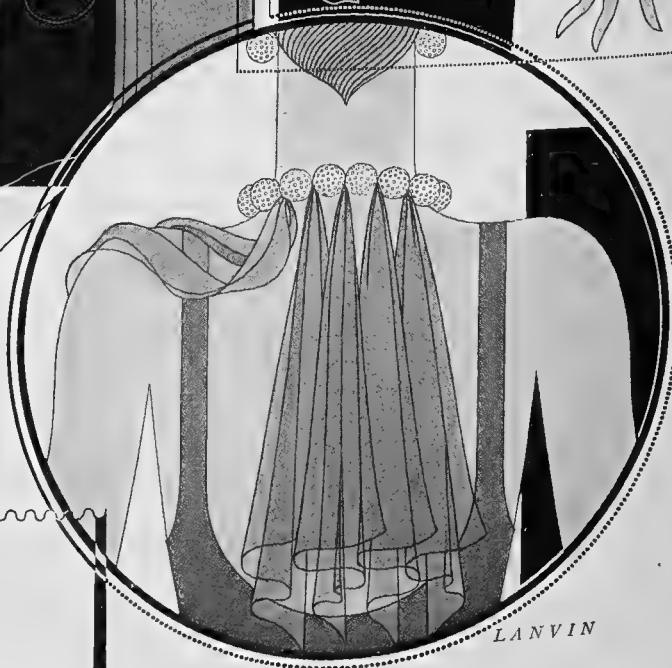
VIONNET

A very new bag is this one in blue pin-seal, like a half circle in design opening under a clasp in the form of a large silver ball. Both size and shape are extremely chic.

An entirely new note is this set of bell, bracelet and necklace that Patou is showing with a chiffon gown, with jointed plaques of gold set with dots of black onyx of varying sizes.

LENIEF

PATO



LANVIN

for APRIL 1929

VARIOUS TRIFLING DETAILS OF IMPORTANCE

MARY NOWITZKY

To wear with her pyjamas, Mary Nowitzky designs a mule that won't flap at the heel, in chintz, toile cirée or raffia, with trimming and strap the same color as the pyjamas.

Suzanne Talbot shows gloves of antelope to the elbow, in neutral browns, creams and grays for morning wear, pale colors for afternoon, and gilded leather for evening.

WORTH

SUZANNE TALBOT

LELONG

NICOLE GROULT

PREMET

A necklace to wear with sports clothes or tailleurs, achieves a new effect in jewelry. It consists of silver or gold plaques, strung on heavy cord of navy blue or red, according to the color scheme one wishes to carry out.

Nicole Groult, one of the very clever French designers, makes a turban of crin and adds a flaring, removable brim of the same material when she wants to transform it into a cape-line hat. The brim gives the off-the-face line.

On a printed frock Worth puts a scarf made of graduated stripes of the same colors that appear on the print, arranging it in a novel way. It is held on the left shoulder with a silver ring through which the end is loosely pulled.

Premet has revived the square neck-line for evening gowns, giving a totally different aspect to the new things. On this frock of leaf-green she marks the corners with two star-like ornaments of oblong emeralds and diamonds.



Sheril Schell

Tin Pan Alley in the old eighteenth-century portion of St. George's, the former capital of Bermuda.

THOUGH there is no record that Tennyson ever visited Bermuda, though the terrain of his "The Lotus-Eaters" is as dissimilar to Bermuda as may be, he has immortalized the special appeal of the place in one glittering phrase:

... they came unto a land
In which it seemed always afternoon.

Bermuda is the Age of Innocence, on a spring afternoon, with all the rôles filled by moderns.

As the steamer threads its tortuous way—and it is nearly that—through the narrow channel and the pervading hush, from the close adjacent shore comes the kloppity-klop of horses' feet, and the tinkle of bicycle bells. Above the Bermuda silence these ring loud. Old darky drivers, old phaetons, old surreys, old victorias, old deferential manners.

And in Hamilton Harbor a 'plane rehearsing Roy McCordell's famous quatrain:

Then up spake an ancient sailor
Who had sailed the Spanish Main:
"We'll save the child, though the night be wild,
With the hydro-aeroplane."

The Government forbids autos, and violates its own ordinances by having three of them. But the trio is unique. All others walk, drive, ride, or bicycle. The walking is so-so. The driving is good. The bicycling is better.

Bermuda is horse mad and bicycle drunk. Retired British Colonels (the make-up is unmistakable) do a dashing ten miles an hour along Burnaby Street, as emphatic a pair before and as point-device a groom behind as ever Newport or Southampton witnessed in the peaceful 'nineties. Resident dowagers, straight out of Edith Wharton, stare stonily out of resplendent victorias. Even Meadows on the box has a high surface polish.

grinning darkies with the motto "Three Shillings a Mile."

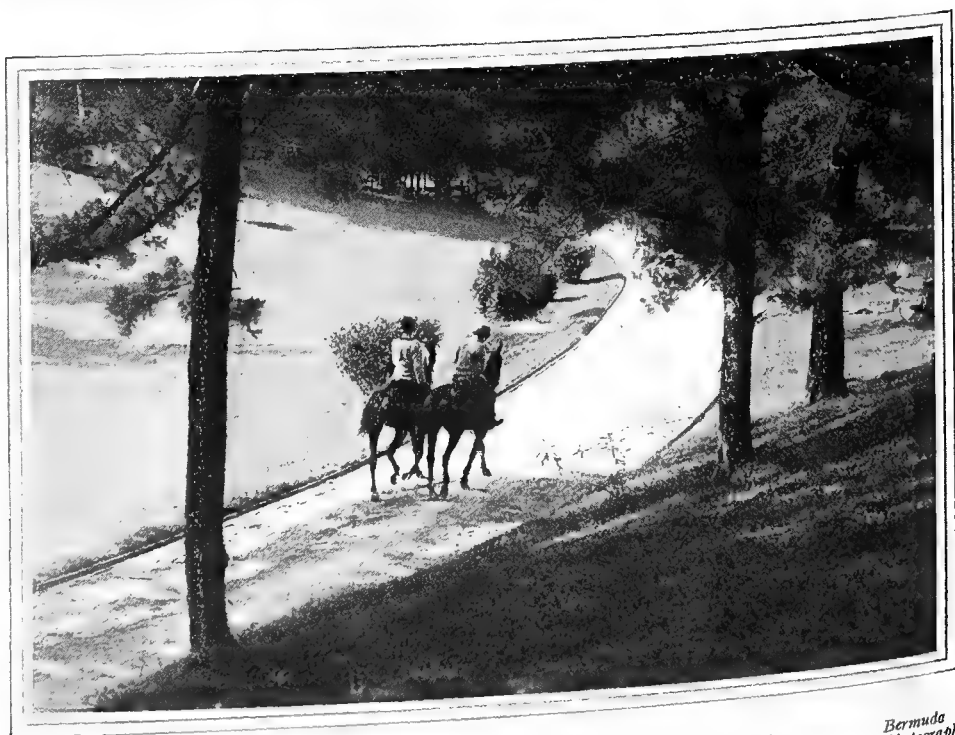
Every resident and most visitors have a bicycle. The bicycle rack is as universal as the hitching-block. The Bermuda streets look like a stage-set for a whiskers and bustle melodrama. There is a sign in front of the Public Library warning that no bicycles are to be parked under the stairway. When I last saw the sign three bicycles were leaning against it.

And the public conveyances. The arms of Bermuda are . . . I forget what. They should be a semi-dilapidated victoria, with a bicycle strapped behind, supported by two

Do you remember when you learned to coast without your hands on the handle-bars? That is a commonplace along Bermuda's coral macadam. Grocery boys wheel along playing harmonicas. Lithe young girls take practice coasts, their air of nonchalance a thought too studied. The more serious generation ride more soberly, everyone from the padre to the policeman.

Bermuda is theatrically colored. The water has the delicious unreal blue of an Urban stage-set. The trees are as green as boiled spinach. The roofs are white and iridescent like a frosted Mazda lamp or a Cooper-Hewitt light.

The roofs rate a paragraph. Built up of thin overlapping slabs of coral, when seen in a landscape they undulate like a wave or the ribbed sea sand. And they are so white they hurt the eye. For which the reason is: There is no



Riding in Bermuda is genuinely a pleasure, as there are no automobiles on the islands except three government-owned trucks.

Bermuda
Photograph
Service

Bermuda has developed a local type of architecture out of coral limestone with characteristic roofs. Below, house dating from 1680, property of Mrs. George N. Smilher. At right a modern bungalow in the Mid-Ocean Club, owned by H. M. Atkinson, of Atlanta, Ga.



F. L. Hamilton

whiteness immaculate as a dinner shirt.

One of Bermuda's undisputed claims to uniqueness is her possession of white policemen.

She is the only British colonial possession in American waters not to rely upon native help. The Bermuda bobby is carved out of the same piece of Northumbrian granite as his London cousin, is eight feet tall and four broad, and wears an official expression. But be not alarmed. Under that blue tunic and blue-and-white arm band beats a heart of gold.

If you want to know anything, from the quickest way to get to the Agricultural Experiment Station to where to rent a bicycle, the nearest policeman knows, and tells, and frequently leads you there.

ground water in Bermuda. All water, potable, kitchen, or bathroom, comes from the clouds and is deflected from roofs into cisterns. The consequent supply is more than ample for Bermuda's needs. The paternal Bermuda Legislature has ordered that all roofs be whitewashed at least twice a year. They are.

Bermuda, generally, is almost ostentatiously clean. Mark Twain, in the crude similes of his "Innocents Abroad" expressed the anguish of his tobacco-chewing sea captain who hesitated about expectorating. There was no place dirty enough for him to use. The roads are of a

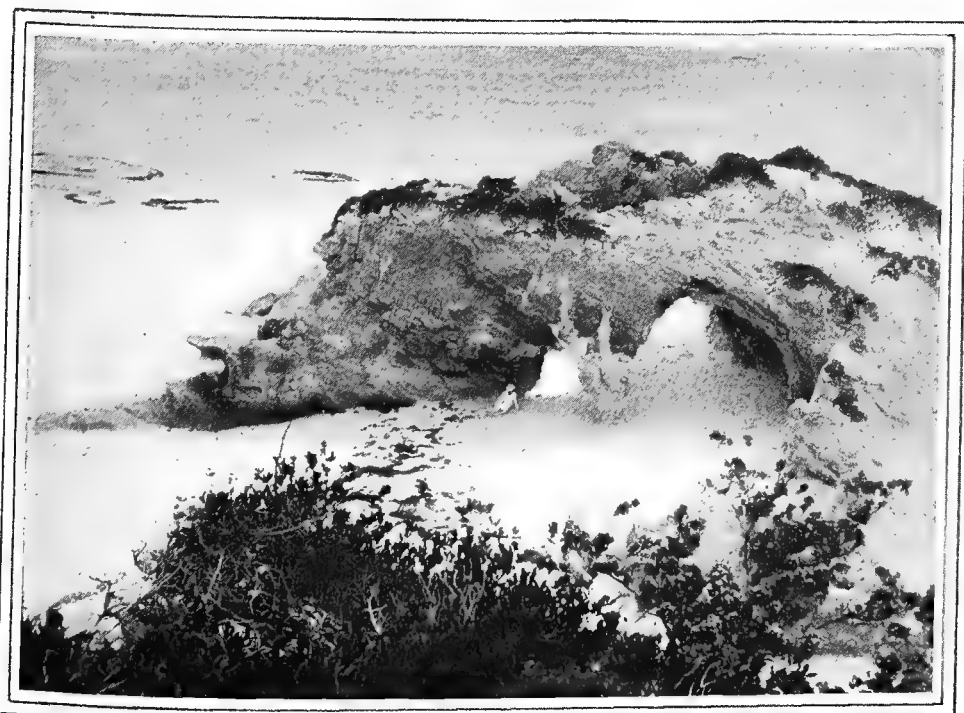
All of which—horses, bicycles, quietness and politeness may be Victorian, but they are not bad, really. They even have charm.

The tourist "sights" have a distinct anti-macassar touch. Consider the pools which are open-air aquaria of native fish. If the late Mr. Wilde was correct, and simple pleasures are the last refuge of the complex, what could be simpler than dangling a bit of meat from a string into the water to watch a maniacal fish come up after it with jaws open back to its tail? One can obtain all the thrill that Mr. Beebe goes to great trouble and great depths to experience. The official fish-namer of The Bermudas has done a rather good job. There is the sergeant major, with a body marked in blue and yellow chevrons, the angel fish whose scale pattern is distinctly contemporary in Matisse pink and Picasso yellow, and the spotted green moray, eight feet of strength and viciousness. One is expected to see the fish in Bermuda.

Consider, next, the Bermuda caves. All caves are much alike. In Kentucky, Italy or New Zealand they look like the interiors of gigantic pipe organs which a tiring creator had first stepped on and then turned into alabaster. They have all the necessary apparatus for comfort in the Bermuda caves including searchlights to help accentuate an alleged profile likeness to George Washington or to shine through a strip of what looks like ten feet of bacon. They are damp and drippy, and robustly sepulchral and lugubrious, in the best what-not manner.

Finally there is a nice lighthouse which may be climbed, if one feels like one hundred and five feet and nine inches. I am told there is a good view from the top.

The climate is reminiscent, too. The kind one had year before last, decade before last. Jam yesterday, and jam to-morrow; but never jam to-day, is the weather rule. Bermuda weather is the jam of yesterday—a spring afternoon gilded by the memory. Not so hot one feels sleepy, not cold enough to demand woollens. The sort of weather that makes a background for doing Victorian things. Bermuda is not tropical. She is only sub-sub-tropical. Her sun is not the brutal sun over the Equator, where it falls upon the (Concluded on page 184)



Bermuda Photograph Service

Bermuda's south shore has marvelous beaches, with spectacular rock formations, soft sand, and warm water for bathing.

A Story by May Edginton:



"Then suddenly he sat quiet
and his heart stood still,
and the sun had set over
his garden. Behind him
he heard his wife's voice."

FATHER

*Does Being a Family Man Mean never Dancing to the
Music of Life When it Pipes?*

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

HE STOOD upon the wide shallow steps that led to his front door, sunning himself in the charming light of a red, rather frosty autumn day. The ends of his trouser legs, beneath his excellently built tweed overcoat, showed perfectly creased; his brown shoes were a credit to the boot boy; his felt hat was very slightly to one side. He had loose rough gloves, for he meant to drive himself, in preference to talking the kind of talk that would be talked on the way to Folkestone and the Splendid Hotel. His cigar was still in his mouth, but ready to be tossed away when the ladies appeared.

The ladies.

He had offered to take his wife away for a bracing week-end, on his return from Vienna and Paris and other places where business—and perhaps pleasure too, but he kept his own counsel courteously over that—had led him during the last three weeks. He would take his wife away, and, of course, the girls.

It had been his wife who had suggested that the curate's sister would like to come too; so she was there, also, in the house behind him, fur-

thering, in some confused way, her preparations for departure; helping his wife, perhaps. She had arrived with a canvas suitcase half an hour ago, and he had greeted her with *bonhomie*, and yet with the private terror with which certain incorrigibly spotless types of womanhood inspired him.

Like all other citizens of his age—in the early fifties—and manner of life and state of prosperity, he desired that such women should exist in large numbers; in fact, that they should preponderate over frailer and more exciting types; it was a mere platitude that it was for the good of the world that they should do so. But equally, with other men of his age, sophistication, discretion, knowledge, wealth and resources, he could never enjoy himself in their company.

A good cigar. The ladies might possibly linger over those early teacups for a minute or so yet. There was plenty of time. The plan was to be at the Splendid Hotel in comfortable time for dinner.

He would give them champagne, he mused.

The big closed car rolled silently to the steps, to his very feet. Atkinson, the chauffeur, a perfect fellow who knew him in other incarnations and said nothing, had arranged the luggage. All waited for the ladies.

The garden, sloping in terraces to the two hard red tennis courts, looked well. The dahlias were surprising. A last blooming of roses was wonderful and sad like the end of an episode of summer.

But summer came again . . . It was a beautiful garden; the best in South Winslow, a suburb of beautiful gardens, and rich citizens. He could see the great masses of his Michaelmas daisies; and in his many glass-houses the chrysanthemums were already forcing into flower. And beyond the garden undulated a wide expanse of the gentle hill-and-dale of Surrey countryside. Yes; a delightful home; a home that no one, man or woman, would relinquish without a pang; without a sigh. His wife was very proud of their home. She never said so; but, of course, he knew it.

He found that he knew to a sad, surprising,

amusing extent the shrewd valuations of women for externals.

Rosamund . . . Did he really think she loved his bald head; his wise pink face; his portly figure? The whole elderly-gentlemanliness of him? No. He knew better. He could have wished that she had loved him for himself alone. But he knew better.

He was satisfied that she had pretended nicely.

It had been pleasurable, buying her that superbly extravagant *tailleur* in Vienna; it had looked marvelous on her lithe figure. They said that Viennese tailors, for women, were the best in the world, and begor, they were!

The butler passed him, carrying one or two ladies' umbrellas.

"Father!"

His wife's voice had a pleasant, bustling quality. She managed him beautifully, her

demeanor indicated to her daughters and Miss Light, as they followed her down the steps.

The cigar went.

He smiled; courteous, engaging, fat, pink gentleman.

They were all in, packed there carefully by himself and Mann, the butler, who, unlike Atkinson, knew nothing of his other incarnations, his occupation being of a more static nature. Rugs were spread upon and about them; they were dissatisfied with the arrangements; and then satisfied; they had forgotten several essentials, and Mann went in to fetch them; one of the girls went in to fetch them; Miss Light opined that it would be very nice for him to have a quiet week-end after all his Continental business travels. He had a vague impression of their clothes as being all the same. Of course they were not all the same, but they might as well have been; his wife's, the girls',

and Miss Light's. And yet, the thought passed through his mind as it had passed before, he seemed to have heard recently something that he had heard on other similar occasions, that the girls must have new things for this week-end in an hotel. Well, where were the new things? Were those the ones, just like the old things as far as he could see? "Oh, well," his mind said placidly, "what matter?" The bill would come in, in course of time, over and above their allowances, no doubt, and he would pay it gladly. He didn't mind. He liked giving ladies pleasure. He hoped his ladies were pleased. One couldn't tell from their faces, bearing or clothes, as one could from the Rosamunds of life.

No matter—get going. This was just one of those week-ends that one had to get over. There was a day, after all, called Monday.

"I'll drive, Atkinson." (Continued on page 157)

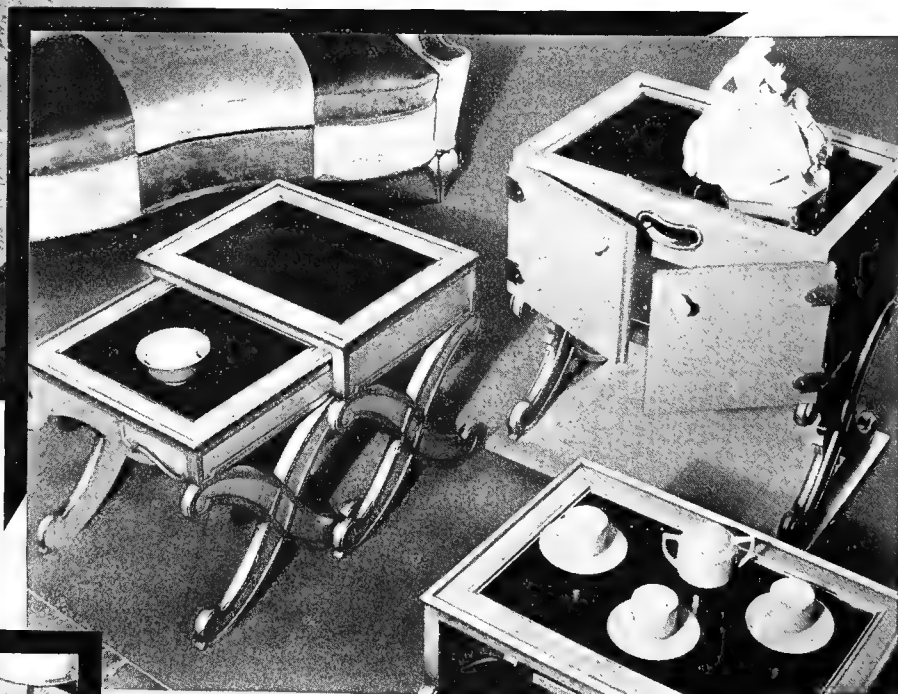


"His wife turned and looked at him. She had a letter, a portrait, in her hand. 'Father, who is this girl?'"



Unforced simplicity and strength were the aims of Ilonka Karasz in this coffee table and smoker's table of South American mahogany, left the natural light brown. The round coffee table has a mirror top of amber glass, the other has edges striped in blue and red. The Karasz silverware is combined with bakelite, the cups are blue glass, the nested ash receivers of copper and nickel. Both tables are close to the floor, sturdy and practical.

Lucian Bernhard has developed compression into a fine art. To him it is the controlling factor in problems of interior design for the city apartment which is rented by the cubic foot. Below is his newest tea-table ensemble. Three separate tables nest into one cabinet, which also contains ample drawer space for a porcelain breakfast or tea service. The wood is painted black and light blue, with silvered edges. The whole is light enough to be easily moved.



Below, at left, a smoking table in American walnut by Wolfgang Hoffman with a lamp in silvered wood by Pola Hoffman. At right, a high, two-tier black wood table with a polished nickel lamp and Viennese ornaments imported by Rena Rosenthal.



TABLES IN THE NEW MANNER

© Contempora

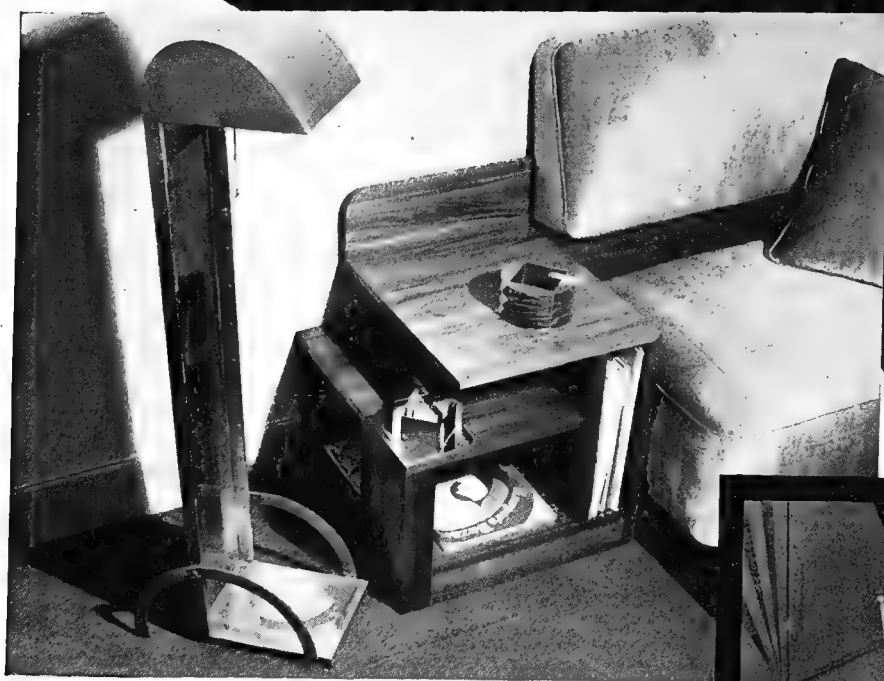
for APRIL 1929

Standard industrial materials, especially the metals, are turned by Donald Deskey into tables, lamps, and smoker's stands. The ends of the table are segments of rustless monel metal piping, the lining and shelving are sheet copper, the top is bakelite. The lamp is brass tubing fitted into a larger tube of monel metal. The small smoker's stand for glasses and cigarettes is a half section of monel metal piping. Deskey designed the rug. Glasses from Benello.

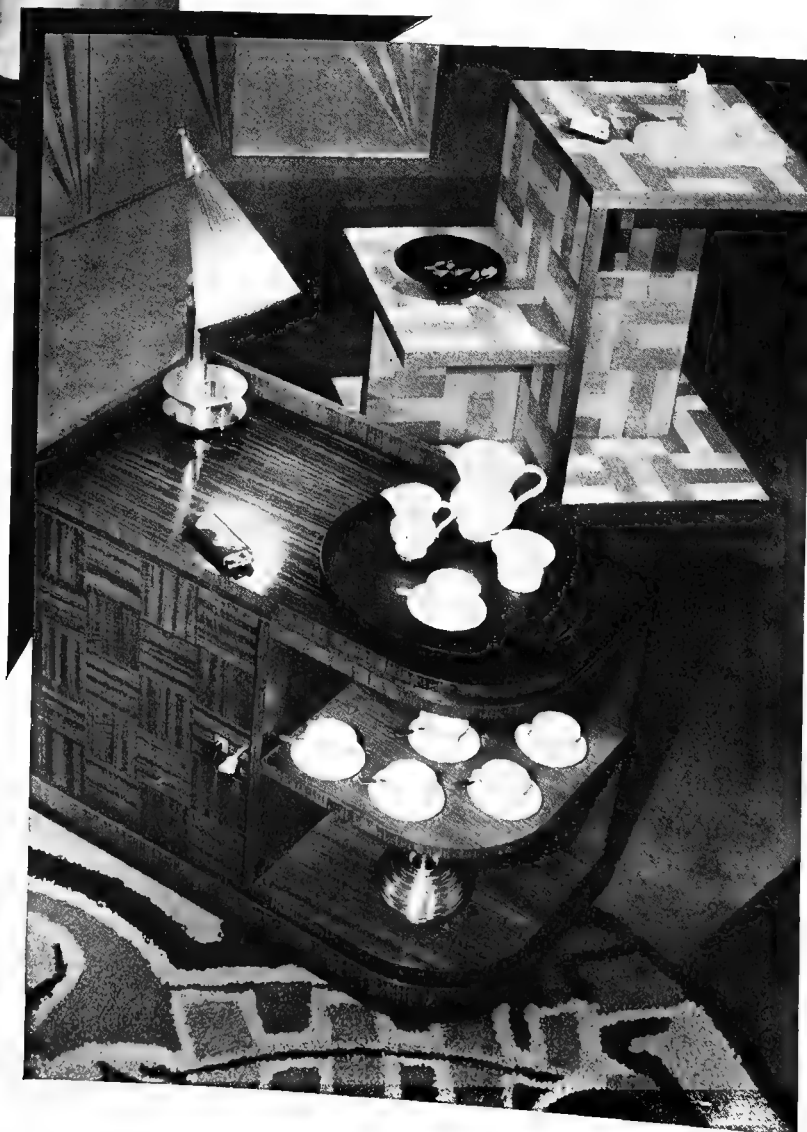
Lescaze also believes in the frank use of standard metals and in stern uncompromising ruggedness of outline. In the group below is one of two end tables designed for Maison Bertie, through whose courtesy it is shown. It is made of figured gumwood, and is appropriate for use beside any sizable couch or divan. The cigarette holder and ash receiver are of polished sheet brass, and the rather exciting floor lamp is of polished nickel with steel arch feet.



At the right, a French side table in white sycamore and mahogany, imported by Frances T. Miller. Macassar ebony forms the top of the other table, the shelves are laurel, and the door French walnut. The coffee set is thin white Nymphenburg china. From Schoen.



On this and on page 186 are shown the table ensembles of thirteen leading creators and assemblers of the contemporary mode in interior decoration. Each was invited to submit his or her most characteristic piece, with appropriate decorative or utilitarian objects. The photographs constitute a fairly accurate cross section of the accomplished result of modernism in occasional tables, from the use of "standard industrial materials" to the modifications of accepted forms in new profiles and proportions. The modern rugs in several photographs are from Frances T. Miller, and are manufactured by Pearson.



Photographed by Ralph Steiner
in the Harper's Bazar Galleries

A Story by Charles Hanson Towne:

MUCH ADIEU ABOUT NOTHING

In which a Lionized English Lecturer learns a New Lesson in American Etiquette

Illustrated by R. M. Crosby

MRS. CARSTERS looked again at the big yellow chrysanthemums banked before the fireplace. She clasped her hands in a sort of ecstasy.

"Just right, Winterbottom," she said to the butler. "That will do nicely."

"Thank you, madam," answered the imperturbable Winterbottom. "Meadows an' I did our best, madam." And he went away.

Mrs. Carsters turned to her daughter.

"It's too lovely!" she exclaimed. "He can stand there; and he will look so distinguished with that background. I'm sure his blond hair will melt into the yellow flowers beautifully,

and his lecture will be all the more wonderful."

"Why, mother, how you do go on!" the perfectly normal and healthy Muriel couldn't help saying.

"It isn't every day we corral such a real celebrity," her mother continued, touching a chrysanthemum with the reverence of an altar-boy lighting a taper. "To think that Harcourt Anstruthers is really to be under our roof! It's too glorious!"

Muriel had heard her mother rave many a time, but never quite like this. After all, who couldn't be induced to come to this Long Island magnificence and speak for a half-hour or so,

among an adoring crowd of females—mostly—when he was certain that a crisp check would be placed delicately in his hands afterwards, and a smart motor would whirl him to the station the next morning?

"It's not so hard to get him, mother dear," Muriel tried to tell her excited parent. "He's doing it only for the money, and—"

"My dear child, you are entirely wrong. He is coming at my personal request. I heard him speak before the Woman's Forum last Monday, and he was so marvelous that I went up and shook hands with him afterward, and—told him about you. Never say again that your mother isn't clever!" And again her jeweled fingers lost themselves in the riot of chrysanthemums.

"Mother! Have you quite lost your reason?" Muriel cried. Her face was crimson. "You can't be serious."

"I am perfectly serious, my child."

"Please don't call me 'my child.' I'm twenty-two, you know."

"Muriel, you are forgetting yourself in this foolish exhibition of anger. I want you to look your best this afternoon."

"Mother!" She could not trust herself to say more, and left the room, her very back expressing the rage she felt.

"Strange," ruminated Mrs. Carsters, as her daughter disappeared upon the marble terrace and looked down at the sunken gardens, where a snow-white swan preened its feathers on the pool. "The young to-day are so unmindful of their opportunities. They are as exasperating as the freight train that gets in the way when one is looking at beautiful scenery." And she gave a last fond touch to the lavish chrysanthemums, decided everything was as artistic as it could be made, and went up to her room, to rest.

Of course Mrs. Carsters did not know it; but Muriel had a note from Jack Tolliver concealed in her bosom all the time she had been with her in the drawing-room. And even the name of the brilliant and handsome English essayist fell flat upon her ears, with Jack's words burning at her heart. She always kept this particular letter of his—it had been written a month ago—because it seemed to her the very nicest letter any girl in the world had ever received from any man. But—and this also her mother did not guess—she and Jack had had a little falling out since that note was written, and with less and less frequency he had driven over in his big yellow racing-car, and the telephone had not jangled as it used to. However, Muriel was not worrying. She knew he still cared for her; and she knew how to manage young men who chafed at the bit; and she

"What a heavenly life you must have here," said Anstruthers. 'It's almost better than Surrey.'"





"Now, sit up and take my medicine, not the lady doctor's," she said. "I'm not in the least alarmed at your condition."

was too proud to send the kind of message to Jack that would have fetched him to the Carsters' postern-gate.

Like all young lovers' misunderstandings, it was the most foolish conceivable; but for either one to admit a wrong would be equally foolish. And so they had remained coolly apart, though warmly yearning for each other, aching to patch matters up and loiter down those primrose paths which only happy youth seems able clairvoyantly to discover. And there were, literally, many primrose paths on the Carsters' vast estate. Hedges were everywhere; and all through an opulent summer Jack and Muriel had found, beyond the marble statues that infested the garden, little by-paths made for lovers, fragrant lanes that dripped with roses and made a heaven of earth in the clean moonlight.

Now, as Muriel leaned over the terrace and watched the placid swan on the equally placid pool, and envied it its peace, she thought of those halcyon evenings. Jack wasn't particularly clever; but he was manly and high-minded, a corking polo-player, and normally interested in his father's banking business in the Street. He couldn't talk art and literature—Muriel loved books; but he could make love delightfully, and he was good to look at, with blond hair that curled tightly and vigorously on a head set just right on a pair of broad American shoulders. And when he looked at her out of those blue eyes—well, she felt the healthy charm of him, just as he gloried in her quiet, appealing personality, and liked to see the sunlight drench her brown hair with gold, and a rebellious lock toss in the breeze when, hatless, she would jump into the machine with

him and watch the polo at Meadowbrook.

He was probably over there now, astride his favorite pony, forgetting her—everything—in the excitement of the best game ever invented. What an easy time men had of it! How many outlets they had for their emotions, and no wonder they thought of love as a thing apart, leaving poor forlorn women to measure it as their whole existence.

HIS train was nine minutes late; and though Harcourt Anstruthers pretended never to think about time, he fussed and fumed, for he was hungry, and something told him that the Carsters would serve a luncheon fit for Lucullus. What fools these rich Americans were, to make so much over second-rate British poets and essayists! One could get anything for a brief lecture—anything, literally, that one asked; and if one were questioned on the necessary detail of money and "rates," one could so conveniently, despite one's secret personal interest, refer the matter to one's agent.

He had made Mrs. Carsters feel that she had captured him very cheaply; then, later, he had forced Deemer, his agent, to write that of course traveling expenses would be extra, and there must be a car to meet the essayist at the station. Everything must be done for his creature comfort; and, naturally, he would expect to stay the night, perhaps longer, for he would be somewhat exhausted after his talk.

Harcourt Anstruthers, rather well-known for his series of essays called "The Stars in Their Courses," (first and second series in limp leather; only fifty-two copies in pigskin, numbered, and autographed by the author) was exceedingly good-looking, and was by no

means unconscious of the fact. His deep-set gray eyes gave him the look of a seer (which he was not), and his romantic nose and chin were exquisitely moulded. Only the mouth betrayed him, that single feature which we ourselves make. His hair was of a curiously yellowish tone, quite abundant and tossed carelessly back from a high forehead that was as white as marble and caused the world to think he was of the intellectuals. As a matter of fact, he had a strangely commonplace mind; and though he loved music, he did not understand it. Emotionally, he responded to Wagner and Liszt and Debussy, and he often left his sheltered Surrey home, where he lived in quiet seclusion alone, to visit the Continent and hear the best symphony orchestras. But for the great part of the year, his green hedges and hawthorn lanes held him in England. The enchantment of "that dear, that blessed isle" never failed him; and it was a wrench to have to leave it in mid-summer to undertake a lecture tour in the States. The acclaim he received quite took his breath away. It must be said to his credit that he had had no idea of his popularity.

The interviewers liked him and were responsible in large measure for his popularity here. He had a way of smiling which won him friends; and he could talk easily and naturally when he wished. He had a point of view that seemed normal, and his appearance was wholesome. He looked romantic, yet robust; and there is nothing Americans like more than sanity in their celebrities.

After a brief preliminary tour through New England, Anstruthers came back to New York. Boston had fallen hard (Continued on page 174)

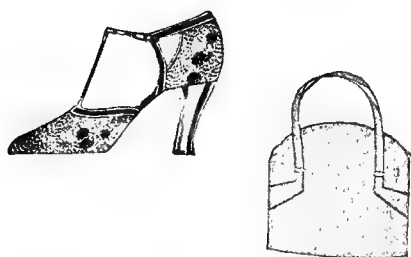
TRAVEL, YE TOURISTS, WHILE YE MAY

BY KATHLEEN HOWARD



Exquisite in color is this pyjama ensemble from Vera Sanville. The trousers and sleeveless blouse are a pale Nile green and the coat a green and gray print.

Saks-Fifth Avenue makes a smart bathing ensemble with shorts and jacket of navy blue jersey. The top and jacket lining are lace jersey in navy, beige and white.



A gray lizard shoe from Delman has gray kid trimming and heel. A good passport bag is made in beige calf by Saks-Fifth Avenue.

THESE pages are planned to show the type of clothes necessary for a small wardrobe for a European trip. Given the types, one may adapt each garment to one's particular taste. All have been chosen with an eye to packing and pressing, those inevitable p's of traveling.

Your lingerie, also, which there has been no space to draw, should be chosen with these ends in view and with a reminder that it must wash well, for laundries wage war on beautiful

undies when one rushes from country to country. Milanese silk is excellent for travel lingerie for this reason, tailored, and with a minimum of trimming. Personally, I always wear crêpe de Chine nightgowns en route; they seem to stand so much wear and they do not crush as much as some materials do.

Then the negligée: The chartreuse one of chiffon has been chosen because it packs into nothing, because you may receive, in it, the



A pale blue silk ensemble from Bergdorf Goodman has a scarf and blouse design in navy and oyster.

for APRIL 1929

bell boy, the waiter and all those chance males of that ilk with whom you deal in hotels. A satin one, perhaps black, or wine red, is better for boat wear, because unless you have a private bath on shipboard, a long draughty hall has usually to be negotiated before you get to that refreshing salt water tub in the ladies' room.

When you are worn out in the evening, and dine in your hotel room, a silk pyjama, such as the Nile green one shown, refreshes you by its beauty and the sense of ease it brings you.

The Chanel suit from Helen Morrison is practical for daily wear because it is neither too heavy nor too light, the color being almost dust and dirt defying. If you come to a warmer climate and don't want your arms to be covered by woolen material, the Chantal suit from Chez Ninon, shown at the right on this page, will let the cooling breezes blow in gratefully, but you will still maintain the trig, tailored appearance every well-dressed woman craves when clamboring endlessly in and out of trains.

If you make a dash to a fashionable beach the sports dress from Bergdorf Goodman will look well under all summer conditions. The thin wool is uncrushable and you will not appear as though you had just been unpacked, bodily.

The tweed coat by Chanel will serve as an excellent extra wrap to wear over any of these suits, or you may slip it over the dark red silk frock from Bendel and be suitably dressed for almost any purpose. The red dress is also good for tea at smart restaurants, those delectable moments of every European trip.

If you are going to Italy and it proves to be a warm summer, a printed silk frock of small, bright design on a black background will stand you in good stead for daily wear.

Silk suits are excellent compromises between elegance and utility. The blue one from Bergdorf Goodman would be admirable in black satin, made of the dull and shiny sides combined. You could vary it with a soft lingerie blouse if you wanted to be very smart.



A useful addition to any travel wardrobe is this Chantal suit from Chez Ninon, made in covert cloth with sleeveless cape coat, and white satin tuck-in blouse.

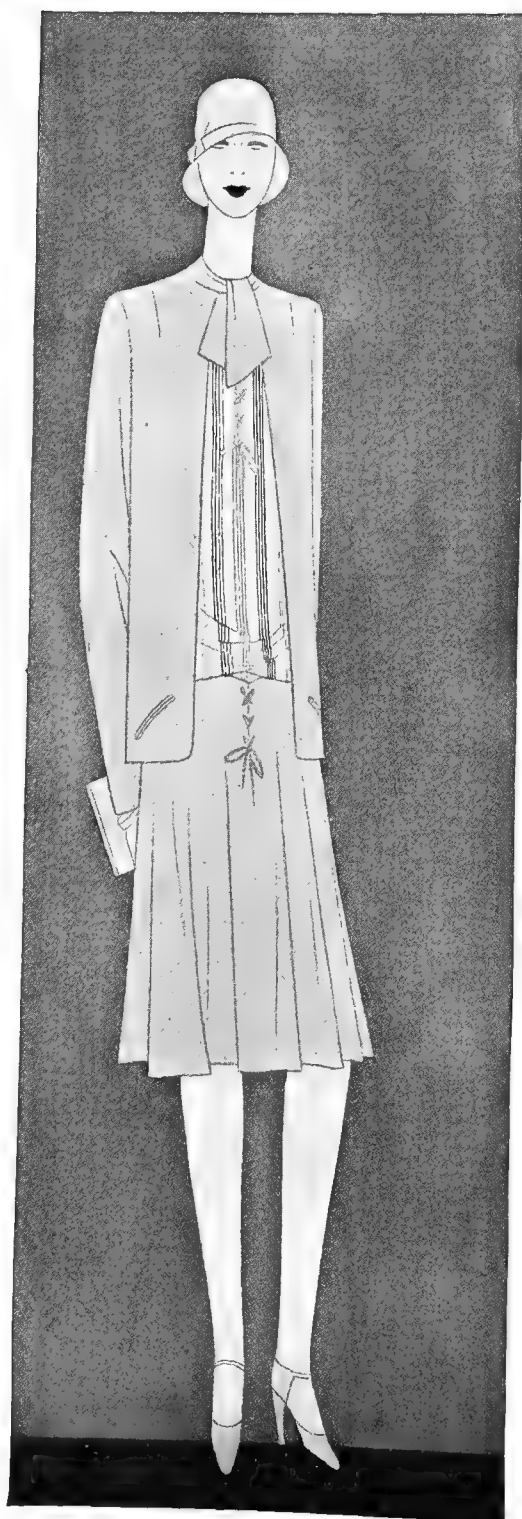
From Bergdorf Goodman comes a sports ensemble with jacket and circular skirt of cream-colored thin wool jersey. The cream silk blouse has green and red stripes.

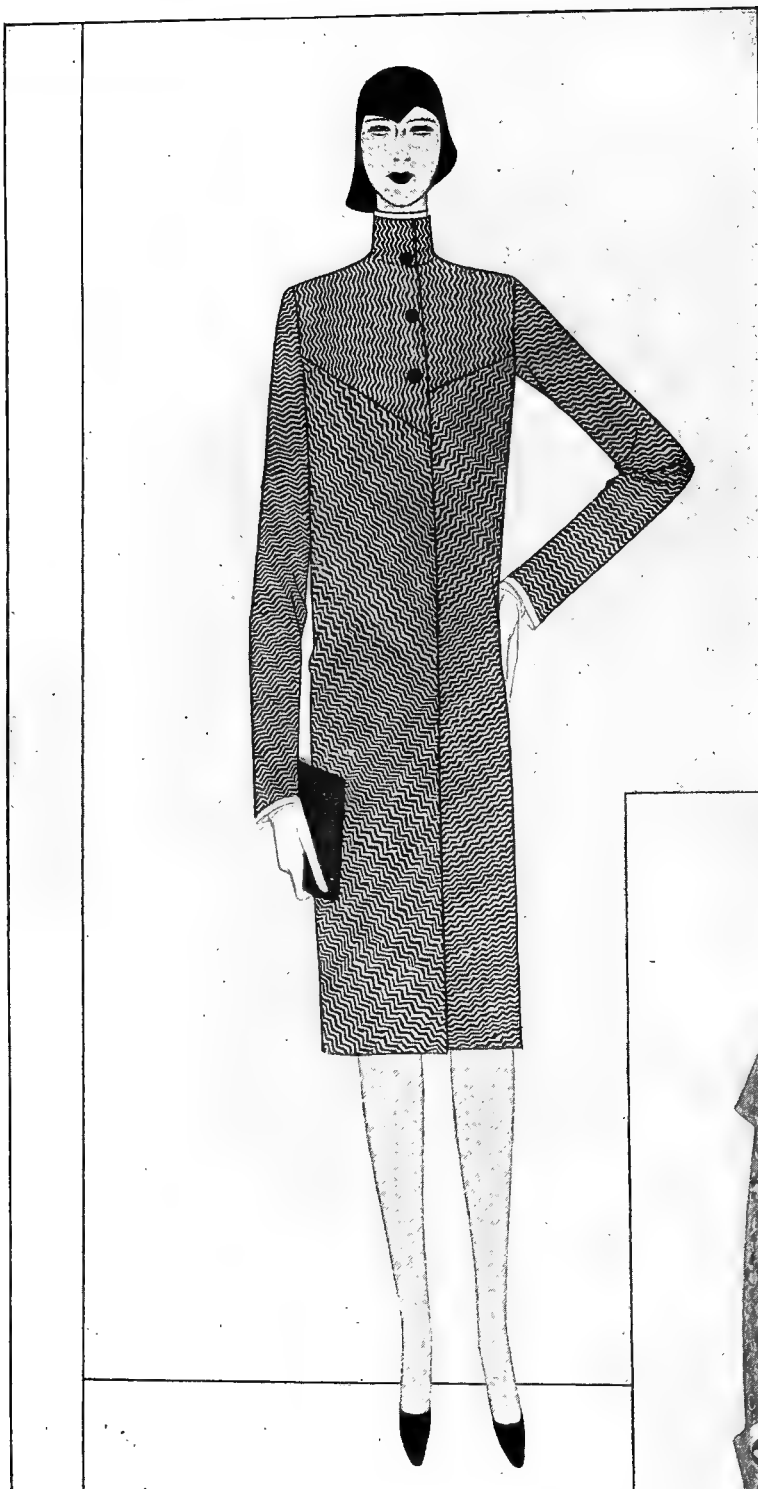


A real comfort on the steamer is the plaid wool Snuggle Rug with zipperfastening. From B. Altman.



Chanel makes a good travel suit in soft gray kasha with a white satin blouse. From Helen Morrison.





For evening I have chosen a material that travels and presses well—satin. It may be had in any shade you prefer and folds well in your trunk. The lamé coat is excellent because evenings may be chilly in Paris or Berlin and the little sable neckpiece will snuggle up warmly to protect you at the slightest coaxing. Lamé travels well, and is better than crushable velvet because of this.

Now for swimming! I have chosen jersey because it is by far the most useful, whether you wade into the ocean at Deauville or dive into the turquoise Mediterranean at Antibes. Have a matching jersey beach coat or cape, if you will. The linen espadrilles are charming and if these wear out you may buy them in quantities in France, for a song.

If you are a tennis woman, you might take some sleeveless frocks of silk piqué in yellow or off-white, and a sweater or two. Dark, rich brown, or navy blue go with everything and always look well.

Endless variations of these suggestions will, of course, occur to you.

The new rug, if you care to travel with your own, is draught defying and not bulky.

Jute, for sandals, is new and the surface is excellent for resisting sand, if you like to walk on beaches but prefer not to wear an out-and-out sports model.



A smart tweed coat is one of the most essential parts of a good travel wardrobe. An excellent one is made by Vionnet in a rough brown and tan zigzag tweed. It is beautifully tailored with a diagonal yoke, both front and back, and has a high standing collar. From Bonwit Teller.



From Saks-Fifth Avenue comes a good walking pump in brown antelope, with silk kid toe and quarter and the new built up all-leather heel.

A charming evening ensemble is made by Hawes-Harden in cactus green and gold. The green satin gown has a diagonal neck-line, fits closely around the hips, and the skirt hangs longer at one side. The wrap is green and gold lamé with a sable fur piece drawn through the collar.

Hats I leave to you. Discretion is advisable, and felt and the softer, easily packed exotic straws so prominent this summer will wear the best.

A gob hat of basque linen will command admiration on foreign beaches—they were beginning to be the rage last summer. A wider hat of black baku is useful to have with you. It goes with almost everything and if you are in hot countries the back of your neck will be protected by its adequate brim. The sun sou'wester shape is blessed for this reason. One's eyes grow very tired gazing at blazing façades of buildings and looking into endless shop windows or at distant mountains, and many a time you will be glad of a hat's brim to soften the glare.

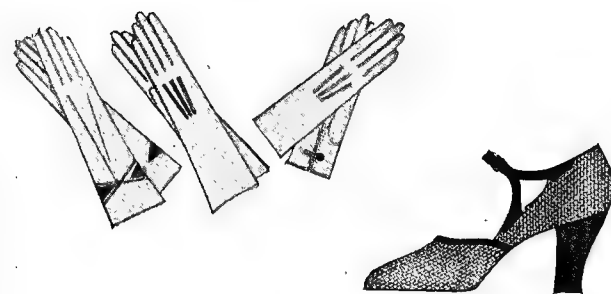
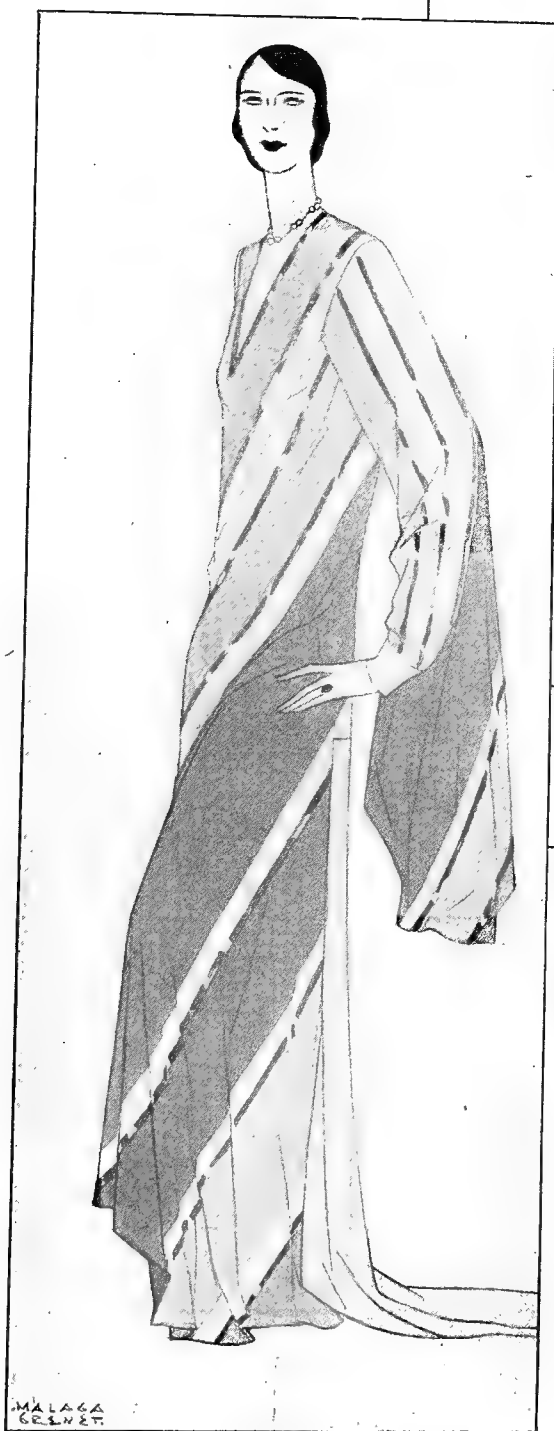
A little turban of metal cloth or something light and suitable for evening is also a good thing to have, for one has little time for hair-dressing, and its chic, close contour will take care of that hair you had no time to have waved en route.

You should look with care to your shoes. The most beautiful cathedral or da Vinci will not make you forget aching feet. Lizard is excellent, as its surface sheds the dust, requires little cleaning and keeps in shape. Brown antelope is grateful to the foot and a little dusting off with a metal wire brush will keep it in order.

Take plenty of stockings with you; there is no time for the annoyance of mending and they are hard to replace.



Vionnet makes a stunning two-piece afternoon frock in a deep red faille. It has the regular Vionnet shoulder-line with a long tie attached to the collar which crosses in the back and ties in front in a soft bow. There is fine fagoting on both the blouse and skirt. Henri Bendel.



Chartreuse, gray and gold are used to make an exquisite chiffon negligée which has gracefully flowing sleeves and a long train, hung from the shoulders and caught at the waist. The material is used on the diagonal, making an interesting wide V-shaped design. From Hawes-Harden.

Exclusive with Saks-Fifth Avenue are these three different types of Alexandrine gloves. Shoecraft makes a jute sandal with beige kid trim.

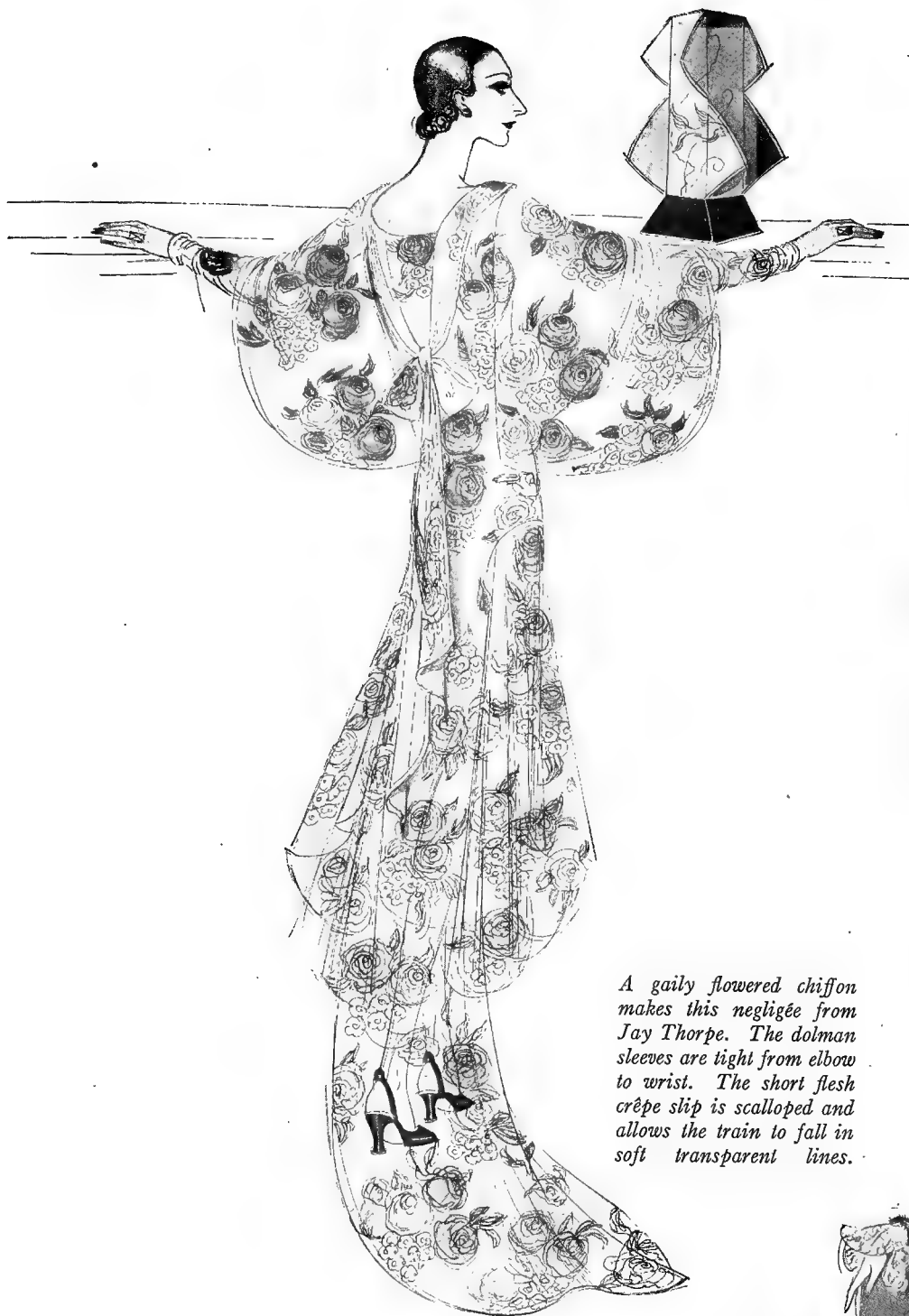
THIN BLACK
...IS...
ALWAYS
DISTINGUISHED



Divinely youthful, with its high waist-line and huge taffeta bow, is this evening frock from Bergdorf Goodman. Deep flounces of black lace combine with diaphanous black chiffon in the bouffant skirt, which dips in graceful points.

A very wearable evening ensemble from Lord and Taylor. Of black crêpe Elizabeth, the coat is faced with beige crêpe; the frock's shoulder straps tie and are adjustable. A jeweled ornament is pinned at the point of the flesh vestee.

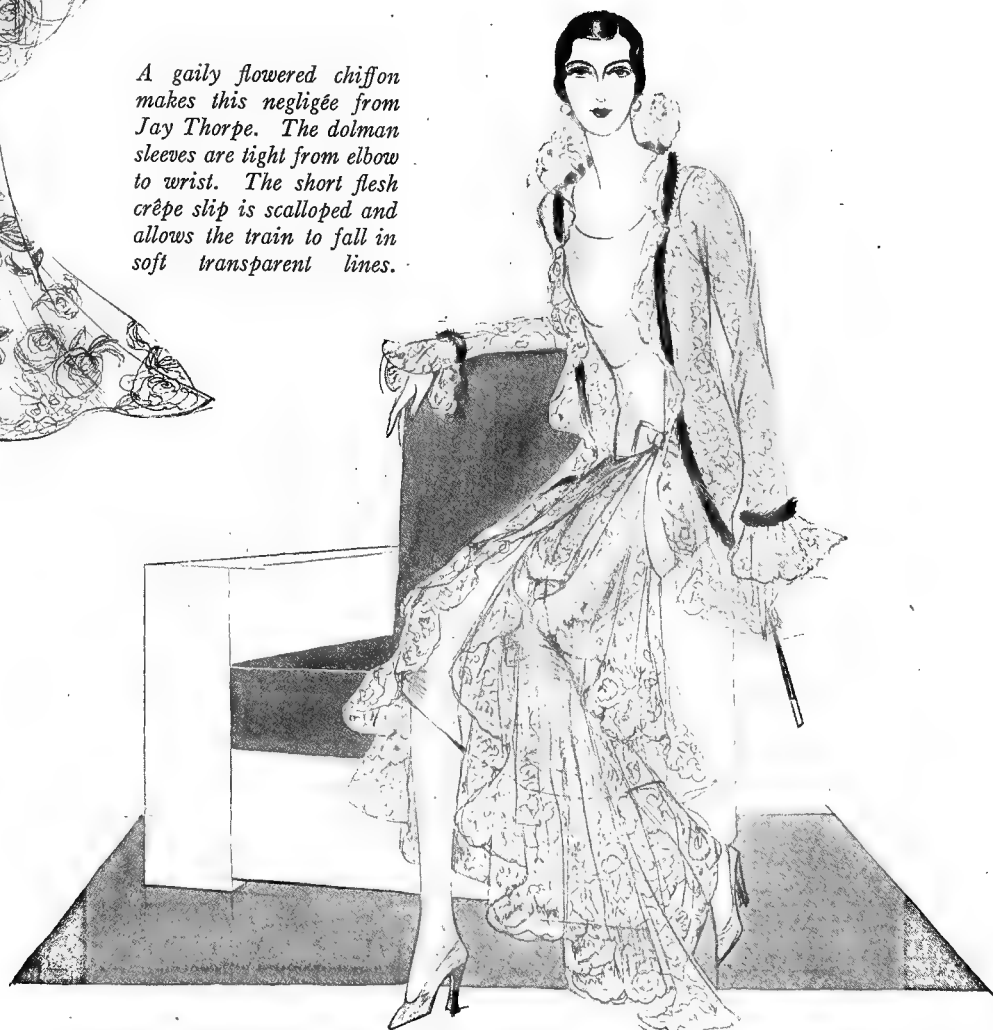




A gaily flowered chiffon makes this negligée from Jay Thorpe. The dolman sleeves are tight from elbow to wrist. The short flesh crêpe slip is scalloped and allows the train to fall in soft transparent lines.



Ciel blue crêpe is used for this pyjama ensemble from Goupy, imported by Jay Thorpe. One coat is short and sleeveless, the other to the knees. All three pièces are quilted in an elaborate design of tiny circles.



A charming example of the more formal hostess gown, suitable for dining at home, is one from Herman Patrick Tappé. Made on a foundation of egg-shell satin, there is an overdress and jacket of silver-run Alençon lace, with bandings of mink on the coatlee.

THREE VERSIONS OF THE ROBE D'INTÉRIEUR

Florence Blecker



A hat of royal blue bako from Nat Clarke. Nasturtium petals of velvet hide under the brim, in rich navy blue. Grosgrain ribbon of two contrasting shades of blue forms the band and ties in a large bow.

BRIMS
ARE LARGE OR
THEY DISAPPEAR
ALTOGETHER

Reboux has made a hat in black balibunil. It is brimless in front with the cutaway parts turned back over the ears in deep points. Small white gardenias with their green leaves band the points. From Best.

From Madame Rollee comes a hat of exotic straw. Corn-colored belting bands it in a charming line. Flanges of the straw frame the face in winglike curves, and the hat is worn high on the forehead. Made by Suzy.

Florence Blecker



Charles James knows how lovely an exotic straw may look against the sun when it frames a youthful face. In creamy white, he leaves it in its simplicity and places a tuft of ribbon just where it should be.

STRAW IS EXOTIC AND GRATEFULLY SOFT TO THE HEAD

If you like to look out from under a hat brim, wear this Bergdorf Goodman importation from Patou. It is of very fine black baku in dull finish, and has a band of white kid pulled through slashes in the crown.

Black cellophane forms this hat by Madame Georgette, imported by Bergdorf Goodman. Black felt turns back from the face, dips low over the ears, and is laid in beautifully worked folds across the front.

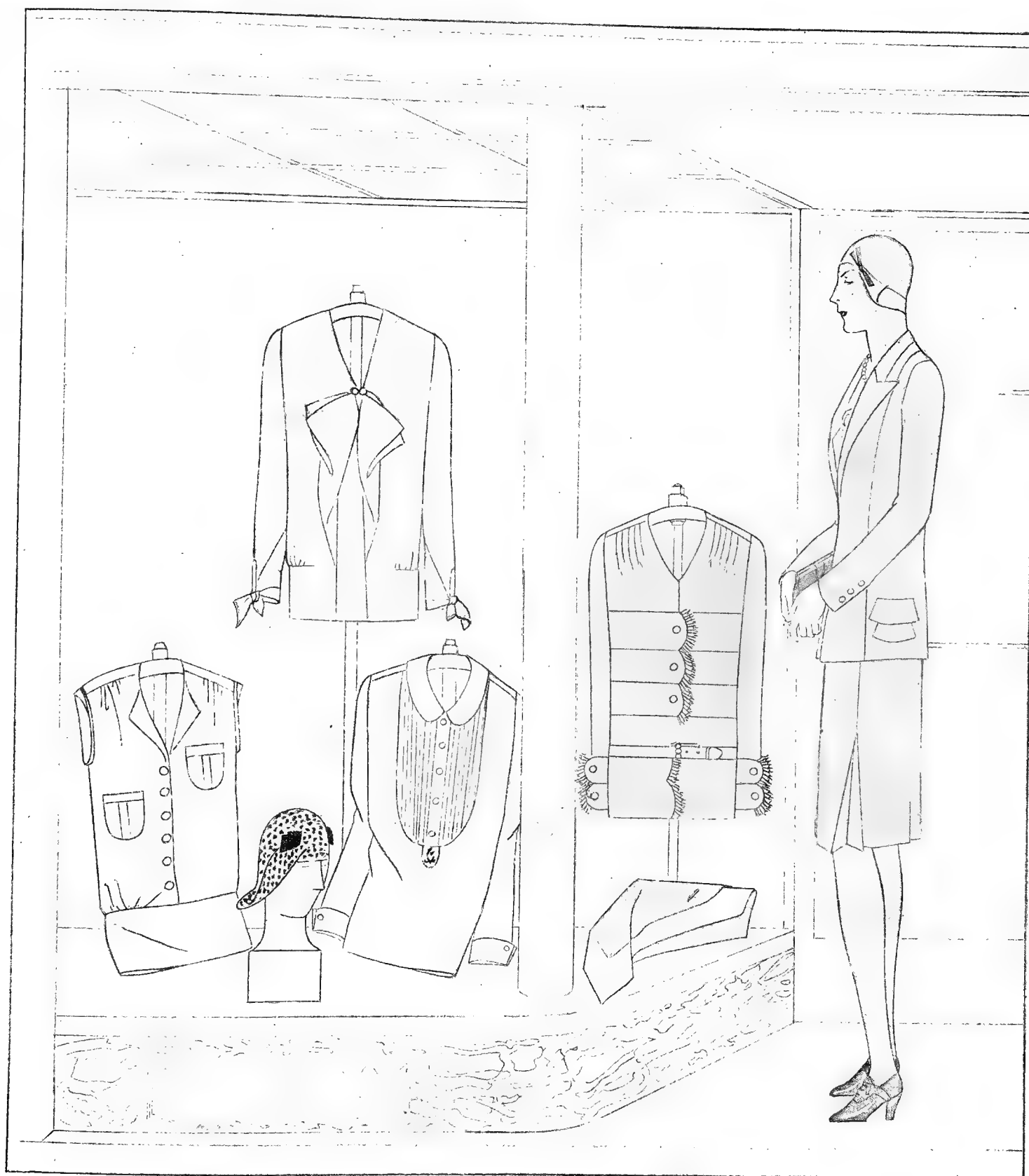


THE AMERICAN WOMAN IS SUPREME

Here is a particularly charming example of the dressmaker suit from Stein and Blaine, designed for those to whom the soft feminine treatment is more becoming. The bordered material is blue and white pin-check with the darker blue band used to edge both coat and skirt. The belt is placed to suggest the higher waist-line. The white crêpe blouse is sleeveless, with soft scarf collar and faggotted shoulders.

The suit of light-weight woolen has a definite place in fashion to-day. The soft line and supple effect of this material flatters some women more than the mannish fabrics. This smart suit of brown ondemoussa is on the sports type. The unlined coat has a stitched standing collar and edges. The skirt is box-plaited across the front, with a yoke. The tuck-in blouse of yellow crêpe de Chine buttons down the front. B. Altman.

A suit from Henri Bendel which effects a clever compromise between the conventional tailleur and the more feminine type. It is made of heavy gray covert cloth with regulation collar and revers. Stitched bands are used to trim both skirt and jacket, and vertical pin-tucks above the hip-line furnish a modicum of fulness and soften the lines. The lapel flower, in matching tone, is a distinct gesture toward femininity.



IN A TAILORED SUIT AND BLOUSE

The sleeveless blouse at the left, from Best, a copy of Chanel, has such good details as a collarless neck, twin pockets, deep hip band and glass buttons which effect a center closing. It may be had in different colors. The hat shown on the figure is a Florence Walton model from Best, of black and white cellophane straw, very long on one side, with loops of black grosgrain ribbon pulled through little slashes.

The blouse in the center is from Best, a copy of one of O'Rossen's, made of white handkerchief linen with finely hand-tucked chemisette and black monogram on the mannish tab. At the top, a blouse from Franklin Simon, a copy from Paquin. Of peach-colored crêpe, it has two revers on either side, shaped like butterfly wings and held at the top by a double pearl pin which simulates the eyes of the insect.

Milgrim makes this suit of mountain green cheviot, an excellent example of the severe tailleur, very mannish of line. The Tuxedo type coat closes with two buttons. The blouse at the left is from Altman, of gray faille crêpe with fringed plaitings. The diamond shaped scarf from Marie Alphonsine is of yellow and white crêpe with a slash through which to pull its corner. Bergdorf Goodman.



YOUR SUIT MAY NOW BE MANNISH

From Paris comes this O'Rossen interpretation of the spring tailleur. Of man's suiting in the smart shade of steel gray, the stripe is used in a contrary direction, to achieve ornamentation in bands around the pockets and in a narrow belt which does not quite span the back of the coat. A tailored blouse of satin-striped white crêpe has little tabs which button across the front. Eldridge Manning.

The blouse at the left, a Paquin copy, is from Bonwit Teller. Of mauve crêpe, with interesting groups of shirring placed at the waist-line, the neck and on the sleeves. The tailored blouse of China blue in the center, from Abercrombie and Fitch, is a useful type for the sportswoman. The narrow stitched collar may be worn standing or turned down. Lord and Taylor imports the smart tweed bag with two handles.

The right-hand blouse of beige crêpe roma is a Patou model, ornamented with fine hand-tucking and a soft jabot which falls on either side of the vestee. Below is a shaped scarf from Jane Régny which ties very much like a man's ascot tie. It comes in various three-color combinations. The round bag is of pigskin, lined with red morocco and closes with a zipper. Blouse, scarf and bag are from Lord and Taylor.



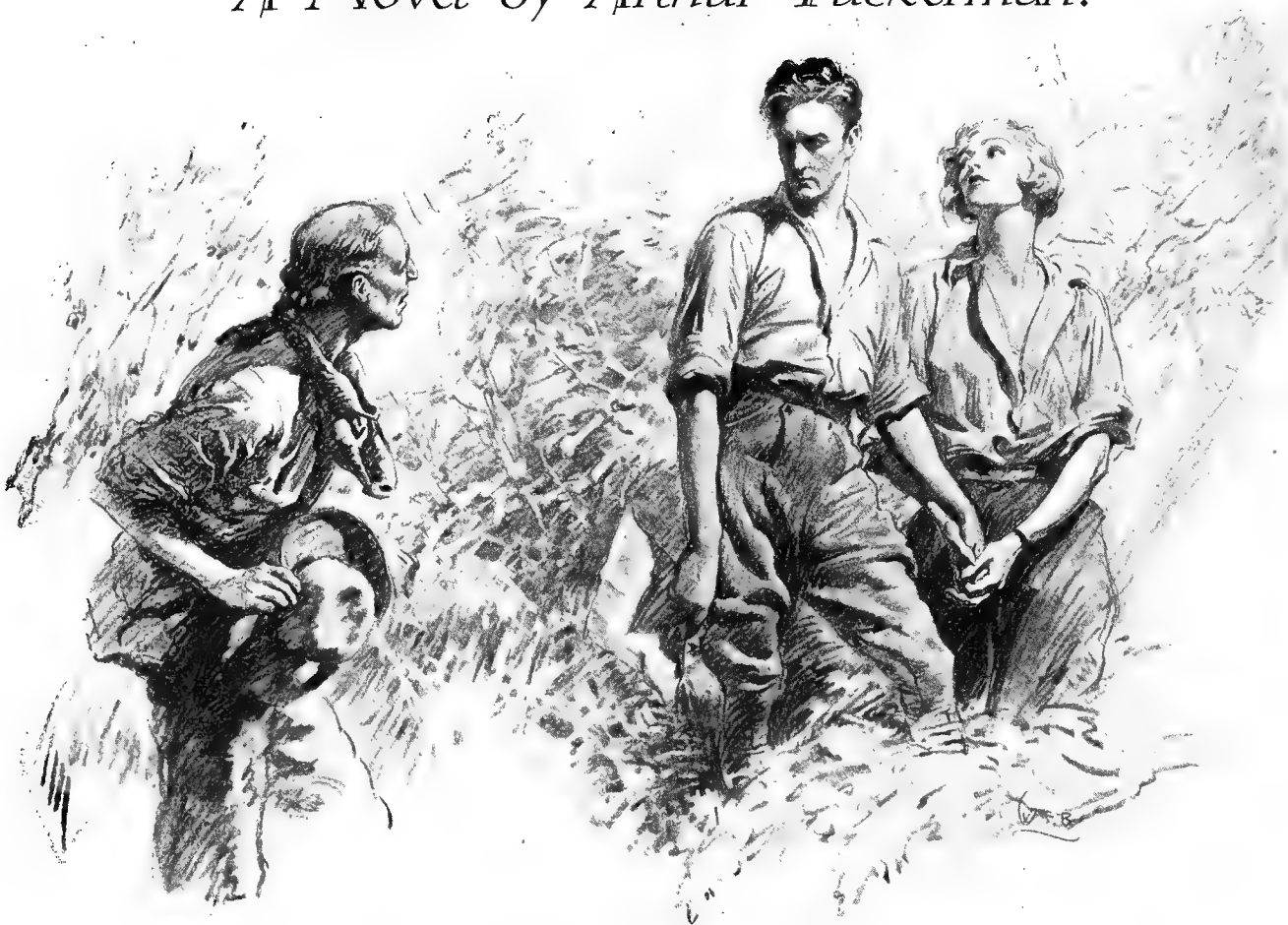
OR SOFTLY FEMININE IN DESIGN

Here is an entirely new note in the tailleur, introducing the use of the delightful light-weight woolens featuring unlined coats. Black wool in a diagonal weave makes this copy of an O'Rossen suit. The smart cardigan jacket closes with four buttons and is trimmed with a shawl collar and cuffs of white piqué. The trimly tailored blouse of white linen with V neck and linen belt is also O'Rossen's. Bonwit Teller.

For the woman who prefers the strictly tailored type of suit, there is this extremely chic one from Dobbs, fashioned of heavy mannish material in an indistinct brownish stripe. Conventional in every detail with finger-length coat and straight-line skirt, it features the jacket slightly nipped in at the waist which is both slenderizing and youthful in its effect. The tailored blouse of crêpe or linen complements the suit.

Bonwit Teller imports this suit of heavy mannish weave in a grayish neutral plaid with a red hair-line, a model from Beer. The double-breasted coat closes with two buttons. The bands which finish the top of the pockets extend almost across the back of the coat. The neck-line is edged with a white grosgrain ribbon. The sleeveless blouse will undoubtedly share honors with the long sleeved type.

A Novel by Arthur Tuckerman:



"The man spoke excitedly in Spanish. He had news—great news."

HIGH WALLS

*Continuing the Adventure of a Girl who Suddenly Found
Her Smug Little World Swept Away*

Illustrated by W. Smithson Broadhead

MA R^Ésumé of the Story:
MRS. CASS-EVANS and her daughter, Greta, a combination nurse and companion, who never had an opportunity to go about with people her own age, decided to take a West Indies cruise.

In the hope of furthering the suit of Charles Winbridge, a smug young man of the world, whom Mrs. Cass-Evans favored for Greta's hand, she invited him and May Tenby, Greta's cousin, to accompany them. Greta, in desperation, prevailed upon Alexander Todd, a bachelor friend of fifty-four, to come along. At Panama City, Greta was saved from a precarious situation with some natives by a mysterious dark man. The next afternoon, as they were lazily stretched out in deck chairs, their acquaintance of the night before suddenly bowed before them. He presented himself to Mrs. Cass-Evans as Ramon O'Reilly, American Vice-Consul of Natividad, the next port of call. For fifteen years, he said, he had lived there, trying to better the unhappy condition of the

natives and keep them from actual starvation.

Greta was strangely stirred by the stranger and from then on manifested a new independence. She was rarely with her party, but spent long hours up on the afterdeck amid the lifeboats in earnest conversation with Ramon O'Reilly.

They went ashore at Natividad for a motor trip and on the way back to the town the accident happened which hopelessly crippled the car and left them stranded.

They had been at Natividad six hot, monotonous days, when Ramon O'Reilly's invitation to dinner at the consulate arrived. As host they found him a shade graver, more punctilious than ever. His position was a difficult one, for the military party were jealous of his ability and his friendship with the President of the Republic, whom they hoped to overthrow.

The next afternoon Greta started for the post-office. While she was waiting at the hotel entrance for Alexander to join her, the earth began

to tremble beneath her feet. Then came the terrible roar of falling things and through a haze she saw houses everywhere folding in upon themselves and collapsing with fantastic deliberation. Something impelled her to look back toward the hotel. It was no longer there. And all the time she was thinking: Mother's there and May and Toddy and Charles. No human being could have survived under that deluge of plaster and iron. Alexander had been near another entrance when the earthquake occurred, and had also escaped. After searching frantically for Greta and the others, he found himself under arrest and held for deportation.

Suddenly a craving for someone to talk to, to comfort her, sent Greta running toward the consulate. In this section of town the shock had been milder. From Ramon she learned that the salvaging party could find no survivors at the hotel; the president had been murdered; Alquila, his mortal enemy, was in control of the city; and he was an outlaw and must escape at once.

Greta changed into the sturdy clothes he had procured and quickly they mounted the horses a peon had waiting outside. They rode all night and the next day, and pitched camp for the night on a little island, the peon remaining on the shore of the mainland with the horses. After supper Greta wandered along the shore and, returning, found a note from Ramon on the lantern saying he was going to the other end of the island and would return in the morning. She extinguished the lantern and in the darkness, in an excess of loneliness, she found herself reaching out her arms toward a blessed vision of him.

FIFTH PART:

HOW long Greta slept she did not know; but she was awakened abruptly by the storm. It was one of those violent tropical deluges. The tent was in blackness. Water was pouring down on her through the thin, rotted canvas. Outside, the rain was falling in a dense, opaque sheet that rattled upon the earth with a noise like beating drums. A low, moaning wind lashed through the thick foliage about the tent. Every moment or so, the lake, the whole valley, lighted up in a blinding violet flash; and then the thunder—terrible, giant thunder—would hurl itself against the wall of the mountains, away across the valley, with a

crash that was deafening, staggering. It was incessant; without respite. She felt that her head would split asunder . . .

She sat there in total darkness, huddled in her blankets, and terror seized her. She called again and again for Ramon, but no answer came. She sat there shaking, crying. Strange flights of fancy seized her. She saw eyes in the darkness. And once she heard something moving about in the tent. Perhaps only some poor little animal which had taken refuge there from the storm. But she screamed and screamed . . . How long she sat there, she could not guess. The downpour increased to an obliterating roar. And then, miraculously, it ceased—as if, she thought, God had suddenly come along and turned off a tap.

She grew calmer. Through the flap of the tent she saw a gray patch of light spreading slowly across the sky, brightening to silver, until it looked like the blade of a sword. Huddled in her blanket she waited for the dawn; and prayed for Ramon's safety.

Just as the sun burst over the dark tops of the mountains, he walked into the tent. She rose; clung to him, murmuring incoherently. In the thin, pale sunlight that came seeping timidly into the tent, she saw that he was white and haggard. The expression upon his face terrified her. He looked suddenly old . . . And she saw that he was soaked to the skin. In a hoarse,

strange voice he said: "The horses are gone. The peon took them."

"He may have gone somewhere to take refuge from the storm," she suggested. She was still clinging to him; looking up into his eyes. He shook his head slowly, in a dazed fashion.

"The man is a traitor. I have found proofs. Before he left he destroyed the rowboat; sank it to the bottom of the lake."

"How did you find that out?" she asked.

In that same strange faraway voice, he answered: "I swam over there, as soon as the storm lessened. *Dios!* I was worried—when his light disappeared from the edge of the mainland. We had agreed that he should burn it, all night, to reassure me."

He swam over two miles in that cold, black dawn, he told her.

"It is clear," he added, "that the man was an employee of Alquila. He means to keep us prisoners upon the island. Can you swim?"

She shook her head.

"Not as far as that."

A chill was gradually creeping over him. He was trembling now from head to foot. Greta, in despair, went out into the dawn, and tried to collect the cooking utensils which had been scattered in every direction by the storm. She succeeded at last in lighting a small fire, and made coffee for him. He drank it hurriedly, giving her a silent, . . . (Continued on page 165)



"As Greta sat there through the long, lonely hours, she knew clearly and concisely what he had become to her."

Last - Minute Sketches from Paris

Heim

Black and white ensemble. Coat of black broadcloth, with satin encrustations. Scarf of white caracul with black caracul triangles.



Nicole
Groult

Princess line frock in light gray-blue woolen material. White linen collar and cuffs with gray and blue piping.



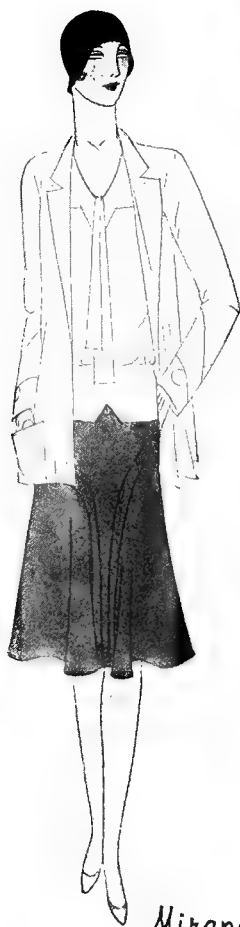
Heim

Frock of black and white satin, which completes above ensemble. Black leather belt with steel buckle.



Mirande

Light beige tweed of cheviot weave, with collar and cuffs of black Persian lamb and black leather belt.



Mirande

Jacket and blouse in yellow tussore and skirt in black wool jersey, cut circular.

Tollmann

Black faille with collarette of black tulle embroidered in scallops of jet tubes.



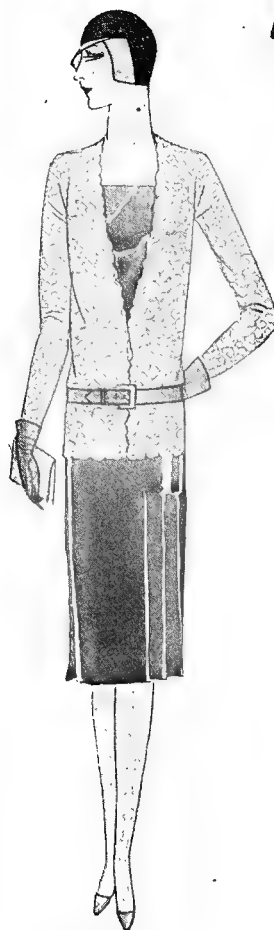
Champcommunal

Printed chiffon, black ground with pink roses and green leaves. The train is cut in one with the looped panel.



Champcommunal

Cream satin evening gown with skirt of satin petals edged with cream tulle.



Irene Dana

Bright chestnut satin blouse and skirt with jacket of écoru lace belted with brown leather.

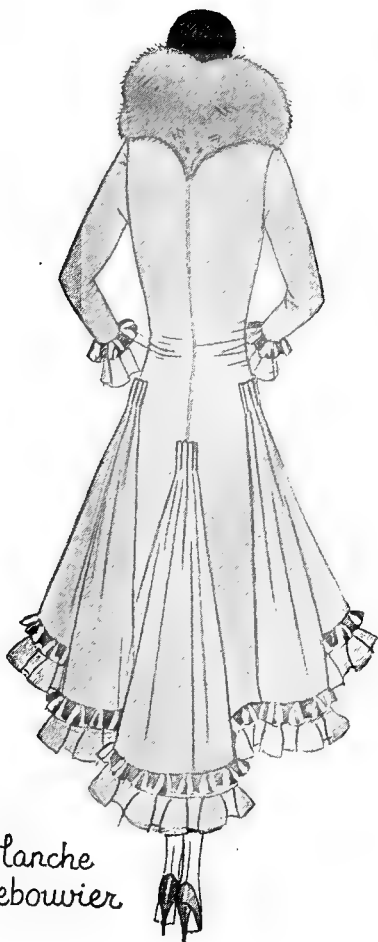


Irene Dana

Coat of grège tweed. Two-piece frock of tustlikasha with brown encrustations.

Blanche Lebowier

Evening coat in gray chiffon velvet, trimmed with velvet and silver lamé. Gray fox.



BY *Rebecca Stickney*:

MAKE YOURSELF OVER FOR SPRING

Ten Conscientious Days Will Do It

Illustrations by Ottmar Gaul



PERDITA DARLING:

NINE EAST SIXTY-FOURTH STREET

You'll never know how glad I am to be home again. We landed two weeks ago yesterday and, hardened globe trotter that I am, I was positively bubbling with excitement. After two months of simply lolling through long,

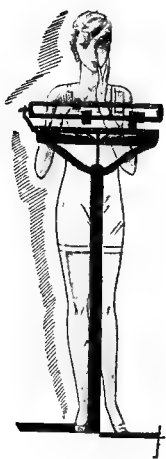
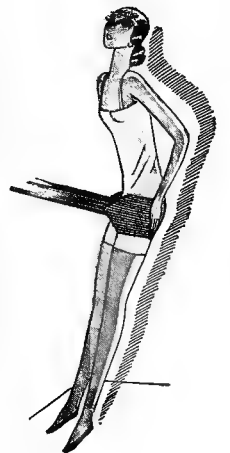
lazy days, watching the turquoise Mediterranean sparkle in the hot sunshine, New York with all its racket is immensely stimulating and thrilling. I've stored up enough surplus energy to run any of you hard Westerners ragged, and that's both a threat and a promise. How about coming and trying me out?

But, angel, along with all this stored-up sunshine in my system, came the little demon FAT. Remember how divine the food was on the Cosulich Line when we took this same cruise together five years ago? Well, it's better to-day, if possible, and, including the wine-card, proved my absolute undoing. Why is it that all Italian specialties have so many calories? That is one custom of the country which should be changed. How it changed me! Just fifteen extra pounds and a few odd ounces. 'Dita, stop purring and stretching your claws, sweet cat that you are. You are two weeks too late for such unkind rejoicing. For, my dear, after the first day of trying to struggle into adorable new frocks, which my soul yearned for, just when I was becoming too depressed for words, I happened to run into Frances W., who took one look at me and gasped, "Don't be an utter fool. Before any more of your friends see you in this disgusting condition, do something about it. March over to Marjorie Dork's, 10 East 49th. She'll fix you up for fair. Her slogan is, 'Make your figure fit your clothes'—not 'your clothes fit your figure.'"

Though it was three in the afternoon and I was weary, I couldn't get there quickly enough. Well, 'Dita, this is one long story that I sha'n't cut short, though I'll give you the ending first, lest the suspense be too terrible. I've *lost* ten pounds in *two* weeks, and more important than that mere fact—in exactly the spots I wished to. Listen carefully, my pet, for I noticed at Christmas time that the comfortable state of matrimony is fast rounding you out, and giving you almost a premature matronly appearance. Meow!

Marjorie Dork is a marvelous woman. First of all, she is full of plain horse sense. After she had listened to my confessions, looking me over with a coldly critical eye, she remarked that my case wasn't hopeless and added, "Taking weight off is entirely a question of telling yourself mentally that you want to. It's a gradual, natural process, not one to be done in a day. Simply start cutting down on your accustomed diet. In other words, if you are used to taking four slices of bread with meals, take one or two; if you drink six cups of coffee a day, try two—not that coffee is fattening, but it upsets the metabolism of the system. If you've been over-exercising by sitting about all day the way you have, consciously try not to sit, but stand when there's a choice and you're not really fatigued. Give up cocktails, late suppers before going to bed, and three heavy meals a day—though don't make the mistake of starving for breakfast and luncheon, and then eating a tremendous dinner. Eat moderately at all three meals, as much fruit and vegetables as you want, and then really keep it up. That's what I mean by selling yourself mentally the desire to reduce."

With this sound advice, she sent me in to see the doctor, a graduate of Johns Hopkins, who gave me a thorough medical exam. to determine my general physical condition. It seems that if one has a low blood pressure, for example, one's condition must be built up by diet, and improving the circulation by massage and sunlight treatment; (*Concluded on page 182*)



ASPARAGUS SOUP



Lender young asparagus shoots blended by skilled French soup chefs!

Asparagus! Famed delicacy of the garden! What appetite is not charmed by it? How welcome it is when it comes to you in a soup that captures all of its first, fine freshness.

Every spoonful of Campbell's Asparagus Soup is a smooth, ingratiating invitation to your sense for rare flavor.

This tempting blend of choice asparagus and nourishing creamery butter is garnished with dainty asparagus tips and seasoned to a nicety. A soup for the most carefully chosen menus.

And as aids to the variety you so cherish, make frequent selections from the 20 other Campbell's Soups listed on the label. 12 cents a can.



LOOK FOR THE
RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

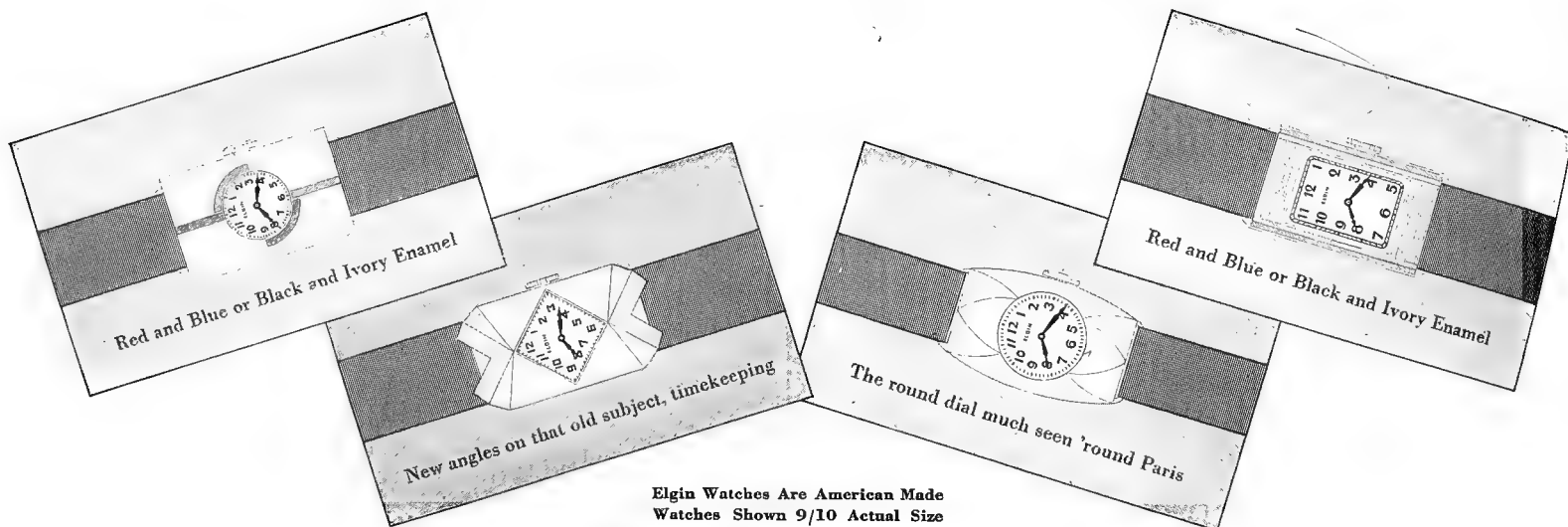
WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET



MONSIEUR · LUCIEN · LELONG

*Internationally famed Paris creator
now designs six cases for*

THE ELGIN PARISIENNE...\$35⁰⁰



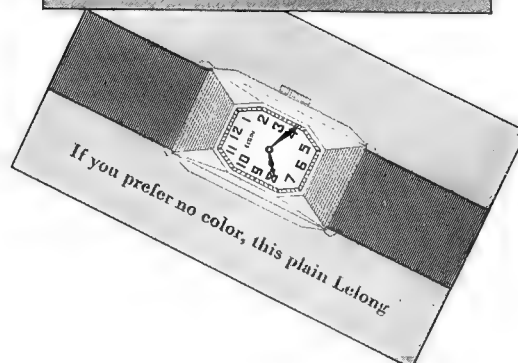
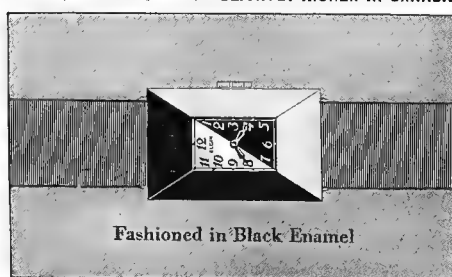
Elgin Watches Are American Made
Watches Shown 9/10 Actual Size

© ELGIN, 1929. ALL PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA

Now Lelong puts into watches that same chic you find in a frock that bears his noted label. The same flair for style, the same air of worldly charm. And the vast, efficient ELGIN factory makes a stylist's dream a reality to gleam upon your wrist.

And such versatile watches, these Lelong models. Harmoniously in the picture, whether the golf course, or the tea table is your background. Then, too . . . it's so simple to have extra ribbons to match the colors of your evening gowns and your Parisienne watch will give a true

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Parisian flair to your formal hours.

Three are plain, three are inlaid with lustrous hard enamel. And all are brilliantly smart. Ask any jeweler to show you his sparkling tray of ELGIN Parisiennes. And not only Lucien Lelong, but Agnes, Jenny, Premet, and a group of equally prominent leaders of the Paris Grande Couture are represented.

A Parisienne costs but \$35 . . . there is no duty on designs. Style genius pays no fees at the customs house. All the style of Paris . . . at

Original price
UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

P A C K A R D



The pure beauty of classic Greek architecture will endure forever. The principles of sound design are changeless

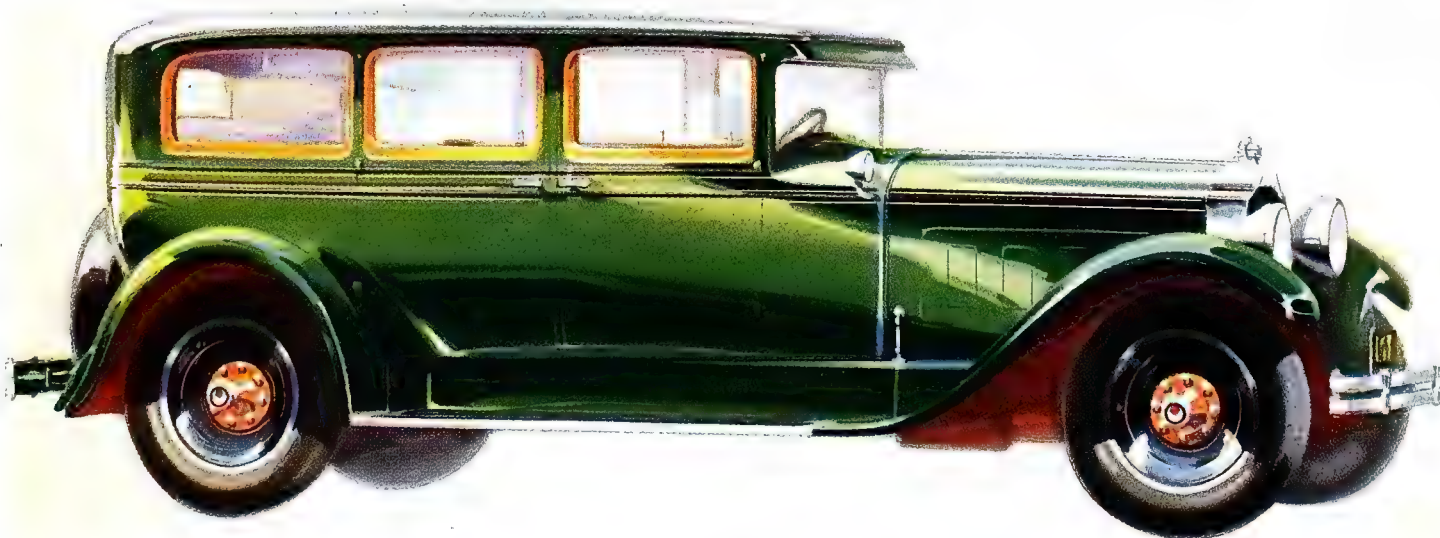
Real beauty is unchanging. Classic forms still delight the eye after twenty-four centuries. A thing of true beauty, grace and charm need pander to no passing fad or changing mode.

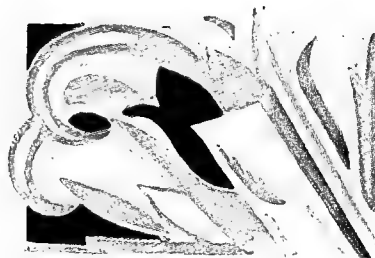
The Packard has long been distinctive—and distinguished. Its beauty has been acclaimed by the motoring world at large—flattered by imitation. Through ever-varying trends in motor car styles Packard

design has persisted unaffected in basic essentials, supreme in its original conception—refined only as time goes on.

To owners, the stability of Packard lines means more than a satisfaction of the artistic sense. It signifies, too, that no frequent and radical changes in appearance will depreciate their investments—that their cars will be Packards in looks as well as in name, through long years of luxurious service.

A S K T H E M A N W H O O W N S O N E





compacte

le Début



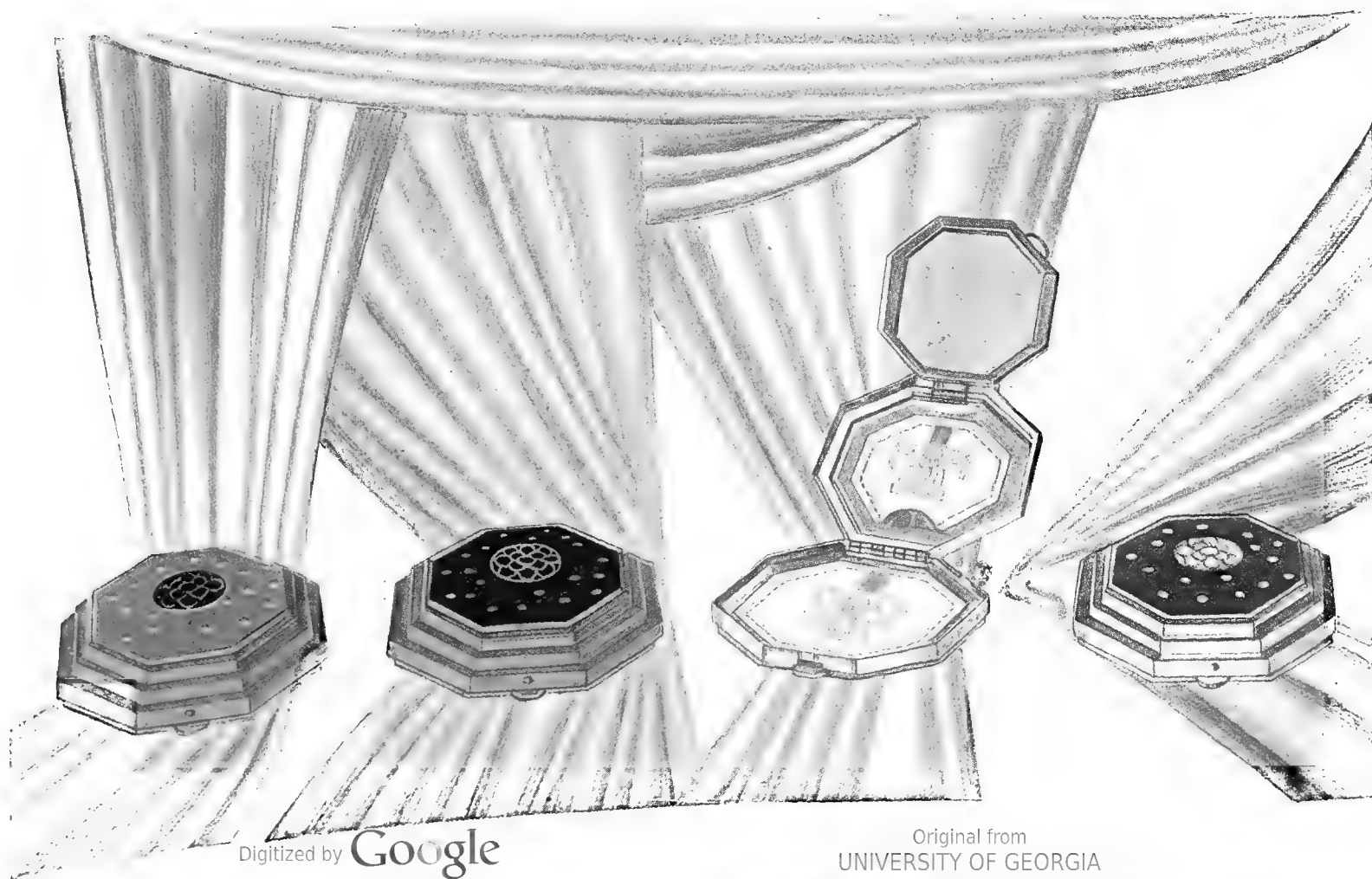
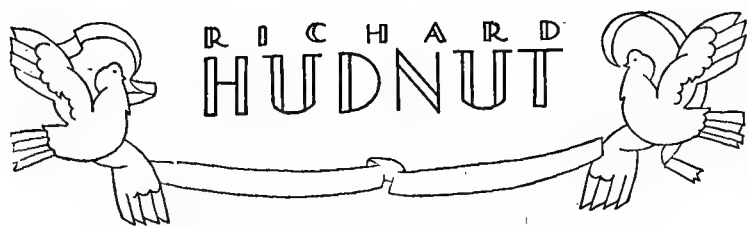
Spring in Paris . . . and Fashion sets the pace! Every couturier stresses the importance of harmonious detail and a meticulous concern for appointments. So, *Compacte le Début*—which has been designed to carry out the costume ensemble idea—is distinctly in and of the mode.

And a smart little octagon *compacte* it is . . . topped with genuine *cloisonné* in four colors—blue, green, ivory white, or jet black . . . so that you may match or accent your every frock.

And the rouge and powder within—both refillable—are scented with the true *le Début odeur* . . . a delicately combined fragrance of French origin that expresses the woman of Today—her smartness and her femininity.

At all the better shops, *Compacte le Début* \$5.00.

(Also comes in simple dotted enamel top, \$2.50).



POEMS FOR SPRING READING

THE POET'S BRIDAL GIFTS

LOVE me—and hearken what treasures I shall bring
To you, beloved, O surpassing far
The dower of any queen from any king!
I will slip the moon on your finger for our betrothal ring,
And buckle your shoes with the morning and evening star,
And hang about your throat the Milky Way.
Your handmaidens shall be the Lady April and the Lady May.
And from the rainbow armours of the skies,
Spun on the looms of softest summer winds,
They shall clothe you in silken webs of nameless dyes,
Or gossamers such as the young dawn binds
About her breasts, or twilight, fireflies dancing in her hair.

Yours shall be planets for your palaces,
Ringed with strange moons, and in the gardens there
The flowers of dreams and unimagined trees,
Born in the magic brain of some god-gardener,
Shall bloom only for you, and only once be fair.
Each day shall be a season new and strange,
And there shall be peace for ever, and always change.

You shall be lady of all the hidden treasure
In all the caves of all the summer clouds,
Of all the pearls the secret sea enshrouds,
Hidden for you in vaults of shimmering azure.
Love me—and I will bring you without measure
All that your heart aches for, dreams and desires;
No dream too deep or no desire too high
But I will dive for it through nether fires,
Or pluck it from the summits of the sky;
And whatso simple thing you shall find fair,
Be it but a daisy, you shall find it there.

Richard Le Gallienne

RESOLUTION (In a Time of Defeat)

AS RARE as spring in winter men confess
Their dreams of greatness bartered for the less
While in their secret hearts the clarion swells
Of conscience that no outward hearing tells . . .
Yet brave can be defeat, and failure, gold!
There is no greater captain of renown
Than resolution, baffled, surging, bold,
Whose swift, returning armies take the town.
The brave man probes the fault, resumes the strife,
The coward, surrendering, decries his fate:
But half the ills her children lay on life
Their folly, haste, and wantonness create:
The craven blames his fears on life; the fool,
His self-invited shafts of ridicule;
The spendthrift, the sick waste of his estate
His madness scatters; there's the lover, too,
Who keeps no unripe hour inviolate,
Or cannot guard his heart one full day true! . . .
I lied, then, when I wished that I was dead.
It was my fault, when I seized stones for bread.
Still, still contending through her midmost strife,
Let me not blame my dearest loss on life—
Good Life! Brave Life! in your starred banquet room
Long may I pledge you, lifting heart and head
Where sun, moon, planets serve to break the gloom,
Where nations are the guests, and for the least,
If his soul dare, is spread your purple feast!

Harry Kemp

HERE ARE DRAGONS

I SEND you word to break upon your rest.
To rouse you, shining sword in hand again . . .
For here are dragons needing to be slain.
Set out, Sir Knight, again upon your quest.
The sun is almost set, but in the west
The glow will guide you for the path is plain . . .
Barring your way the cruel beasts remain . . .
And one who waits cries low and beats her breast.

Oh, has your ease so eaten to your heart
That you can hear and sink again to sleep?
When danger lurks can peace with you abide?
Is it so long ago you played your part?
Flung such gay promise for our hearts to keep?
Forgotten all? . . . Or do you rise and ride?

Mary Kennedy

k u r z m a n



fur scarfs

a connoisseur's collection

The Kurzman collection of fur scarfs stands high among the five or six really important showings of the country; it is chosen, mounted and presented by practising furriers who have spent a lifetime in handling furs as rare and important as jewels.

silver foxes . . . \$195 to \$850

natural russian sables \$100 to \$500

natural black foxes . \$150 to \$350
(1-16 to 1-5 silver)

Kurzman

PRACTISING FURRIERS

661 Fifth Ave.

52nd-53rd Sts.

McCutcheon's



FIFTH AVENUE AT FORTY-NINTH ST.
DEPT. NO. 17, NEW YORK

Cool and Smart FABRICS for Summer frocks

Tub Silks — Chanel sponsored striped tub silks in her last presentation of sports' dresses. These washable silks are cool and charming for the warmest Summer day. In stripes, checks and solid colors. 32 inches wide. \$1.95 a yard.

Printed Silks — Lovelier than ever before are the new spaced floral and tiny all-over designs. In two-tone or polychrome effects on light or dark grounds. 36 to 40 inches wide.

\$2.50, \$3.50 up to \$7.50 a yard.

Chinese Drawnwork Brocade — A new silk with intricate hand-drawn designs. Cool, washable and very smart for summer frocks. 27 inches wide. \$4.95 a yard.

Handkerchief Linen — Sheer and fine with distinctive leaf, modernized floral or foliage effects. 36 inches wide.

\$1.50 and \$1.95 a yard.

Solid colors. \$1.25 a yard.

Printed Linens — Large striking or smaller designs in two-tones or multi-colors. All fast colors. Non-crushable. 36 inches wide.

\$1.50 to \$1.95 a yard.

Solid colors. \$1.25 a yard.

Liberty's Tana Lawn — Exquisite designs printed on the softest and finest of English lawns. Small quaint patterns for children's dresses and larger effects for women's cool Summer dresses. Washes perfectly. 38 inches wide.

\$1.25 a yard.

Printed Piqué — One of this season's favorite Cottons printed in fresh, clear colors. 36 inches wide. \$1.25 a yard.

Solid colors. \$1.00 a yard.

Write for samples to Dept. 17

BRIGHT INTERVALS

(Continued from page 87)

animals, you might just as well be a prime sirloin for all I care."

This speech ended in a breathless, triumphant rush of words which left her panting.

The young man smiled again and shifted one leg over the other, where it swung lazily.

"Funny, am I? Yeah, you thought it was funny when I stuck to the punt pole and you and the punt slid down the river without me! And I'm glad I stuck to the pole, even if it was rather damp."

"I'm married now, Lydia," he said, and was mildly nettled to perceive that, instead of this statement hitting her in the midriff, as it most certainly should have, her eyes immediately searched the room for a possible mate, coming to rest so unmistakably upon the right one that he was surprised by the accuracy of her instinct. She was interested and amused where she should have been broken. A lingering softness for her disappeared.

"Ooe, Lawrie, she is pretty! What a tasty piece it is!"

Feeling that some show of offense was needed, he asked her sternly just what she meant by the term.

"A tasty piece is small, shapely, coy and quarrelsome. They have feet so incredibly tiny that all men feel weak and helpless with love at the sight, breasts which are high and firm and rather on the large side, and they dance with a sort of sway-backed daintiness, difficult for their partners to follow. Also they have brains of a shrewd and cool variety. Oh, and orchids, I forgot, they seem to corner the orchid market."

He was so annoyed and made such invidious remarks about foolish generalizations from foolish flappers that she did her best for the next five minutes to honey him back to amiability.

"Is Camellia Tarleton what you call a tasty piece?" he asked suddenly.

"Camellia's an act of God."

SOMEBODY up-stairs was starting the accompaniment to a spiritual.

"I'd like to hear that," Lydia murmured. Lawrence did not move.

"Go on up. People wander around at these crazy parties wherever they please. I've a friend somewhere you might try and vamp. Useless for you, as a matter of fact. He's not having any."

She was delighted to find Ronald Grant standing behind them, suggesting that she come up with him. He looked slightly put out by Prescott's obvious disinclination to rise at Lydia's departure; his black eyebrows wrinkled impatiently at this mark of an uncouth generation.

"People go mad about these niggers for a few months and then forget about them. There's hardly a soul there now, which must be hard for the boys to understand. They haven't changed."

He was even worried by the discomfort felt by his entertainers and longed to give them a good time.

"That's a very lovely frock Miss Stephanyi," he said.

"It couldn't be nice enough for your house. I think it's the most perfect house I've ever seen."

"I like it myself. It's rather small, though. Tell me what you think of this drawing-room where they are playing. If I leave you for a few moments, it is because a young lady is having hysterics in one of the bedrooms over an imagined insult, and I must pacify her."

If she was never able to tell him what she thought of the drawing-room, it was through no fault in its beauty. Long, slim, elegant, almost empty of furniture, it rested the eye by its exact harmony. Blue curtains, brocaded with flowers of a faded Chinese pink, belled out from the tall open windows where the cool black river flowed by. Over a chaste, classic mantel, the delicate riot of the flower-piece, and the chintz covers on the long couch and deep chairs served only as a nosegay to lighten the smooth severity of the room's dress, the panelled walls of dusty biscuit, the polished floor of clear gold parquet.

In the room, as pleasantly artificial and worldly as a Georgian court beauty, the two negroes at a grand piano, whose

exotic, purplish-brown faces shone with their singing, seemed the bedizened African pages every woman of fashion once owned.

They were beginning "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." She wished they might never finish. A knot of emotion was pulled tighter and tighter in her breast. Back of the musicians was a little powdering closet lined with pale walnut walls where an abandoned card table might have been left by players a century dead. The negroes, so abnormally sensitive to sympathetic appreciation that they could measure her passionate approval, sang to her, standing alone in the center of the shining floor. A quick, ecstatic bulb of feeling pumped in her heart and the cord tightened ever more sharply around it.

HE STEPPED in from the balcony and she whirled to face him. As if he had put out a hand and untied her bonds, the pressure relaxed, and she found herself in tears, trembling a little between his thin, strong hands.

The musicians sang on very softly, with a fluid art which recognized no boundaries, into songs of Russian serfs and nomads, low, melancholy, piercingly sweet.

With a practicality which claimed her dazed admiration, he took out a large clean handkerchief and handed it to her, still folded. It smelt of verberna, cool and pleasant. She forgot to dry her eyes in order to sniff it.

They were both very grave, he intent on learning by heart every feature and freckle of her disarming face, she concentrating an unnecessary interest in the second pearl stud of his dress shirt, delaying to look again into eyes so blue that she feared to drown therein.

They would have remained almost motionless had not the pianist decided it was time to cheer them up. Obedient as puppets to the commands of his fingers, they danced together with the perfect precision of long custom and did not notice that the room, first empty, was gradually filling with restless couples. Half-an-hour they danced.

"What's your name?" she whispered fiercely, clutching at reality.

"Bill," he answered, staring down at her black forelock, "yours?"

"Lydia. Most of those people call me Stephanyi, but it's only my middle name." "Those people," seemed remote. She would have gone on to tell her last name, but he said "Stephanie" several times in a voice which seemed to her heart-breaking attractive. And she forgot.

They were sleep-walkers for all they saw of the dancers around them. A sense of infinite gratitude filled Lydia, and as if he felt it, the young man danced toward the piano to thank the two negroes.

"Let's go and eat something," he suggested, taking her by the hand like a small child. It would be easy to span both her wrists with thumb and forefinger, he thought. They looked breakable as fine china but were really supple, ductile; she used them like a foreigner, with unconscious gestures which were not English.

Flame-colored shavings of smoked salmon and the prickle of cold champagne only occupied their attention for a few moments. Both let their forks fall and stared at each other with secret smiles of reassurance. It was all right, it was a mutual madness, a madness so synchronized and reciprocal that only when chance led their eyes apart, were they filled with sudden terror and had to look back quickly to make sure.

RONALD GRANT, passing them, felt a relief that both Prescott's good-looking American friend and the girl in white were amusing themselves and crossed them off the list with which he burdened himself as an anxious host.

She seemed so terribly young and vulnerable to the man opposite her. In the white and silver dress she was like a snowy landscape with no footprints, a frosted cake as yet not mauled by anyone's greedy hands. Quite unconsciously he wanted to be the person, just as he had

(Continued on page 136)



*Caron's
Sweet Peas
Paris*

CARON CORP., 389 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

LADY QUEENSBERRY

*adds Pond's two new products
to her daily régime*



THE MARCHIONESS OF QUEENSBERRY
is one of the smartest women in London, a favorite hostess
there and at her father's country estate in Buckinghamshire.

"ONE must look to one's complexion these days of perfect simplicity, perfect chic." So says Lady Queensberry, herself one of the smartest women in London.

"Everyone I know gives her skin a complete treatment every day.

"I am delighted that Pond's have added to their famous Two Creams their enchanting Freshener to tone and firm the skin, and dainty Tissues to remove cold cream.

"Thanks to this beauty four: some I never miss my daily régime."

Lady Queensberry's charming appreciation explains why Pond's two new products are having such success.

Everywhere chic women stress the importance of regular treat-

ment of the skin. Formerly the daily facial was a luxury restricted to the few. Now Pond's delicious Freshener and exquisite Tissues with the famous Two Creams complete Pond's Method of caring for the skin.

THE Cleansing Tissues, for removing cold cream, are such an economy of towels and laundering! Marvelously absorbent, they wipe away all dirt and oil. And they are generously large and firm, yet silken-soft for sensitive skin.

The fragrant Freshener is a tonic and mild astringent for use after each cold cream cleansing. It is the most exhilarating thing that ever touched your cheeks! It closes the pores and banishes any lingering trace of oil. A faithful use is magic to clear and brighten faded, sallow skin.

Add these two exquisite new preparations to your daily régime as follows: First, the pore-deep cleansing with Cold Cream; Second, wipe away with the dainty Tissues. Third, close pores and tone with Skin Freshener. Next, for powder base, a breath of Vanishing Cream.

Follow Pond's Method faithfully! Chic and beauty will be your reward!

Send 10¢ for Pond's 4 preparations

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. R
122-F Hudson Street
New York City

Name _____
Street _____
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Have you, too, added these two chic
new products to your daily régime?

BRIGHT INTERVALS

(Continued from page 134)

cried at his fourth birthday party until they let him rummage around in the cake for the dime, the ring and the thimble. And as Lydia would have produced her last treasure for him their desires were united.

She tried to tell him everything about herself in ten minutes, branching off on side issues, tumbling every fact, particularly those that were derogatory, into his lap like an apronful of toys to amuse him. It was a disjointed story with many swear words, for the more sure she was that she loved him (and she had been quite sure from the first moment up-stairs) the more her unfortunate tongue tripped blithely through unaccustomed cursings. He sat and listened with her hand lying lightly in one of his own, nodding occasionally, making few comments and playing with her pointed finger-tips. She stopped several times to ask him if he was bored, but his eyes, even more than the negative he spoke, assured her.

In return she discovered that he had come over with a friend to drive a racing car in the Ulster trials, that their motor had burst into flames (he indicated a seared mauve streak on his hand), and that he was staying on a few weeks to re-visit his youth—Trinity College, Cambridge, and the sector where his squadron had been stationed, then possibly Paris. She drew from him no hint of his people or his profession, but a faint aptitude for phonetics told her that his voice was New England, though neither Maine nor Boston; she judged his age to be thirty-two or three and with the awed eye of a collector, blinking a little before an unimaginably perfect specimen, saw by his bones that here was the product of a couple of centuries' careful breeding.

When she made a rather silly joke which he capped by a still worse pun, she felt dizzy. When Camellia tripped across her extended foot, she said "Pardon me, Miss Terleton," and, used to finding her mispronunciations painstakingly corrected or politely ignored, nearly fainted at his "Dern't mention it."

His eye, turned on Mrs. Lawrence Prescott, tastier and more feminine every moment, was a chill blue-gray, cold as the lake on the top of Sargent's Mountain, and this when nearly every other male eye in the room smoldered at the sight. Curious and pleasant to find those same eyes were chunks of vivid sapphire when she stared into his brown face. As she was beginning to experience again some difficulty in breathing, she accepted gratefully his suggestion that they return to the drawing-room.

HER hoops whispered on the stairs and when, tripping over the silver cloth, she cursed as the tulle gave way, he laughed and held it in place while she pinned it.

They leaned on the sooty black iron railing and watched a barge move with tranced stateliness up the black river. A soft summer rain had sleeked the streets and scented the garden below, where the perfume of stocks and heliotrope was thick enough to eat. Like too much vanilla, she told him. And elaborated this by showing him streets that were wet and shining like ripe olives and the lamp-posts along the Embankment, blobs of honey each imprisoning a tiny sun.

"Greedy kid, all your smiles are food." They were dragged back to reality by loud mockers inside. Camellia wanted to go on. It had been a lovely party, a perfectly lovely party, but she was getting restless and could do with change. Besides, she had been upset by her beloved, the exquisite harlequin, being found sleeping in the attitude of a disheveled but distinguished Regency Rake, beside a small empty bottle which smelt abominably of ether. These little contretemps upset Camellia. She wanted suddenly to go down to Maidenhead and bathe. Someone foolishly pointed out that it was after two o'clock which confirmed her in her whim.

THEY were hauled in off the balcony, blinking a little. The dancers stopped, amused at Camellia's plan.

"Clicked with the Man of Mystery, did

you? Either bring your Arrow-Collar boy along or come without him." She was slightly drunk, but then so were most of the others. Lydia paid no attention to their teasing, her happiness was as tangible and absolutely inviolable as a crystal sphere. But the young man winced and looked unhappy around his temples and angry about his sharply-cut mouth.

"I'm going home," she reassured him in a low voice.

"Wait till I get my hat and tell the guy I'm with and I'll take you. Meet me down-stairs in the garden."

She would have met him in Hades if he'd asked her. Her silver frock swung along the garden path like a larger hollyhock than those against the brick wall.

The persistent honking of an expensive moo-cow motor horn falsely assured her that he was there already, waiting. She stepped out through the gate and all the protests, squeals and struggles in the world did not avail her. Camellia's retinue, lately such charming young men, were now a band of drunken ruffians. The car which had dazzled her was a loathsome prison, bearing her with ever-increasing and hateful speed away from the only person in the world. The merry laughter of the others were taunts and the bathing idea a mad wantonness.

She realized with a sudden pang that apart from thinking she was called "Stephanie" he did not know her name, nor she his. This made her cry so helplessly that the party took pity on her and dropped her at Royal Avenue, where she crept up to bed, anxiously tiptoeing so that Alix might not see a tear-stained face above the lovely frock.

SHE blinked at the ceiling and would have dozed again had she not been surprised out of her sleep by the absence of a familiar crack across the ceiling, a crack which countless mornings had greeted her eyes at the Royal Esplanade Hotel. Delicious snuggles of half-sleep were cut short by the sight of walls which instead of being patterned with vivid roses were in whitey-gray wash, a warm sand color, which made her remember that she was in bed in Aunt Alix's Chelsea house. These walls had indeed been a matter of much discussion, Alix having startled and confused the painters by telling them to make the walls bone dust color, to demonstrate which she had brought a small skull, the gift of a forgotten admiring tragedian, and held it against the plaster. Cream and claret toile de Jouey curtains belled in from the window and a bright panel of sun fell across her face, waking her completely.

She jumped out of bed, shaking with the memory of last night. Remembering that they had made no arrangement, she and the young man, for another meeting, her over-active imagination already embraced the gloomiest possibilities. She would never see him again; the only person she could ever possibly care for was lost forever. But this pall of gloom was too much to bear, and she lifted a corner of it to imagine a scene years hence in some crowded street corner of New York, the surprise, the sudden meeting, the second loss in the swirling cauldron of humanity at 42nd Street. Or she was a widow, without bothering to go into the details of how she had reached this interesting state, a widow with a plume of white hair across the black forehead curl, although miraculously still twenty as to face and figure. They were meeting on the Champs Elysées, but they did not lose each other this time. Dreamily, with a terrific weight of sadness at the thought of the wasted years, Lydia reached for her tooth-brush.

The telephone on the floor below rang insistently. She dropped a tin of tooth-powder and rushed to the landing, barefooted, her heart beneath a childish muslin nightgown half believing in miracles, and missing whole beats.

"Oh, do wake up and take this telephone!" wailed Alix. "Here's someone been ringing you up for the last hour and it's after twelve."

(Continued on page 138)

bring your love
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1 Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing is the first step in Pond's Method. Spread lavishly with outward strokes. The fine oils sink into the pores, softening and loosening dust and dirt.

2 Pond's Cleansing Tissues remove cold cream, gently, with economy of towels and laundry! Thistledown soft, safe for sensitive skin—the second delightful step.

3 Pond's Skin Freshener is the third step in Pond's Method. Use it after cold cream cleansing. A fragrant tonic and mild astringent, it closes pores; tones, firms the skin.

4 Pond's Vanishing Cream is the finishing touch, the happy ending of Pond's Method. Apply before you powder. It protects your skin, gives it pearly lustre, makes powder cling.

Among many beautiful women who use Pond's four products are:

The Countess Howe
(who was Viscountess Curzon)

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

Lady Louis Mountbatten

La Marquise de Polignac



Pond's 4 delicious Aids to Swift clean Beauty of Skin

SWIFT, CLEAN-CUT, runs the modern rhythm. Young, clean of line is the modern silhouette. Alert and beautiful are modern faces—eyes bright with zest of life, clear skin kept firm and young with modern care.

Pond's famous Method is the open secret of the meticulous grooming of skin that modern life exacts, yet must achieve upon the wing.

No time? No matter!

Pond's four simple steps, once fixed in habit, are swift yet scientific in the precision of their effect.

Pond's four delicious aids to beauty are the utmost modern science can offer.

Light and pure, Pond's Cold Cream cleanses your skin immaculately, and Pond's new Tissues, soft, absorbent, remove the cream with welcome economy of laundry and towels—and so hygienically!

Pond's Freshener is a delightful new discovery to keep your skin fresh and young looking, and a touch of Pond's delicious Vanishing Cream makes your powder cling for hours.

Chic and beautiful women everywhere use these famous four products in their daily régime for home treatment of the skin. These famous four steps keep their complexions exquisitely smooth, fine and clear.

FOLLOW POND'S METHOD: *One!* Cleanse thoroughly with Pond's Cold Cream . . . *Two!* Wipe away cream and dirt with Pond's new Cleansing Tissues . . . *Three!* Close pores, tone, firm the skin with Pond's new Freshener, banishing oiliness . . . *Four!* Smooth on a little Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and protection. Now you are fresh, immaculate, lovely.

Give your skin this complete care as often as you need it through the day. At bedtime thoroughly cleanse with Cold Cream and remove with Tissues.

Try this swift, sure Method! Mail the coupon and we'll send a generous week's supply.

Send 10¢ for Pond's 4 preparations

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BRIGHT INTERVALS

(Continued from page 136)



The Mode Individual.

Bruck-Weiss creations are designed to emphasize the personal chic of the individual and to effect a perfect ensemble of

Gown, Coat, Hat,
Bag, Jewelry, Accessories

for sports, afternoon and evening wear

Bruck-Weiss
20 West 57th Street
New York

Her aunt was in a mauve and blue classic teagown, holding the ear part of the telephone in one hand and a portfolio of sheet music in the other, which she waved hopelessly at Lydia.

"He sounds awfully *grim*," she whispered loudly, forgetting to cover the receiver.

"I want to speak to Miss Lydia Graeme," repeated the voice which Alix had described. It was curt and exasperated.

"This is she—her—I mean, she. This is Lydia."

Her bare toes arched away from the cool floor like a kitten's. Hardly recognizable as the voice of the young man last night, it was transmuted by the telephone into something bleak and business-like, yet surely his.

"When can I see you?"

"How did you find out my name? Where did you—"

"Lawrence Prescott told me. I was furious when I discovered you'd skipped with that gang. However, I'm told you were shanghaied. When can I see you?"

"Any time. I'm coming up-town to Camellia's dressing-room at three. She has to go there for some reason, although there's no *matinée*."

"Why do you go back to that dreadful creature?" he growled.

"Oh, because I promised and, besides, she's getting me a job." She was gay because he cared where she went, and, being very young indeed, felt no uneasiness at his extreme vehemence of distaste anent the Tarleton.

"Very well, I shall be there at half-past three."

HE RANG off. Lydia longed to have the voice back, cold gray shadow that it was. Then a flood of joy filled her and she ran up-stairs singing "The King of Love my Shepherd is," in a loud, Sunday school manner, full of conviction, and found that all the time she had been clutching the toothbrush in her right hand.

The bath was turned on full tilt. "Whose goodness faileth nev-urr," caroled Lydia, dumping in the tub lots of her aunt's best bath salts, where many of the crystals refused to melt and harassed her later. She bathed with full accompaniment of violet soap, dusting powder, scent spray and then started a systematic rifling of the medicine cabinet which, besides prosaic physics, contained a complete assortment of face creams and lotions, all with a clean smell of orange-flower water and crushed rose-leaves. These she tried in turn, making a glorious conglomeration of messes on her pink and freckled face, with all the gusto of a child making mud-pies.

"I nothing lack if I am his, and he is mine for ev-ev-urr," came *fortissimo* from the bath-room whose tiled walls provided a sympathetic resonance and volume. Alix, who although not as musical as Lissa, yet possessed an ear, winced and opened the door to inquire gently the cause of these sounds.

"Are you in love, dear?" she asked.

"Yes, darling, and isn't it extraordinary, he likes me!"

Lydia started to rub her toe nails with an enormous buffer which Alix snatched to safety.

"I used to fall in love all the time," she mused, but this offended her niece who wished it understood that her own feeling was quite unique and never to be confused with the common plural loves of any other person.

For the first time in a careless life she put all her clothes on with the cherishing attention of a harem favorite preparing for her sultan.

The results in the long mirror, even after all the face stuff and a little lipstick and less rouge and her very best hat pulled on just a teeny bit to one side, were surprisingly like the usual reflection. It was lamentable but true that she looked exactly like herself after a breezy walk along the Esplanade and a touch of anger had tinted her cheeks with coral and made her eyes clear and bright. Disappointed, she stared at herself for a

moment and then, restless with excitement, turned to see that these preparations had blessedly advanced the clock more than an hour nearer the time graven like a password in her heart.

"**I**T DOES spoil the appetite," Alix remarked, when Lydia refused to join her over a cold bird and a particularly good salad. To eat would have been impossible. Slightly irritated by the sight of her aunt calmly enjoying a wing and studying her with enormous gray eyes over this morsel, she flounced out of the house and determined to walk at least part of the way to Panton Street. The sunshine and bustle of the King's Road drew her in merrily; as well ask a small dog not to be interested in rabbit holes as expect her lively curiosity and sensitive nose not to appreciate the George Belcher charwomen, the dark and beery smell of the pubs she passed, and the bright Saturday-Fair aspect of this most vivid thoroughfare. But every minute of the time, part of her brain was reminding her of the delicious existence of the one person she could ever love. She would poke it back and then take it out to gloat over again like a miser with gold pieces; each time she would save the thought of his caring enough to telephone her as a last exquisite pleasure. These emotions would suddenly overwhelm her, starting with a tickling thrill at the top of her spine and ending with a little shiver that brought tears to the eyes.

"The King of Love my Shepherd is," she hummed, not meaning irreverence or blasphemy, but a simple thank-offering to her God. Ah, this new delightful intoxication of being in love! And the wonderful security of knowing one's feeling returned! It was like those woolly suits very small children wore, it covered her from the crown of her head down to her toes and even went softly on over these, like a baby's nightie, tucking her in, enclosing everything but her face, which was left visible because it had had the good luck to please him.

Camellia's dressing-room was timeless. Lydia had small hope of finding any kind of clock there unless one of the attending swains could summon strength to pull out a watch or glance at his wrist.

They had forgotten or forgiven her failure to accompany them to Maidenhead. One picked up the life of this backstage salon as easily as if one had never been away. No one inquired where you had been, or what you had been doing, unless it was something exceptionally funny which would make an amusing story. Camellia, haggard and husky, still had the vitality of twenty dock-hands and was roaring with joy over some pleasantries when Lydia came in.

"Ah, Stef'ny! You're looking well. Fane says he might find you an understudy's part in a couple of weeks. Want it?"

"Oh, gosh, yes, Camellia! You're an angel—" but her brow wrinkled with a sudden fear that this, the fulfilment of her greatest desire yesterday afternoon, might perhaps in some obscure way clash with the new tidal wave which had swept away all other ideas.

SUDDENLY she saw in a blinding flash that Camellia never had let any tidal waves sweep her past the point to which she was swimming; there had been men and women and would always be, but nothing on earth could divert the purpose of the Tarleton's strong jaw, set toward victory, unaffected by criticism, scandal, adverse circumstances, youth or inexperience. She would get there, would Camellia, and stay. Lydia felt herself a weak thing, a soft warm piece of weakness next this determination which, by its very intensity, seemed cold and enduring. Then she thought of the Teddy Bear woolly of love that covered her and was glad to be a creature given wholly to ministering to the sacred flame. She apprehended that a beautiful, clever young Mercury might not like too strong a jaw on his lady love.

"Why do you keep fidgeting so,"

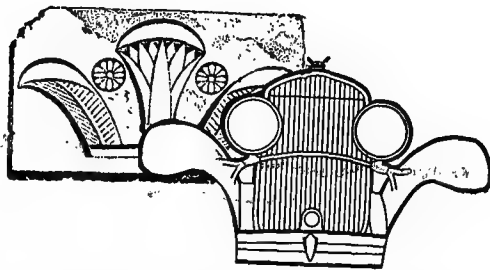
(Continued on page 141)



New Chrysler "75" 5-Passenger Sport Phaeton \$1795—New Chrysler "75"—Nine body styles priced from \$1535 to \$2345—New Chrysler "65"—Six body styles priced from \$1040 to \$1145. New Chrysler Imperial—Five custom body styles, \$2675 to \$3855. All prices f. o. b. factory.

CHRYSLER *Leads Not Alone in Style But in Safety, Ease of Handling and Value*

It is not claiming too much to say that a most significant factor in bringing to America the automobile style leadership of the world is the original mode which Chrysler introduced.



The Chrysler front elevation indicates the influence of the Egyptian lotus leaf motif—still found in all its pristine beauty on the ruins of the great temples at Karnak. Modified to its modern application, it is perfectly proportioned and applied with consummate artistry in blending beauty and utility.

Chrysler beauty—no chance creation—but tracing from the origins of classic art, as applied by Chrysler to the modern motor car—is universally conceded to be the most striking new thing in automobile design the world has seen.

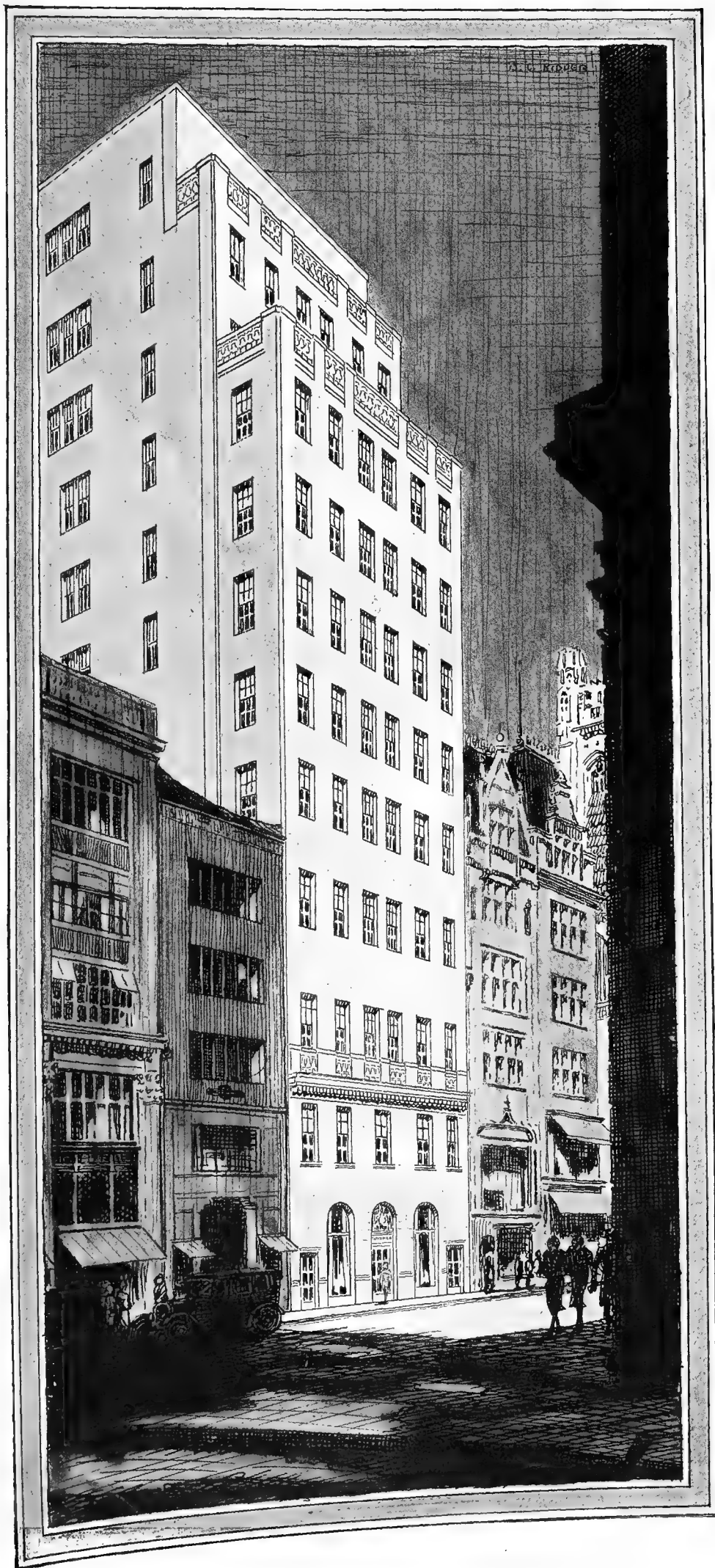
This new Chrysler smartness and obvious style authority thus attained have done much to make Chrysler cars so attractive to women, as well as to men.

It is particularly the natural desire of women that in the appurtenances of their daily life they shall be surrounded with things that reflect the newest of new fashion.

Chrysler cars have not only this striking new style that re-styles all motor cars but a superior ease and safety of performance and handling which makes Chrysler cars in any phase of operation trouble-free and dependable.

Further, due to Chrysler's vast resources and economies in its engineering, purchasing, manufacturing and finance, these cars cost less to buy and less to maintain.

Because of this leadership in style, safety, performance and value, Chrysler motor cars are today inevitably in demand by people everywhere. Chrysler invites your closest inspection and severest test.



*Advance
Modes*

FURS
by
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*presented in their
New Salons*

666 FIFTH AVENUE
Near 53rd Street
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*Smart performance
and smart appearance*
you will find **Buick**
both in

After all, there are only one or two headliners in every field who "have everything" . . . who *look* and *act* the part . . . it is true in polo . . . in golf . . . in aviation . . . and it is true among motor cars, where the choice is Buick! Beauty *and* ability . . smart, rhythmic, spirited performance and alluring style . . you will find *both* in Buick. That's why it's the car for *you*!

Buick Motor Company, Flint, Mich., Division of General Motors Corporation

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM



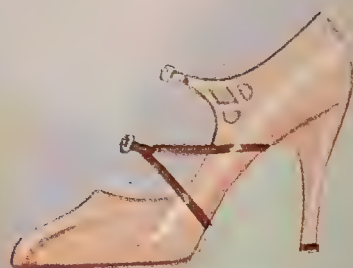
From an original photograph in natural colors



The Derelys
Gray genuine watersnake, with quarter of silverwing kid



The Ganna
Patent leather with buckled strap. Side trimming of dark blue, sea blue and gray kid. Pippings of silver kid



The Celinda
Cleverly strapped, center buckled. Champagne color kid with Almore perlustre kid trim



The Enchantress
Black satin, with beaded black suede tongue

The Estelle
Smart gored pump of tan linen, embroidered in blue. Small beaded ornament



A NEW refinement in footwear is this marvelous Tru-Poise Shoe, with its subtle hidden construction for maintaining the foot in correct position, even in the highest, slimmest heels. This exclusive Tru-Poise feature not only preserves the shapeliness of delicate shoes, but it enables every woman to wear with grace and ease the slenderizing, high-arched styles so flattering to the feminine foot. Tru-Poise Shoes are now available at smart shops almost everywhere. See them, try them on, and you will be enthusiastic about Tru-Poise style and poise.

Write for Folder of Paris Styles and name of nearest dealer

THE SELBY SHOE COMPANY, 207 Seventh St., Portsmouth, O.

for APRIL 1929

BRIGHT INTERVALS

(Continued from page 138)

Stef'ny? You make me nervous. What's eating you?"

"I've got a date," Lydia announced mysteriously, and after a few more minutes chatting with the recumbent George who regarded one small bone half-way down his spine as the logical point on which to tilt himself—it could hardly be called sitting—and Mrs. Keyes, who was as usual "filling in," while Camellia remained in deep and silent abstraction, she got up to leave.

He was standing at the head of the shiny gray stairs which led to the nether regions, leaning against a wall, worn soapy-smooth by countless waiting shoulders.

She had known he would be there, but the sight of him in the flesh was too perfect a moment not to be prolonged. For an instant she stood looking up at him, studying the long line he made, the carved hollow of the temples, the angry grip of his thin jaws on a pipe, the sensitive, beautifully cut narrow mouth which managed to be humorous as well as grim, the nose which, unlike so many noses, was not regrettable, above all that long line from the smooth helmet of fair hair down a body which narrowed from broad shoulders to slim flanked legs and thin ankles, lazily crossed.

"Darling!"

He turned, looked down at her and was no longer an angry Patience on a monument waiting for a late-comer.

"Hurry up, come on out of this horrible place with me."

She was content to hear her glamorous rabbit-hole so libeled. They blinked a little coming into the strong sunlight where he jammed on a gray felt hat which immediately seemed part of him and not an after-thought, while he pulled Lydia along with his free hand.

"Come on! I hate hanging round places like that. They make me feel embarrassed, that doorman gobbling cockney at me!"

"All right, darling, I'm coming!"

THEY walked around in circles, down to Cockspur Street, up the Haymarket, along Pantion Street and around again. He began asking her to marry him on the first block and she to accept him, which acceptances he brushed aside and repeated his own proposal. Presently, half-laughing, half-crying and wholly breathless from the mad chase, she stopped on a street corner, while he ran across to a tobacconist's for cigarettes. It was curious that she felt him even more a part of herself when she saw him away from her than when he was by her side; it was as if a strong elastic band fastened them together and in watching him cross the street and disappear into the shop it was only stretched, sure to snap back again with him in an instant. Something quite tangibly a part of herself seemed to follow him and she stood waiting on the pavement marveling that this man returning toward her should belong to such a poor thing as herself.

He would have none of her blithe agreements to his terse proposals until he made quite sure she knew what she was about. As if sure she again knew quite surely what she was about!

"Why, you don't even know my name!" he announced in tones of horror.

His name, it appeared, was John William Norton. She half listened, half studied his face, hoping it wouldn't suddenly disappear like some perfect but transitory dream. He was the son of what Lydia ever afterward unconsciously mis-called a "Congressional" minister, (having once thought of it as that she could never school her tongue to the correct word) a "Congressional" minister undoubtedly of great academic parts, for he was also, curiously, the president of a college whose name was unfamiliar, although Bill obviously expected her to recognize it. She knew of Harvard and Yale and more vaguely had heard of Princeton, but she pretended, lest his feelings be hurt, to nod in instant acquiescence as if hearing of an old friend. As John William Norton would never have pretended to be familiar with something unknown and as he imagined every-

one knew of all the better colleges, he went on without investigating her nod. His father was, compared to most scholastic divines, rather well-off.

He had been rather more sophisticated, call it worldly, than his brothers or sister, had gone into the Canadian Flying Corps at eighteen, then transferred to the Americans, and was awfully spoiled from then on and had landed rather a good job from a companion-in-wings after the war, in the Street, "Wall Street," he explained.

"Oh, yes," said Lydia wisely.

He had acquired extravagant tastes and loved racing cars of some extraordinary horse-power, but of course he would give all that up. Lydia, praying fervently that he need never give up anything bright or pleasant in his life on her account, said:

"But what is it you are trying to tell me, dear? Have you got a mistress or someone with a claim on you who'll be nasty about me?"

He looked appalled.

"A mistress? Lydia, don't say such things! I don't have things like that, dearest kid!"

This puzzled her.

"I know a couple of awfully nice people who are mistresses," she started. "People like you or me, really very nice—"

"Do hush, darling. Lord, it was high time I came and found you, little Lydia."

She looked at her thumb which had a narrow waist-line denoting tact, and held her peace. Stubbornly her mind insisted that they were nice, but her heart scorned it and ran eagerly to embrace all his tenets. She was delighted with the adjective "little," and felt no incongruity in its application to her five feet, eight inches.

They stopped in front of the cluttered window of an obscure antique jeweler's shop.

"Oooh, I do love those."

They were gold and enamel rings with various mottoes. One she adored of bright sapphire blue read "*Loin des yeux, près du cœur.*"

"Which one?"

"The blue one. See?" She pointed an eager finger. It wore a ticket reading 22. 10. 6., written in spidery, old-fashioned hand.

"You'll never get the chance to be far from my eyes, darling. But we'll get it quickly before you light on some monstrous diamond. My Jewish blood coming to the fore again," at which she stole such a cautious look at his noticeably Nordic nose that he laughed loudly.

"Come on, Mrs. Nerton!"

"Url right, John William."

The name made him protest. He hated it, he said. He was to be Bill to her always. Along with New England, family pews and rhubarb, he hated his name. It sounded priggish.

"I think it's a lovely name and I'm sure I'd like rhubarb," she assured him.

THE shop was a dream to her and the very old man who brought the ring out and let her try it on seemed a kindly goblin.

"Quite a remarkable fit, sir, isn't it? The lady 'as a very small finger, I may say."

He might say anything he pleased. In their trance they almost forgot to pay for it. The old man watched them hail a passing taxi.

After he had explained to her a lot more things about himself and his family he discovered he could no longer speak easily. The tension inside the dingy cab trembled with an intensity which was close to agony. He gathered her into his arms and leaned down to kiss her eyelids gently.

For such a healthy young person she seemed curiously pale, indeed on the verge of a faint. For a moment the prospect of cherishing so emotional a nature made him vaguely uneasy. Then he saw her happily married, fed to bursting with the porridge and cream he would stuff down her himself if necessary, and forgetting all qualms, he kissed her with a loving violence which completely drove away that disquieting pallor.

(To be continued)



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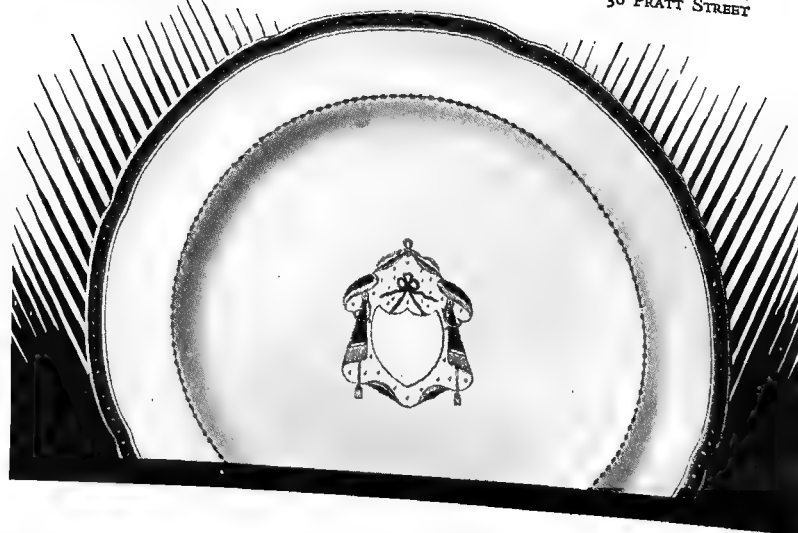
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REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST

(Continued from page 85)

I continued to ride long after she had gone blind; but she cantered gaily all the same; and at the sound of my warning: "Hold up, pretty girl!" would slow up and feel for the obstacle with her hoof.

MERTON HALL itself is a large, rambling, red-brick Elizabethan house, surrounded by a large park and "home woods." In my day it had no bathrooms or electric light. A bevy of neat housemaids carried cans of hot water to the various bedrooms and prepared tubs for all, and two candles in each room were considered sufficient illumination.

The old oak staircase, with the family pictures on the walls and its large stained-glass window, was one of the features of the house. How I loved that old staircase, and indeed every corner of the house. I could find my way about it blindfolded even now after so many weary years.

All the bedrooms had different names, recorded on little brass plates in old-fashioned lettering. There was "Adam and Eve," so called on account of its very curious early ceiling, "Puss in the Corner," "Pheasant," "Partridge" (these were side by side), "France," "Spain" and "Savoy," "California," "San Francisco" and "Oregon." "The Nunnery" was a little suite of rooms on the top of the house. "The Babes in the Wood," "Robin Redbreast" and "The Wicked Uncle" were together at the end of a wing. I considered it peculiarly appropriate that the governess should always have "The Wicked Uncle" allotted to her.

Referring to the names of these last rooms, the famous tragedy of the Babes in the Wood was supposed to have happened close by, in what is now called Wayland Wood, where I have been nutting many a time.

At the top of the house was a long gallery where we played on rainy days and which was a perfect treasure ground for children. It was stacked with old furniture, cases containing every sort of oddity, including fancy costumes—or were they really old period dresses? I remember a white wig, dusty books, a rocking-horse with an arched neck that seemed to us gigantic in those days and must have been at least a hundred years old.

AND so regularly every year we left the old palace in Rome and came to England, where for six months we led the ordinary life of English children.

I have always noticed how other people in their memoirs seem to dwell excessively on their old homes and youthful memories. They now have my sympathy, for I find it a struggle for me not to do the same; particularly so, as those years spent in the blessed British countryside are a chapter in my life now closed forever. All the dear ones are dead, and Merton has now been let since many a long day. I have spent long summers under other skies, without a sight of England to gladden my eyes. I have seen unfamiliar trees turning in the autumn and remembered the russet leaves and golden bracken of Merton, the hoar frost on the hedges and the rooks cawing in the park, and the gray church with the round Saxon tower, and in its shadow a tiny grave:

Stefano Colonna
Born at Oxborough Hall
18th Dec. 1884 Died 2nd Feb. 1885
The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord.

If my baby brother had lived, what a difference it would have made in all our lives!

When I was still very tiny, we all went up to Walsingham's shooting-box in Yorkshire—Blubber House—for the grouse shooting in August. It was there that on August 30th, 1888, he made the famous bag of 1070 grouse to his gun alone, which has remained a record, I believe, to this day.

But soon, owing to financial difficulties, Blubber House and its famous moor was always let. About the same time Walsingham found it more convenient to let

also the Merton shooting, instead of incurring the vast expense of shooting parties.

For several consecutive years he found an excellent tenant in the person of Mr. Shoolbred of Tottenham Court Road fame. I remember hearing the arrangement discussed *en famille*, when I was a child. As Mr. Shoolbred knew nothing of the organization of a shoot, he particularly wished Walsingham to have charge of all arrangements and to shoot daily with the party. All the game was also left to him, except a few brace that Mr. Shoolbred distributed to various friends. This ideal tenant did not wish to occupy the hall, but rented instead an old farmhouse on the estate, Mortimer Farm, so Walsingham and my grandmother were left comfortably in possession of their country home.

The only fly in the ointment existed for us children, for though Mr. Shoolbred himself was a very good and careful shot, the friends he brought down were both inexperienced and wild. They gaily peppered keepers and dogs and, in fact, anyone who had the misfortune to be in their immediate vicinity, so it was decreed unsafe for the children to go out with the shooters. This was a bitter disappointment, for there was nothing we enjoyed more.

But Walsingham often used to go out for a day by himself, either after partridges in September or after pheasants in the early days of October, and liked to take my sister and myself along with him. How I loved being sent into a plantation with a keeper and an odd boy, and do my share of work as a beater! And the tramps through the turnip fields, all big bumps underfoot and huge cuplike leaves full of water that emptied themselves into one's boots at every step! I would have died sooner than admit I was tired, but still remember the relief when we got on to the high road once more and had a mile or so of easy walking before beginning again.

Walsingham was always a delightful companion, and our hurried luncheons, partaken of under the shelter of a hedge, were among the gayest meals I ever had.

We were so accustomed to his marvelous shooting that nothing that he did ever surprised us. I remember a pheasant once got up just as he was climbing a gate, and he threw up his gun with only one hand and shot it dead. He had the quickest eye and hand imaginable. Later on, after my marriage, when I went to shooting parties both in England and Italy, it always seemed to me that everyone shot extremely badly, simply because I was so used to Walsingham's high level.

TO RETURN to winter life in Rome. When I was about fifteen my existence became more cheerful. The latest disagreeable governess of the dynasty was rather less obnoxious than her predecessors, and I began to get glimpses of the outside world. I was stronger in health and full of vitality. My father began to take more interest in us now that we were growing up. All the same, amusements were few and far between; but then in those days the smallest departure from everyday life was an excitement.

On the death of my grandfather, Prince Giovanni Andrea Colonna, my father succeeded to the title, and also to the charge of Prince Assistant to the Holy See. For the benefit of the uninitiated I must explain that the heads of the two great Roman families, Colonna and Orsini, are hereditary "Principi Assistenti al Soglio."

Pope Julius II. in 1503, in the vain hope of putting an end to the fierce feud between the two families, created these posts, but his move hadn't the desired effect and the fighting continued just the same. It was impossible to have the two Princes in attendance on the Pope at the same time, as neither would yield precedence to the other. Endless quarreling took place over this question for over two hundred years, until Benedict XIII., who was an Orsini, hit upon a solution which seems as easy as the famous one for solving the problem of Columbus' egg.

(Continued on page 146)

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"Just what would they cost us?"

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"Can my menu include a canape or other hors d'oeuvres or a salad before I've added salad forks to my set?"

"If Uncle Andrew should like the dinner I serve him, and say, 'Bless you, my children, and what pieces in this lovely silver would you like next?' just what pieces ought I mention, to help me on my way to formal entertaining?"

"As my silver set grows, how can I be sure to avoid a mistake so many women make - 'lazy' pieces, forever tucked away in their flannel wrappings, while some other pieces have to be rushed out and washed between courses?"

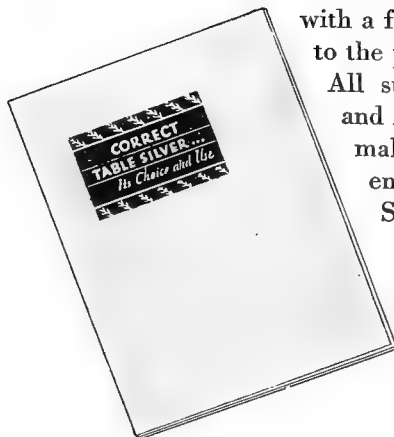
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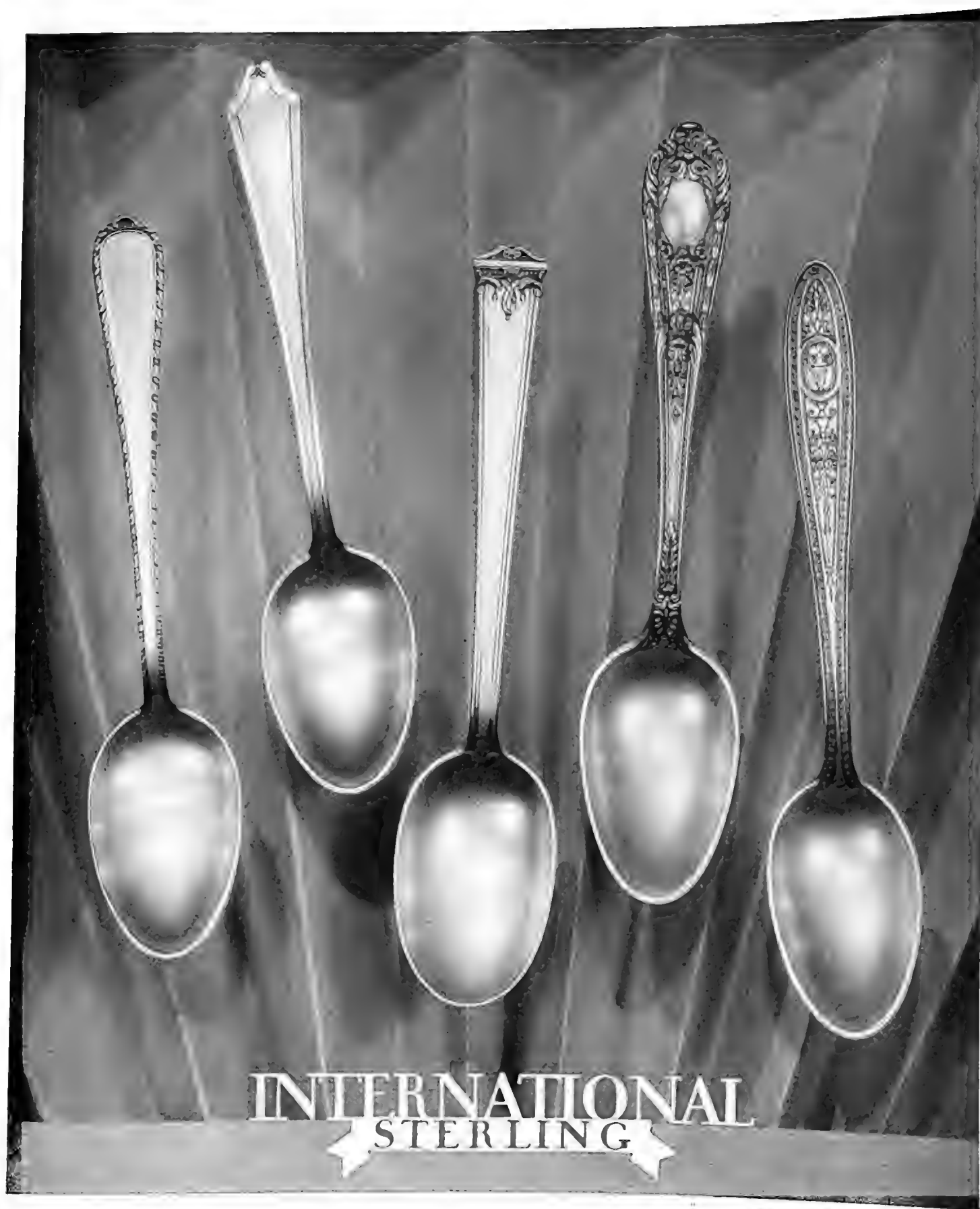
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REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST

(Continued from page 142)

Prince Colonna and Prince Orsini would take turns in being in attendance on the Pope, and thus never meet. The custom continues to this day, when at the great ceremonies in St. Peter's or at the Sistine Chapel, it is always either Prince Colonna or Prince Orsini who, in his picturesque black costume, stands beside the Pope's throne.

But all through my girlhood old Prince Orsini was always unable to be present at the Vatican ceremonies, so my father was in constant attendance, and it is only in these last years that the present Prince Orsini and my cousin, Marcantonio Colonna, have resumed the custom of taking regular turns at this duty. Though they are excellent friends, the old ground of contention about precedence has survived throughout the centuries until this day, and it is an understood thing in Rome that Prince Colonna and Prince Orsini can never sit at the same dinner table.

AFTER my grandfather's death my father changed his life very considerably, as he definitely ranged himself on the "Black" side, that is, among the Vatican's adherents. Before doing this he had a last audience with King Humbert, with whom he had been on very friendly terms but whom now, on account of political reasons, he was destined never to see again. The King most tactfully approved of my father's assuming the Colonna hereditary charge, according to tradition, and when he finally shook hands with him he said:

"If everybody understood each other as well as you and I do, there would be no political complications in Italy."

My father, in his picturesque black kilted costume, with silk mantle, used to drive to the Vatican, accompanied by his gentleman-in-waiting and his private chaplain. I think it is one of the last instances of a Roman Prince having a gentleman in attendance on him, and of course it was only on these occasions. In everyday life this *gentiluomo* was one of my father's agents, but he also wore a costume, with a cocked hat and sword, when he went to the Vatican, and was very proud of his rôle.

After my father's last audience with the King, he was received, together with his two daughters, in private audience by Pope Leo XIII. We wore the black frocks and lace mantillas that are still customary at the Vatican. The Pope looked scarcely human in his emaciation and parchment-like coloring and was incredibly ugly. He wore mittens and his shrivelled fingers emerging from them looked like forks. He asked my father whether he destined either of us to be a nun, which prejudiced me against him.

The following year, on account of the fatigue occasioned by giving private audiences to all the "Black" families, it was decided that the Pope should hold a New Year's reception instead, receiving all the *Patriziato Romano* in a body.

I think the first of these receptions was held in 1896 and they were continued every year until his death. They were a curious mixture of religion and society. We all assembled in one of the large drawing-rooms of the Vatican decorated with fine old frescoed ceiling and frieze and hung with crimson brocade. At one end of the room, on some steps, was the Pope's throne, shadowed by a great canopy. While we were waiting for his arrival, the function seemed like an ordinary party: the young people gathered together in the deep-set windows, chattered and chaffed and had a very good time in the unspoiled manner of those days. Of course, all the women wore black with lace mantillas, and the men were in evening dress. There was a great art in arranging the mantilla properly, and the smartest women employed a celebrated hair-dresser, called Lancia, to do so, and fastened the lace with all their most beautiful jewels.

When the Pope arrived and took his place on the throne, all voices were hushed, and then my father, standing near him, would make a little speech, offering good wishes for the New Year in the name of all present and asking for a blessing. The Pope would answer with a

few well-chosen words, and then await the *defile* of the Roman nobility.

My sister and I had to be the first to pass, which was shy work, but on an imperceptible nod from my father we would come forward and kneel before the Pope and listen to whatever he found to say to us, after which we moved on and our place was taken by the next family on the list. My father presented each one by name, in case the Pope did not remember them.

ON New Year's Day, I think it must have been in 1897, I had been ill and was not able to accompany my father and my sister to the Vatican. On their return my sister burst into my room in an abject state of despair, holding her head in her hands.

"Oh, Vittoria," she wailed, "I have done something too awful, too dreadful. Never will I get over it!"

I remember sitting straight up in bed in my anxiety.

"Surely you didn't trip over the Pope?" I suggested, awestruck, trying to think of the worst thing that could happen.

"No, but I went up to the throne directly after Papa's speech; I forgot the Pope had to answer first, you see! And they just waved me away!"

It seemed to my poor sister, who was only eighteen at the time, the worst humiliation that could befall her, and with tears running down her face she kept repeating:

"It was all that old Princess Ruspoli's fault; she pushed me in the back and said, 'Go on!' Now wouldn't you think she was old enough to know better?"

IN FEBRUARY 1897 my father gave a beautiful ball at Palazzo Colonna for my sister's "coming out". In a way it was my "coming out", too, as I was present at it though only sixteen at the time, and I think no one was more truly "débutantes" than we were, for so closely had we been guarded up till then that we had never met any young men, except our cousins, until that evening. I was so shy that I prayed as I danced, for fear of treading on my partner's toes. And my prayers must have been successful, for I was kept at it until dawn! It was on that occasion that the Maria Mancini apartment on the ground floor was thrown open for the first time for many years. It is now inhabited by my cousin, the present Prince Colonna.

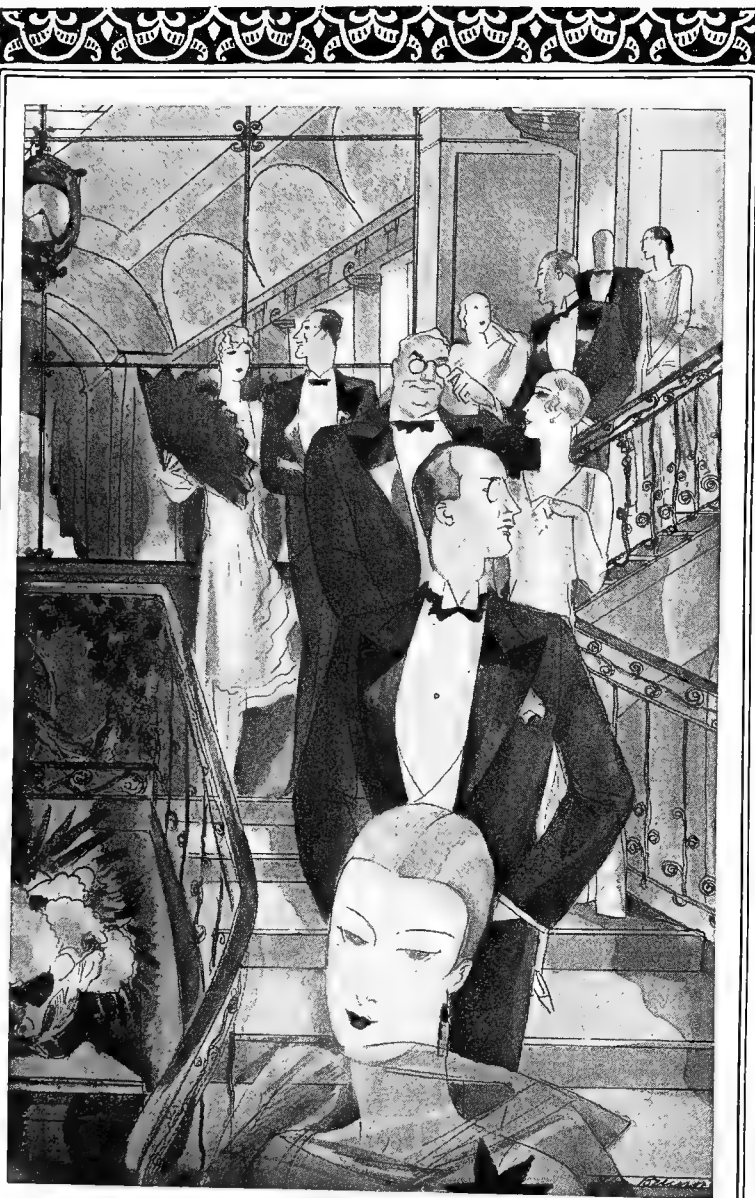
I remember the first guest to arrive was Monsignor Stonor, the English Bishop who had christened me in London, and who was to perform my marriage ceremony in Rome twenty years later. He arrived early, according to the custom of Roman prelates, so as to leave before the dancing began, and I accompanied him round the frescoed drawing-rooms that he was very anxious to inspect, as he had never seen them.

In those days the "Black" world was still very large and included, curiously enough, all the prettiest girls in Rome: Maria, Laura and Giacinta Ruspoli, a trio of beautiful sisters in a family famed for its good looks, Nita Lante, Lavinia and Bebetta Bourbon del Monte, Maria and Cristina Lancellotti . . .

The border-line between "Black" and "White" society was very marked, and the "Black" was the aggrieved party, for they considered that the Pope had been unlawfully deprived of his temporal power in 1870 when Italy became a united country, and that he should really be King of Rome. So the "Blacks" would have nothing to do with the "Whites", who remained more serenely indifferent in the matter.

There were three brothers called Macchi who were friends of ours after our début. They belonged to the "Blacks" and had an old uncle who was a Cardinal. All these boys had in turn to do their military service, through no wish of their own, but because it was the law of the country. All the same, the old Cardinal absolutely refused to see them wearing the Italian uniform, and when the moment for his service came the particular Macchi boy in question had to bid a for-

(Continued on page 149)



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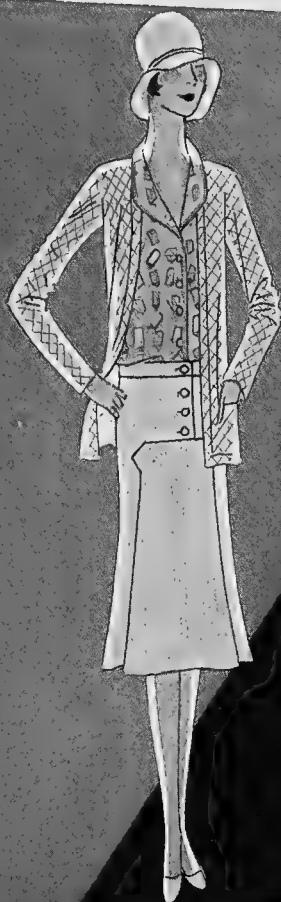
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The Piqué Suit

Piqués in white or pastel tints are worn with printed batiste blouses. The totally charming piqué suit sketched at the left uses pale yellow cotton piqué and quilts its jacket in green. Green and yellow batiste in the new Billet Doux print makes its softly frilled, tuck-in blouse. Bits of solid green edge the blouse and accent the green quilting of the little jacket.



Organdie in Moonlight

Organdies . . . delicate as orchid petals . . . are dividing honors with stiffened chiffons. Afternoon and dance frocks made on bouffant lines have tight bodices to reveal gently a lithe waist movement in full, swaying skirts that sweep the ground in back. The model below is the new shadow print in yellow green. It is worn over a silver slip.

COTTON IS THE "PET" OF THE MODE

Calicoes for the Beach

Beach pajamas or beach trousers . . . very full Tartar affairs, are thoroughly established as a picturesque part of the sun bath. Calicoes in brilliant colors and the gayest of peasant prints are seen everywhere on smart beaches. Sketched above is the new type of calico petticoat developed by Mary Nowitsky, to vary the vogue for beach trousers.



Ginghams for Sun Tan

Ginghams, usually in tiny checks . . . sometimes in dashing plaids . . . approve the sun tan mode. Low cut at back, sleeveless, pleated or circular of skirt . . . they are perfect for such active sports as tennis. Occasionally, these brief frocks are trimmed with a solid color, although the smart ones cling to self material and intricate seamings for variation. Plain toned broadcloth coats in the predominating color of the frock are worn with gingham in Pasadena.



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AS IN YOUR PERSONAL WEAR

"My dear! Imagine this! Mrs. Llewelyn Jones appeared at her dinner party in an exquisite formal dinner gown, but with sport shoes and gypsy jewelry!"

Fantastic? Yet hardly more so than a formal dinner with the table silver all at discord—the hollowware in one pattern, jangling with the flatware in another.

Today, the "Ensemble Idea" is the mode, in silverware as well as in frocks . . . Which is another big reason for choosing 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate. For it affords unlimited pattern matching.

Start with the PIECES OF 8, in knives, forks and spoons, in any one of its illustrious patterns. (Service of 34 pieces, \$43.75 . . . slightly higher in Canada.) And at any time you choose, you may add your tea and dinner sets and your supplemental pieces . . . all in the selfsame pattern.

You can see the new 1929 PIECES OF 8 sets at any silverware counter, or write for booklet D-25 to Dept. E, International Silver Co., Meriden, Connecticut. Salesrooms: New York, Chicago, San Francisco . . . Canada: International Silver Company of Canada, Limited, Hamilton, Ontario.



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1847

Presenting the LEGACY Pattern, the modern flair in silverware. LEGACY five-piece tea set \$100 . . . LEGACY pastry forks "eights" . . . \$11.30 . . . "sixes" \$8.50.

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JOLI SOIR

"SUNDOWN"

Nouvelle Creation de
CHERAMY · *Paris*

380 RUE ST. HONORÉ

REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST

(Continued from page 146)

mal farewell to his uncle, kiss his hand, and not appear before him until he was out of uniform once more.

I remember hearing the Spanish Ambassador to the Vatican, Madame Merry del Val (Mother of the Spanish Ambassador now in London, and of the Cardinal), say when organizing a *thé de bienfaisance*:

"I cannot preside over the tea table, for, if a lady of the White World comes up I couldn't possibly offer her a cup of tea."

All this ill-feeling is now a thing of the past and, except on strictly official occasions, the two parties meet and mingle freely, all the best of friends.

Though I did not go to all the social functions that year with my sister, my father now and then relented and took me about with him, in spite of my extreme youth. Though he was very severe, I think my gaiety and love of fun really amused him.

When we went to formal parties to which Cardinals were invited, there were footmen with lighted torches at the foot of the stairs, waiting to escort the Cardinals to the antichamber, according to old custom. The gala liveries of the servants in the old Roman families were very magnificent, but these are still used in present times. My father ranked as a Cardinal according to Vatican etiquette, so when we arrived at a party the order: "Torcie!" was given also for him, and two footmen walked in front of us bearing their torches on high, which looked rather funny, up a staircase already brilliantly lighted with electric light.

This custom dates from the days when Roman staircases were unlit, and servants with torches were provided for the convenience of guests, when these were of sufficient importance.

I USED to delight in getting my father to tell me the story of how he used to stand among the servants in his father's antichamber at Palazzo Colonna when he was a little boy, and watch the guests arriving and departing. With his delightful talent for mimicry he would imitate for my amusement the old *maestro di casas* (literally "master of the house" but meaning butler) expression, first when an Ambassador was leaving the reception and the old man would call out pompously, "Torcie!" the order being followed by a scurry of footmen and flaming torches, and then when an unimportant lady departed, when he would cast a supercilious glance at her and then study the ceiling disdainfully, while the poor thing stumbled and flopped down the dark stairs as best she could.

We visited the old Duchess Salviati, who was at home every Monday evening. Her drawing-room was furnished with stiff chairs placed round the walls, and on one side a still stiffer sofa on which she sat, surrounded by the guests of honor, usually my father and some Cardinals.

I find that I wrote a description of our first evening in Casa Salviati in my youthful diary:

"It was a real old Roman reception at Salviati's last night: the large dimly lighted staircase, the solemn footmen in the antichamber and the stateliness that reigned in the drawing-room. Three Cardinals sat solemnly on a sofa with their red skull-caps on their heads and their silk mantles falling in correct folds about them. They were surrounded by several hideous old ladies and ugly old gentlemen representing the cream of Black society. I made my lowest courtesy to the mistress of the house . . . and finally found myself seated with several uninteresting damsels on a row of chairs with our backs to the wall, carrying on a most correct society conversation. Presently one of the few young men present came and appropriated the chair next to me. He was Don—, a small youth with widely opened gray eyes, a perpetually scared expression, lanky coal black hair, red nose and the most absurdly squeaky voice I've ever heard . . ."

Such was my vitality that I managed to get enjoyment even out of that sort of evening!

IT WAS during the Carnival of 1897 that we attended the last big dinner and ball ever given by Prince and Princess Lancellotti, now both dead. Prince Lancellotti was one of the staunchest of the Pope's supporters, and after 1870, when Italy became a united Kingdom, he shut his front door in sign of mourning, and it has never been opened again to this day, when his son still continues the same tradition.

In spite of the closed front door, the Lancellottis gave yearly parties, but the only one I saw was the last of the series. The guests went in at a small side entrance. On that occasion the ball was preceded by a dinner of sixty, my first experience of a banquet, and, as usual, I managed to extract a lot of fun from what was really a rather solemn and dull affair. Though the ball that followed was a large one, not one of the guests had been presented at Court, nor was there a single officer in uniform. It would be impossible to give such a party nowadays. *Le combat finit, faute de combattants.*

My rather sad and lonely childhood was now a thing of the past, and until I married in 1901 my Roman seasons were full of *joie de vivre*. All parties were not as stiff as the Salviati one, and I remember the gayest of balls with cotillions that lasted all night.

Though my father was very fond of me, he was excessively severe, but no scoldings could damp my youthful spirits for very long. I loved bicycling, and had discovered a sort of cycling school or track called "Pista Tomei" where people went to learn to ride and which became my happy-hunting-ground. I got up gymkhanas, an unknown thing in Rome, inventing absurd races for which I wheedled nice prizes out of my father, and I often succeeded in winning them. I remember an Orsini having a crashing fall over an obstacle, and my joy was so intense and so openly demonstrated that it was attributed to the spirit of the old family feud.

I also started games of bicycle polo which took place in the middle of the track, to the great worry and confusion of the people who were learning to ride on its outside edge! These games were an importation from Merton where, during the happy summer months, several young friends and I played bicycle polo on the lawn. In Rome this was considered quite a daring innovation, terrific tumbles were the order of the day, and I remember my father's indignation when on inquiring why I had a long scratch on my cheek I explained that it had been caused by somebody else's pedal!

WHEN my sister married Marchese Chigi di Siena in 1899, the last of the disagreeable governesses left, and I had a charming Italian *dame de compagnie*, cultivated and kind, who came every afternoon to accompany me wherever I wished to go, while my darling Sisy went out with me in the morning, for, needless to say, I was not allowed to go about by myself.

One of my dancing partners was a young man who obtained a sad notoriety a few years later. He came to Rome for a couple of seasons and had a mania for giving huge dinner parties, to which he invited indiscriminately everyone he met. He never could remember a name and rarely recognized a face, so he seemed to exist in a perpetual gray fog of confusion. His conversation was fragmentary and disjointed; in fact, it was difficult to understand *what* he was talking about most of the time. My father took a most violent dislike to what he considered the most obnoxious youth he had ever seen, and snubbed him unmercifully. I was rather sorry for the poor thing, as he really seemed rather pathetically bewildered by life. He couldn't understand why we never accepted the invitations to his banquets at the Grand Hotel.

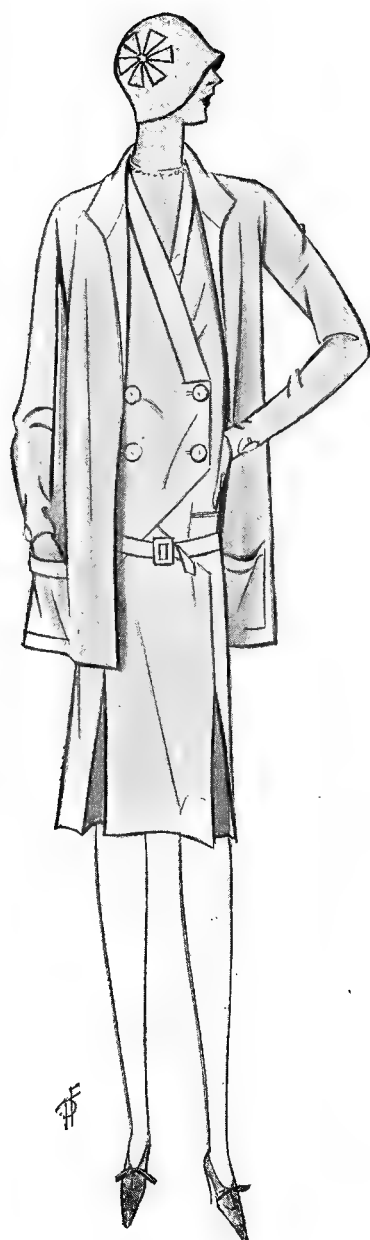
At that time a little old professor, who had been one of my childhood's teachers and who still came to read Dante with me, had fallen on bad days and was urgently in need of pupils. I persuaded my young acquaintance to learn Italian and engage my old master, so he used to have him at

(Continued on page 150)

DOBBS

The SLEEVELESS FROCK and MATCHING LITTLE JACKET

Create a New Fashion



AND the increasing importance of this new vogue may be ascribed to the utter charm of the little jacket . . . or the necessity for cool sleevelessness on warm days—with proper protection for sudden sea breezes . . . or the graciously feminine variations presented by Dobbs.

For instance . . . this exclusive Dobbs model designed from the finest washable silk in Japanese green, forget-me-not blue, char-treuse, sunni-yellow, siesta red, biscuit or white.

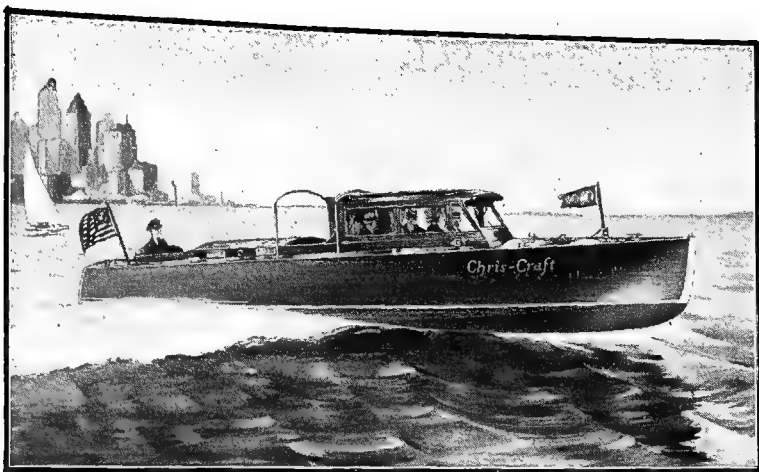
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Dobbs lightweight felt hat, so youthfully smart, snug and small, comes in colors to match or contrast with your costume. All sizes.

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The feel of it will grip you beyond belief—you just don't realize how quickly you can step into a Chris-Craft and be whisked away on this magic carpet of the water. You arrive at your destination rested, yet invigorated, free from travel fatigue, full of the joy of living.

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World's Largest Builders of All-Mahogany Motor Boats

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Runabouts • Sedans • Commuters • Cruisers

22 to 38 feet 30 to 45 Miles an Hour
82 to 225 Horsepower 11 to 26 Passengers

\$2235 to \$15,000



REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST

(Continued from page 149)

the Grand Hotel every day, keeping him the whole morning, and, after giving him a good luncheon, would send him down to me at Palazzo Colonna in his own carriage. The professor told me that the lessons did not really exist; my acquaintance would walk about the room in his dressing-gown, occasionally playing the piano and quite unable to concentrate on a single word of Italian. When I asked the young man what he was learning, he answered that they were reading something about a chap called Ariosto Furioso. But I like to record an act of kindness in one who afterward had so much sorrow.

My acquaintance with this man was nipped in the bud by my father's severity, which perhaps was just as well. It was on our arrival in London in the summer of 1898 that I received a letter:

"Dear Donna Vittoria"—it ran, more or less—

"I am glad you have at last arrived in a country where men can write to girls. Will you come to the Opera in my box on Thursday night?"

My father confiscated the note, and answered it himself.

"Dear Mr. —," he wrote, "though we are in London, I do not permit you to write to my daughter, so I answer your letter myself to say that she will not go to the Opera with you on Thursday evening . . ."

Undaunted the young man replied:

"Dear Prince Colonna:

"I did not know you were also in London. Won't you come to the Opera on Thursday and bring your daughter?"

My father, growing curter and curter, wrote that he wouldn't come and he wouldn't bring his daughter. And then came a last note:

"Dear Prince Colonna:

"If you don't wish to bring your daughter to the Opera on Thursday night, won't you come alone with me in my box?"

My father was so exasperated that I think he left London!

MY EXISTENCE continued to alternate between happy summers in the depths of Norfolk and winters in Palazzo Colonna, as it had all my life. I made many friends among old and young and loved them all.

In the Spring of 1901 I met my future husband for the first time. His sister, Giovanna, later Baronne Grenier, and his brother, Gelasio, who were much younger than he, I had known as a child, when they used to come with their Kennedy cousins to play with us at Palazzo Colonna. I was very small at the time and the youngest of the lot, so they bullied me unmercifully. One day the faithful Sisy rose like a lioness in defence of her cub and boxed all their ears, after which she made them put on their hats and coats and sit in a row till their governess called for them. They did not come to Palazzo Colonna again, and it was several years later, at one of my first balls, that a good-looking young man came up to me and said:

"Hullo, Vittoria! Don't you remember me? I am Gelasio."

So I laughed and hid my face in the crook of my arm and said:

"Please don't hit me!"

I first met Leone Caetani at Ninfa when I went there with a party of friends on one of the first automobile picnic trips that took place in Rome. Ninfa lies in the Pontine Marshes and belonged to the Duke of Sermoneta. In those days it was deserted and full of romantic charm. The village of Ninfa was abandoned during the Middle Ages, probably on account of the malarious climate, and the ruins of its houses and seven churches were covered with ivy; judas-trees grew among them and violets and cyclamens

carpeted the ground. A stream flows through what used to be the village, and on one side rises a picturesque tower from the top of which a Caetani once hurled three priests who happened to disagree with him. Mountains overhang one side of Ninfa, while on the other are the limitless plains of the Pontine Marshes. In the far distance is the Castle of Sermoneta, perched on the summit of a hill like an eagle's nest.

Ninfa now belongs to my brother-in-law, Gelasio Caetani, who has restored the Caetani tower and adjoining house, and turned the whole place into a carefully kept garden. His roses are beautiful, but the charm of the spot, for those who knew Ninfa in the old days, is quite altered.

WHEN I went to Ninfa for the first time Leone Caetani was living near by, at Cisterna, as he did summer and winter, for he managed his father's vast estates. He joined our merry picnic among the ruins and happened to sit near me. When we all left he made up his mind to go to Rome and marry me, and as my father wished it, too, a fortnight later we were engaged.

We were married in June in the picture gallery of Palazzo Colonna. I suppose it was one of the most typically Roman weddings that has ever been, and the wonderful surroundings made a unique setting for it. The Colonna and the Caetani families had always been deadly enemies down to comparatively recent times, and very few marriages have ever taken place between them. Onorato Caetani, Duke of Sermoneta, married Agnese Colonna in 1556, and that was the last union between the two families.

The throne room was transformed into a chapel, and Mass celebrated under the red velvet canopy, on the same spot where bygone Colonnas used to receive the visiting Popes. I had the choice of two beautiful lace wedding-veils, the Colonna and the Caetani one, and chose the latter, hoping it would be the luckier! My train was held by two small pages, my future brother-in-law, Michelangelo Caetani, and my cousin, Piero Colonna.

After the wedding ceremony we received the congratulations of our friends in the great marble gallery. As it was late in the season all foreigners had left Rome and I do not think there was a single guest present who was not Italian. Representatives of all the old names that have made the history of Rome were there: Colonna, Caetani, Orsini, Massimo, Theodoli, Ruspoli, Vitelleschi, Barberini.

The wedding breakfast took place in the famous Maria Mancini apartment, and directly afterward we left for Frascati, where Duke Grazioli, a friend of my father-in-law, had lent us his beautiful villa "Montalto" for our honeymoon. As automobiles were still considered too unreliable, and also undignified, we drove there in a carriage with four horses.

IT IS impossible to imagine two abodes more utterly different than my old home, Palazzo Colonna, so spacious, so full of light and sunshine, with its wonderful old gardens and enormous courtyards, its priceless picture gallery and innumerable frescoed halls, and Palazzo Caetani, in Via delle Botteghe Oscure, that is "the street of the dark shops", one of the narrowest streets in Rome.

Palazzo Caetani is in itself a rather fine building, designed by Ammanati, one of Michelangelo's pupils, but spoiled by an extra story built above its cornice by a practical but inartistic Caetani. Its darkness and melancholy are overwhelming.

On the first floor, the so-called *piano nobile*, where my parents-in-law lived, the electric light was in constant use at luncheon during the winter, and in several of the drawing-rooms it was necessary literally to grope one's way in the perpetual gloom.

When I was taken to call there for the first time, and as a *fiancée* passed the forbidding portals of the palace, my heart sank within me. A tall bearded porter, in appearance rather like a brigand

(Continued on page 152)

One of Philadelphia's Most Important Brides

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PICTURESQUELY beautiful . . . a leader of the smart younger set . . . and by birth one of that most exclusive of inner circles, Philadelphia's oldest families—Mrs. William H. Kingsley, Jr., is known to her friends as a lovely person with a flair for beauty and grace in living.

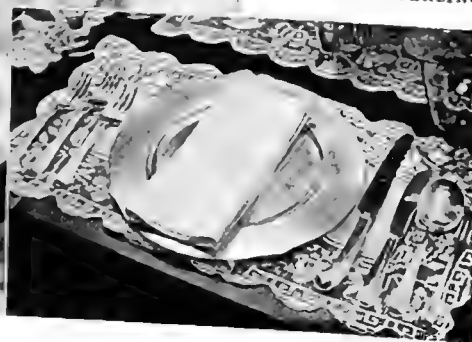
Her charming home at Chestnut Hill is



Mrs. KINGSLEY IN HER WEDDING GOWN OF OLD LACE AND IVORY SATIN



(BELOW) A DINNER SETTING OF THE LOVELY SILVER CHOSEN BY MRS. KINGSLEY; THE DOLLY MADISON PATTERN OF GORHAM STERLING



Mrs. WILLIAM H. KINGSLEY, JR., THE FORMER MISS ELIZABETH HOWE MONTGOMERY, WHOSE RECENT MARRIAGE AT ARDMORE WAS ONE OF THE SMARTEST AND MOST BRILLIANT OCCASIONS OF THE SEASON



SIX LOVELY NEW DOLLY MADISON TEASPOONS COST ONLY \$9
SIX DESSERT KNIVES, \$21.50; SIX DESSERT FORKS, BUT \$21

planned for gracious entertaining, and selecting the silver for her dining room was one of her first happy tasks.

"Of course, I instinctively knew," she says, "that I would select a Gorham pattern, for as everyone knows, Gorham makes the finest sterling and their designs are always authentic."

"I decided on the new Dolly Madison pattern because I love the graceful sweep of its delicate lines. Somehow you can just see the loving care of the artist who moulded the smooth, gleaming silver into this beautiful, simple form. Truly modern in the best sense, it adds richness to any table setting."

It is because silver, the subtlest, most elegant of metals, can reveal its true beauty only in the delicately precise hands of such artist-designers, that Gorham Sterling has been for generations and is today the choice

of women of inherited position and of distinguished taste. The amazing thing to know is how small an investment purchases this most beautifully designed of all sterling. There are many sets of hollow ware and flat silver in matching patterns.

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Miss Angela Varona

SMOKING dries the skin ~ ~ This Varona Treatment restores it to beauty!

START your Treatment before your bath—your skin absorbs more readily, because the pores open and the body relaxes in warm water.

Day Treatment—for dry skin: Cleanse the face and neck with *Varona Cleansing Cream* (liquid or solid) remove all impurities—dust, makeup, etc.,—with *Varona Cleansing Tissues*. When skin is clean apply *Varona Muscle Oil*. Leave this on during bath. After bath, remove Oil with Tissues and apply *Varona Skin Tonic* with moistened pad of absorbent cotton, pat face and neck well while drying, to close pores and firm skin. Ice the face. If you use a powder base, apply a small quantity of *Varona Creme a la Rose*. You are now ready for makeup. For dry skin I especially recommend *Varona Cream Rouge*, rather than dry rouge.

Varona Cleansing Cream
\$1—\$1.50—\$2.50—\$5

Varona Muscle Oil
\$1—\$2—\$4

Varona Skin Tonic
\$1.50—\$3—\$5.50

Varona Creme a la Rose
\$1.50—\$2.50

Use this *Varona Treatment* daily—your skin will take on new beauty. This is the first time a *Varona Treatment* has been published.

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New Salon

660 Madison Avenue

On Sale at—Bonwit Teller & Co., Stern Brothers, Franklin Simon & Co., Lord & Taylor, John Wanamaker and B. Altman & Co., as well as at my new salon—or mailed if you write me enclosing check or money order.

REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST

(Continued from page 150)

and as grim as his surroundings, kept watch over the entrance. I remember whispering pleadingly:

"Oh, couldn't we live just by ourselves in a tiny place *anywhere* sooner than here?"

But, unfortunately, parental word was law in Casa Caetani and we were not allowed to choose. My father-in-law gave me some rooms on the second floor and there I spent seventeen consecutive winters.

In those days the Caetani family lived all together, and consisted of the Duke and Duchess of Sermoneta, five sons and a married daughter who spent most of the year with her parents, with her child, and occasionally her husband.

The Duke was a giant, six foot six in his stockings; his eldest son, my husband, was six foot four, and the shortest of them all, Gelasio Caetani, my brother-in-law, who recently became Italian Ambassador at Washington, measured six foot two. The Duke was a remarkably handsome old man, with a long white beard and curly gray locks that he wore long and in artistic disarray.

None of the family had any idea of time or tidiness, and the palace was in a chronic state of confusion and dust. From the day I entered it until the day I left I always saw workmen going about the place, carrying saws, hammers and pots of paint; huge ladders were dragged up and down stairs by perspiring underlings, and loud shouting of directions, chiefly from the upper windows down to the courtyard, went on most of the day. But there was never any perceptible result; the dirt and disorder remained always the same and the family, far from being discouraged, regarded this state of things as a standing joke.

I REMEMBER the evening I arrived at Palazzo Caetani for the first time after my honeymoon at Frascati. Dusk was falling, dinner time approaching, and there was no sign of life anywhere in my part of the house. I sat in the bedroom that had been allotted to me; my husband had been given one on another floor and so far off that I never really learned the quickest way to his room, as there were several staircases and innumerable passages. My dear old English nurse, "Sizy," sat near me. She was very ruffled at having left beautiful Palazzo Colonna with all its luxuries and comforts, and not at all disposed to make the best of things.

Finally, when it had got quite dark I suggested:

"Supposing we ring the bell and ask the housemaid for some hot water?"

"There is no bell, there is no housemaid, there is no hot water in this house," was "Sizy's" gloomy retort, and the funny-part of it is that it was absolutely true.

The old Duke was immensely rich and had huge properties in the Pontine Marshes, but he spent very little and his petty economies were proverbial in Rome. In later years he always went out on foot, not to use his automobile, and was horrified at the idea of taking a cab. At the most, for very long distances, he boarded a tramcar. This trait he inherited from his father, the famous Duke Michelangelo, who became blind in his old age because he refused to be operated on for cataract by a first-class surgeon. He preferred the cheap services of a little country village man who contrived to put out both his eyes with clumsily executed operations. Duke Michelangelo always traveled third class, an unheard-of thing in those days, and when asked the reason, would reply: "Because there is no fourth class."

None of my family-in-law ever dressed for dinner and during that first winter, when we lived all together, I think I sat longer at the dining-room table than I ever have since in my life. A bell rang before meals to summon us all, but no one ever dreamed of moving toward the dining-room on hearing it, for the Caetanis merely considered it as a symptom that food might be expected before long. The story ran that the Duchess always said on hearing the luncheon bell: "That's nice, I still have time to go to the stables and see all the horses." Original from

And so it was the Caetani custom to drop in for meals at any old time, and the first arrival (which was always myself) was obliged to wait until the very last had finished. I sometimes used to think my tired back would break in two. The Duchess used to come in one of the last, usually in a violet flannel dressing-gown and waving an enormous paper fan which seemed to me unnecessary as their rooms were bitterly cold.

Each member of the family had a semi-circle of pickle bottles, patent medicines, sardine tins, et cetera, arranged round their plates, and these collections marked the place of each individual.

The food was served by an enormously fat man called Girolamo, who wore an old frock coat of the Duke's, and, owing to an impediment in his speech, spoke a language that no one could understand. He also was a standing joke in the family, and the extraordinarily silly things he did filled them with pure delight.

The Duke had a special Bologna sausage, smelling strongly of garlic, near his plate, and used to pare off thin slices that he presented in turn to members of the family as a great favor. I think he never really liked me after he discovered that I could not bear Bologna sausage. He was very clever and cultivated, and a most agreeable *causeur*; so were all his children, and the conversation at meals was often very pleasant and entertaining.

Twice in the course of the winter the Duke appeared at dinner in evening dress, and this was a signal that he was going to call afterward on the Queen Mother. On these occasions Girolamo invariably served him with a cup of extra strong coffee, with the usual remark:

"If your Excellency is going to-night to visit Her Majesty, he will need something to keep him awake!"

Even this delicate attention of Girolamo was not always efficacious, but the Queen Mother was genuinely attached to the Duke, and never minded his nodding toward the end of the evening.

After several months of bad health, increased by want of comforts and my own ingorance as to what care to take of myself, my son Onorato Caetani was born on April the 24th, 1902, and we both were very ill, indeed. Nursing was still rather a primitive affair in Rome in those days, and in Palazzo Caetani it had always been of the sketchiest description.

The Duchess had a great regard for an old surgeon, Professor Mazzoni, and no one but he was allowed to attend any member of the family, whatever was the matter with them. Professor Mazzoni had the greatest disdain for medicine, and was only interested in broken bones and things that could be put right with a knife, so, as I had a delicate chest and suffered from bronchitis and asthma, I was not the patient of his choice at all.

He used to look me up when I was prostrate with one of my attacks and insist on kissing me and pulling my ear, which I disliked very much indeed. But beyond examining the scent bottles on my dressing-table and using my sprays vigorously on himself, he did nothing else. Fortunately, by just staying in bed and being looked after by my dear old English nurse, I always managed to recover without his help.

ON LOOKING back on that dreadful time I wonder how the baby and I survived at all. We slowly came back to life, somehow, but not enough to assume the appearance of normally healthy human beings. It had been decreed by my husband and his mother that we were to stay on in Rome indefinitely that summer, as Teano was kept there by the fact that he was obliged to manage the family estates for his father. But poor baby drooped so in the heat, and I wept in such dreadful homesickness for England, that they got rather scared and decided that we were to be sent to my grandmother in London, and, incidentally, have the interest of seeing King Edward's coronation.

Never will I forget my joy and relief when I realized that I was to be allowed to leave! In spite of the long, hot and

(Continued on page 154)

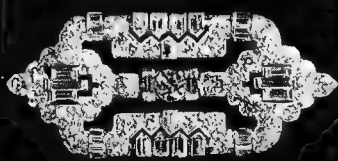


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REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST

(Continued from page 152)

dusty journey, we both revived as soon as we landed on blessed British soil.

At Dover the guard walked alongside the train giving bad news to us all: "The King is very ill," he said; "they have had to operate on him and the coronation is put off indefinitely."

This dramatic announcement was a shock to everyone, and total strangers entered into excited conversation. It seems the King had struggled on pluckily in spite of terrible pain, in hopes of getting through with the ceremony and not disappointing his subjects, and the public had no inkling of what was going on. But finally his life was in danger, and an operation was hurriedly performed at the eleventh hour.

It was strange to arrive in London and see the decorations and flags, the quantities of stands covered with bunting that were erected all along what was to have been the route of the procession, the enormous crowds in the streets. I remember everyone stood about looking stunned, as though not knowing in which direction to turn their footsteps.

But for me—to see my grandmother's barouche waiting at Victoria Station, with the two fat gray horses, the faithful coachman, Carrier, with his curly white wig, and, inside, the little old lady all smiles and waving a diminutive parasol, drove every other thought out of my head. The drive to Eaton Square where tea was served as usual in the big drawing-room, tea with all its attractiveness of old silver and many dainties; the old servants coming in to have a look at the baby—all this was the cure I needed, and in a few days the buoyancy of my twenty-one years reasserted itself and I was myself once more.

In a few days we learned that the King was out of danger, and progressing favorably, and that the coronation would take place in August.

I must not forget Uncle Augustus Tollemache, who was staying with my grandmother at this time, as he did for many months of the year. It was he who wrote the memoir of his sister, Mrs. William Locke, that I have already referred to, and who was, consequently, my grandmother's uncle.

HE WAS born in 1815 and always seemed to me incredibly old with his snow white hair and feeble gait. He was clever and cultivated, loving art and music and writing little poems; he also had a sense of humor and we had many a good laugh together over the little jokes we shared. He outlived all his brothers and sisters and even my grandmother. When she died in 1906 in her house in Eaton Square, Uncle Augustus and I were the only relations present at her bedside, and the poor old man looked at me as it were across the hazy distance of a century and said, so sadly, "I have lived too long." When I arrived in Eaton Square with my baby he was very interested in seeing him and stroked his little head softly, saying: "Now I have known seven generations." And he counted them up for me, beginning with his own grandmother, Lady Aldborough, and his mother, Lady Elizabeth Tollemache.

My grandmother and I decided not to stay in London for the coronation; we all needed country air and I was very anxious to get to the beloved Norfolk of my childhood.

The postponement of the coronation had been a terrible financial blow to Lord Walsingham. He owned the site in Piccadilly now occupied by the Ritz, and had built there a hotel which he called the Walsingham House. It was not a financial success owing to the amateurishness of the whole enterprise, for he ran it with his old butler as manager, but for this occasion Walsingham had built stands on every available space and all the seats had been sold at large prices. He had counted on this to help him over a difficult moment, but when the coronation was put off the ticket holders wanted their money back and Walsingham found himself in rather a bad way, not having insured against this unfortunate contingency. When people were reassured about the King's health the social season

went on in the usual way, and I had my first glimpses of London society. I had never done any social life in London and I knew practically no one there, as my father allowed me to go out only in Rome when I was a girl.

I went to an official party given by Lord and Lady Lansdowne, I think in honor of the Indian princes who had come to London for the coronation. It was the first time that I had seen any, and I was much impressed by their brocade coats of exquisite colors, their sunset-like turbans, jeweled brooches and enormous pearl necklaces. Our Duchessa d'Aosta was at that party, in the full splendor of her stately good looks, and it was there I made the acquaintance of the Italian Ambassador, Signor Pansa and his wife Donna Maria, whom I was to see so much of later on.

I wrote next day with youthful enthusiasm:

"Donna Maria is so good looking and charming it is impossible to believe she is an ambassadress! I saw Lady Ashburton with a tiara of emeralds and diamonds of which each individual stone was bigger than her face! . . ."

Mrs. Mackay, mother of Mr. Clarence Mackay, gave a musical party that season at her fine house in Carlton House Terrace, and as I knew her through her sister, Contessa Telfener who was married in Rome, she kindly asked me to it. I remember that the program contained the names of what was best in the musical world at that time: Kubelik, Calvé, Plançon, Kirkby Lunn, and a new Italian tenor who had quite a success. I was told he was the coming man. He looked a typical Neapolitan, short and stout, with a little mustache and a rolling eye. His name was Enrico Caruso!

AT ANOTHER party I met the Crown Princess of Rumania, then slim and lovely, and dancing like a fairy.

One day an American, Mrs. Ronalds, an old friend of my father's, took me with a party to the Crystal Palace, which amused me very much, in spite of the fact that we drove there in a landau and that the journey took about two hours. I made a note in my diary that I saw a flying machine, I suppose on the Santos Dumont principle, and that I would very much have liked to try it, but it wasn't working yet! Motors were still a rarity, and of course taxis began a good bit later.

It is curious that the telephone was in general use in Rome far sooner than it was in London. I remember as a child standing on a chair in Palazzo Colonna and talking by the hour to my little friends at the other end of the line; for in those days the mouthpiece was attached with the whole apparatus to the wall, and consequently was always either too high or too low for most people. Subscribers had no numbers, and their names and addresses were given to the exchange girls.

In London the telephone was adopted in private houses many years later; my grandmother never had it at all in Eaton Square, and electric light was almost as slow in coming in. All urgent messages were sent by telegram, and I used to come home to find a row of orange colored envelopes waiting for me on the hall table, and my grandmother in a twitter at the top of the stairs.

"Vittoria dear," she used to call out, "I'm afraid something very dreadful must have happened. Eight telegrams have arrived for you."

I would soothe her by opening them quickly and showing her that they only contained invitations, but she never got rid of the impression that a telegram meant bad news; and the same little scene was enacted every day. She thought it all terribly modern, and when she heard of my driving in a hansom with a man friend it shocked her deeply. But she was more modern than her own mother, my great-grandmother Mrs. Locke, whom I remember as never having been in a hansom, or worn a heel to her shoe, in her life. Both things she considered much too dangerous!

(To be Continued)

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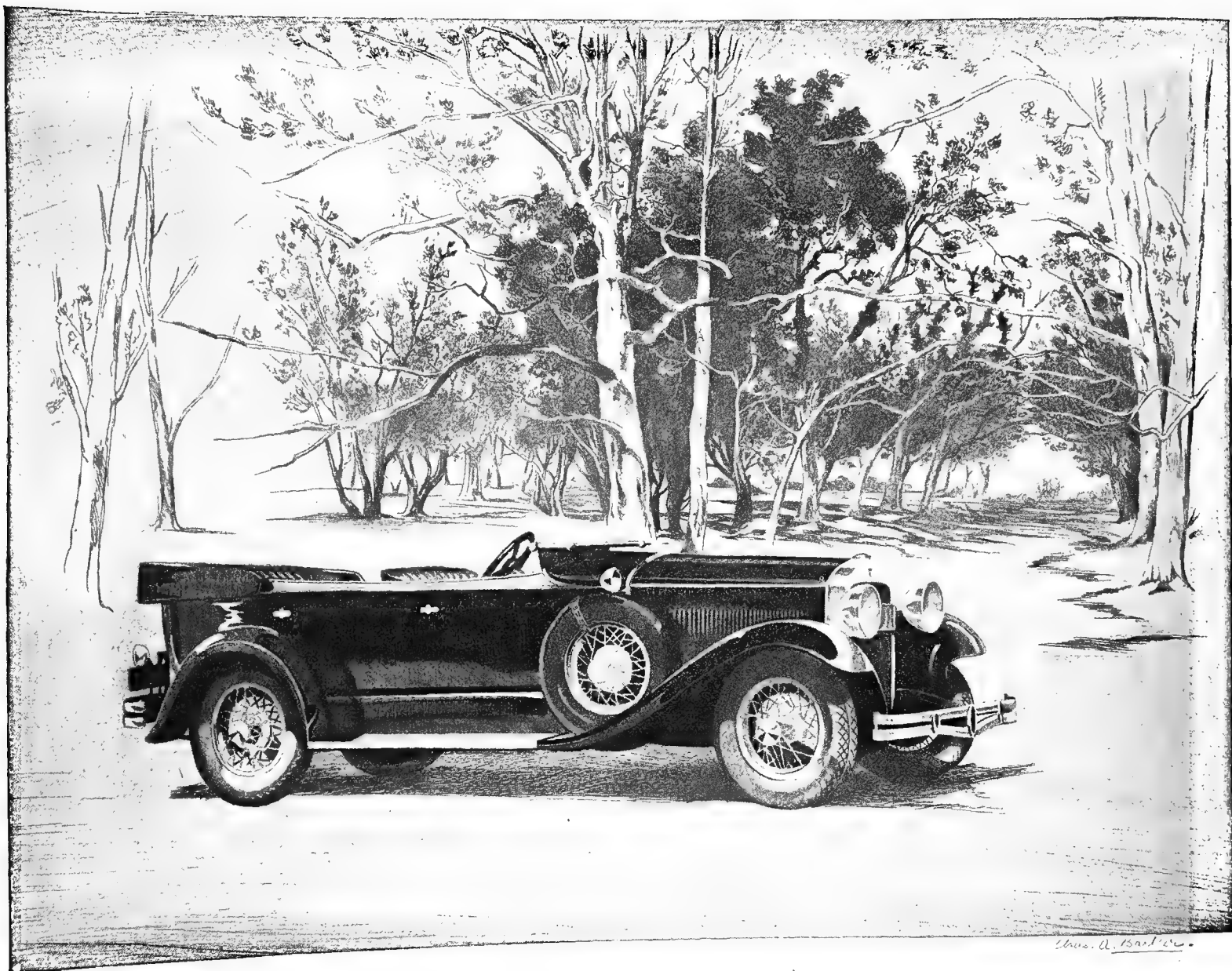
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To the hundreds of thousands whose tribute has been to Super-Six performance are now added hundreds of thousands who prize beauty equally with performance, quality and value.



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THE new Ford Convertible Cabriolet is a splendid choice for the family needing more than one car.

It is trim and smart, yet in good taste always because of its quiet simplicity of line and modish colors. It is reliable, long-lived and economical to drive because of the enduring quality that has been built into every part.

Safety, comfort, quick acceleration, smoothness, speed and power—all these it has in full measure with the additional advantage of being easy to operate and control under all conditions. To the

woman driver, this is an increasingly important factor.

The convertible feature makes the new Ford Cabriolet particularly adaptable for business, for shopping, and for social engagements in all kinds of weather. Quickly, and with surprising ease, you can transform it from an open to a closed car. The top is of tan whipcord, rubber interlined, light in weight, yet absolutely water-proof. The door windows have nickel frames and fit snugly into the top. The rumble seat gives

space for two more passengers.

Other new Ford body types are the Town Car (chauffeur-driven), the Town Sedan, and the Station Wagon. These supplement the Fordor Sedan, Tudor Sedan, Coupe, Sport Coupe, Business Coupe, Phaeton and Roadster.

All, with the exception of the Station Wagon, are furnished in a choice of colors. All have four Houdaille hydraulic two-way shock absorbers, Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield, and a fully enclosed six-brake system.



FORD MOTOR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

for APRIL 1929

FATHER

(Continued from page 109)

"If you'd rather sit and talk to us, Father," said his wife—at which Miss Light looked arch; an art forgotten by the Rosamunds—"one of the girls will sit in front."

"Yes, Father. I'll sit in front."

And remake that elaborate arrangement of rugs? "No," he said, smiling cheerfully, "I'll drive and give Atkinson a rest. You've probably been keeping him going day and night while I've been away, all you giddy young things."

He included Miss Light, because, somehow, all women of that shape, size, and smell, dressed like that, seemed like one of his family.

There were smiles at his jest, even from Atkinson. Atkinson managed a look of, "Yes, they have been going it!" He and Atkinson knew, of course, that they couldn't go it if they tried, poor dears. Couldn't go a yard; couldn't fly one fence. And then Atkinson, who knew his mind, had got him, before further sallies from his ladies could delay him, behind the wheel.

He and Atkinson presented broad impenetrable backs to the passengers.

A good thing they were impenetrable.

THE country looked lovely. Red autumn. Red. Red. He and Atkinson could both have sung. They didn't.

Behind him: "I got the pattern of the jumper from Mavis, and I'm making it in a soft brown . . ."

. . . "so I said I would give the first of the bridge teas this winter . . ."

. . . "yes, my brother's had dreadful trouble at the vestry meetings . . ."

. . . "girls have jumpers alike. Why don't you, dears? There are society twins who dress exactly alike . . ."

. . . "a brighter color than brown? Not with my indigestion. It makes such a difference if you can depend on your skin, but with my indigestion . . ."

. . . "oh, my husband never grudges money spent on the hothouses. He knows how flowers please me. Father never grudges the money spent on the hothouses, does he, girls?"

. . . "pull your hat a little more forward, dear . . ."

. . . "no, the girls aren't going to the Simpkins' dance. There are never enough men, and they feel it . . ."

. . . "we don't mind at all, mother. It never enters our heads. We're perfectly happy . . ."

. . . "way some girls go about with any young man they can pick up. Thank heaven, mine have never wanted to do it."

Was Atkinson thinking, too: "Couldn't if they did?" Was he? No doubt. Why not?

It went on, in a staccato burble:

. . . "taking up her music more seriously. Yes, she is, aren't you, dear?"

. . . "how nice. How nice!"

. . . "everybody seems to do something nowadays. And we gave seventy pounds for her new violin. We're thinking of setting aside one of the top rooms for a music room. A kind of studio. Aren't we, girls?"

. . . "my brother and I thought it would be delightful to get up a sort of little musical society; do madrigals; and old Elizabethan songs to the lute . . ."

. . . "would be a godsend. Did you put plenty of tissue-paper in the folds of your new taffetas, girls?"

. . . "new frocks! . . ."

. . . "oh, their father never grudges them anything; does he, dears?"

"We just buy. He pays."

. . . "wonder sometimes if you darling girls know how happy and fortunate you are . . ."

AUNTS' talk. Aunts' talk in there at the back. That was what he always called it in his own mind. Well, Atkinson and he had heard it scores of times before.

Coming into Folkestone now. Breath from the sharp, salty sea keen on the evening wind. Father thought, as he drove through the pleasant streets: "Give the ladies cocktails or sherry; and then . . . I may get ten minutes in the bar. Might pick up a match for to-morrow." For he had brought his golf clubs, and golf was

reasonable excuse for deserting his flock for three or four hours, anyway.

He might, in the bar, meet a young man or two whom, later, he might introduce to the girls. It was improbable, but not impossible; and his wife always expected that sort of thing of him; because, later, there would be dancing.

But it was not likely that he would find such young men. Young men knew. If he had had a son he would have seen to it that he knew too.

They had stopped. The ladies were unwrapped.

They entered through the swing doors. And a young man or two, making some sort of arrangements about something, in the vestibule, turned to look surreptitiously; and turned instantly away again.

Yes. The beggars! They always turned instantly away again. Disappointing, possibly, for the girls; but one couldn't blame the boys, when there was so much joyous femininity drifting about the world.

They went forward.

"The Palm Lounge, I think, don't you?" said Father cheerily, "and a little cocktail before you all go up-stairs to make yourselves even more beautiful than you are now. What?" He ushered his flock into the Palm Lounge overlooking the green lawns above the sea.

The hotel servants—all the pages, and the hotel porter and the lounge waiters and the reception clerks—were frightfully pleased to see Father. They knew the cut of him, although there were not too many of his sort about nowadays. His orders would be generous and his tips would be just. The hotel servants ran smiling to and fro.

"My husband always manages everything so easily," said his wife aside to Miss Light.

"Very different from my brother," said Miss Light.

"Clergymen are so unworldly, though. I always think that you don't expect any more of a clergyman than you would of a woman. Throw off your coats, girls . . . Their new kasha suits."

Father stood beside his party, upright, pink, his portly figure well within bounds. A well-preserved man; and for all his worldliness, so nice and good and thoughtful.

"Sherry for you, my dear? Or a nice orange-blossom? Or a Martini? Miss Light, a Martini? Girls, Martinis?"

"Oh, I couldn't," said Miss Light.

But he knew she could and would; and she did.

THE sea was misty with night; stars were already peeping down from the sky. Nice, before turning indoors for that short drink, to have walked for ten minutes up and down that velvet sward, one's hand tucked intimately into a girl's arm, a girl's arm fur-coated; they had bought the mink coat a year ago; yes, a whole year ago; in Paris—thinking, feeling, the pleasures of the evening to come.

However . . .

"What's the time, Father?"

"'Pon my word, nearly seven o'clock, my dear."

"Nearly seven o'clock, girls, and you've got to unpack. Fancy, nearly seven o'clock already, Miss Light! We'll go up." Movement. "You're coming up now, Father?"

"In a few moments, my dear. But Atkinson is coming round to speak to me about the car. She wasn't pulling very well, I thought, on that last hill."

"Oh, and we were talking so, we didn't detect anything. We didn't detect anything, did we, girls? I hope Father isn't going to be bothered about the car. Supposing it isn't all right for to-morrow if we want a run . . . supposing . . ."

"Car'll be all right, my dear."

Movements. They were off. "My husband *always* sees that everything is all right." The lift had them. Whew! the lift was welcome to them! He went off, a free man, to the bar.

Cozy. Charming. He knew the barman. "Gin-and-bitters." He nibbled at potato crisps and looked around. Yes, there were the same young men; but they knew him on sight; what they were obviously

(Continued on page 158)



DOROTHY HALL LAST SEEN ON BROADWAY in "PRECIOUS"

SHAYNE FURS FOR SPRING

SHE who sees this label in the fur you wear for spring will know beyond all question that it was not bought at a cut price or any other form of so-called "sale".

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Dobbs Darwin hat is a perfect choice for the Polo Coat. Of Dobbs lightweight felt in all colors and sizes.

From Dobbs Spring Sports Collections



FIFTH AVENUE at 57th STREET

FATHER

(Continued from page 157)

saying to themselves was: "The oldish fellow who came in a Daimler with a parcel of women. We know what he's after." They remained, therefore, youthfully, completely remote, absorbed in their own reflections, their own prospects—they would have girls, real girls, in for the dancing this evening, no doubt—and their Clover Club cocktails.

There was, also, a man of about his own age in plus fours, who would, however, have women of his own in the hotel, and they drew together after a few reconnoitering movements, and mentioned the weather. Then, golf. A match tomorrow? Easy.

Father felt brighter when he went upstairs.

HIS wife was dressing, in the large luxurious bedroom with the bathroom opening out of it. The Rosamunds of his riper and more prosperous years had taught him to engage luxury suites. His wife still said: "Oh, but a private bath... we needn't really." However, with the promptings of the Rosamunds in his ears, he always, now, stood firm, and secretly he felt that his wife was pleased. She could say at her feminine bridge parties: "My husband's a most extravagant man; he thinks nothing too good for me."

A nice, good woman. They had to be. Yes, they had to be, or where and how would the world go? That was her new frock she was putting on, no doubt. Now, where had she got it? Where did she buy such clothes? They weren't cheap. It wasn't that. But...

Well, she just didn't know. It was, no doubt, well to have women in the world like that. She was smiling into the glass. She liked her new bright blue taffeta that emphasized her full figure, and made the strong rosiness of her arms look rosier.

Well, there were white nymph-arms in the world, too.

She was putting on one of the pieces of jewelry that he always fined himself after... well, after Paris, Vienna, or even, he had risked it, Brighton.

"New dress, love?"

"From Drake and Edwins'."

So that was where they got that sort of clothes!

"Fine feathers!"

"Do you think there'll be any young men here for the girls to dance with, Father?"

"Well, love, the prospects looked to me pretty thin."

"It is a shame; two really nice girls; girls who'd make any men good wives; and they never seem to have any partners or any attention. Men are blind."

"Ah well, I wasn't blind to you, was I, love; and you're a nice girl and the best of wives."

He went into the bathroom and shaved and tubbed; and presently was even more spruce in his dinner clothes than he had been in his tweed.

Oh, Lord, the girls were in that stiff stuff, too! Pale pink and pale mauve respectively. Thirty they were last birthday, his twin daughters, but how self-consciously they followed their mother into the dining-room! As for Miss Light, she was dressed incredibly; yes, incredibly. A lot of good money gone to no account in these four women's clothes! He beamed upon them affably, and complimented them all.

He took a swift look around. Yes; those two young men were bringing in two slim fairies, with laughing, carmined mouths, with legs made for dancing. He had known they would.

A cold breath passed over his table.

"Do you see those made-up girls?" his wife asked Miss Light.

His wife leaned to him across the table: "Some rather nice people have come in now."

"Have they, dear?"

He looked. The oldish plus-fours man with his party of ladies. Daughters, and aunts and wives and grandmothers... no, not as many as that. One mustn't exaggerate. Not as many as that; but still, he, too, must be looking forward longingly to his match and his lunch at the club-house to-morrow.

"Yes, love. Nice people. I met him just now."

"Where did you meet him, dear?"

"Just when I was waiting to speak to Atkinson about the car. We—er—we fixed up a little golf to-morrow, if you ladies can spare us."

"Men must have their recreations," said Miss Light playfully, from her broad mind.

"But the car, Father? We can have Atkinson and the car?"

"Yes, love. Naturally."

A magnum of champagne.

He gave his ladies caviar, and, after the table d'hôte dinner, specially magnificent dessert; luscious grapes; peaches; he chose them a vintage port; he gave them liqueurs of any colors they might fancy. He worked and strove to bring joy and sparkle to his flock; and knew, at least, that he had brought satisfaction.

"Except the girls," he thought. "Are they satisfied?" He saw their eyes, once or twice, flicker across to the party of four young people across the room; the young men who had appraised them in the vestibule; and the dancing partners of these young men.

His girls spoke in voices from which they carefully eliminated any envy, of the other girls' frocks. They liked them, they said. It was wonderful what a good effect could be achieved, temporarily, by these cheap materials nowadays.

When they left the dining-room for the dance floor the two young men and their partners were already dancing; light, eager feet, lissom bodies; agile legs. "They're just nobodies," said his wife in a voice as carefully arranged as the girls' voices. "Shop girls from the town, I expect, picked up by visitors. I expect that's what they are." Father led Miss Light out upon the dancing floor.

He danced very well, indeed, for a man of his age; in fact, his dancing was a source of surprise to his family, who could never imagine how, where and when he had picked up so much; or how, considering his quiet, retiring nature, he had cared for the trouble of retaining what he had picked up.

He always explained it: "I was musical as a boy, they tell me. I just sort of—sort of—dance to the music, you know."

The music of life. Yes. He danced to the music of life whenever it piped.

Miss Light...

The less thought about her dancing the better. This dance with her was just one of the things that had to be. His eye wandered to a beautiful body in the arms of a young man, but it did not wander much.

He led out daughter by daughter upon the dancing floor.

He waltzed with his wife.

"All the girls except my girls seem to find young men," said his wife; "but then I daresay they pursue them. I am sure they do. In these days, I am glad I have no son."

Father had a faint ache at his heart. He was not glad he had no son.

"You've got a couple of uncommonly nice daughters, my dear," he said, as they waltzed.

DID his ladies truly enjoy the evening?

He had done his best; but he was afraid not. It was always thus. He discussed it with the middle-aged man at lunch at the Golf Club next morning, while they drank Scotch ale and ate some good pie.

They both felt well and lively in their plus fours; in the fresh air; in their hours of emancipation.

"It's always difficult; always unsatisfactory; a holiday with a whole family," said the other middle-aged man. "You pay and you pay; and yet nobody seems really to enjoy anything."

"The young fellows naturally are out after a bit of fun..."

"And so are we, when there's a chance of getting it."

Yes. And so were they. Into Father's eye came a little smile as he thought of Rosamund. He had said good-by to her for good; but, back in town on that day of escape called Monday, he was entertaining

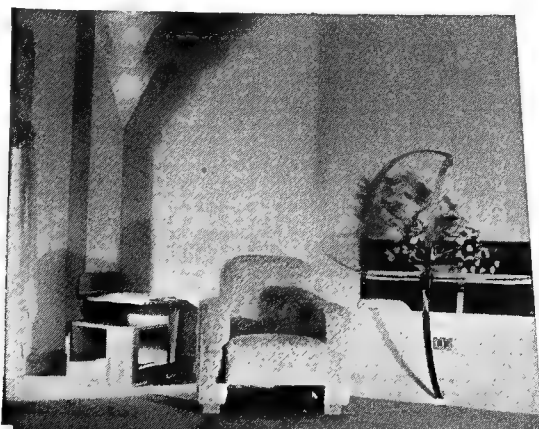
(Continued on page 160)

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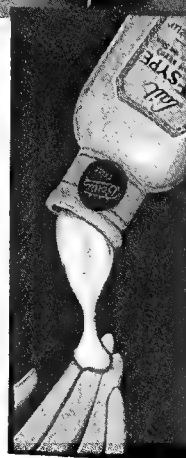
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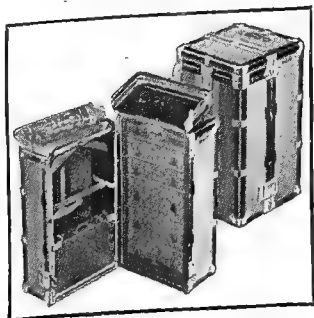
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THE SMARTEST WAY TO TRAVEL

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FATHER

(Continued from page 158)

to lunch at the Berkeley a most charming little widow who needed advice and guidance over a matter of stocks and shares.

However busy one was, however rushed at the office, and absorbed in the City, there was always time for the Rosamunds and the little widows.

There was always time for the essentials.

HE WAS having his bath again, before dinner, preparatory to another evening like the last. He had laid his notecase, his lettercase, his keys, his loose change, down on the ornate dressing-table in the double bedroom, ready for transferring to his dinner clothes. He sang. It was a good world. He wished his ladies knew it. But, no; it was as well they did not. It was definitely necessary to the well-being of the world, men were agreed upon the point, that there should be plenty of women exactly like those he was going to try to brighten presently with another magnum of champagne.

He had won the match; and arranged to meet his opponent next Saturday, when they had both returned to their suburbs, at the Mid Surrey Golf Club.

He was getting into his underwear, and his silk dressing-gown, and tapping on the door between the bath and the bedroom. There was no answer, but he went blithely in. His wife was sitting still as a stone before the ornate dressing-table, her mouth set, her chin doubled.

He knew all, quite suddenly; and with a shocked regret, dismay, that her feelings should be so hurt . . .

She wore a ready-made satin petticoat all trimmed with lace and ribbons. And for the life of him, even at this moment, he could not help his thoughts flying to the infinitesimal undergarment of Rosamund, just as, when he saw his wife getting into bed, he would think of Rosamund's slim pyjamas.

However, cut out all that stuff now! Here was his wife, stricken.

He had married her for being pretty and good; here she was, still nice looking, and still good. His was the fault; the cheating; the failing. He called himself, in that instant's pause, a dirty dog; but knew that he would be a dirty dog many times again; in fact, whenever adventure beckoned endearingly round the corner.

His wife turned and looked at him. His notecase and lettercase were before her on the dressing-table, and she had a letter, a portrait, in her hand.

"Father!"

He advanced very quietly and stood beside her, giving her every attention.

"Father, who is this girl?"

He took from her the snapshot of Rosamund taken at Cannes. They had both been bathing, he and she. They had swum. He had been young again. And the latter . . .

"Well, my dear—well—"

No use avoiding the issue. She relinquished the letter to him. Not that he didn't know what it said. It was Rosamund's last little note of farewell, saying what a jolly time they'd had; she had specially enjoyed that night at the Paris Lido . . . cheerio, darling. Be happy, 'cos you'll never be good. And good-by.

"Father." He wished his wife wouldn't call him "father"; it made his culpability all the greater. "You've been unfaithful to me!"

FOR quite half a minute, which is a long pause to make before answering a question—he wondered if he could say "No" and get away with it, for his wife's sake. If he could have saved her outraged feelings, he would. He wanted most tenderly to save them. But in the face of that letter—Rosamund had carelessly made it plain that their association was not just of the duration of a few evening hours—a "no" was impossible.

He said: "My dear, I'm so sorry you found this," which was true.

She said from her tight lips: "I bought something to-day; hadn't enough money to pay for it; Miss Light lent me a pound; I was just looking for your notecase; and I got your lettercase by mistake. Oh! Oh!"

He laid a hand on her shoulder. She jerked away.

"After all these years. After my devotion to you, and bringing up the girls, and . . . and . . . the way I've always looked after you! Oh! Oh!"

He cleared his throat.

"What will you do about it, my dear?"

"I shall divorce you."

Now he knew that he should have been frantic, desperate, afraid, remorseful, suppliant. He was none of these things. He ought to have realized, as people put it, all he was throwing away.

He did realize it.

He did realize it; and his heart, which should have been torn with grief and horror at his misdeeds, sang. He was ashamed of his heart, but it went on singing.

"If you imagine I will ever forgive you, you are mistaken. How can I forgive you? Oh! my poor girls! my poor girls, who loved you so. We all trusted you so!" Her tight lips quivered, and she began to heave her breast and cry.

"My dear, I'm a brute."

She sobbed out a storm of reproaches; and in between his attempted answers, somehow he found that he got dressed; first one garment, then an expression of sorrow; then another garment, and another expression of sorrow. And she was flung on her bed in her satin petticoat with the ribbons threaded through the innumerable senseless slots; she had drawn the great puffy eiderdown all up over her, and was sobbing, sobbing.

HE STOOD, completely dressed at the bed's foot, saying: "My dear. My dear. I'll send your dinner up. I'll send up some champagne. My dear. My dear. Now don't. Am I worth crying for? My dear! I'll say you aren't very well, and I—I—I'll sleep in another room to-night . . ." Disgraceful that even in such circumstances his mind could fly to technicalities such as condonation and so on, in divorce cases. Really, he was horribly ashamed of his mind: "I'll arrange it."

"I must have time to think—to think—"

"My dear. I'll arrange it. Another room for me to-night; and you can think. I can go up to town by train to-morrow, and you and the girls can have Atkinson, and the car to go back in . . ."

"Ah, the girls. Oh, my poor girls!"

"What shall I tell the girls about this evening, my dear?"

She sat up, clutching the eiderdown.

"Nothing. You are to behave as if nothing had happened. We will, as you say, have the car, and go up and stay at Mother's for a day or two while I think what I shall do next. Oh, how could you! Oh, how terrible! . . . You are not to tell my girls. I will tell them myself in a day or two." She fell back and wept.

He put some soft clean handkerchiefs beside her, and a flask of eau de Cologne. He pulled the eiderdown straight over her twitching feet.

"I'm sorry, old girl. I am sorry. Believe me, I'm as sorry as I can be."

"I can believe n—n—nothing now!"

"You know, my dear, if it's any comfort to you, that's over. She—she is getting married."

Again his wife came up as if coiled on springs.

"Shel! Getting married! A girl like that! While my daughters, trained to look after a house, to make a man comfortable, to make perfect wives . . . oh, what are men coming to!"

"I know, my dear. I know."

"Oh, go!" wailed his wife. "Go! Go!"

And then a malignity, so perfectly primitive and natural that he understood it instantly, came over her face, and into her hands that clutched at the eiderdown. "She won't get married. I'll divorce you. I'll make her co-respondent. Who will be willing to marry her then? The man will never be willing to marry her then."

"Who will marry her then, my dear?"

The vision of Rosamund in the South Winslow house, not loving him, but pretending to love him so beautifully, came. It was good enough.

"Who will marry her then?" cried his

(Concluded on page 162)

The Moods of Spring in Parfums d'Isabey...

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FATHER

(Concluded from page 160)

wife; and meeting his tell-tale eyes suddenly she lay down again, and was quite quiet.

He tiptoed out. Ah! he was young again! Yes, he was. It was a shame, and entirely disgraceful, but . . . Rosamund! or, if Rosamund wouldn't, then, Freedom! Freedom! Freedom! And all the little widows and the other Rosamunds! And the long jolly days of golf and fishing without having to scheme for them and feel yourself a swine for taking the time off; and the billiards and the bridge at the Club later than any married man should stay; and no more week-ends like this; and—and—a thousand "ands".

The list was long. He dared not compile it. He wrenched his thoughts away.

His younger ladies were already expectantly in the palm lounge. They wore entirely different frocks from the frocks they wore last night. These were beady or sequinny, and there was a display of scarfs. He approached.

"I'm sorry, girls, Mother's got a touch of neuralgia—got a draught in the car to-day, I expect—and I'm sending her dinner up-stairs."

"I'll run—"

"I'll see how she is."

"No, girls. She specially wanted to lie quiet, and I'll send up champagne. She sent a special message to you not to go up."

The conversation at dinner ran somewhat embarrassingly upon one topic: his wife's indisposition.

THE evening of Monday was fine; balmy; warm. It was a sudden late recurrence of the summer which he felt in himself. The day at the office had been a very full one, all sorts of scintillating private thoughts intruding on a particular press of business. There hadn't been time for a great deal of self-reproach; all seemed to pass so quickly. He had wondered briefly, even while talking with a millionaire client, how his wife and the girls fared with his mother-in-law . . . telling her all about it, of course. His wife would move into a flat or travel or something while the proceedings went on. There would be a preliminary fuss with solicitors and so on; and then a simple settling up and all would be over.

Divorce! A big bridge when you looked at other people crossing it; or read of it in the papers; but a quite easily negotiated bridge when you came to cross it yourself.

Going into his house, he asked the butler: "Has Atkinson come back with the car yet?"

No. Atkinson was not yet home.

They were keeping him in town, no doubt, garaging at the usual place where they left the car on such occasions as an all-night jaunt. But, he thought, Atkinson must come back. I must have Atkinson.

His wife could, would, have another chauffeur and another car.

He went out to the side veranda, and sat looking over the terraces of his beautifully laid out garden. The garden had been one of his home hobbies for years. He had shown photographs of it to Rosamund; had given her a photograph, in color, of the garden when the roses were out, and the flagged walk was an avenue between the blues and purples of lupins, delphiniums, violas, lavender, and all that. His wife would not want to live here again. He would stay. Rosamund had loved the photograph of the garden . . . Of course, it was too late for Rosamund now; or was it not? She was marrying some fellow he had never seen.

"Oh, well, eventually one must marry," Rosamund had explained sighingly. Little devil! What an adventure marriage with her would be!

The unknown man might not wish to marry Rosamund when the facts became known.

Although, it was hardly possible that any man, once promised such luck, should not wish to marry Rosamund.

Whatever they had done, the Rosamunds, they could always score in the end.

Queer how women like his wife and his daughters had no comprehension of the powers, the privileges, the sovereignty, of the Rosamunds!

Yet he would not have wished them for a moment to comprehend. No. Like scores of other men he knew he would not have allowed them to comprehend.

And suppose no Rosamund came to dwell in this garden . . . ?

Ah, well, the bachelor peace of it! The week-end golf; fellows staying in the house and no one saying: "It's not quite convenient this week, dear." No hen parties to hide from. A run over to Deauville or to Monte Carlo whenever one felt in the mood. Again, in a word, freedom. "With a great price obtained I this freedom." Who had said that?

His butler came out and placed whisky and soda at his elbow. "Beautiful afternoon, sir. Warm for five o'clock this time of year. Will the ladies be here for dinner, sir?"

"No, Mann, they will not."

He envisaged, as he sat there sipping his whisky, the calm of the evening before him. Calm; or . . . ?

Change and run up to town again, telephoning first to the pretty woman who had lunched with him at the Berkeley that day, just to see if she were free? Should he do that? Why hadn't he asked her earlier? Was it too late now?

Dinner at Claridge's; then on to the Embassy Club for supper and dancing . . . but he wished Atkinson was back to drive them. And suddenly, on the wish, came the faint purring of the car as it rolled, screened in flowering shrubs, up the drive toward the front door, round the corner.

Atkinson was back. He'd go in, telephone, and see . . .

He looked once more joyfully over his late roses, and the lovely mistiness of Surrey hills beyond, as he tossed off the last of his drink. A great, fine, ravishing world! And then suddenly he sat quiet and his heart stood still, and the sun had set over his garden.

Behind him he heard his wife's voice.

He turned in his wicker chair, conjuring up a grave, sorrowful smile. Gravity and sorrow were befitting, of course. He saw her standing in the French windows just behind him. She must have come very quietly through the room. She wore her brownish motoring coat and hat, and there she stood squarely.

He rose, with a humble gesture.

Humility, also, was fitting in such a culprit.

"Father," she said. "I forgive you."

"You—f—f—forgive me, my dear?"

"I forgive you, Father. Men are men. I am not going to divorce you."

He looked for a moment reflectively over his gardens; over the wide, undulating expanse of Surrey countryside; he turned and looked reflectively at the gracious, spacious, white stone house behind him. Yes, a delightful home. A home that no woman would relinquish without a pang.

"That is very, very good of you, my dear," he said.

SNOW IN APRIL

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On shy grass quickening to April's grace

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FOR APRIL

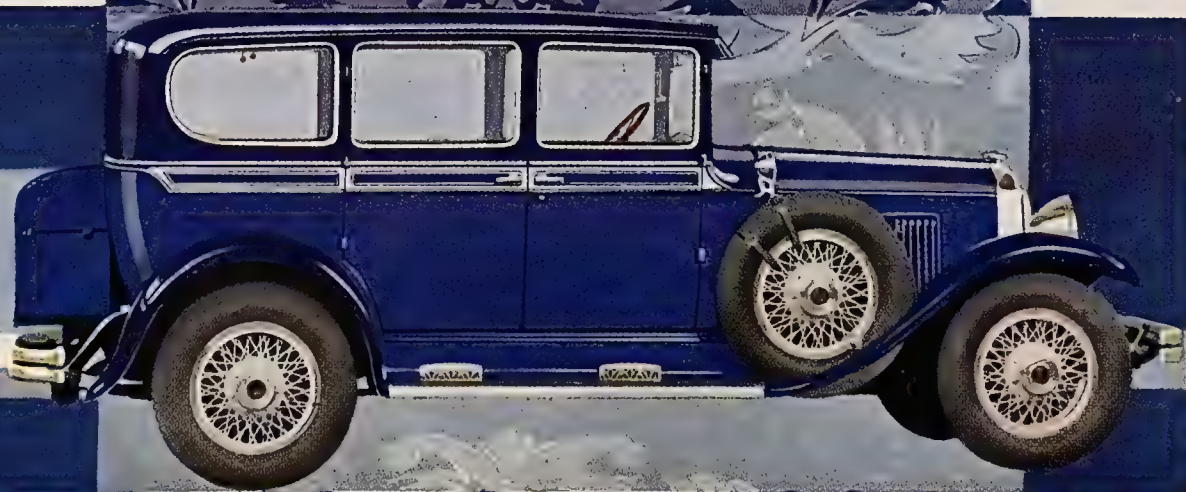
Only ONE woman in your community can own this car—
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The April "Car of the Month",
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upholstered in a fabric designed by
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This illustration shows the actual upholstery
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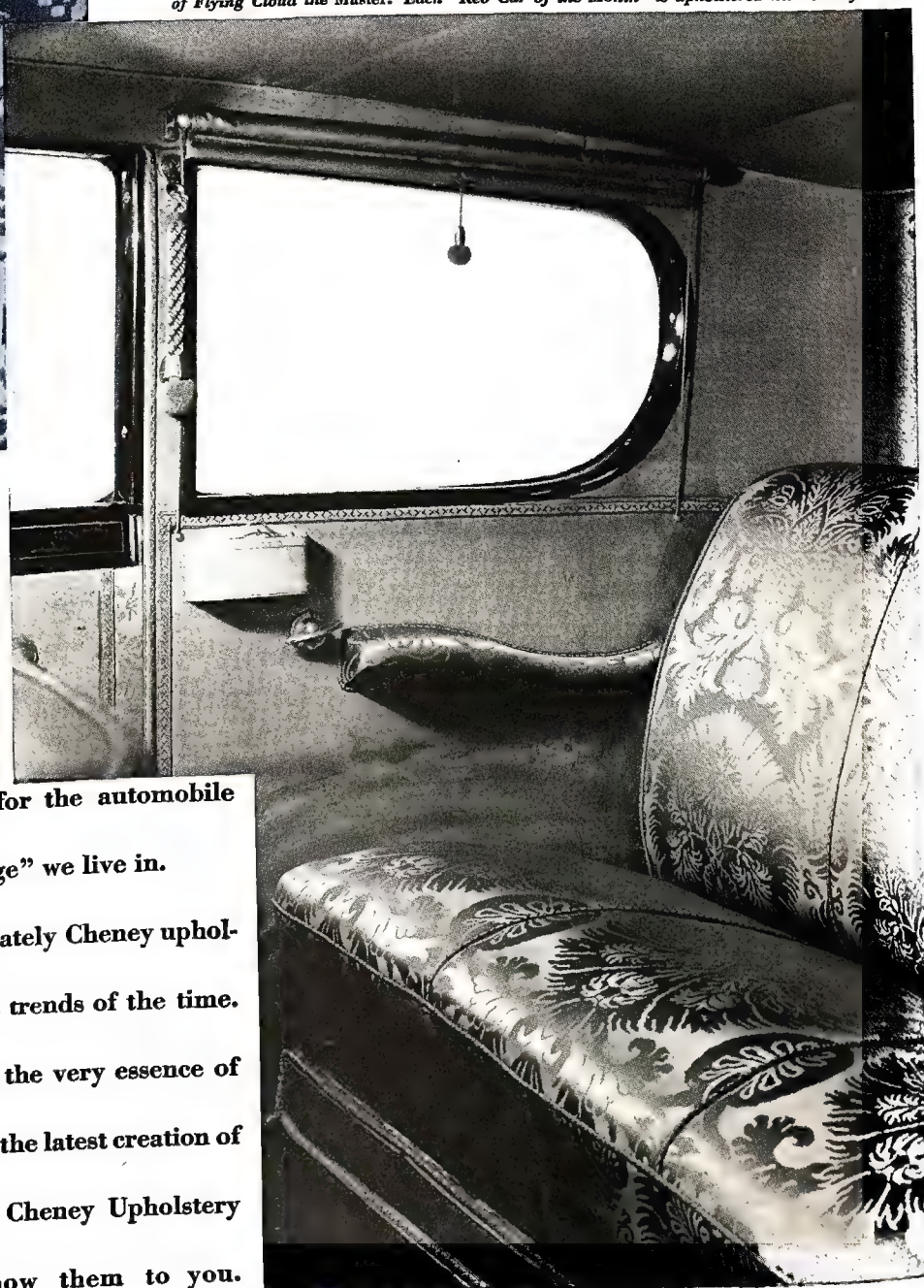
REO FLYING CLOUD
OF THE MONTH

**CHENEY
SILKS**

**CHENEY
WEAVES**



This photograph shows the interior of the second "Reo Car of the Month" — the new de luxe edition of Flying Cloud the Master. Each "Reo Car of the Month" is upholstered with Cheney Fabrics.



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HIGH WALLS

(Continued from page 127)

grateful look. The chill presently left him, and he ceased shivering; but he had grown excessively drowsy. Stretched out upon the blankets he seemed now powerless to move, to speak. She touched his forehead and it was like fire.

"Ramon," she said, "you must get these wet clothes off at once."

He only looked at her sleepily. He did not seem to understand her. It was bewildering to see him, usually so strong and self-reliant, utterly helpless. His eyes closed as he lay there. She knew, then, that she must fight the fever, which was gaining great strides over him. It didn't occur to her at the moment how their respective rôles had become suddenly reversed. She was no longer conscious of herself—of him, as a man. All she knew was that she must help him, as a mother helps a child. So she knelt down, and began to struggle with his clothes; and after a long time, moving his great body about as if it were a log, she managed to remove them. She dried a blanket over the fire, and wrapped it about him, while he dozed fitfully, muttering to himself.

All that day, and most of the following night, she sat beside him. At times he was delirious. He raved. There was nothing for her to do—but watch and pray. She made cold compresses; but these were of little help. It was his own tremendous physical strength that pulled him through, eventually.

AS SHE sat there through the long, lonely hours, holding his hand, trying to cool his burning forehead, she knew clearly and concisely what he had become to her. She would have given her life willingly, then and there, to save his. If he died, she told herself, the world would be a gray void for her . . . She found herself thinking of her mother, of Alexander Todd, and Cousin May, and Charles Winbridge . . . Charles Winbridge! How neatly he symbolized all that her past life had represented. An existence carefully calculated to avoid hardships, unpleasantness, in any form; an existence surrounded by the widest possible margins of safety. She understood now the deep chasm that existed between the polite process of sleeping; eating, moving about among nice people of one's own kind, and that reckless, emotional adventure which Ramon, and others like him, called life.

By four in the morning the fever had run its course. She saw that he was sleeping peacefully. Utterly exhausted, she wrapped herself in a blanket, and fell asleep almost instantly beside him.

When she awoke the stars were shining. She had slept for more than twelve hours. To her surprise, Ramon had left the tent. She could see him standing beside a tall column of fire, throwing wood upon the flames. She arose, straightened her hair, her clothes, as best she could; washed in a small basin he had left in the tent filled with fresh water. And then she went out to him.

At the sight of her a look of the tenderest admiration came into his eyes. Taking her by both hands he said: "You saved me. I know that . . . I have no words."

She turned her head, embarrassed, color surging to her cheeks.

"You're new now?" she asked, awkwardly.

He nodded. "Completely." They stood looking at each other, in silence. The twilight was infinitely soft and warm. They strolled together under the dark trees toward the water's edge. How different from her troubled pilgrimage, alone, down that little path two nights before. . . . The whole universe, it seemed to her, was in a new, gentle mood—after the storm. A languorous peace hovered over the valley, and crept into her heart. There were soft sounds of birds rustling among the tree-tops. Through the fretwork of leaves she could see the evening sky, a clear and pellucid blue. A fish splashed in the lake, suddenly breaking the stillness, creating large concentric rings upon the mirrored water. Her hand was in Ramon's, but she had no desire to remove it. After what she had been through, after the clarity of vision

she had gained from those long, lonely, desperate hours, she knew that such a gesture would be absurd, hypocritical. Nor was she any longer in a mood for self-analysis. She wanted only to enjoy the actual living moments, and to breathe gratitude for the tremendous fact that they were both there, alive, side by side.

He was gazing out across the lake, toward the outline of the distant shore, dim and purple in the falling twilight.

"We may be compelled to remain here for some time," he said.

He looked at her, questioningly. Perhaps she was smiling. She did not know. She only knew that—well, she wasn't acting any longer. That sort of thing belonged to the tangled uncertainties, the pretenses and subterfuges of the past. Whatever her expression, it conveyed some splendid truth to his heart, for an instant later she was in his arms—the most natural, inevitable turn her life had ever taken—while he murmured all the lovely, incoherent little things she'd always, always wanted to hear from him.

"*Carita . . . que linda . . . que linda!*" While he stroked her head, kissed her cheeks, her neck. And then, suddenly, his grip upon her seemed to tighten, like bindings of steel. His lips were pressed against hers. Here was the turning-point . . . the brink—of something. . . .

The very core of her heart was lifted, swept upward, upward, upward, into a rushing void. . . . She struggled from him, eyes wide, radiant, shining, yet—somehow—hurt, with the frightened look of a captured bird. "Ramon . . . Ramon. Is it—like this?" Dimly she saw him standing there, with that fantastic light in his eyes, the same Ramon—yet different; his features curiously altered, their outlines sharpened, leaner. . . . There were two parts of her now; the one urging her to flee, the other chaining her there. Thoughts, half-thoughts, whirled and raced through her head. So this—at last. . . . She went forward to his arms, the poise of her golden head high, even proud. . . .

Once during the night she was awakened by a bright, clear shaft of moonlight shining obliquely through the triangular open flap of the tent. It fell upon Ramon's face. A young, untroubled face, ignorant of the cares of a complicated world. In his sleep he was half-smiling. . . . At that moment her mind was singularly unclouded, free and lifting, like the singing flight of a bird. Life was so beautifully—she paused, drowsily for the word—simple. Why, yes, that was it. Simple. . . .

CARRYING the rod he had made for himself from a sapling, and a half dozen trout hanging like silvery darts from a string, Ramon made his way under the trees on tiptoe, determined to surprise her. Through a break in the undergrowth he could see Greta, standing before the tent. She was arranging a few gay wild-flowers in an empty can—a decoration for their tent, their home. She was bending over them, a slight smile upon her face. Never, he reflected, had he seen her so lovely, so radiantly youthful and strong, in her khaki shirt and breeches, sleeves rolled up to bare the brown roundness of her arms, her golden head rough and tawny with exposure to the sun. His heart was so full that he was unable to call out to her. . . . Her adaptability never failed to astonish him. Already her energies were directed toward infusing some of her personality into the Spartan simplicity of the encampment—that process which women called making a home. . . . In three days he had come to learn something of the rare and beautiful simplicity of her nature; and he recognized that she possessed that gentle compassion and understanding which lonely men throughout the ages have always sought. There was—he tried to express it to himself—a certain eternal quality about her. A durable beauty which would survive long after the first bright bloom of physical youth. She was of that fiber—a lovely woman, with the candor, the inflexible honesty of a good man—than which, as a French philosopher (Bruyère,

(Continued on page 166)



HERE is the modern fountain of youth!

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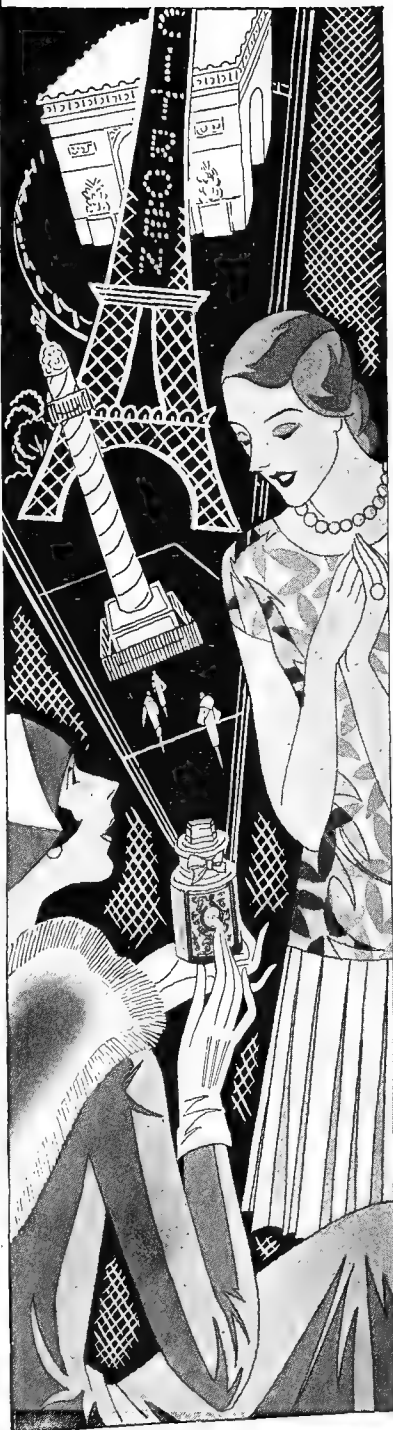
but paris came to elinor instead!

"... I hate spring! Those March winds roughen my face till you could scratch matches on it. When the sun gets hot, I tan of course—but not that lovely even golden brown... speckly, like a piece of bad toast! If I had all I've spent on beauty treatments, I could go to Paris—they'd know something...

"You did—you brought it back with you—it's here? Mary, you're too wonderful! That little jar—just that—for everything?... It's liquid—yes, I see—and doesn't it smell divine, and so fresh—almost too grand to work... You rub it in at night... and again in the morning... You take most of it off and you make up right over it... and that's all?... You've got to say, 'Hope to die, Elinor,' or I won't believe you!

"Your face doesn't roughen or blotch—you tan evenly—you never have to think about a shiny nose?... Mary, you don't mean it keeps away wrinkles, too—and circles under your eyes—and flabbiness? I simply can't wait to hear how many millions it costs!

"Only three-fifty—and your jar lasts six months? I'm going to ring up this minute and see if they've got it—Nina Geranium Cream! How glad I am my new clothes haven't come! Now, when I burst on the world, I'll look like something besides an expensive mistake!"



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wasn't it?) had said, there is nothing in the world more lovable. With the serenity of those deep blue eyes to reassure him, he would always have a refuge, a sure and steady incentive to drive him toward the attainment of his ambitions, his ideals. He went forward, trampling down the undergrowth. At the sound of his footfall she turned her head quickly, and came toward him, with arms outstretched.

"What hours you've been. . . And, oh, the lovely fish!" She examined them eagerly; looked up at him with shining eyes, proud of his accomplishment. To her this new existence was a revelation. The doubts and misapprehensions concerning her future had vanished. It was as if, she told herself, she had suddenly emerged from darkness to blessed sunlight. The outside world was forgotten. Her horizon, now limited by the edges of the island, contained all that was worth while, dear to her in life.

On the afternoon of the third day, while he prepared the fish for supper, she spoke for the first time of their future. She was sitting on the ground beside him, arms clasped about her knees.

"Sometime," she said, "all this is going to end, Ramon. And we will have to go back to the world. What then?"

He looked at her with quick surprise, mingled with a touch of sadness. As ever, any evidence of the practical on her part upset his preconceived ideas of women. "Ah. You have been thinking that, too? If only the human mind could be adjusted not to look forward. How much that would increase the pleasure of living!"

"Why?" She, now, was the surprised one. "Do you dread the future?"

"N-no." He passed his hand over his brow, as he always did when worried over some matter. "No, my dear. Not dread—with you to help me. It is the responsibility. All my life I have had responsibilities. The troubles of a whole people, a race. I am wondering merely whether they will again claim me. If I had my way, of course, I would remain here—"

"Forever?" Ramon, that is not like you. Carving out life, going forward, together, will be so wonderful. Love doesn't mean an end to everything else. It means a beginning. It's firm ground for the planting of new ambitions."

She saw that she had touched upon something irreconcilable in his philosophy. He looked troubled. "Love is everything—or nothing." And he added: "Of course, we will marry—at the first opportunity."

"Oh, that. . ." She made an inconsequential gesture. "Perhaps I took it for granted; but do you know, Ramon, that is the one thing I was not worrying about? A legalization. . . I couldn't have seen it all in that light before. I've learned so much—about relative values. I'd be glad, naturally. But we can take our time. What I want to know, really, is about our plans. Where shall we live, for instance? We're free agents. I have no ties any longer. You need not consider my aspect of the situation."

"There you are wrong," he replied almost heatedly. "It means a great deal more than you think. All my duties and my responsibilities would point toward my remaining in Natividad. But for you such a thing is absolutely impossible."

"Why?" "Because it is no place for a northern woman. The society, for instance, is on a par with hygienic conditions—unprogressive."

A dark suspicion entered her mind; blotted out all the brightness and color of the afternoon.

"Ramon, I think I understand. You feel that your duties to the poor of Calagua are the first consideration. Don't apologize. Your motives are very worthy."

"Carital! Stop. . . You must listen! Do not look at me like that. I cannot stand it."

"I'm sorry, Ramon." Her hand went up; sought his; comfortingly. "But you cannot conceal your thoughts. After all, I suppose a man must place his duties toward the world first."

She was leaning over, her face averted

from his, pretending to be inordinately interested in the flowers she had gathered. "Carital! My Greta. I did not mean that. I—"

IT WAS then that the unbelievable happened. Something broke in upon the stillness of the afternoon. The sound of plashing oars. Greta rose, hating the blind cruelty of the world—daring to break in upon that private, all-important moment. She saw a boat, a collapsible canvas dory, rounding the sandy point at the head of the island—her island. Nearer and nearer it came, with a slow and maddening relentlessness. A single man was in it. He stood up, his body silhouetted blackly against the golden afternoon sunshine. He waved a hand. She felt that she could have gladly shot him dead, then and there. A splendid target. . . "Amigos!" His voice, faint but reassuring, came drifting over the intervening stretch of placid water. Presently she heard the grating of the boat's keel upon sand.

A few minutes later he approached them, a wiry, parched little man of middle age, his keen, dark eyes alight with pleasure at the sight of Ramon. He bowed ceremoniously, removing his wide-brimmed hat, baring a brown, bald skull. "An ex-employee of the consulate," Ramon whispered to her hurriedly. "No danger. . . a loyal friend."

The man spoke excitedly in Spanish. He had news—great news. After he had talked steadily for five minutes, Ramon turned to her, and explained. Natividad was free again. Alquila had been assassinated in a brawl. Deprived of his leadership, the soldiers were chicken-hearted, and no longer anxious to bully the people. A Liberal government was again in power; and it was safe to return to the city. "Isn't it splendid?" Ramon said. His eyes were shining.

THE little man stared at Greta curiously while he talked to Ramon. Concluding his report, he said: "The people are asking for you. They recall what you did for them during the famine of 1918. They are without a leader, without food and clothes. A few are sick with plague. And remembering your goodness, Señor, they have faith in you, and need you."

Ramon asked him sharply: "By what right do you make these statements? Bodega gossip—eh?" It was apparent to Greta that a tremendous struggle was going on within him. The man turned to his knapsack; produced an important-looking document. "This is from the newly-formed cabinet—under young Alberto Martinez, *de facto* president. The boy is really too young to be useful. They put him there temporarily as a compliment to his old father, the dead president. Read the letter. See for yourself."

Frowning, Ramon took the paper; read it slowly. He turned to Greta, an expression of the gravest concern upon his face. The lightness of youth seemed to have departed from him. "Greta. They have appointed me dictator, to get them out of these miseries. And a new American Consul is coming to relieve me of my duties."

She took his hand in hers, and stroking it, fondling it, as if she wanted never to release it, she managed to say: "Your course is clear, Ramon. You must go."

He turned to the man, slowly. "Very well. They have sent for me. You may tell them that I am coming—within three days. See that horses—two for us and one for the pack—are sent to me—"

"They are here, Señor. I brought two with me, and a peon." The man looked at Greta, in a puzzled way. "The Señora could use one—and the pack could be brought down later. I will wait for you on the mainland, Señor. We could start at dawn to-morrow."

"You need not wait, Elizalde," Ramon said sharply. "Leave the horses with your peon, and go, now, to Natividad. And I thank you—" he paused; added with a touch of bitterness—"for your very kind service."

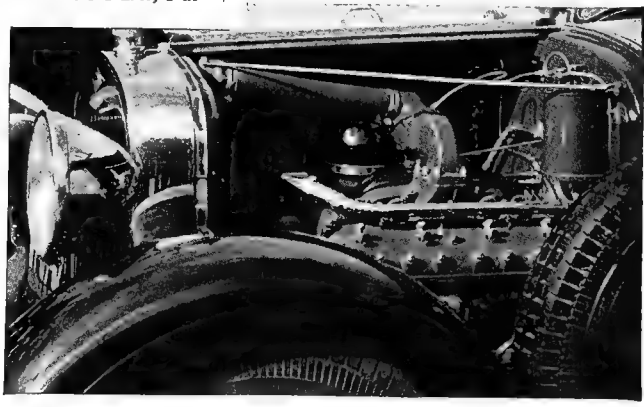
There was no happiness any longer in

(Continued on page 168)

IT IS FOUND WHEREVER NOBLE THINGS ARE VALUED



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HIGH WALLS

(Continued from page 166)

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his voice. Secretly Greta thanked heaven for that. She compared it to the voice of a soldier who had unexpectedly been ordered upon some stern task. She arose; went into the tent. For a while longer Ramon conversed with the man. And after the latter had rowed away in the twilight, she came out from the tent, and sat arm in arm with him, her back turned to the lake because she could no longer bear to look upon the distant mainland. She momentarily fancied that it was coming nearer, swallowing up the lake. . . . Ramon was quiet; but she noticed a strange, consuming light in his eyes; that same light she had seen, when, dining at the Consulate on that happy evening before the earthquake, he had spoken to her of the Calaguan people, and how near they were to his heart. The eyes of a crusader. . . . And she told herself that men—good men—would always be torn, pulled this way and that between love and duty. . . .

Night came on. The night that she had learned so to love. The stars appeared. She sat there, clinging to him, arms about his neck, dreading the future, dreading the dawn.

FOR some time after she had awakened from her heavy sleep, Greta was unable to place herself, to recognize her surroundings. She found herself in a small, simple bedroom, furnished with an iron washstand, a chair, and the narrow cot on which she was lying. The morning sunlight came filtering in dusty golden bars through half-open green shutters. A bee droned above the ceiling. She could see, through the aperture of the shutters, a narrow panel of blue sky. She became aware of a faint throbbing upon the morning air. Distant music. The tremulous chords of an organ, increasing in volume, then slowly dying away. Sunday. . . . Natividad. Then she remembered. . . .

The journey down from the mountains had been easier, far quicker, than the ascent. Elizalde had left for them, at the edge of the lake, excellent horses and a young, intelligent peon. In the bright dawn of their departure she had been too hurried, too busy helping Ramon to clear the camp, to think of the past or to indulge in regrets. But later, as they picked their way over the mountain trail under the blazing midday sun, each step of her horse had seemed to be taking her, cruelly and relentlessly, away from happiness. A foreboding came upon her, as definite as any she had ever known, that dark troubles lay ahead, marking her return to the world. And at times she found herself fiercely hating mankind for calling upon Ramon and abruptly destroying her fragile paradise. He, riding beside her, was in one of his silent, inscrutable moods. He had at first attempted to be gay in the bustle of their departure, but there had been an emptiness to his laugh, a heaviness in his voice, which she had quickly perceived; and presently they had relapsed into a tacit silence.

By sunset, so swift was their progress, they were riding through the pale green sea of the lowland sugar plantations, with the belfries of Natividad dark against the peach-colored horizon ahead of them. They had then proceeded at a walking pace, following Ramon's suggestion, so as not to enter the town before nightfall. He was anxious to avoid recognition from the populace until his plans were formulated; and until he had seen that she was safely lodged and in good care.

THE drowsy sentry at the gate let them by without questions. They had then carefully picked their way through the dark, deserted streets, over heaps of debris, past ghastly skeletons of houses that were pale under a waning moon. Instead of heading for the Consulate they had turned their horses southward, and near the cathedral had gone up a narrow alley to the back entrance of an old house of apple-green plaster. It was here that she had at last dared to voice what was in her heart.

"So this is really the end, Ramon—" The peon, who had gone ahead of them to ring the doorbell, was out of hearing. Ramon, a muffled figure in the moonlight,

dismounting from his weary horse, had replied quickly: "No, my dear. Only the beginning." She recognized, with a sense of irony, the very phrase she had used in the height of her own happiness upon the island. But wasn't he putting an entirely different significance upon the words? Hadn't the island—to face the truth—been a temporary hiatus for him, a mere act of marking time in the steady, purposeful march of his existence, while—to her—it had meant the whole of life? A conviction of her own powerlessness overwhelmed her. She hadn't any fears concerning his loyalty toward her. No. It wasn't that which clutched at her heart. It was, rather, a fear for what that precise loyalty might induce him to do; how he might, by his very devotion, in some quixotic mood of renunciation, destroy the onward progress of his own life. And then, forever afterward, consciously or unconsciously, he would harbor the knowledge in his heart that—but for her—he would have been a man above other men, guided by the shining star of an exalted ambition. She saw it all so clearly now. His capabilities for an intense and unwavering devotion to her would, paradoxically, prove to be his greatest handicap. If he couldn't reconcile those two impelling forces, blend them into harmony, then one of them must go, must be destroyed. He was incapable of half-measures, of compromises with his emotions and desires. So much she had learned of him. And already, in a remote corner of her heart, she knew which of the two forces must be sacrificed. . . .

At the back door of the house Elizalde had come forth to greet them, accompanied by his wife, a sturdy little woman whose pale and undistinguished features were rendered beautiful—like so many of her race—by her gentle, dark eyes. It had been arranged that Greta, until further plans were made, was to stay with the Elizaldes. Exactly what Ramon had told the man concerning her, she was too proud to ask. Evidently it had not been detrimental, for the woman, with many delightful little cries of "*Se bienvenido*," was all curtsies and smiles as she led the way up the narrow stairs to the unpretentious bedroom. On the bed she found something which touched her heart—a dress of muslin, a thing of cheap pink beauty which was, when she tried it on, as the thinnest veil clinging to her big, vital body. Ramon, coming up to the room later, after a brief conversation with the Elizaldes, was amazed anew at the colorful loveliness of her. Never had her hair been so golden, her eyes so deeply blue. He had taken her in his arms, vowing eternal devotion. But their embrace was overshadowed by an imponderable sadness. "I will see you, *Carita*, at noon to-morrow," he had said, with the sudden briskness she had learned to dread. She had turned away, lest he see her eyes. . . .

ORA pro nobis. . . . Voices, intoning deeply, came drifting through the window upon the golden wires of sunlight. *Ora pro nobis*. . . . A chant, lifting to a sudden flight of loveliness that pierced the heart. She arose; flung open the shutters, and looked down upon the vast, sunlit space of the plaza. A crowd was gathering at the marble steps, under the old rose-colored walls of the cathedral. They waited expectantly, heads lifted toward the closed doors. Impelled by some obscure force, something which told her not to delay, she washed and dressed hurriedly; ran down the dark steep stairs past the Elizaldes' rooms, and emerged to the bright glare of the plaza.

The cathedral doors, ponderous panels of oak, studded with brass, were swinging open. The crowd at the base of the steps, now increased by several hundreds, shifted tentatively, then divided into two distinct sections, clearing a narrow path down the marble steps between them. The worshippers came drifting out into the sunshine in little groups, bareheaded, talking in subdued, serious voices. And they, too, Greta noticed, presently spread apart and joined the hushed, waiting crowd. She hurried across the plaza, toward the throng, her

(Continued on page 170)

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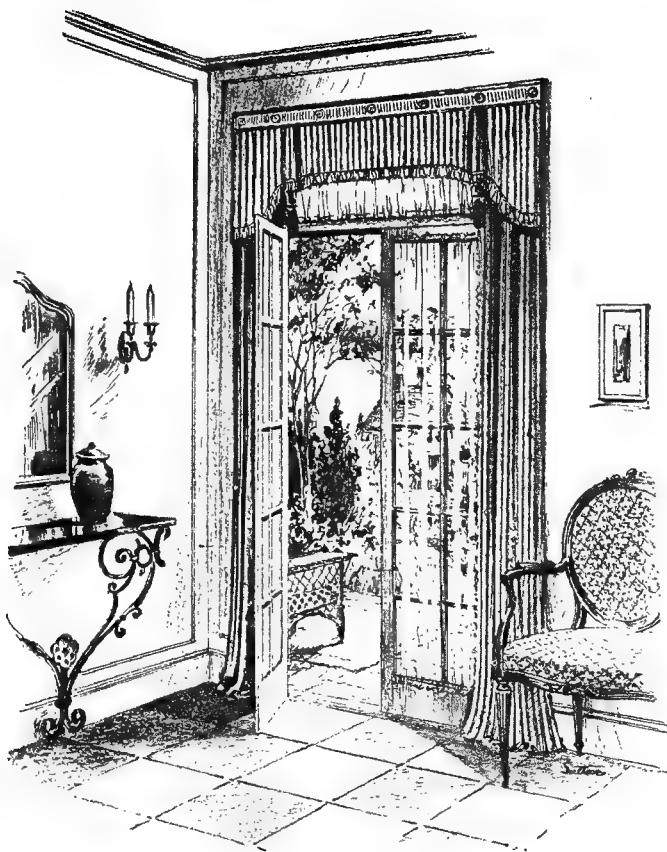
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HIGH WALLS

(Continued from page 168)



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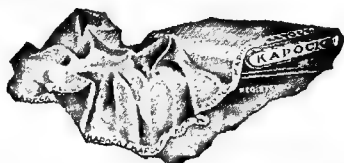
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heart beating violently. . . . Rubbing shoulders there with the dark, sturdy little women under their black mantillas, the tanned peons under their wide hats of plaited straw, the stout little merchants, the ragged, forlorn *mesizos* begging for pennies, it seemed to her that she had all at once lost her own identity. Her personality had become inextricably merged with the crowd. She was a spectator like the rest.

At last he appeared, walking slowly beside an elderly and pompous officer in the red and green uniform of the Calaguan army. The old soldier was talking to him deferentially, smiling. For an instant the crowd was utterly still, hushed with a sudden air of amazement, as if it had been taken unawares. And then a cheer arose.

“*El vienel Viva nuestro Ramon!*”
“*Héle aquí!*” “*Viva!*”

And another. A roar of voices. Such a roar as echoed across the plaza like surf rolling upon a vast beach.

“*Viva Ramon! Viva el Salvador!*”

In that exit from the church she recognized instinctively one of his master strokes. She knew why, some day, he would be honored as a great man. In that single brilliant gesture of accompanying Alquila's successor, the head of the now-discredited army, from his seat in the cathedral he had effected a reconciliation between two violently opposed forces; had proclaimed that reconciliation to the populace. The army was his now. He had made it so.

“*Ramon! Ramon! Nuestro Libertador!*”

A woman with an infant pushed forward through the crowd; seized his hand, kissing it fervently. Little girls threw flowers in his path. He walked down the steps slowly, smiling, nodding his dark, handsome head happily. Even now, in the moment of his triumph, she could detect no trace of swagger or conceit in the man. Only a shining, simple pleasure in his dark eyes as the cheers rolled across the sea of sunlight, reverberated against those ancient rose-petal walls behind him. Greta watched him with a sense of detachment, the unbiased and objective viewpoint of a spectator. It was, she told herself, as if she were seeing him in the weekly motion pictures of current events. . . . He climbed into a waiting landau, followed by the elderly and decrepit general, whom he had to assist, while the crowd still cheered. The coachman, stiff-backed with pride, in a shining hat of white celluloid, cracked his whip. The carriage rolled away; turned up a side street.

Her heart was like ice. She left the crowd; proceeded blindly up the Calle Bolivar, the principal street of the town. The shops were barred and shuttered. From a hundred balconies the flag of Natividad formed an endless, vivid patchwork of red and green squares. A ragged little boy approached her with a handful of printed sheets—ink-smeared, hastily-prepared photographs of Ramon O'Reilly. Underneath his picture were the words: *Su Patria sobre todo.*

“*Cinco centavos, Senoral Cinco centavos!*”

Su Patria sobre todo. . . . His country first. . . .

She turned away from him; came to a street corner. . . . In her blindness she collided with two people. She looked up, intending to apologize. The whole universe began to revolve, blurred, darkening, as she looked into the face of her own mother. And—beside it—the white, staring face of Charles Winbridge.

SUPPORTED by Charles' arm, she was led to a chair at a *bodega* table under a nearby arcade. Her mother was bending over her. . . . With a desperate effort, she managed to steady herself, to gain a grip upon realities. Yes, they were there, both of them, in the flesh. Alive and unchanged—except, perhaps, that Charles looked paler, and her mother definitely aged. Her face was thinner, sharper, her expression bearing the tangible evidences of suffering.

“Greta, my child. Oh, thank God, thank God!”

Her mother was sobbing now; actually sobbing. A spectacle so rare, so unprecedented, that it obliterated her own sensations of faintness, and brought her swiftly back to life. Charles was standing by, staring at Greta, as if he had been granted some divine revelation. Slowly she marshalled the scattered forces of her faculties; slowly she grasped the beginning, the outline, of a tremendous and overwhelming fact. . . . But this was incredible. People did not return—from death. . . . “I don't understand,” she murmured. Her hands were numb, her face was white. “You—and—Charles, alive. . . .”

As soon as they saw that she had recovered, they both began talking at once, telling her in short, excited sentences, what had happened to them. Their voices came drifting, in detached fragments, through the chaos of her mind. . . . Just before the earthquake, while they were sitting in the patio after she and Alexander had left them, Pasqual, the Italian proprietor, had appeared. Annoyed by Charles' reiterated complaints concerning the wine served at luncheon, he had suggested that they visit the wine cellar with him. It would be better, he stated in an injured tone, if they were to choose for themselves out of his stock. . . . They had accompanied him through the kitchen, down a flight of stone steps. And then, while they were in the cellar, the earthquake had happened. There had been a terrible roar, a stunning shock. Showers of plaster had pelted upon them. The steps had been blocked by debris. But the cellar walls, although cracked and gaping, had miraculously held firm.

For three days they had sat there imprisoned until at last a rescuing party had heard their cries, and had cleared the steps to release them. Half-starved, more dead than alive, they had been taken to the small hotel above the *bodega* where they were now sitting.

“Where's Cousin May?” Greta asked. Her mother gave a sob. Charles said gently: “She's gone, Greta. She was waiting for us in the patio—when the thing happened. They found her—that evening. . . .” A sad little silence descended upon them.

“And Toddy?” she asked presently. “What news have you about him?”

Charles said: “We haven't seen him, but I'm pretty sure he was saved. I made inquiries. It seems that he left, several days ago, on a tramp steamer bound for Panama.”

“Oh, I'm glad!” she cried. Here, at any rate, was one bright spot in the dark uncertainty of the future. Then Charles and her mother began plying her with questions.

“And you. We thought you, too, were gone. Who took care of you? You're looking so well—so strong.”

A desperate desire to escape from them seized her. She felt trapped. Charles Winbridge's eyes were bright with admiration. She found herself studying him with a detached curiosity, and a slight sensation of astonishment. How had she ever, even for a moment, contemplated. . . . She pulled herself together sharply, and concentrated upon their shower of questions.

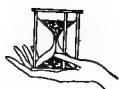
“I'll tell you later,” she said. “I couldn't discuss—the earthquake, just yet. . . . Charles, do get me a glass of sherry. I feel a little faint, still.”

WHEN he had gone into the *bodega* her mother surveyed her with a look of keen curiosity. How cold, how piercing, were those gray eyes of hers. How inscrutable that mask. She had forgotten, long ago, about that familiar look, that searching glance into her very soul. But, somehow, it no longer dominated her. She discovered, to her own surprise, that she was impervious to its power, its unspoken demand that she bare what was in her heart. She was able to ignore it, now, and to guard her secrets.

“Where are you staying?” her mother asked. Not for a single moment did she take her eyes off Greta.

“In the house of a married couple,”

(Continued on page 172)



Clogging bits of dust and grime, drying winds and hectic hours—these are the enemies that age us years too soon. Now Science can sweep these needless years away—can turn Time back before our very eyes!

CCHEEK dewy fresh as a flower-cup. Silken as a child's. Radiant, adorable, alive with youth—

Now we may have it—now we may keep it—year after joyful year!

So simply, too! No appalling array of jars and bottles, tubes and boxes. No precious hours wasted in complicated treatments.

Just thirty swift seconds spent each day with one tender, silken cream developed by the famous Parisian House of Pinaud!

In the very first instant of its caress, this new cream does three astounding things:

—cleanses each tiny pore more exquisitely than ever before (like a magic magnet it "floats" all the stifling accumulations of dust and powder to the surface!)

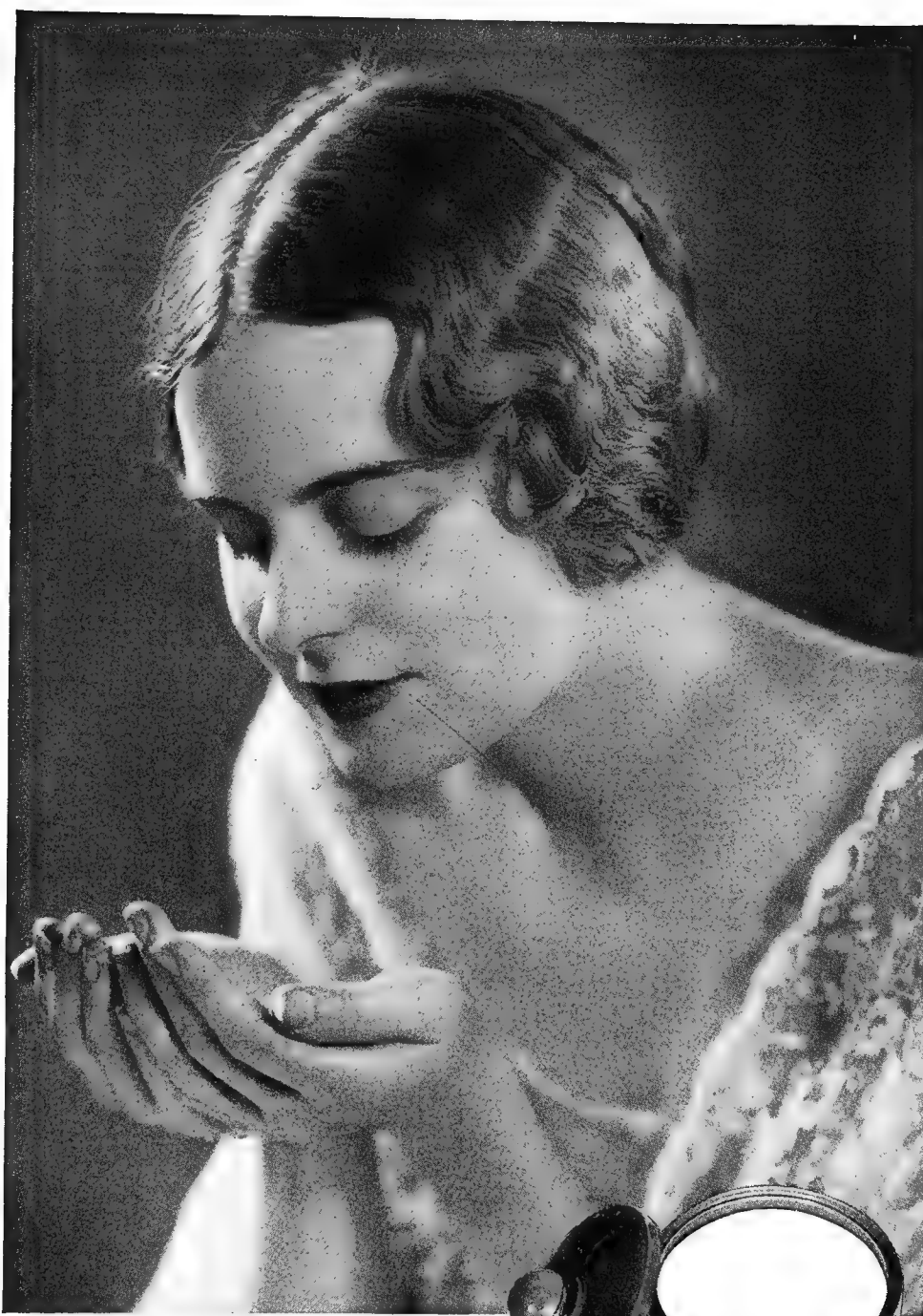
—supplies the tissues with delicate, swiftly absorbed oils—

—then, as you wash it away, tones the whole underlying fretwork of weary muscles and torpid skin glands into vigorous life!

FOR this... strong as... has for d... natural... any eve...

Most... phantly... prepara... day ar... Instead... deep de... to clog... PINAUD... in cle...

We... lation... young... Now...



"Then—in clear, cool water—wash the years away!"



YOUTH...on thirty Seconds a day ~

ies of her youth—the clogging dirt, dry-winds, weary hours! Can keep pores, les and circulation in the active health atial to a fresh, radiant skin—with one delightful half-minute each day! . . . will find PINAUD'S CREAM in sea-green nd convenient tubes at leading stores. d, Paris and New York: Makers of toilet preparations for 150 years.

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send me FREE your New Beauty Book and enough Pinaud's Cream for 3 treatments. c enclosed send two weeks' supply and your Beauty Book. (Check offer preferred and mail to PINAUD, 4, 220 East 21st St., New York, or in Canada to 560 King St. West, Toronto, Ont.)

HIGH WALLS

(Continued from page 170)

she answered quickly. "Some very decent, simple people. Calaguans. They live down near the cathedral."

"We'll take you up to our own rooms," Charles announced, returning with the sherry. "You need a rest, Greta. We're very comfortably settled—just over this *bodega*." Already, she observed, he was actually assuming the old proprietary air over her. She controlled a hysterical desire to laugh in his face. He was as complacent as ever. She believed that he would go to the grave twirling that sleek black mustache of his, smiling that conceited little half-smile. . . .

"I'll go with you," she agreed meekly. "I can tell the others—later, that I've moved." A canny sense of self-protection prompted her to choose each word with infinite care. She would play for time. . . . If they knew. If they only knew. . . .

Her mother was studying her. "Who has taken care of you, Greta, during all this dreadful period?"

To Greta the disarming gentleness of her tone was like a small red flag.

"Why, Mother, I've taken care of myself, I suppose. And I told you that I was boarding with a couple near the cathedral."

"How have you paid them? You haven't any money, have you?"

"They have asked for nothing—so far."

Mrs. Cass-Evans arose, temporarily satisfied. They walked slowly toward the unpretentious little entrance of the hotel. At the door Charles paused irresolutely, then said: "Oh, we forgot to tell you, Greta. . . . Your mother and I have booked passages on a Dutch mail steamer leaving for the Canal Zone to-night. From there, in a few days, we'll be able to get a ship direct to New York. I'll go down now to the agent at the harbor, and see about getting another ticket for you."

For the second time that morning her heart turned to ice. "To-night?" she repeated. "Oh, no. That's impossible, Charles."

They stared at her.

"Why?"

"I—I'm not ready. I haven't any clothes—except this wretched little muslin dress. I'd have to get—things."

Charles laughed.

"Oh, that's all right, dear. We lost everything, too. But you can attend to your clothes at Colon, or Panama. There are much better shops at those places. Besides, if we miss this steamer we'll be left for days in this God-forsaken hole. And the people don't want us here. We're foreigners—just so many more to take care of; so many more mouths to feed. They've made that pretty clear to us. I hate the whole greasy pack of them."

As she followed her mother up the narrow stairs of the inn, dark despair en-

veloped Greta. Charles' words echoed through her mind. They don't want us here. . . . We're foreigners. . . . And that printed irony under Ramon's photograph: *Su Patria sobre todo*.

It seemed to her that her heart was about to break. And then, miraculously, the clouds lifted; the way ahead became clear, a straight and shining path before her. Turning to Charles she stated in a calm voice: "Very well. You had better go down to the agent, now, and book a passage for me. I'm sure that I can—get ready in time."

So overjoyed was he that, in his elation, he seized her and attempted to kiss her. She turned her head quickly, so that his kiss fell, absurdly, in the neighborhood of her ear. At the same time she fought down a violent impulse to strike at him. When he had gone, gaily, toward the harbor, she rubbed her cheek with her hand, her whole body atremble.

"Charles is displaying temperament," her mother remarked facetiously. "More than I gave him credit for."

How she hated him. . . . How she loathed his round, sleek face, his pink, inflated cheeks; his rotund, well-fed little body; his prosperous clothes which were as carefully worn as those of a shop-window figure. She clenched her hands; choked back a sob, and followed her mother into a small and primitive bedroom, praying for strength, for a reasonable amount of control.

"Greta," her mother said, making herself comfortable upon her bed, "you're not keeping anything from me?"

"I don't know what you mean, Mother." It seemed to her that her mother could not escape hearing the hammering of her heart.

"Oh, nothing. I was just wondering. . . . Have you seen anything of that consul man—what was his name—O'Brien?"

This was unbearable . . . needless torture. . . . How powerful were her mother's eyes. Hateful, cold, boring, through her very flesh.

"He has helped me—to find a lodging. Naturally I had to turn to him; the American Vice Consul, and the only living soul I knew in the whole town."

"I didn't like his attitude. And, besides, did you know that he has been dismissed from his post? We were at the Consulate yesterday—about our passports. There is a new and charming Consul there, a Mr. Liddel—one of the Boston Liddells. I gathered that your friend was now in bad repute, a revolutionist, or something. Also there is a story about town that he'd fled with a woman—some native girl, probably. . . . You look pale, dear. Lie down here, beside me, and take a rest."

(To be concluded)

If you remove
cold cream..right
a clear radiant skin
will reward you

BENEATH the first layer of dirt and dust that your skin collects is a fine mesh of germs, oil, rouge, powder that must be searched out and removed, every single day, if you hope to keep a lovely complexion.

Germs thrive and multiply unless they are effectively destroyed. Blackheads, pimples, follow. To clean your skin, you must use absolutely hygienic facial tissues.

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1. A lovely clear skin . . . when you rub cold cream off instead of rubbing it in.
2. No high laundry bills that mount when you use one clean towel after another.
3. No dirt and germs to cause blackheads, pimples, enlarged pores . . . from using grimy "cold cream cloths."

away beauty-destroying germs. And—using three sheets twice a day, as you do—it costs about 6c a week. Cheaper than high laundry bills, softer than old pieces of cloth, safer than any other method.

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Original from
UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

MUCH ADIEU ABOUT NOTHING

(Continued from page 113)



THE TAILLEUR ENSEMBLE
WILL TAKE ITS PLACE
AS A FOREMOST
SPRING FASHION

Joseph

2 WEST 57th STREET
at FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

for him, and his success there gave him courage to face the metropolis.

It was Anstruthers' privilege, or his ill-luck, to be taken up by society. A good-looking bachelor who wore his evening clothes as well as he did, and who never by any chance imbibed too freely, with the *cachet* of an English background, can always succeed in American drawing-rooms. Added to this was his fame as a writer; also he was only thirty-two, with the splendid magnetism of youth. Ah! the gods had indeed been kind to Harcourt Anstruthers!

"HE IS wonderful!" Mrs. Carsters had a way of uttering that word which no one else could approximate. There was the royal accent on the first syllable, with just the ghost of a pause, and then the rest of the word came out in a little gasp. She was whispering it now to old General Gates, who had been induced to come out for a long week-end, in time for the Thursday lecture. Anstruthers had simply declared, in the course of his talk, that "Life was a glorious abundance, and old age should prove the autumnal season of largesse for those who had valiantly stored up the fruits and blessings of summer."

"How beautifully he puts it!" Mrs. Carsters added, when the General, who was almost eighty, and suffered from lumbago, told her he was doubtful of the advantages of a ripe old age.

"Too poetic!" he smiled. "At thirty-two they think all that rubbish. But wait till they have to go permanently on the water-wagon!"

As she looked about the huge room, with the slow afternoon sunlight pouring through the French windows, Mrs. Carsters was perfectly happy. Everything, so far, had gone off just as she had planned it. The chrysanthemums were exactly the background for Anstruthers who, fortunately, had worn a tie with a touch of yellow in it; and he looked so distinguished on the little dais she had had hurriedly built. She beamed, she radiated the joy she felt; and she was so glad she had thought to tell Winterbottom and Meadows to stand mute and motionless, one on either side of the great doorway, in their solemn gray liveries. It was a triumph in a living prose poem.

She watched Muriel, who sat near her. Yes, the dear girl was spell-bound, as she knew she would be. Anstruthers was a gentleman, and the mother had always been grateful that her daughter cared only for men of breeding, and was not one of those strange maidens who might take up with a handsome but uncouth chauffeur, as Mrs. Mortimer's Phoebe had done. Thank God, her child was in no such dreadful danger.

If only Anstruthers would return the affection she was certain Muriel would reveal! Then the aftermath of this seed-planting would prove a harvest of joy; she fumbled in her mind, and realized that she couldn't find similes as the great essayist could, and abandoned herself to an ecstasy of listening.

THE others—she had asked only a select hundred or so—were equally enthralled. A hush, which is so rare upon occasions like these, brooded over the audience; and though deaf Mrs. Potter had no idea what it was all about, despite the fact that she had studied lip-reading for two cloistered years, she expressed approval now and then, and pretended to drink in the golden phrases.

Even Jack Tolliver was interested; but, manlike, he felt a bit ashamed to be at an afternoon affair, and Muriel, who had not known that her mother had invited him, would not let him sit beside her. He must be disciplined still further. He stood, therefore, not far from the granite Meadows, and when he was not drinking in the wonder of Muriel, he cast a jealous eye upon Anstruthers, and wondered how he got away with such talk. These foreigners, damn it, they could say anything and make the women happy.

The lecture went on, plumes nodded, and there was polite gloved applause once

in a great while. It would never do to express too much approval; but Mrs. Carsters, knowing her set as she did, felt that they had been far more emotional than ever before, and beamed again.

The lion was petted and stroked as he stepped from the dais and democratically mingled with his listeners. Tea was served in the dining-room and brought to the guests wherever they happened to wander.

"I wish you would always wear that turquoise pin," Anstruthers said to Muriel, seeking her out as soon as he could. "I saw it all through my talk, and it was like a bit of blue heaven to me."

"Really?" Muriel said, not a little pleased that the Great Man should speak so intimately to her, and delighted that the eyes of others followed her. "It's nothing—a simple thing my father gave me on my birthday." Her fingers lovingly stroked the enormous brooch that he had praised.

Jack Tolliver was watching them, but he could not hear what Anstruthers had said. Muriel, with the intuition of a woman, knew that Jack's eyes were on her, and she rejoiced in the knowledge. It didn't matter so much, after all, about the others, those inquisitive women. So Jack would come over for this lecture, but not for her! Perhaps it would be just as well to teach him a thing or two.

"Let's go out on the terrace," she suggested to the lion. "Though, of course, I shouldn't be greedy and take you from all the others who want you."

"Oh, I'm sick of crowds," Anstruthers answered. "It would be so nice to get somewhere—alone with you." He paused just the proper amount of time before the last phrase.

THEY literally fought their way through surging women, who actually wanted just to touch the hem of Anstruthers' garment. Finally they emerged through one of the French windows, where the warm autumn sun spilt its radiance on a marble floor.

"If you're not afraid of catching cold, suppose we have our tea out here?" the girl went on. "It's hot indoors."

"Very. And I'd love it. You have no idea how you inspired me, sitting there, listening so intently. Women can be so amazingly wonderful. I wish everyone were like you."

He said it very well. Muriel had never known a celebrity before; and, somehow, she had always been a bit afraid of them, considered them a race apart. And she had heard they put all their best things into their books; yet here was one who talked almost as he wrote, and he was getting delightfully personal. She couldn't help contrasting what he had just said with some of Jack's pleasing but unpoetic remarks. Also, she couldn't resist looking behind her to see if, by any chance, he had come to watch what she was doing. Sure enough, he was on the other side of the window, trying his best to talk to Edna Forbes, and stirring his cup of tea nervously. She was sure she heard him asking Meadows to mix him a cocktail—an excellent barometer of his state of mind.

"That swan spells peace, doesn't it?" Anstruthers said, looking down on the bird floating on the pool. "What a heavenly life you must have here. It's almost better than Surrey—and not nearly so lonely."

What did he mean? She was sometimes very lonely, and she told him so.

"But that—that can be remedied," he stated. She didn't look up. "A girl like you has no right to be alone. You told me at luncheon you were unhappy. People have a way of confiding in me. Tell me what's on your mind."

His voice was charged with sympathy. An oak tree that spread its great arms in benediction over the terrace, dropped a few leaves at that moment, and their bright gold on the white marble told her of the vanity of riches.

Winterbottom came with some tea. They put their cups on the balustrade

(Continued on page 176)

The Thrill of Two High Speeds

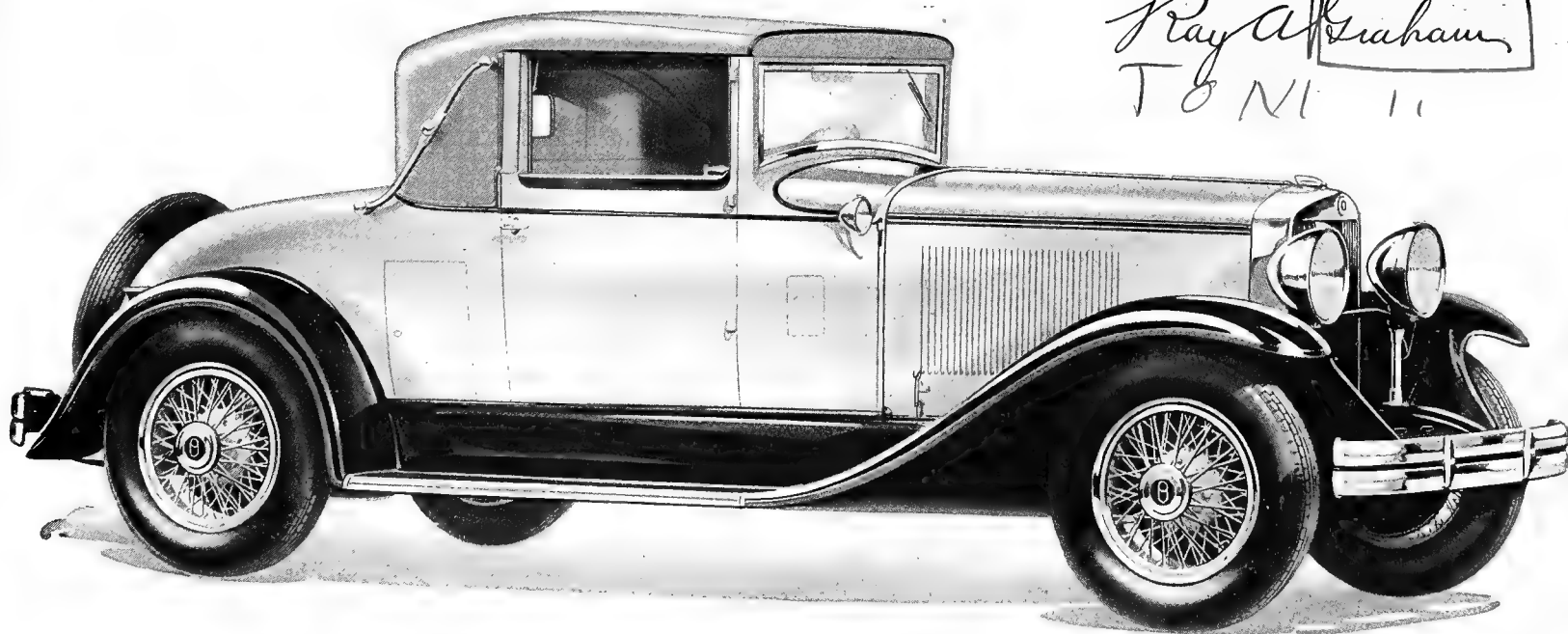


[[Four Speeds Forward]]
[[Standard Gear Shift]]

The new Graham-Paige sixes and eights are distinguished by the thrilling performance of *two* high speeds, *standard* gear shift. With the *time-proved* Graham-Paige four speed transmission—*fourth*, used most of the time, gives a new smoothness and swiftness; *third*, a quiet internal gear, provides rapid acceleration in traffic and up steep hills. You start in second; first, in reserve, is instantly available, but seldom used. You are invited to enjoy a demonstration.

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Maybelline is always to be found on Miss Haver's dressing table.

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MUCH ADIEU ABOUT NOTHING

(Continued from page 174)

and looked off at the woods beyond the pool. Mrs. Carsters peeped out and saw them *en tête-à-tête*, and was happier than she had ever been before.

"You see," Muriel was saying now, "we are never alone here—yet frightfully alone. Sometimes I hate it all."

"Oh, don't talk like that. One has to have money. I have to lecture, and write, in order to live the quiet life. But I, too, am lonely."

She looked up at him. Again the leaves rustled. "Why, you can have anything you want in this world!" she said. "Why should a man like you be lonely?"

His eyes did not meet hers. "Some day, maybe, I'll tell you. May I write to you once in a while?" There was pathos in the request. She thought how many people would like to have his autograph; and here he was offering her pages of his manuscript. Why did she attract him? Vaguely, behind her, she was conscious of Jack drinking his second cocktail. She asked Anstruthers to take her down to the edge of the pool. He strangely interested her, but he did not guess the reason. He thought he was making another conquest, like that one in Boston only a fortnight ago, and another in New York. These American girls—how simple it all was! And here was Long Island, in golden autumn, with a, well, a girl who was certainly different from the rest, and rich. He had never seen such a lavish home, one so crowded with beauty.

To the devil with that audience, every one of whom wanted to shake hands with him! This was much pleasanter. And he moved down the wide stairway that seemed to dip a mile before it kissed the silent pool. The leaves fell around them again, and he thought of Danae and her shower of gold; and he told Muriel he had never been so happy in all his life.

Which, in a measure was true. For gracefully, unseen by anyone, Mrs. Carsters' secretary had but a few moments before slipped into his hand a check for five hundred dollars.

HIS room was unbelievably large—it was, as a matter of fact, the best of the sleeping apartments. From the wide windows he got a view of the Sound in the distance, as lovely as the Mediterranean on this October evening, in a dazzling sunset.

A large Italian four-poster, with a heavily brocaded cover, stood in the center of the room, and for some reason which he never discovered, there were two baths connected with his suite, and, apparently, for his use only. The furniture was massive, and in excellent taste, though why the Old World should always be transported to the New was one of the eternal mysteries to Anstruthers. Still, he was desperately fond of luxury, having had so little of it, and he watched Winterbottom with a vivid interest as he deftly laid out his clothing in preparation for dinner. He liked to feel his feet sink into the velvet rugs, and there was something royal about the Madeira that had been placed conveniently near the couch in a rare old decanter, with a few biscuits on a silver dish.

The manservant, who could miraculously efface himself while he performed his various tasks, suddenly stood at his side, holding out a little bowl in which there seemed to be an inch or so of water. Anstruthers, who was pretending to read, looked up, bewildered. In the few grand homes where he had visited, such a gift had never been offered him.

"What—what—?" he stammered, ashamed of his ignorance.

"Temperature of the bath, sir. Is it what you desire, sir?" Winterbottom was kind enough to inform him and to ask.

"Oh," said the essayist, dropping his book in his confusion and dipping his finger into the bowl, attempting to look accustomed to such service. "Yes—yes—quite right, my man."

THERE were ten at dinner, the social cream of his afternoon audience, and he was put next to Muriel. Jack Tolliver was not present. There was a rumor that

he had driven his car in anything but a straight line, after five cocktails, and had just grazed the gate on his way out.

"You American girls seem to like commonplace men," Anstruthers was saying to Muriel. His inhibitions left him after one sherry and two glasses of champagne. She thought how wonderful it would be if these foreigners would write their impressions of America in a haze of drink and cigarette smoke, and really tell the truth. He had spoken rather well of the American business man down by the pool. "You deserve something better," he went bravely and brazenly on, looking into her eyes, and again enraptured that she wore, apparently for him, the turquoise brooch.

"Do we? I thought we were commonplace, too. Very few of us capture English noblemen."

"Noblemen? Who said they were the best of our race?" Anstruthers inquired.

"You mean, perhaps, that there is an intellectual aristocracy that's worth much more?" Muriel guessed.

"Exactly. The man of letters, now." He was going further than he had ever gone, anywhere, at any time. He must watch his step, as these slangy Americans said. "You know, they don't get the recognition from their government that they should." The government!—that was good. It got him many miles safely behind the lines.

"But you have had recognition, Mr. Anstruthers. I heard you could have been knighted. But I suppose your sense of humor prevented. They're calling London the City of Dreadful Knights, someone told me." She smiled, toiled with her champagne glass, in which Meadows had poured only a few sips, as always.

Anstruthers missed the irony of her remark.

"I am too much of a democrat to accept a title," he said. But he knew in his heart he would love nothing better than to have the King touch him with a sword as he knelt in the royal presence. "That is why I like America so. And you are a true democrat. Banker boys or essayists, it matters not which you meet." And then he could have bitten his tongue off; for her eyes flashed.

"Both have a head for figures," she flamed. "And sometimes I think the man of letters is the better mathematician." Then she remembered that he was their guest, sitting at their table, sleeping under their roof. Quickly, she said: "Have you read much of Ibañez, Mr. Anstruthers?"

"Yes." There was a muffer over his voice. "A wonderful writer."

"I wish I knew Spanish. He must be even finer in the original."

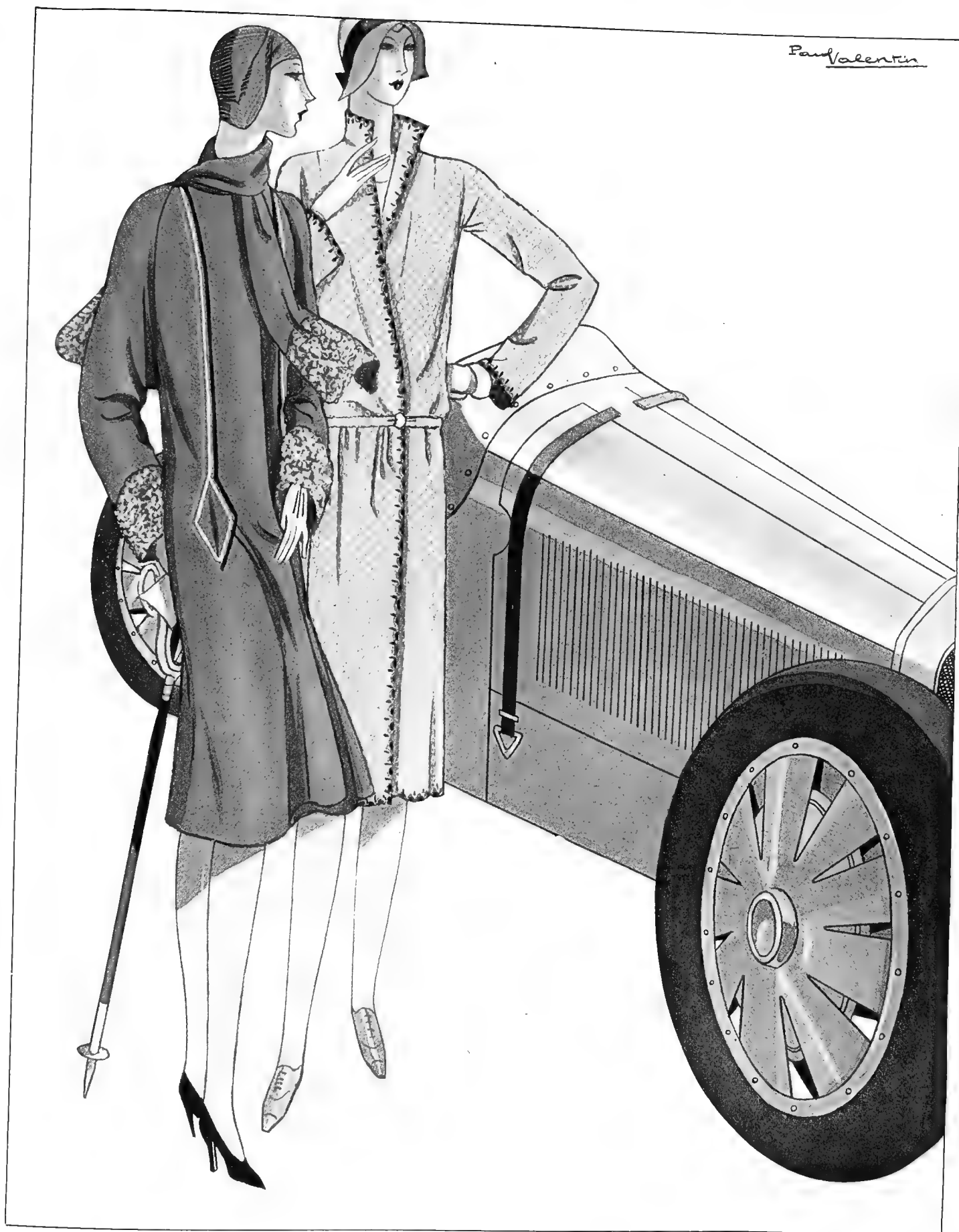
"He is—vastly better." He allowed her to believe that he had read Ibañez in the language in which he wrote. She took it for granted that he knew several foreign tongues.

IN THE middle of the night, and in the middle of his great canopied bed, Anstruthers had an idea for his new book; and he remembered the lamp by his pillow, and turned it on. By long experience he had learned that it was unsafe to leave unjotted down any thought that came to him at any time. Ideas were precious things.

There was some heavy stationery and a gold pencil on the table near him, but the paper looked so fine that he hesitated to use it merely for a memorandum. It was engraved; and as he lifted one piece to see if there was a common pad beneath, his eye caught the embossed lettering. The most expensive plate had been procured, and it read: THE BUNGALOW: OLD WESTBURY.

Ah! if this was a bungalow, what must a house be like on Long Island? The conscious pose of such a name for such an establishment struck his risibilities, and, looking at the velvet hangings in the moonlight, contemplating the ornate chairs and wardrobes, and remembering the august Winterbottom, he smiled at a vulgarity so amazingly naive, and be-

(Continued on page 178)



The new Cloth Coat Department of Revillon Frères announces the arrival of its Spring collection from Paris . . . original Revillon Frères creations, like the coat at the left . . . adaptations of couturière successes, like the one from Drecoll at the right. ~ Special designers and fitters ensure individual chic. ~ Neckpieces in the favored furs to complete the spring tailleur.

Revillon Frères

FIFTH AVENUE AT 54TH STREET

(IN THEIR NEW BUILDING)

MUCH ADIEU ABOUT NOTHING

(Continued from page 176)

Carlin



*Perpetuating
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Comforts

The modern woman is grateful to the Carlin Shops for perpetuating the charming traditions of daintiness associated with the boudoir of great ladies of all periods. Cushions, as weightless as moonbeams, silken coverlets, chaise longue ensembles, and other boudoir requisites are coveted alike by decorators and their clients. The Carlin Shops are dedicated to the woman of today—the woman who admires the luxurious—but deplores the extravagant.

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gan to pity poor Muriel. How could she survive in such surroundings? How could anyone survive? But how nice it would be to have some part of this wealth, and the beauty that would go with it, and run away and hide it behind his walled garden in Surrey! He need scarcely ever come back here. Wouldn't it be politic to make up to a pretty little American spitfire, and tame her down in rural England, give up these tiresome tours, on which one had to be "entertained" to death, and settle down to write the books one wanted to write?

He might stay on here a few days—there was nothing to take him to town. After all, it was peaceful here, and they would let him stay in his gorgeous room as much as he pleased. He could take it easy, and write a few things. Then, too, the daughter of the house was rather amusing and entertaining, and liked to ride, and the weather promised to be golden—well, he could think of many things he liked less than the prospect of a few days in such a spot. He'd look the young lady over. Was it possible that he was growing sentimental? He wondered. He'd never felt like this before over any mere girl.

He felt that everything was settled. It might have been, had he not made a middle-class error at nine o'clock the next morning.

When his lavish breakfast came up to him, he looked it over, decided he did not care for grapefruit, bacon and eggs and coffee that morning, and told Winterbottom to take the food away and bring him marmalade and toast and tea instead.

Winterbottom, who did not care much for the English—he was really an Irishman, and his family name was Sweeney—got the master's ear before he left for town, and told him what the celebrity had done.

Old man Carsters almost made a scene in the hall. He puffed and blew, fumed and all but exploded, and then and there gave strict orders that Anstruthers should be taken to the station promptly at eleven o'clock—he would never be allowed to eat another meal in the Bungalow.

His exit was a bit ignominious. Only Muriel saw him off. Mrs. Carsters pleaded a stupid headache, and was glad, for the first time in her life when Jack Tolliver telephoned that he was coming over for luncheon.

After all, Jack wasn't so bad. He couldn't write anything but checks; but he was a healthy-minded young American, and Muriel could do far worse. And she ventured to think that he never breakfasted in bed, or mistook a simple home for a hotel.

"WE DON'T need any flowers," Lady Sowerby was saying, as she surveyed the bleak lecture-room of the Quill and Arts Club, one wet afternoon in London, about six months later. "He is speaking very informally about his American experiences, and we shall all be so amused that no one will notice the lack of decorations. Besides, it's too expensive; and why fuss over one of our own writers? Heaven knows Mr. Anstruthers has had enough attention over there."

Two or three hundred journalists and nondescript hack-writers, and a sprinkling of weird futurist artists, who did weird things on canvas, began to stroll in, after an unbelievably dull luncheon upstairs. The tiny club rooms almost touched Bloomsbury, much to Lady Sowerby's regret, for she had aspirations of a sort, and deplored uncouth neighborhoods. She was active in many organizations, and looked upon the Quill and Arts as a rather pathetic adopted child which needed her earnest attention now and then. To have induced Anstruthers to come way out here—well, it was nothing short of an achievement; and she was proud of the fact that it was her personal appeal which had won the day. She couldn't help telling little Miss Briggs as much as they peeped into the hall to see if the pitcher of icewater was in place, the portrait of the King hung straight on the wall, and the flag draped at the proper

angle behind the desk.

Everyone was seated before the essayist came out of a door at the side of the room, and, amid an expectant hum, sat in a chair waiting to be introduced, his head bowed a bit, like a minister before he delivers his sermon.

Lady Sowerby finally rapped for order, and spoke of him as "a traveler recently returned from foreign shores, an artist who had gone forth to see the world." He would tell them, she was sure, many wonderful things of his journey through these vast and distant States, and no doubt would make them realize that there were worse places than the British Isles. A dull, bromidic enough introduction.

Anstruthers got to his feet amid timid but sincere applause, and started right out by saying how glad he was to be home again—stuff that always goes well. He liked America, after a fashion, and he hoped to lecture there again; but, when all was said and done, it was the home of the almighty dollar, of vulgarians, of a people who had no real culture, but thought they had a lot of it. (Laughter.) It was the country of uncut leaves (murmurs of amusement), ostentatious wealth, pork-packers, quick-lunch eaters, unimaginative business men, steam heat, lazy but beautiful women, gum-chewers, jazz, cabarets, confusion and cheap movies. There was no real art being produced there; and an artist was not appreciated at his own true worth; he was fawned upon, lionized, entertained to death, interviewed by a sensational press and perpetually misquoted, and what was the use, anyhow? A good enough land to rush through, but never to stop in; emotional, eager, fiery, but also crude, gauche and gilt-edged—yes, a bit spurious.

TO SHOW them what vulgarians the Americans were he regaled them with the story of a week-end on Long Island, where he had been made a frightful fuss over. (Whispers of "No wonder!") He painted a picture of the garish house of a rather celebrated stock-broker, and had reached that point in his tale about "the temperature of the bath, sir," and was making them rock with laughter, and was going on to the incident of the engraved stationery—indeed, was just about to say, "And on it was the name of the simple little estate of a thousand acres, 'The Bungalow,'"—when he looked down the hall, and was conscious of a pretty girl leaning forward with deep interest. At her throat there was a large turquoise pin.

Anstruthers saw her just in time to bring his sentence to an abrupt conclusion. There was, of course, no point to his edited anecdote. He could not keep his eyes from the girl's face. He turned pale, and hastily he put his hand to his head, as if in great pain, and swayed a little. The room spun before him. He saw a million blurred faces. Never had he known such a devastating moment.

"I am ill," he half cried, clutching the desk. "It's—it's dreadfully hot in here—"

And somehow he got into a chair. Lady Sowerby had rushed forward to Anstruthers' assistance, and splashed some water in his face. She knew this was a good thing to do when women fainted; she supposed it would prove equally efficacious with a man, though she had never before known a man to swoon, except in a poem of Mrs. Browning's.

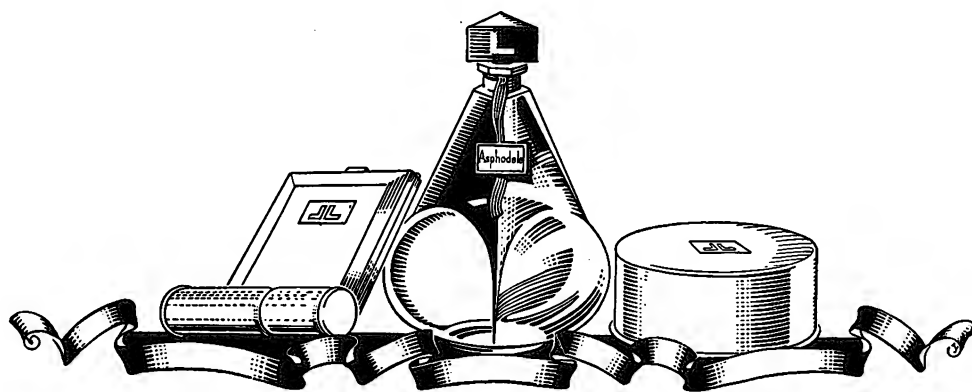
Limp and pale, the essayist was half dragged from the platform, and taken into a tiny room where there was a hair-cloth couch. At least twenty volunteers, amid a hundred solicitous murmurs, hoped to have an opportunity to aid him in his extremity. What a dreadful thing to happen, and just as he was getting so humorous, so delightfully humorous! They must see to the old-fashioned ventilation in the hall—too bad it had not been attended to before. But that was the trouble with these ancient buildings in the shabby section of the city. Poor Mr. Anstruthers!

Lady Sowerby begged those who had crowded into the little room to be gone—

(Concluded on page 181)

SHE IS LIKE A FLOWER

Delicately she charms the very air with the attar of her loveliness... For her charm is born of many flowers which have received an ethereal immortality from the perfumer's hand... The creations of Lenthéric achieve her ensemble of fragrance! The silvery compact tooled to the semblance of a smart French watch... the silver misted powder boxes upon her dressing table... the bath powder like fragrant thistledown... all reflect truly the Lenthéric odeur which she has chosen as her very own. Thus her entire aura is in fragrant harmony—whether it be the gardenia-sorcery of *Asphodèle*—the luxuriant beauty of *Miracle*, or the vivacity of *Le Pirate*... She moves in a vibrant radiance which transfigures her beauty into that of a living flower



Lenthéric perfumes in their fascinating modern bottles, \$5 to \$45... face powder, five subtle shades and white, in a silver-starred box which holds its own matching puff, \$1... lipstick, in three flattering tones, as smartly cased as a trinket of pearl-and-gold, \$1.50... the silvery double compact is slim and opens as precisely as the French watch which served as its model, \$2.50

Lenthéric *Paris*
P A R F U M S

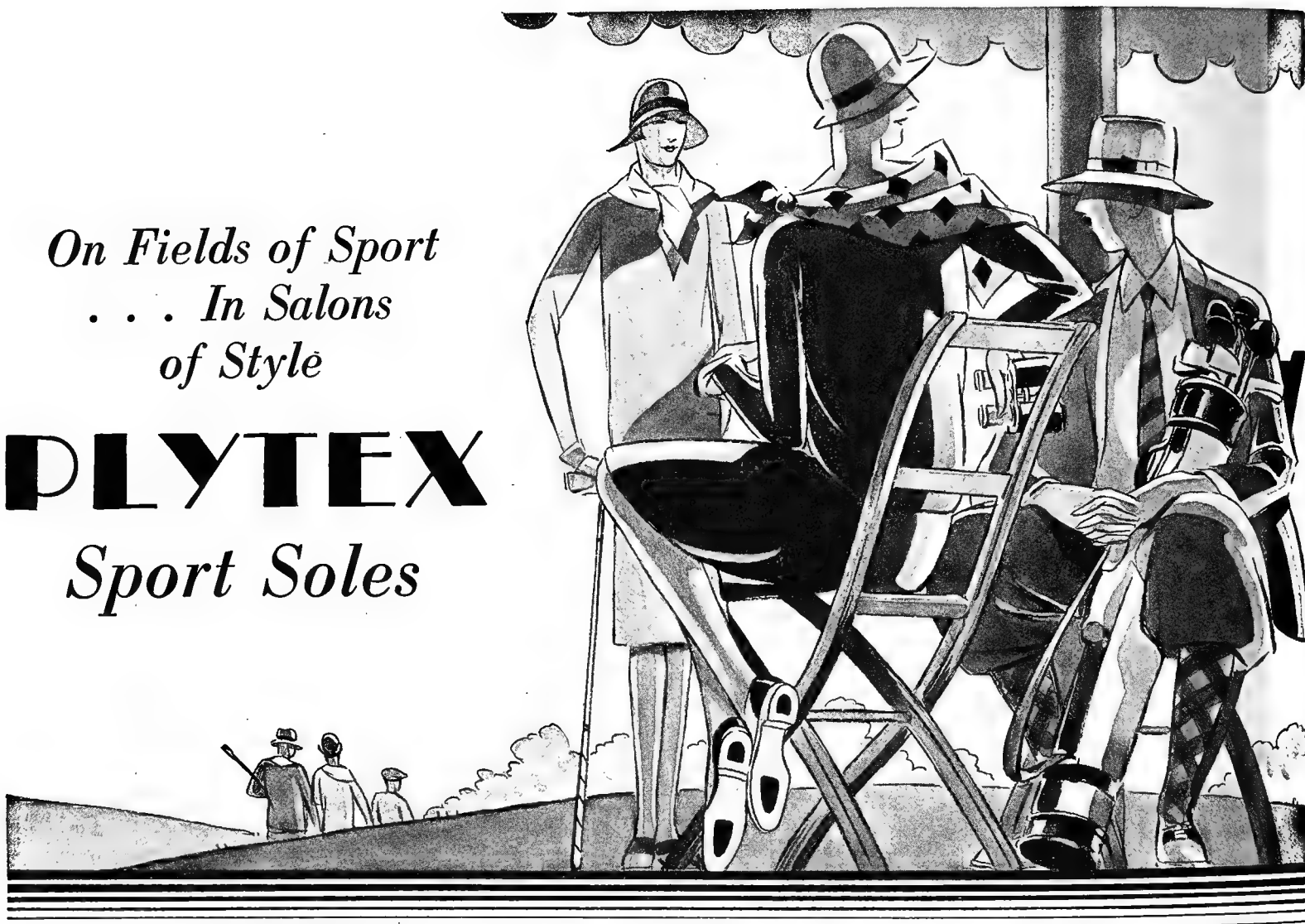
FIFTH AVENUE AT FIFTY-EIGHTH STREET • NEW YORK

245 RUE SAINT-HONORÉ • PARIS, FRANCE

*On Fields of Sport
... In Salons
of Style*

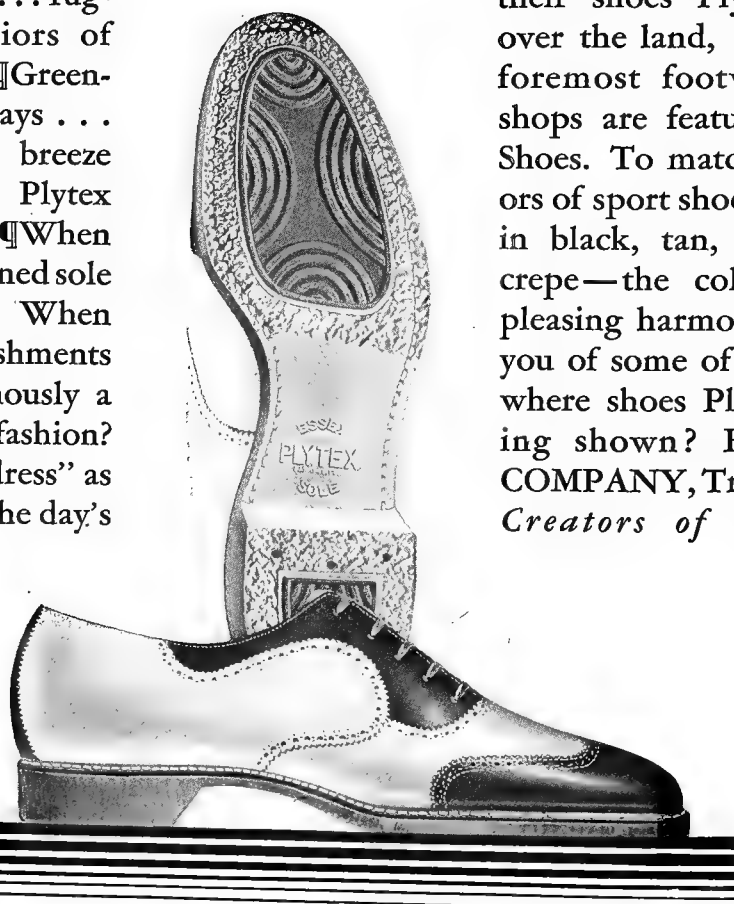
PLYTEX

Sport Soles



PLYTEX—the Sole of Soles! ¶A parade of mannequins... rug-cushioned, hushed interiors of swanky modistes. *Style!* ¶Green-carpeted hills and fairways... pennants flapping in the breeze... country clubs. *Sport!* Plytex Soles—for Style and Play! ¶When has a more beautifully designed sole ever graced smart shoes? When have leading style establishments ever acclaimed so unanimously a single element of footwear fashion? ¶Men and women who “dress” as fastidiously for play as for the day’s

A few of the smart stores now featuring Plytex Soled Shoes in NEW YORK, Saks, Fifth Avenue, Franklin Simon, Best & Co., Frederick Loeser & Co., Sommers, Inc., Hanan & Son; in PHILADELPHIA, Lit Bros., Dalsimer's; NEWARK, L. Bamberger & Co.; ROCHESTER, B. Forman Co., William Eastwood & Son;



more formal moments, will want their shoes Plytex Soled! ¶All over the land, department stores, foremost footwear and sports shops are featuring Plytex Soled Shoes. To match the varying colors of sport shoes, Plytex is offered in black, tan, neutral and pure crepe—the colors contrasted in pleasing harmony. ¶Shall we tell you of some of the smarter shops where shoes Plytex Soled are being shown? ESSEX RUBBER COMPANY, Trenton, New Jersey. *Creators of Styles in Soles.*

WASHINGTON, D. C., Woodward & Lothrop, Artcraft Footwear; SYRACUSE, W. I. Addis Co.; SCRANTON, The Heinz Store; DETROIT, R. H. Fyfe & Co.; DENVER, Denver Dry Goods Co.; EAST ORANGE, R. H. Muir, Inc.; OMAHA, J. L. Brandeis & Sons; CLEVELAND, May Co.; PITTSBURGH, Kaufmann's; BOSTON, C. F. Hovey Co.



INSPIRED by the sheer simplicity of modern architecture, Crane designers developed the new *Corwith* group of fixtures. With set-back slabs, a few deft touches, they achieved a distinction which brings fresh charm to a modest cottage bath, as well as assists elaborate decorative treatment. In a boudoir-bath of chinois decorations from the time of Marie Antoinette, the *Corwith* lavatory

and dressing table in Lucerne blue are here seen. The complete *Corwith* group . . . lavatories, baths, dressing tables, sinks, in a variety of interesting colors . . . is illustrated and described in the beautiful Crane brochure, A.D. 46. Write for it. See the actual fixtures at the nearest Crane Exhibit Rooms. A responsible plumbing contractor will tell you about Crane service and economy.

150
Pounds Pressure



CRANE



2500
Pounds Pressure

FIXTURES, VALVES, FITTINGS, AND PIPING, FOR DOMESTIC AND INDUSTRIAL USE

Crane Co., General Offices, 836 S Michigan Ave., Chicago + 23 W. 44th St., New York + Branches and sales offices in one hundred and eighty cities

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Original from
UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

Beauty that comes from health has a gentle quality

THE radiant beauty of youth is the reflection of inner cleanliness. Sallowiness, sagging flesh and blemishes come not so much with age as with intestinal sluggishness. Restore youthful regularity and improvement in beauty and health invariably follow.

Diet specialists at Battle Creek have demonstrated for 50 years the wonderful benefits of a wholesome intestinal tract. To this end they have prepared many special foods and dietary accessories. Cereals that energize the bowel. Roughage that rouses the lazy colon into action. Oil that soothes and lubricates. A new seed that has both of these properties.

But best of all for this purpose is Lacto-Dextrin. It is a remarkable colon food that changes the intestinal flora. That is, it drives the destructive, disease-producing germs out of the intestines. Thus reaching the very source of headaches, lassitude, nervousness, colitis and kindred complaints.

Happily, so effective a remedy makes a delightfully refreshing drink. At the famous Battle Creek Sanitarium and other institutions, Lacto-Dextrin is used with outstanding success.



Hot Lacto-Dextrin
Make a smooth paste with a heaping tablespoonsful of Lacto-Dextrin in hot water. Thin with hot water and whip with spoon. Drink like hot lemonade. Refreshing. Featured this month at all Health Food Centers.

SAVITA—Yeast extract rivaling finest meat flavor.
PROTOSE—Vegetable meat rich as choicest beef.
FIG BRAN—A dainty cereal of bran and luscious figs.
"ZO"—Toothsome vitamin cereal everyone enjoys.

MALTED NUTS—Delicious food drink teeming with health.
VITA-WHEAT—Appetizing all-wheat 6-minute porridge.
BRAN BISCUIT—Crisp, tasty, wholesome bran crackers.

LAXA—Crunchy biscuits of bran and agar.
LACTO-DEXTRIN—Refreshing anti-toxic colon food.
PSYLLA—Seeds that supply bulk and lubrication.
PARAMELS—Creamy caramels of mineral oil.

BATTLE CREEK
SANITARIUM
HEALTH FOODS
for Everybody



Together with the other health foods in the Battle Creek line Lacto-Dextrin is sold by your Health Food Center—usually the leading grocer. Ask him to show you the variety of good things that mean so much to the fullest enjoyment of life.

Free Diet Service

At Battle Creek we maintain a staff of graduate dietitians to advise you on any diet problem. If you will write to Ida Jean Kain, our chief dietitian, she will send you suggestions for your particular diet. "Healthful Living," a most interesting and helpful book, written by a leading nutrition expert, will be sent free to all who fill in and return the coupon. It describes with recipes many of the foods used in the Battle Creek Diet System.

THE BATTLE CREEK FOOD CO.
Battle Creek, Mich., Department 84
Please send me a copy of "Healthful Living" without any obligation, and the name of the nearest Health Food Center.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

MUCH ADIEU ABOUT NOTHING

(Concluded from page 178)

there was nothing anyone could do, except call a doctor. But one of the ladies, no, two of them, were practicing physicians, and they had never been so proud of getting their degrees. One happened to have her box of restoratives with her—she had been on her way to a patient when she dropped in for the lecture—and she was mistress of the situation in a moment. She gently shoved her professional sister aside, even told the great Lady Sowerby that she was not needed, and bent above the languishing Anstruthers.

As she did so, the door was pushed ajar, and the young girl who had been sitting in the back of the hall entered. She slammed the door behind her. She was very pale; and as the essayist opened his eyes, he saw her, a vision of loveliness, beside him. He could not speak. He really became a bit faint, and gasped out something.

"Leave him with me," the girl ordered. "There is nothing at all the matter with him; you ought to know that." The masculine-looking lady doctor glanced up, surprised and horrified. Obviously this girl was an American, no kin of the essayist.

"What do you mean?" the doctor said; but rising as she spoke.

"Exactly what I say," the girl went on. A flush was in her cheeks now. Her voice was as clear as a bell. "He is not sick, only conscience-stricken!" she cried. Her turquoise pin gleamed as never before. It shone like her blue eyes. "Leave me with him."

There was no mistaking her tone, and Anstruthers was now too weak to protest. The lady doctor left the room, frightened for the first time in her life.

"Get up!" the girl ordered, when the door was shut.

Anstruthers groaned. "I'm sick. I'm ill," he said, faintly.

"Oh, no, you're not! Get up. I have something I wish to say to you, here and now. We shall never meet again; but I wouldn't leave this hall until I had spoken my mind to you, just as you spoke yours to that frumpy audience in there!" She pointed disdainfully to the wall that separated them from the hall, where murmurs could still be heard.

"Now, sit up and take my medicine—not the lady doctor's. I'm not in the least

alarmed at your condition. You made those people laugh in there, laugh at me and mine. It was funny, wasn't it, to describe my father's house in such detail? You were a paid lecturer under our roof, but we were rather kind to you, weren't we?" She expected no answers to her questions. The essayist was sitting up now, and the spoonfuls of bitter medicine were being poured into him rapidly.

"We are, despite our wealth, simple people, and, I hope, kindly. My mother asked you to stay the night with us. We Americans are noted for our hospitality as well as for our vulgarity and lack of culture. We allow ourselves to be imposed upon, but sometimes we are not so naive as foreigners think us. You might have been asked to remain on for a few days longer, had you not done an unspeakably rude and indelicate thing. I wonder if you intended telling the audience about it?" Sarcasm was in her voice. He winced. "I suppose you will—later. You public speakers have to reserve something for future talks, don't you? I am sure you will tell it with a fine appreciation of its humor. But if you decide not to tell it, and some of those who were in this hall to-day wish further particulars, send them to me at the vulgar Ritz, where I am stopping. My name now is Mrs. John Tolliver, and I shall be in London for several weeks, Mr. Anstruthers."

She turned away, a little sorry for him in this wretched moment. How could anyone survive this bitter scorn?

A FEW days later, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Tolliver were having breakfast in their gorgeous suite at the Ritz. Muriel saw an item in the *Times*, and, stirring her coffee, said to Jack:

"I see that Harcourt Anstruthers has announced that his farewell to America took place when he left New York a month ago. He says he will never go back."

"I wonder why?" Jack wanted to know.

"He says he's ill—on the verge of a nervous breakdown," his wife half read from the paper.

"He must have made a lot of money in the States," Jack went on. "But his saying good-by so publicly is a case of much adieu about nothing, isn't it, dear?"

IMPRESSIONS ON HEARING BEETHOVEN'S FIFTH SYMPHONY AT THE NEW YORK STADIUM

O TITANIC moonlit basin
Hung with thousands upon thousands
Of that mortal hunger for the majestic balm
A long pent wistfulness abstraction surrender
Making great reminiscent of sculpture
The pose of a single figure here and there—
Much of you was there my country
From the far flung curves
From the purple oblique moon shade of the columns
From the vast stretch of specks
Emerging groups individuals
Raised against breathless conflict
Into marked independence of mien

I saw a brown girl in sandals
In loose-fitting summer white
Her eyes from Byzantium—
A listening negro with the brow of Schubert
With the smoking eyes of a very delicate dreamer—

And I felt
Slowly pacing that enormous columned crescent
Through slanted huge stripes of the moon—
Past groups
Whose lost response to the music
Each instant outdoing the marble—
And heard Beethoven's sonorous tenderness
Knocking pleading surmising
Forgiving
With vast sweeping declaration
Of blinding deafening
Triumph
Striking out over
Those thousands upon thousands of musing hearts
That something immense
Of men
Was being proven here at last.

—Michael Strange

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Marie Earle

in these few words
tells you her entire
Basic Beauty Treatment

LIKE everything modern and efficient and *chic*, the Marie Earle Basic Beauty Treatment is unaffectedly simple. You have only to use three things. First you cleanse your skin with the Essential Cream (the most luxurious cream in the world). Then you apply this same Cream all over again, with a little Cucumber Emulsion (right on top, to increase absorption) and stroke your skin with these to nourish it. When the tissues have accepted all they will, wipe away what remains. And conclude with a dash of Soothing Freshener Lotion. And that's all! Except make-up and a fluff of the new Marie Earle Powder, of course.

The very simplicity of this Treatment is what very smart and busy women like. It is convincing evidence of the extravagant quality of the Marie Earle Preparations. The other Marie Earle Treatments (for oily skin, for coarse pores, etcetera) are just as superbly good. All the Marie Earle Methods completely described in an interesting booklet "The Other Side of the Moon," gladly sent upon request.

The Marie Earle Preparations may be had at the toilet goods counter in fashionable shops everywhere.



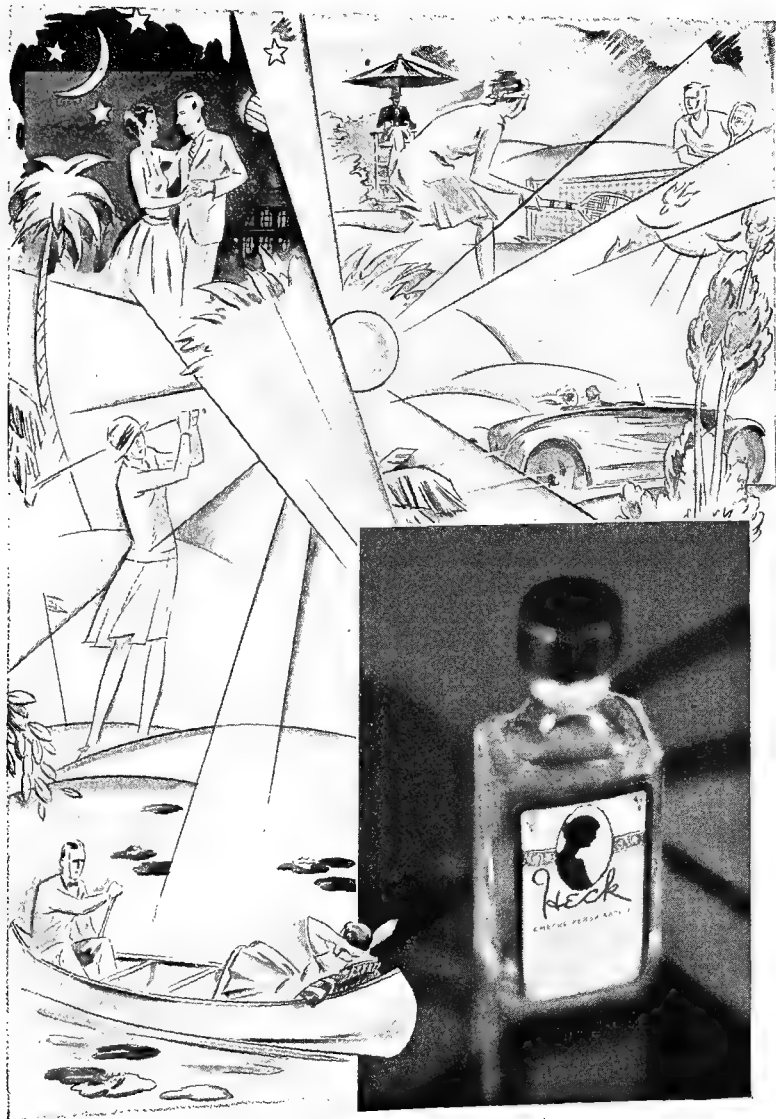
NOTHING quite restores your faith in your youth and charm like a Treatment at the Marie Earle Salon. The measured stroking (no smacking) of creams into your face and neck leaves your skin gratefully smooth and fine. This stroking is feathery around your eyes (for nerves), but vigorous down your spine (for circulation), so that you hardly need the deft make-up in the end, for you look so new! The Salon is at 660 Fifth Avenue. Telephone: CIRCle 0266.



Original from
UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

MAKE YOURSELF OVER FOR SPRING

(Concluded from page 130)



A Scorching, Tyrannical Sun Day-long Activity DO YOU DARE?

Do you dare to be without a deodorant? Do you dare to be without the very best? Do you dare not to use it? Vacation sports . . . crowding variety of play into long days of excitement . . . body movement . . . excessive perspiration! It is natural to perspire, but bathing and complete change of dress will not stop it—especially underarms where evaporation is impossible.

Use Heck Deodorant—the odorless, crystal-clear liquid that checks perspiration. A few drops applied with a bit of cotton. Allowed to dry, and the simple procedure instantly safeguards one from this unpleasantness and any humiliation. Get the Heck habit. You cannot afford not to.

Particular women and men everywhere are using Heck regularly, confident that their appearance and person are thus kept refreshingly immaculate. Heck is odorless—will not conflict with your own subtle perfume. No color to stain apparel, not even sheer, lovely lingerie.

Two sizes—50c and \$1. (\$1 size is three times larger.)
At department and drug stores everywhere.



Effective not only underarms—use Heck wherever protection from excessive perspiration is desired—hands, feet, neck, forehead.

INTRODUCTORY OFFER

We want you to give it fair test—to prove all that is claimed for it. Heck will bear comparison with any product—liquid, paste or powder—for this purpose on the market.

THE HECK-CONARD CO., INC., KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.

I enclose: ☐ 10c (coin or stamp) for trial size Heck ☐ 50c (coin or stamp) for regular size Heck
(either of above sent postpaid anywhere)

if a high blood pressure is discovered, one is put to steam in the cabinet, and the diet carefully regulated. The analysis of a specimen shows whether one's blood has too much sugar, starch, salt or acid in the general system. The medical examination over, I received my marching orders and pranced into the gymnasium, where a divinely proportioned young thing took down all my measurements on a chart: age, height, weight, and then proceeded to compare my figure with the perfect female form of twenty-six years, five feet six inches tall. An inch must come off here, two inches there—my modesty forbids being more explicit—an incipient double chin, in fact the only things that didn't have to be changed were my long, lanky legs!

"All right," said I, with a steely look of determination gleaming in my eye, "where do I go from here?"

"This way," cooed the lithe, blonde goddess; "now we'll have a little limbering and stretching."

So for fifteen minutes I clung to a bar with one hand, and did all sorts of amazing things with my pedal extremities to the merciless chant of "one, two, three, four, five . . . twenty." Around the room were other amusing indoor sports in the forms of an electric nag, *à la* Mr. Coolidge, a normalizer, a barrel roll, and a shaking-machine. I came to know them all intimately later. Meanwhile, I watched the other valiant souls tackle them. It suddenly struck me as most amazing to see a lady with skinny legs, and big shoulders, another with an extra thin neck and arms and a protruding tummy, standing side by side in front of the vibratory belts getting their sad spots corrected.

Next I was hustled, all hot and glowing, into the electric blanket. This perspiring treatment is most important, as it cleans all the pores of the body, allowing them to breathe, and eliminates salt and acid from the system. The attendant told me that often it takes people thirty-five minutes to perspire the first time, showing how tightly closed were their pores. After a dozen treatments they react in ten minutes. Ho hum, here I covered myself with glory, and was escorted by my proud courier into the shower, finishing off with a quick ice-cold deluge.

Then came the body massage for reducing, and strong hands worked on my entire body, as though they were kneading so much bread. Also an efficient little instrument called the roller was applied briskly over all hills and dales and left no doubt in my mind that the rout of the demon FAT had at least been started.

There is a delightful general massage with oils, which is excellent for those under par or for anyone who cannot exercise. It is given under a sunlight lamp, and improves the circulation and whole general health.

Only after all this, my dear, did the face—usually the first thing to be considered—come in for its due attention. Marjorie Dork showed me a chart on the wall of the muscles of the face and neck, and the circulation centers. Of course, by now, my face was pink and glowing, and in this condition the best work could be done on it. Miss Dork went over the skin lightly with her cleansing oil and then worked on the muscles of the entire spine, shoulders and scalp, bringing the circulation up and hardening the muscles of the face and neck. (This is always done without cream, unless the skin is very dry.) Then the muscles were cooled with astringent and ice, and the treatment finished with makeup. I invested in a special powder of Miss Dork's called "Gypsy," which is a dark shade you can mix yourself with any powder to match your skin, and most convenient to have on hand at home.

How's that for a rejuvenating treatment for Spring? I've followed my prescribed diet and gone there every other day, and feel, look, act, and think ten pounds lighter, and ten years younger.

I meant to make this a letter full of gossip and general "dirt" collected in my travels, but my enthusiasm over my new figure (having just come from a fitting) carried me away and caused me to write these exuberant reams.

Much love,

BECKY

P. S. Oh, I forgot. The finishing touches of the transformation from top to toe of your plain Jane, were a new permanent wave by Pierre, 39 West 57th Street, who uses a special lotion to make the hair soft and glossy, and rolls the strands from the ends (much as our hair was done up on rags as children) and is called the realistic method, as it gives a big soft wave with softly curling ends; and a pedicure at Dr. Fraser's, 30 East 42nd Street. Pedicures are far more popular abroad than here and I think it is a mistake that more people don't consider how lovely feet may become with a little care. Careful shaping, attention to the cuticle, massage with cream to soften any calloused spots and to whiten the skin, and, finally, a delicate pink polish for the nails produces such a pleasant shock that you don't even recognize those poor old dogs!

THE OTHER SIDE

THE others love him for his flashing wit,
And for his radiancy and eager smile—
I wonder who'd believe me, were it writ
In letters why I love him all the while.

I love him for his moods like April rain,
And for his helplessness, and lack of rest,
And for his soul that cannot bear the pain
Of disappointment's lash, but craves the best.

I love him for the things they do not see—
His childish whims, and anger quick to flare.
I love him for his inconsistency,
And for the hurricanes of his despair.

I love him when defeat has made him bow,
And misery has chained him to her side.
I love him best, because he needs me now—
A sheltered harbor, safe from wind and tide.

Fannie Livermore



YOU.. touched by the magic of a genius

By RUTH WENDELL

Distinguished leaders of society, stars of the stage and screen, from all parts of the world have journeyed to the salon of R. Louis in New York. There, across from the Plaza, has grown the largest beauty establishment in the world, occupying an entire building of its own. There, R. Louis, who, women say, knows more about beauty than a woman, has devoted his life to the care of the skin and the artistry of the hair. And now, what famous women have journeyed to find, can be yours...wherever you are! The touch of the incomparable R. Louis can create the beauty for you that has made his salon the rendezvous of knowing

women from all over the world.

The actual preparations used in this famous salon, are now available to you in your town. The magic touch of the genius of R. Louis is in each cr me, each lotion, each powder. Prepared in his laboratory, under his personal supervision, these beauty creations are compounded from the finest materials procurable. Each pottery jar and each crystal bottle that contains them, is not only an

object of art in itself, but has been planned to serve your convenience in use.

Each R. Louis preparation represents a new and notable contribution in its field. In the R. Louis Basic Cr me, there is at last the ideal greaseless base for make-up. This Cr me also acts as a day time skin food, and its whitening and softening effect is splendid for the hands as well as the face. This indispensable cr me serves as one of the first important steps toward beauty.

Don't postpone the thrill that will be yours with the discovery and use of the new R. Louis preparations, but see them today in the smart shop of your town.



At the more distinguished places, ask to see these unsurpassed preparations of R. Louis. Write for Beautistics, a book in the Art of Beauty and the method of R. Louis, and diagnosis questionnaire, gratis.

R. LOUIS

Beautistics

26 WEST 58th STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

PREPARATIONS OF R. LOUIS

Cleansing Cr�me	Skin Tonic
Muscle Oil	Circulation Ointment
Pore Cr�me	Special Astringent
Tissue Cr�me	Bleach Cr�me
Autour des yeux	

PREPARATIONS OF R. LOUIS

Hand Cr�me	Cr�me Rouge
Dusting Powder	Basic Cr�me
Lip Stick	Liquid Rouge
Compact Rouge	Face Powder
Cleansing Tissue	



"N" brings a new epoch into perfume

Once every dozen or fifteen years a really new perfume appears . . . a fragrance as exciting to its creator as to those who sense it . . . blended by theory but transformed by art . . . setting the tone for a whole new generation of scents.

Such is "N" . . . Lucien Lelong's new perfume, now presented for the first time in America. An inscrutable fragrance . . . eloquent . . . compelling . . .

Inquire for "N" and the other Lucien Lelong perfumes and beauty aids at the smarter shops and department stores.

**PARFUM
LUCIEN LE LONG
PARIS**



F. L. Hamilton

"Paget Hall," a modern rendering of old Bermudian architecture, residence of Lloyd Jones, Esq.

A LAND WHERE IT IS ALWAYS AFTERNOON

(Concluded from page 107)

northerner with the finality of a hundred weight of brick and forces a tightening band of iron down around his aching forehead, where it seems to follow you around, personally, with the insistence of a battery of Kleig lights beating up into your face.

Forget your first impressions save as a backdrop, and settle down for a prolonged stay in Bermuda, either at a hotel or a cottage, and you are entirely surrounded by the modern slant, with plenty of others from "The States" spending the whole winter from mid-December to mid-April in warm laziness, and sharing it with you. The most modern development of Bermuda is the flowering forth of cottage or bungalow colonies. There is one up at Tucker's Town, on the grounds of the Mid-Ocean Club; another at Cardiff Point in Hamilton. Paget, Warwick and the other Bermudian parishes are dotted with coral limestone houses, some just finished, others dating from the seventeenth century, all housing extremely likable people, the kind who spend the winter in Bermuda not to riot, but to rest.

Easter sees Bermuda at its best. And I can remember when the southern season was only six weeks out of February and March. The great trilogy of American summer sports leap into prominence; swimming in the morning, golf in the afternoon, dancing in the evening. Or make it unanimous, and loaf.

Swimming in pools, or on the South Shore, where the sand is yellow with red speckles, like lobster bisque plentifully besprinkled with cayenne pepper. The water is a proper sub-tropical warmth, 77° F.

Golf on nine courses, two championship—Riddell's Bay and Mid-Ocean. Charles Blair MacDonald, architect of the National Golf Links of America at Shinnecock, the Lido, the Piping Rock Golf Club, the White Sulphur Springs course, the Links, and others, laid out Mid-

Ocean with accustomed efficiency. The holes are modeled after famous holes on other courses; the original of the third is at St. Andrews in Scotland, the model of the fifth is the renowned fourteenth at the National.

Dancing in the big ballrooms of the big hotels. Music from New York's foremost musical supply houses, cabaret from Chicago. Tails and white ties by the resident gentry. Champagnes from France. All activities suspended at midnight.

Subsidiary amusements are yachting to and from Bermuda, sailing or 'planing in the various harbors, riding, and reading the New York weather reports: "Coldest Winter in Forty-five Years. . . Score Injured on Icy Sidewalks." And then you turn on the fan and telephone for ice-water or what have you.

I am not sure which is the more typical of Bermuda, the pet tortoise which sleeps in the sun in the midst of the concrete dance floor of a cabaret on Queen Street, or the five-o'clock ferry to Paget with fifteen bicycles belonging to fifteen Britannico-Bermudian young ladies parked on the cabin roof, or the diminutive young pickaninny door boy of the biggest and swankiest hotel in his gold-bedizened frock coat, or the vacant lot on Front Street which is not an eyesore but a solid bed of purple morning-glories. In retrospect they blend.

I always leave Bermuda when the goldenrod blooms. In Bermuda it marks the end of winter, not its beginning. The bagpipers of the band of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders had dutifully piped our ship through Hamilton Channel, their tartans a blaze of color on the hotel lawn.

A book was lying open on the next deck chair. I glanced at the page and the lines from "The Lotus-Eaters" leapt to the eye. Tennyson was right. A land where it is always afternoon.



F. L. Hamilton

Bermuda residence of Charles Blair MacDonald, Esq., in the grounds of the Mid-Ocean Club.

This New Protection Women Know



How it ends the hazards of old-style hygienic measures that often
marred composure, peace-of-mind

THIS generation need never know the uncertainties—mental and physical—of old-style sanitary protection.

For science has solved, simply and effectively, this oldest of hygienic problems. Studying the shortcomings of the makeshift methods necessity dictated in the past, modern ingenuity and medical skill have overcome them, one by one. Resulting in a sanitary pad which today has been adopted by women of better classes all over the world.

This new way, Kotex, embodies the most absorbent material known—Cellucotton absorbent wadding. Fleecy soft, and pliable, it is scientifically shaped to fit like a garment.

Utter comfort—Deodorizes, too

The pad thus gives not only greatest actual protection, but a new comfort that results in delightful un-self-consciousness, in complete peace-of-mind and poise.

Now, by a unique process, each pad is scientifically treated* so that it actively

deodorizes. Thus removing all worry and self-consciousness from this source.

The material in Kotex is adjustable so that it may be adapted to suit one's own individual requirements—an added advantage.

Ease of disposal

Kotex, by its ease of disposal (see directions in each package), removes the last remaining source of embarrassment. It is easily purchased, anywhere, simply by asking for it by name. At new low prices, it is within the reach of all.

Thus, on every score, scientific hygienic protection, in the form of Kotex, is available to all. Every convenience has been considered. Every handicap overcome.

Buy a box of Kotex today . . . 45 cents for twelve. All drug, dry goods and department stores sell it; also in vending cabinets in rest-rooms through the West Disinfecting Company.

Kotex Company, 180 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

Use Super-size Kotex

Formerly 90c—now 65c

Super-size Kotex differs from Regular Kotex only in giving the extra protection of additional layers of Cellucotton absorbent wadding. The advantages in using it in connection with the Regular are thus obvious. Disposable the same way. Doctors and nurses consider it indispensable where extra protection is needed. At the new low price you can easily afford to buy one box of Super-size to every three of Kotex Regular. Its extra layers of filler mean much in added comfort and security.

*Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by patented process. (Patent No. 1,670,587.)

KOTEX

The new Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

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[Prices slightly higher in Canada.]

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA



"Beauty is its own excuse" — WHITTIER

IN GRACEFUL candlesticks... in vases daintily modelled... artistic creations of Roseville Pottery express in your home an unerring charm of beauty.

Or perhaps you wish a flower bowl... a jar... a wall pocket... a jardiniere. Many indeed are the pieces, shapes and designs in which Roseville Pottery comes... in pleasing, delicate colors... in the modernistic or in the more conservative patterning.

Truly, you will find fascination in the deft artistry of Roseville craftsmen. How effective are these Roseville pieces! How decorative!... They are meant for gay flowers and gleaming candles... They are meant to be possessed and cherished.

For more than a generation Roseville Pottery has served to bring delight to those who purchase for themselves, or as exquisite gifts... And, so it serves today... Take a few minutes to visit the interesting displays at leading stores... Surely, it will be worth while.

A profusely illustrated booklet, "Pottery" gives the interesting history of pottery. Write for your free copy.

THE ROSEVILLE POTTERY CO., Zanesville, Ohio

ROSEVILLE POTTERY



Ralph Steiner

Maple veneer and glass table from Robert Locher, ebony and ivory piece from Urban, metal and glass from Park Avenue Galleries. Silver coffee service from Jensen.

TABLES IN THE NEW MANNER

By CURTIS PATTERSON

(Other photographs of modern tables are on pages 110 and 111)

THE day when the modern, or contemporary, or modernistic (an awkward adjective, this last) needed any apology is comfortably past. Indeed, contemporary productions, especially domestic interiors, are more likely to suffer from the over-enthusiasms of their latest converts than the indifference of those not persuaded.

Modern furniture is still dynamic. It is still being created. There are, as yet, no established formulas. Every creative designer is putting his own personality, his own ideas as to material, color, proportion, practicality, into his work. He is compelled to do so, as he has no precedents to follow.

Introducing this element of a strong personality into the static calm of an interior designed along accepted period lines is a matter to be carefully treated. It can be done, most successfully.

One of the most sensible ways of testing the suitability of contemporary design to your own established background is to introduce an occasional table, a lamp, or a small rug into your most used room. The capital outlay is small, it involves no drastic changes in the rest of the room. If the introductory choice is made with a knowledge of the wide variety of design that is available, there is no reason why

it should not prove acceptable and sink harmoniously into any decorative scheme.

Three features distinguish contemporary occasional tables, the use of new materials, the changed proportions, their immense practicality for modern needs. The appreciation of the beauty of structural metals, adroitly and intelligently applied to furniture construction, is perhaps the greatest contribution of contemporary design to present and future decoration. Two new uses of wood, in massive bulk and in tricky new patterns of veneer, rank next. Outlines are simple and there is no applied ornamentation. Modern tables are almost unanimously "underslung," with a low center of gravity. They do not topple over easily. Intended to rest a glass, a coffee cup, or a burning cigarette on, they have been deliberately designed to remain upright. The proportions are horizontal, not vertical. Certainly they are the ideal divan table. They are 1929 designs for 1929 people.

There is such crisp sincerity, such definiteness of purpose, such clarity of outline about the better contemporary design that all it needs is the trial of time and use to justify itself. It still has the power to excite and amuse, perhaps even to shock. It will certainly enliven.



Ralph Steiner

Black glass table from Miss de Lanux with Jensen silver cigarette-box and ash-trays. Right, steel and cement in Poiret design from Frankl Galleries.

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA



Today, in the fashion-favored beauty shops of New York, London and Paris, and in your own town, Contouration Facials are being given by experts skilled in this new way to keep looking young.

Contouration is more than a pleasant, nerve-soothing facial. It corrects specific beauty ills—quickly, surely, in a new and delightfully different way!

The *Contourator*, a veritable wand of youth, melts creams and emulsions into the depths of your skin, nourishing, stimulating, satinating. Then an invigorating "Liquid Bandage" refines the pores, firms the muscles. And gone are all traces of time, gone are the hollows, wrinkles, lines—you look young!

Each Contouration Treatment has its definite purpose. There is one for wrinkles; another for dry skin, another for reducing double chin. Your first treatment will prove itself a most delightful experience!

TODAY AND TONIGHT



Contouré Cleansing Cream . . .	\$1.25
Contouré Skin Food . . .	1.25
Contouré Finishing Lotion . . .	1.50
Contouré Reducing Cream . . .	2.00

Get Acquainted Tonight with Contouré Creams and Lotions. Use them at home, and you'll insure the fresh, fine complexion that is usually attributed only to professional care.

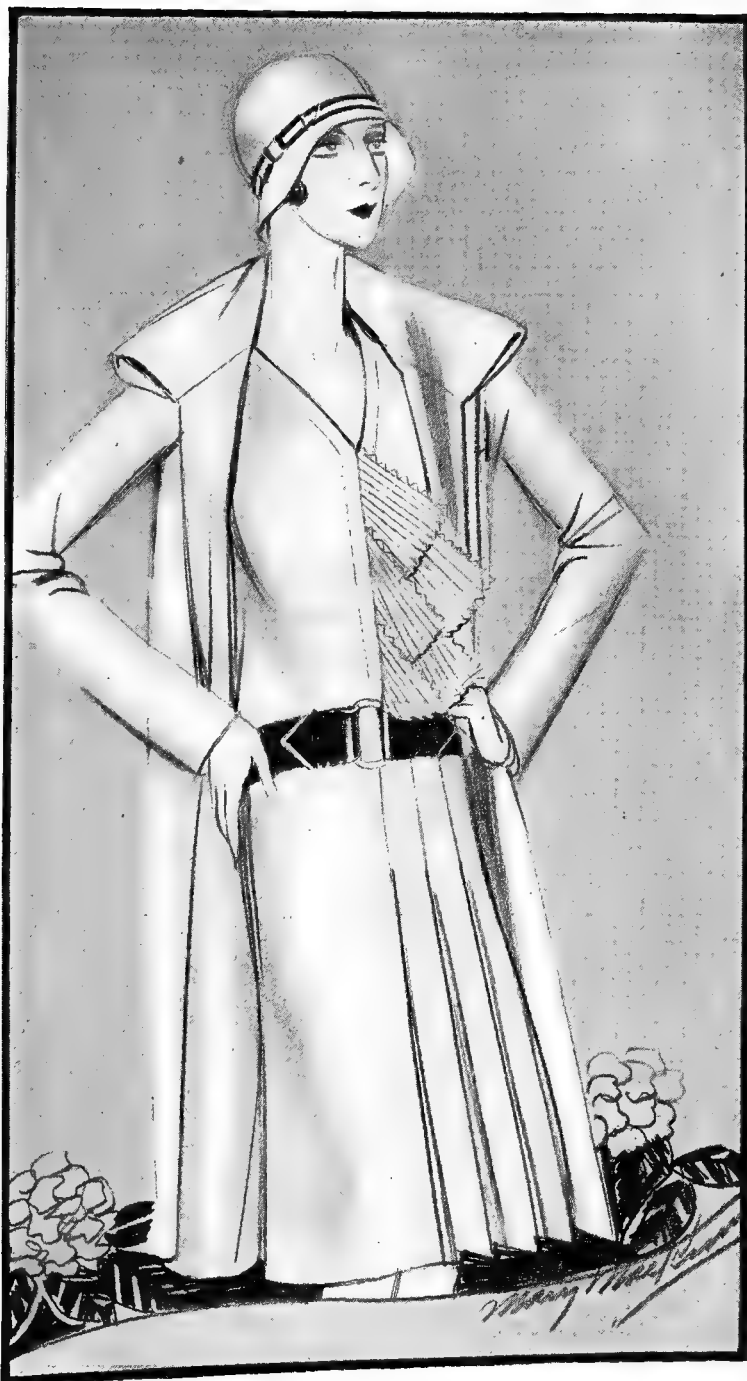
These preparations were originally made for beauty shop use *exclusively*. They were so pure, so efficient, so helpful—that beauticians themselves asked for boudoir packages for their patrons' home use—an assuring recommendation that proves their worth!

Contouré Preparations are limited in number to essential home needs. The *Cleansing Cream* is rapid, thorough and gentle; the *Skin Food* is quickly assimilated by starved cells and hungry tissue; the *Finishing Lotion* protects, soothes and forms a fragrant, flattering powder base.

Your regular Beauty Salon sells them in home-size packages. Or try the cleansing cream, for several nights; write us for a free, generous sample. Contouré Laboratories, Inc., 6 W. 48th Street, New York City.

contouration

TREATMENTS AT YOUR BEAUTY SHOP & PRODUCTS FOR HOME USE



the flair for chic detail . . .

The Franklin flair for chic detail lifts the ensemble of informal purpose into real importance . . . This natural kasha frock has a ruffle of ivory batiste, pleated and pinked, and a wide brown suede belt . . . It is worn with a straight little coat of kasha and a stitched jersey hat . . . Also in delft blue with white, or rep in other shades . . . The complete Franklin spring collection is now being shown in New York, Philadelphia and the new Chicago shop.

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just a few *drops* make



Yes....
and what a whale of a difference
just a few cents make

... a definite extra-price for a
definite extra tobacco-goodness

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CIGARETTES

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.



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Among prominent persons and institutions served by Davey Tree Surgeons are the following:

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GREENWICH, CONN.
TREE ASSOCIATION
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RANDOLPH-MACON SCHOOL
ROBERT BACON FARM
RUTH DEAN
C. SIDNEY SHEPARD



JOHN DAVEY
1846-1923
Father of Tree Surgery
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A science, a philosophy, an ideal

Most people have had an instinctive love of nature, even before the time when "the groves were God's first temples." But few seemed to realize that trees were actually living, breathing things and subject to disease and death. More particularly, no one ever dreamed that anything could be done to save them.

Then John Davey came into the world; and because he was an unusual lover of nature, he chose to acquire training in horticulture.

Before his time trees were more or less generally the victims of neglect and often of abuse. John Davey conceived a great idea; he studied the sciences to provide a basis for his theories, and then worked out a systematic method of treating trees to save them. This was nearly a half century ago.

Only occasionally is a man permitted to give the world a new idea. John Davey did more than this. He created a philosophy, built around his new science and based on the essential principle that the tree is a living, breathing organism.

To him this whole thing became a great ideal. Under his forceful and devoted leadership there was developed a system of principles in practice and conduct, of business and professional ethics.

No man can continue in the Davey Organization, although John Davey has been dead six years, unless he remains true to the science, the philosophy and the ideals of the founder. You can trust Davey Tree Surgeons. They will do only those things that ought to be done in your interest.

THE DAVEY TREE EXPERT CO., Inc., 233 City Bank Bldg., Kent, Ohio

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Send for local representative to examine your trees without cost or obligation

DAVEY TREE SURGEONS

MARTIN L. DAVEY, President and General Manager



Don Diego

This salmon pink balibundl from Henri Bendel has an extremely long right side and a flower motif of three shades of pink grosgrain.

HIGH LIGHTS ON THE PARIS COLLECTIONS

(Continued from page 101)

velvet and chiffon. They may be draped in many fashions to suit the caprice of their wearers. A wonderfully handled printed taffeta, in yellow and orange shades, remains in my memory, and will be shown to you in the next issue. Special attention to the backs of dresses, as described above, is another proof of individuality. Last year, Madame Wormser put a flower in the tip of the V décolleté in the front. This year she puts it in the back.

Many cape effects on both coats and jackets is another feature. Wonderful evening wraps, capes, as well as coats, should be mentioned, especially a raspberry taffeta one, with heavily ruched edges. Another magnificent evening coat is in black moire with a long point in the back, and still another in scarlet moire, while there are splendid taffeta capes, one in peacock green, and a coat in leaf green velvet lined with silver, both edges shirred to make a standing collar and borders down the fronts.

LOUISEBOULANGER

MADAME BOULANGER again displays her unequalled handling of fabric, and her special talent for choosing beautiful and unusual materials. Her daytime models are done in djersaplume, etamine, tuslikasha, rodolic (wool voile with small white embroidered dot), and other fragile woolens. Their colors are mainly beige, red, and the two together.

Her evening wraps are made of such unusual fabrics as tussore, matasol (dull heavy silk reps with small rib), and thin broadcloth. They are collared with marabou instead of fur. The seams across their shoulders are marked with flat silk embroidery in the form of daisies. Most of her evening gowns are either of printed chiffon or of taffeta, plain or printed, or faille.

The chiffon ones have swathed bodices, sometimes short, close fitting, with marked waist-lines; sometimes a good deal shorter in front, but trailing in the back. Another line in chiffon is long and very slim, with wide flat panels, full and gathered, set on a high hip-line in the back, and slightly trailing. Her stiffer

fabrics are handled in her familiar pouf silhouette, interpreted differently in each gown. Unusual color combinations, such as a pink mauve, and a deep slatey blue mauve, mark them in faille. Her new necklaces, like aboriginal jewelry, in exotic seeds and "art nègre" colors are a high light.

DEUILLET-DOUCET

ASYMMETRIC skirts, tiered, flounced, or flared to one side are a high light here. Elaborate skirts are a feature of a collection that has great originality. Several gowns have the peplum tunic at the top of the hip, short and quite full, that must be counted among the silhouettes of the season. Flounces and frills are everywhere, some straight around, some diagonal, and some spiral. For evening, the dipping skirt is retained, still short in the front, but the close fitted bodice, with its natural waist-line, gives it a new look.

The closely beaded and spangled evening coat, slim and hanging straight and heavy over a frilled chiffon gown, is a novelty that is illustrated on page 94. Another evening coat is made of printed cotton, in a Persian design, embroidered all over in very bright gold. It has the slim, long silhouette, with flare at the hem in the form of a rather narrow frill that is found at this house.

JENNY

A NEW idea in transparent yokes on a dark crêpe afternoon frocks is a high light in a collection that reflects Madame Jenny's well-known theories of youthfulness, and strict adherence to the natural lines of the human body. She obtains a pretty effect by using a deep yoke back and front, of flesh-colored chiffon, or fine lace, on a black crêpe gown, sometimes making the tops of the sleeves of the same.

Sleeves receive much attention here, and the favorite trimming place is the elbows. All kinds of things are done to them, lingerie cuffs set here instead of at the wrist, fur bands, brassards, gauntlet cuffs stopping at the elbow, bows

(Continued on page 100)

EVERY WOMAN USES A DEODORANT

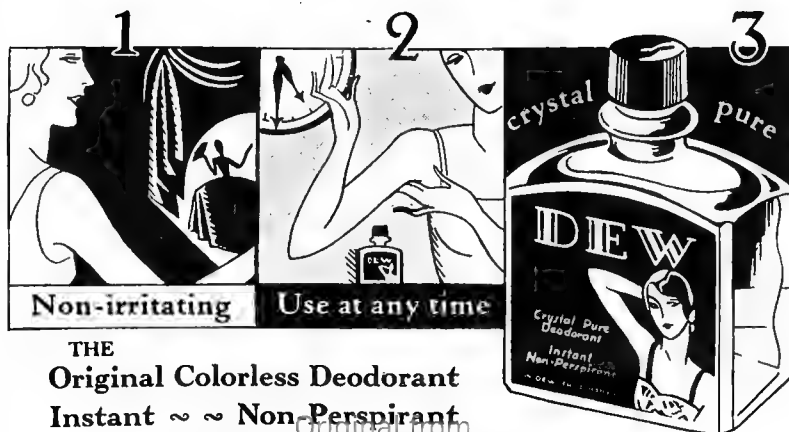


"I am delighted with Dew. It's the only deodorant I have found that is really satisfactory."

Smart women use DEW

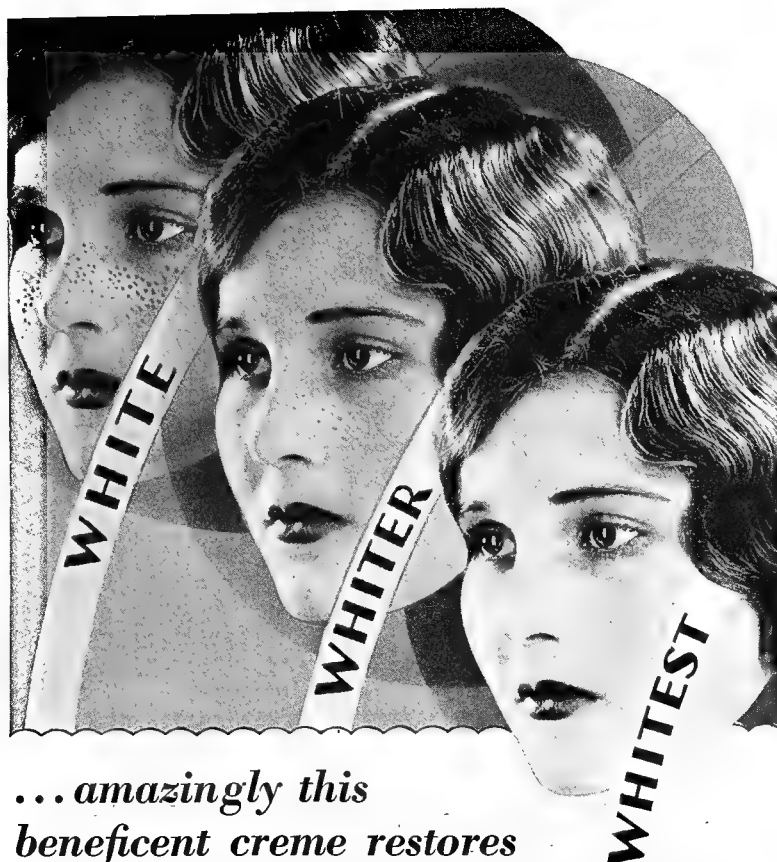
SMART women find Dew the deodorant they can use at any time of the day or night—the deodorant that is non-irritating, colorless, and harmless when used according to the simple directions. You will be delighted and amazed at the superiority of Dew. It stops perspiration and body odors instantly. You can put on your loveliest dress or gown immediately after applying it. (Dew instantly and completely deodorizes sanitary pads.) Get a bottle at your druggists or department store—fifty cents.

GEO. C. V. FESLER CO., ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.



THE
Original Colorless Deodorant
Instant ~ ~ Non-Perspirant

UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA



...amazingly this
beneficent creme restores
your skin to purest natural whiteness...
dearest attribute of feminine beauty...

Sleep a few nights with the satin delicacy of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme working its magic on your face . . .

And marvelously, each morning, you'll see your complexion emerging in softer, smoother, lovelier whiteness, as the veil of disfiguring muddiness is lifted.

Hastens Nature's Action

Golden Peacock Bleach Creme works on an entirely new principle. Instead of harshly bleaching and drying the skin, it uses a famous healing agent to neutralize the dermal elements which cause the skin darkness and muddiness that creep on a woman inevitably as she grows out of her teens. Beautiful women the world over

are now keeping their skin—on face and neck and arms and hands—white, young and feminine with Golden Peacock Bleach Creme.

As it rejuvenates, this modern creme erases all the enemies of beauty, freckles, blotches, coarseness, and other imperfections of the skin vanish . . . revealing the velvety, fine textured, natural whiteness of the skin that men adore.

An Unqualified Guaranty

Get a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme at any drug or department store. Use it a few nights . . . and if you are not amazed and delighted with the way it brings out your natural beauty, the purchase price will be refunded without question.



Golden Peacock Bleach Creme



Don Diego

A tobacco brown Chinese bangkok from Bendel which features the poke shape, with twisted band of bois de rose and cyclamen pink ribbon.

HIGH LIGHTS ON THE PARIS COLLECTIONS

(Continued from page 189)

et cetera. Materials include a good deal of satin, which is used for a number of evening gowns, black, white, and Jenny pink. Satin makes a novel evening silhouette, a sheath gown, straight and slim, which has large bows, made of two soft loops, shirred in the middle, set round its hem. A new and clever chiffon fan, very full and feathery, is shown with many of the evening gowns, in matching colors. Beautiful draped evening wraps are another high light of this rich collection.

PREMET

A NEW silhouette for afternoon, based on the epoch of the late 'seventies, just before the development of the bustle, is a high light here. This is illustrated on page 96. Another is the surprise dress that I promised to describe. It is done in print and plain, so that in one version the gown looks like a plain frock trimmed with print, and in the other like a print frock trimmed with plain. One is achieved in a print of black, white and red. The skirt is in oval panels of plain crêpe, over print. These are lined with crêpe, and attached by their two corners at the top, one corner to the belt, and the other to the gown. The belt is twisted round, turning the panels over, making them show their printed side. Another is all in long slim panels, from neck to hem. It ties over to one shoulder, the plain side of the panels turned out. Untie it, and tie it over to the other shoulder, and this turns the panels over, and shows them on their printed side. Both are wonderfully ingenious.

An evening gown merits description, for it is an adaptation of a period gown without being fancy dress. It is in yellow chiffon, and reminiscent of the 'seventies, the skirt very long all round, entirely in frills, fitted bodice marking the natural waist, neat brown taffeta bows run right up the side from hem to shoulder, and a big soft bow of chiffon in the back, rather like the beginning of the bustle. Crisp silks for afternoon frocks, alpaca, cravat silk, surah, twill, et cetera, should also be mentioned. This is the most interesting collection that Madame Charlotte has shown for a long time.

JANE RÉGNY

THE use of crisp silks is also a high light of Jane Régné's charming and eminently wearable collection. Her new sweaters are speckled, plaided, striped, or patterned with bold modernist designs. Her tailored coats in crêpe de Chine are extremely good. She has used a lot of linen, especially her special design, tiny yacht pennants in bright colors on white. She likes yellow, many greens, and many blues. One rain-coat is in heavy white sailcloth, over a blue jersey two-piece frock. Her bathing suits and beach coats form an important part of the collection, and some of them are shown on page 102.

J. SUZANNE TALBOT

ONE expects originality from Suzanne Talbot, and one is never disappointed. I have mentioned many of her striking novelties in the body of this article. A remarkable black satin gown made for Madame Labourdette is illustrated on page 95. Another gown, worn at St. Moritz by the same lady, is a document of Persian embroidery, done on leaf green and scarlet satin. Talbot is inspired by the native costumes of many countries, and in her silhouettes, her materials, and her choice of colors, she is a law unto herself. Frills, gaufred like a coiffe from one of the provinces of old France, adorn many of her frocks, rows and rows of them, running up in an apron line to a high waist-line in the back. Some of her skirts are like huge handkerchiefs, forming pointed "aprons" on one side, and tied on the opposite hip. New crystal jewelry that is not crystal at all, but a transparent composition that looks like it and is very light in weight, is shown with many of the costumes.

SCHTAPARELLI

A COLLECTION simply crammed from beginning to end with original ideas. I have mentioned the amusing tattooed bathing suits. Other beach costumes have trousers in heavy dark blue (Concluded on page 194)

All the new "Skin Tones" in sheerest weaves for Spring

These chic silk stockings are in 16 shops in the smart Fifth Avenue shopping center

PROOF of the correctness of Corticelli Silk Stockings lies in the smart shops, little and big, that line Fifth Avenue's exclusive shopping district. + This year Paris tells us that stockings must as nearly as possible match the color of the skin—just as gloves must do. And sunburned skin is more than ever chic. + Corticelli keeps pace with the mode. This spring their clear, exquisite, sheer silk stockings come in the sunburned tints shading from beige to ruddy tans; and include the new "Sun Tan," "Blonde Lido," "French Beige," "Mayfair Tan," and "Brunette Lido." + Two new shades for the tailor. "Pastel Grey"—a grey with a rosy tinge—and the rich dusky "Cotton Club" are correct. + Among the fascinating "skin tones" for evening are "Shell," a delicate flesh tint; "Nude," a darker flesh; "Bisque," pale biscuit; the dashing "Embassy Club" for sunburned skin; and "Pastel Nude" for a blonde. + Because Corticelli pays a premium to get the finest silk in the world, Corticelli Silk Stockings are clear and smooth and sheer of weave and durable of wear. And they fit suavely, flatteringly.



The Corticelli Silk Co.
136 Madison Ave., New York
Dept. 309

Style No. 330, all silk chiffon, with narrow heels, sandal soles, block toes, picot tops. In all the smart new day and evening shades.

Style No. 309, very sheer all silk chiffon, with block toes, and picot tops. In delicate evening shades and the sunburned tones.

Style No. 360, medium chiffon, all silk, narrow heels, sandal soles, block toes, picot tops. In all the fashionable "skin tones," and mauve.

Another style No. 350 not shown here, is a medium weight service stocking at a low price. It comes in sixteen leading colors.

CORTICELLI FINE SILK HOSIERY

Thanks to
ZIP

hair-
free
limbs

IT'S OFF
because
IT'S OUT

Free Your Skin of Future Hair, by Freeing It Today!

The new ZIP gives you at once an easy way to *de-*stroy hair, and in addition three full size containers of my other products without charge.

Highest authorities, likely your own physician, recognize the merit of ZIP, which gets at the cause, and, unlike depilatories, eliminates it instead of merely removing surface hair.

Women are turning to ZIP—the modern method—as never before, for they find it a fragrant, and non-offensive compound . . . a product which not only removes, but permanently destroys the growth. ZIP leaves the skin charmingly attractive, and avoids enlarged hair pores. Each treatment makes the growth weaker until destroyed completely.

It is so simple to use . . . so effective. And after a few seconds, ZIP—IT'S OFF! ZIP is the product which actually *destroys* hair on the face, arms, legs, and back of neck. I stand back of every package, and speak from eighteen years experience. Beware of spurious imitations.

Sold everywhere. Write for my new book, "Beauty's Greatest Secret" sent in plain envelope.

Treatment or
FREE Demonstra-
tion at my Salon

Madame Berthé
Specialist
Creations JORDEN New York

562 FIFTH AVE.,
New York
(Ent. on 46th St.)



"Elfrida always has maintained that such a bathroom would make an excellent setting for a mystery play."

GUEST BATHROOMS I HAVE KNOWN

By FAIRFAX DOWNEY

TO EVERY week-ender, to every visiting fireman or firewoman come the terrors of the Guest Bathroom. Most survive them to emerge pale and trembling, yet bathed. Still, while the majority hoist the usual, inadequate guest towel, if they find one, as the limp, white flag of surrender, others return to the attack. And hence hostesses see in the Guest Bathroom a benevolent device of all-wise Providence to keep the number of visitors and week-enders within reasonable limits.

But it is generally agreed that one of the woes Pandora let out of the box was the Spirit of the Guest Bathroom, and some scholars are certain that such was the repository of Bluebeard's wives, were it not for the fact that the room in question had a key, a convenience which numerous guest bathrooms lack.

Yet some bathrooms that we have met, Elfrida and I, in the course of our week-ends, approach the sublime. Such was:

THE SUMPTUOUS OR DECLINE-AND-FALL-OF-ROME BATH

ELFRIDA, lightly clad, rushed back into our room in the manse of our hostess.

"Quick, my bathing suit!" she demanded. "I thought I was going to take a tub, but they seem to have put us right off the swimming pool."

"From what I have seen of your bathing suit this year, wearing it or not makes little difference," I remarked. But we donned our bathing suits and entered.

It was, nevertheless, a bathroom, but ten times magnified. It was a symphony in colors, glowing with indirect lighting and adapted for soft and subdued bathing. Anyone who sang at his bath in those surroundings must manage an aria at the very least. At the far end was a sunken tub which Elfrida had pardonably mistaken for the pool.

"Be very careful of leaving the soap on the floor beside that and getting it slippery," I warned her. "If you do, you will discover painfully why Rome, or in any event Romans, fell."

"I'll watch out," she promised. "This way lies decadence. People with a bathroom like this in the family will come to taking sugar on their canteloupe and cream on their cucumbers. Lulled by a false sense of social security, they would let Goths and Visigoths and things get on their invitation lists. Then catastrophe."

A dressing-table of most elaborate design confronted us, a washstand in disguise. Upon it were all the perfumes of Araby in ornate labeled bottles. Every sign of vulgar plumbing had been completely piped down.

"There must be a phonograph attachment concealed in here, too," I confidently asserted.

"What for?" Elfrida inquired. "If any of the plumbing so much as gurgles," I advised her, "a voice will announce in cultured tones, 'Oh, I beg your pardon.'"

"True enough," my spouse agreed. "And note that glittering glass-enclosed shower-bath. You remember poor Skip Thomas? He got in one of those once and it was months before he would set any-

thing but little white wafers and stop insisting he was a goldfish."

Our eyes traveled over the imposing array of towels, embroidered and with real lace inserts. Sadly we turned our heads away and walked out. Those towels could not be profaned.

"You'll telephone, of course, and then tell our hostess that an emergency calls us back to town," I said.

"Yes," Elfrida answered. "We simply must go home where we can dare a bath."

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR OR WHILE-YOU-WAIT BATHROOM

UNSUSPECTINGLY, we came to visit at the suburban cottage where we had unpacked and were immobile before our hostess asked blithely, "You don't mind sharing a bathroom with the children, do you?"

The Recording Angel scored two against Elfrida and me.

I attempted the bathroom when the first child had been bathed, but the second was still in the process. I figured myself down one and three to play. Our hostess called Elfrida to come and witness the spectacle of the ablutions, condoling with her on having missed the opener but assuring her that there were three splendid, big-time acts billed next.

We were quite wet from splashes when the fourth child began performing. At last our hostess and Elfrida departed with fulsome applause, while the last act was still going on. The stage management was turned over to the nurse.

"Nurse," I hissed, "how much will you take to cut this display, charming though it is, suddenly short?"

After the nurse had listened to reason and removed the baby, I dashed into the bathroom, having been told that I already was late for dinner. Cautiously, I threaded my way through assorted racks and stretchers upon which eleven pairs of socks, nine shirts and other articles of infant attire were drying. Somehow, I avoided knocking down a clutter of nostrums and appliances for child health. At last I sprang into the tub and leaped out bruised and bleeding from two rubber ducks, five tin fish and three full-rigged ships I had not noticed it contained.

All that evening I squirmed through the bridge game, excusing myself at intervals to remove from my epidermis specimens of those Japanese water flowers with which the young are wont to while away the bathing hour. They had bloomed and blossomed splendidly on me.

"It was a long, hard evening for you, dear," Elfrida commiserated.

"Never mind," I said. "That next to last petal I got off me was a she-loves-me-not. Now here's just one more."

Elfrida kissed me.

THE UNFINISHED SYMPHONY OR PLUMBER'S DELIGHT BATHROOM

THERE ought to be a law compelling hostesses to placard their homes with a sign, "Bathroom Under Construction," if such is the case.

From such a bathroom, Elfrida came tearing back distraught. After she had

(Concluded on page 218)

THE CHARM OF BEING REMEMBERED



Paris originates — a new charm... A charm which even Fashion, dominant arbiter that she is, can never out-mode.

It is more alluring than youth; more enticing than chic; more intriguing than wit. It is the charm that brings remembrance!

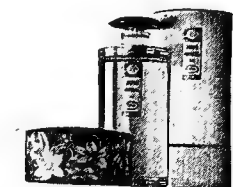
Gardenia Sauvage speaks to the heart and woos Remembrance. It is Ciro's newest perfume... a revelation even to those who know and love the gardenia. For it embodies the poignancy and elusive power of the wild flower itself.

Gardenia Sauvage engraves the image of its wearer on the minds of those she meets—and those she loves. It's a scent that lingers on, with haunting enchantment, forever whispering its message — "Remember Me!"

GARDENIA
SAUVAGE
DE

CIRO

Ciro Products are distributed thruout the world—only in packages made and sealed in France—identical with those you would buy in Ciro's Paris Salon, no. 20 Rue de la Paix (New York: 565 Fifth Ave.)



DOUX JASMIN

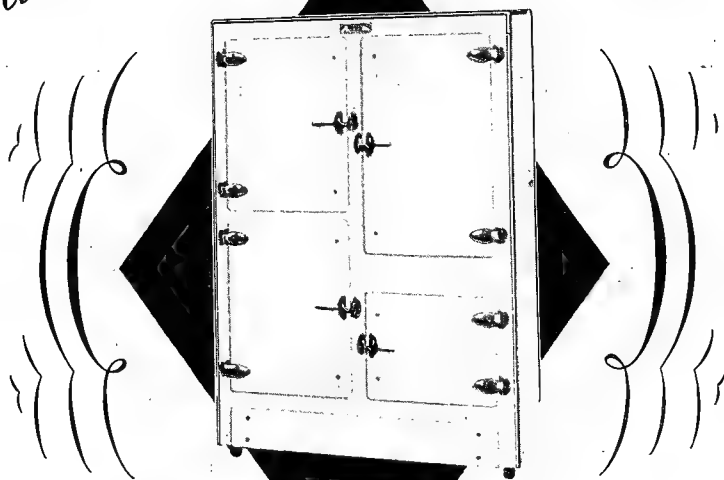
A perfume gay as Spring-time... memorable as the fragrant flower itself. Available in extract; toilet water; talc; body powder and sachet. Also exquisite Face Powder in fashion-toned *Abritan* shade for sun-tanned complexions.



CHEVALIER DELANUIT

The "Knight of the Night"—a strangely compelling scent, like the sensuous fragrance of the dark. It is the very breath of romance... a romance that can never be forgotten..

Who doesn't prefer White Porcelain?



IT'S A BOHN PORCELAIN EXTERIOR

Use a BOHN refrigerator
with the electric unit
of your choice.

THE modern refrigerator, in any size and for any use, is mentally envisioned in all its sheer white porcelain loveliness, a piece of furniture in which the pride and reliance of the owner is definite and unvarying.

The housewife's sigh of relief was heard all over the land when the designers of refrigerators *made the inside of refrigerators white*. At last food was to be in surroundings absolutely sweet and pure. Then came the thought that the purity which porcelain lining assured within, might just as easily be adapted to the *outside*, and so the last word in refrigerator appearance was added to the last word in food preservation and care.

Wise was the one who protested against gilding the lily. And so perhaps the day is still distant when refrigerators, especially of the BOHN standard, will be greatly changed from their present beauty, utility and purity.

BOHN is the world's largest manufacturer of quality refrigerators.

Bohn Refrigerator Company
Saint Paul, Minnesota
New York Chicago Boston

BOHN SYPHON REFRIGERATOR

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Don Diego

Henri Bendel imports this pyjama ensemble from Goupy. The upper blouse section of white, a hip band of char-treuse; sash and trousers of black satin.

HIGH LIGHTS ON THE PARIS COLLECTIONS

(Concluded from page 190)

GOUPY

linen with a Brittany fisherman's blouse in Rodier's printed cotton, in yellow and brown. Still another shows a maillot in peach and black tricot, with trousers and short jacket of heavy brown cotton twill, with a brown and yellow bandanna attached to the trousers as a belt. A third is a bathing suit, with maillot top and short trousers of navy jersey. The top is deeply décolleté, but it may be covered with a little jacket at will. The top of the culottes is finished in an attached scarf of scarlet jersey that twists twice round the waist, like a French workman's sash. With these suits, she shows closely knitted caps of silk in two colors, and belts of odd materials, such as knitted string. The socks to wear with them are of the heavy wool knitted by hand, with a thick sole of wool, like the rope sole on French *espadrilles*.

Sweaters of open-work wool, of plaid, of knitted string, of closely knitted cotton, are other novelties. All of them are worn inside the skirts, and the tops of these are finished with closely knitted bands, of the same color as the material of the skirt, which keep them snug in their place, on rather high waist-lines. Her collar of white caracul is shown on page 104. Three-quarter sleeves, designed to show off bracelets, are another idea. Dog collars and cuffs of a sort of lattice work in silver, with stud fastenings made of dark exotic wood, and earrings to match, are still another.

THIS is a red and blue collection, for these colors, separately or combined, are certainly the dominating ones. There are also combinations of black and white, yellow and black, and some beige. The silhouette shows the closely fitted, high waist-line for the bodices, with full skirts, but the daytime models are straighter, often with circular skirts. Some of the ensembles combine print and plain in unusual ways, and often when woolen material and printed crêpe are used together, there is a band of the circular material under the edge of the circular crêpe skirt, increasing its flare. Delightful little print cardigans are worn with plain crêpe dresses. The daytime models are full of charming ideas, though their effect is simple and wearable. All are shown with attractive little hats, made by Madame Goupy.

The evening models are very varied, both in type and in material. Chiffon handled like a stiffer fabric is a feature. Printed taffeta, taffeta powdered with little gold dots, printed Ottoman, heavy satin, are some of the crisp materials used for evening gowns, while Goupy is faithful to his favorite fragile laces as well. Striking and original color contrasts appear in some of the evening gowns, as in the model illustrated on page 100, which is a combination of tilleul satin and deep mulberry.

MICHIELLE

SHE hid her love in arrogance
She hid her pain in pride
And none could tell she was the ghost
Of passion's suicide

Original from —Donald Jeffrey Hayes.

UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

"A Garment is no  finer than its Fabric"

Haas Brothers' Silks



PRINTED CHIFFONS by Haas Brothers achieve distinction through harmony of fabric, design and color... There is an authentic "fashion-reason" for every unusual pattern—every new color combination... These chiffons represent the perfect product of practical thought combined with skillful execution—and were styled for the Woman of Fashion.

Produced by

Haas Brothers Fabrics Corporation

Fifth Avenue

New York

These fabrics by the yard at retail shops and in made-up garments as well.

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Original from
UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA



Orna Link

FUR SCARFS

And now—costume jewelry ornamentation has invaded the realm of furs. ¶ An exquisite little decorative chain of gold or silver replaces time worn methods of securing fur scarfs. ¶ Simply fasten an ingenious catch and your neck piece may be draped smartly and gracefully in whatever position your fancy dictates. ¶ Just a touch—but how enchanting—how practical—how distinctive! ¶ This feature is obtainable only in **Orna Link Fur Scarfs**—which your favorite shop will tell you are unsurpassed in beauty and quality of pelt and perfection of workmanship

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WORLD'S GREATEST SEDAN VALUES !

GREATER BEAUTY & LARGER BODIES

WITH ALL their many improvements, the new Superior Whippet Four and Six Sedans are still notable for their startling low prices. They hold their place as the world's leading values in four-door enclosed cars.

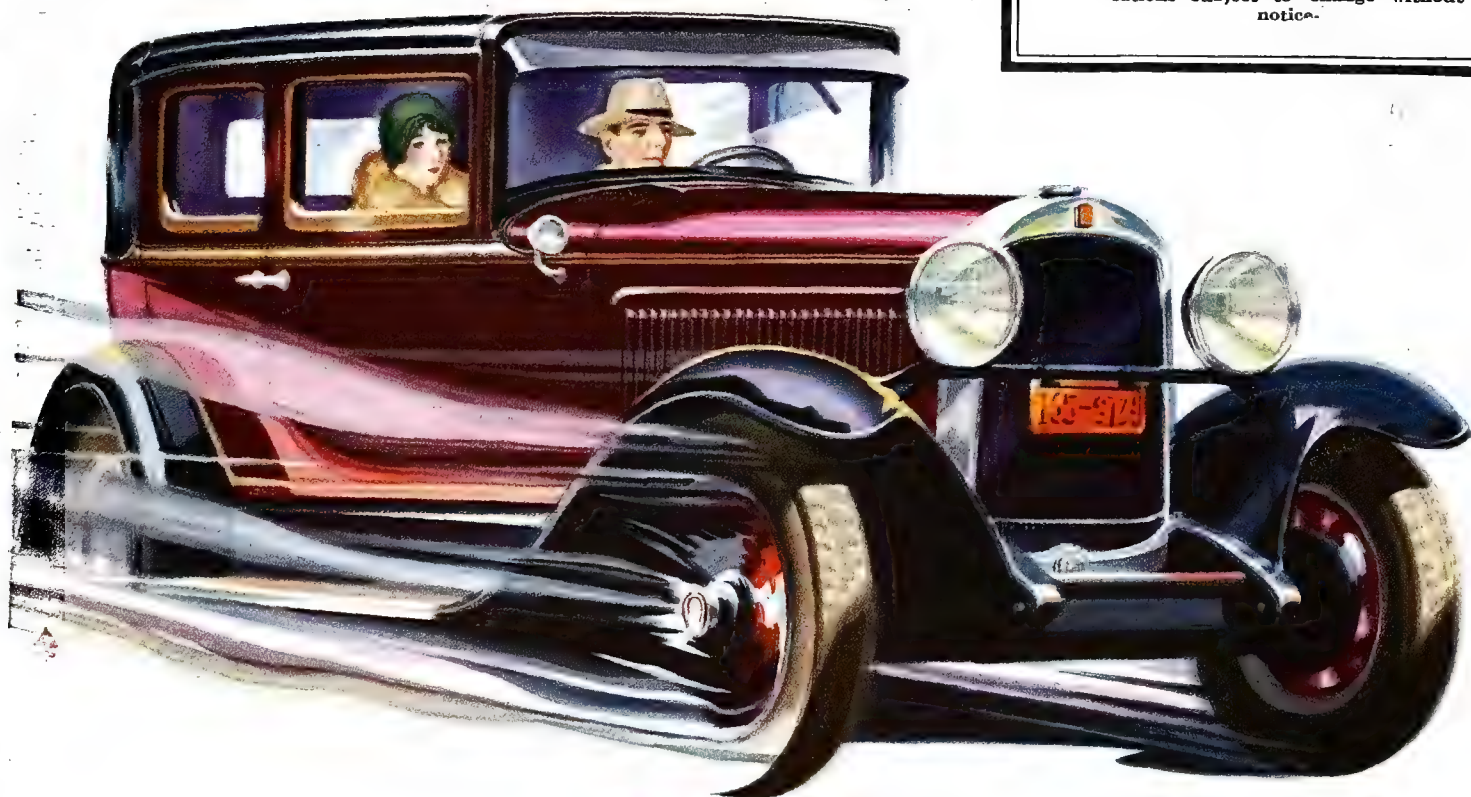
Longer bodies, graceful lines, rich, distinctive colors, higher radiator and hood, sweeping one-piece full crown fenders and perfection of detail mark the new Superior Whippet as the style authority created by master designers.

As the mechanical triumph of leading engineers, the new Superior Whippet possesses the important advantages of silent timing chain, full force-feed lubrication, aluminum alloy invar-strut pistons, remarkable new "Finger-Tip Control"—and, in the Six, a seven-bearing crankshaft. Long service will prove Whippet's dependability and economy of operation.

"Finger-Tip Control"

—a single button, in center of steering wheel, starts the motor, operates lights and sounds horn.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO



**NEW
SUPERIOR**

Whippet

FOURS and SIXES

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WHIPPET 4-SEDAN

\$595

Four-cylinder Coach \$535; Coupe \$535;
Roadster \$485; Touring \$475; Commer-
cial Chassis \$365.

WHIPPET 6-SEDAN 7-Bearing Crankshaft

\$760

Six-cylinder Coach \$695; Coupe \$695;
Coupe (with rumble seat) \$725; Sport
De Luxe Roadster \$850 (including rum-
ble seat and extras). All Willys-Overland
prices f. o. b. Toledo, Ohio, and speci-
fications subject to change without
notice.

Afternoon frock of Celanese voile.
Sport coat of printed Celanese moiré,
with frock of Celanese ninon.



Celanese interprets Spring Loveliness

A graceful formal frock of Celanese taffeta



Would you thrill to the charm of Spring's choicest fabrics, at their smartest? See, then, the new Celanese interpretations... scintillating... captivating... exquisite! † Gaze enraptured on the profusion of magic colorings... vague, subtle, or flamboyant... to express your every mood. Revel in the strikingly original designs... so perfectly executed in Celanese fabrics of every imaginable weave and weight. † There are printed Celanese moirés, in unique effects by Foujita, master Japanese designer... brilliant sport plaids in Celanese taffetas... dainty "necktie prints" in twills... a wealth of novel motifs in satins, voiles, ninons. And, for ensembles, twin prints in Celanese fabrics of various weaves. † All are fast-dyed... unweighted... washable... and permanently lovely with the inimitable loveliness of Celanese. See them at your favorite store... or write for samples and beautifully illustrated brochure "The Miracle of Celanese." Address Style Bureau, Celanese Corporation of America, 180 Madison Ave., New York, or Canadian Celanese, Ltd., Montreal.

Celanese yarns, fabrics, and articles are made with synthetic products manufactured exclusively by the Celanese Corporation of America

CELANESE FABRICS

IS THERE A REVOLUTION IN THE FASHION WORLD?

(Continued from page 79)

especially, her new evening gowns are full of invention.

Organdie, for instance, cut out in lozenges, patched and assembled like a puzzle on a net foundation, has never been done before. New looking is deep violet organdie made use of for a garden-party frock; violet in general being a shade successfully revived. It is most effective in faille, lace, or in a specially beaded texture.

Evening gowns, however, remain as usual the high-water mark of the collection. Some bodices are quite high in the neck, both front and back, though slit below the arms into a V right down to the waist. Others, not décolletée at all in front, display the rest of the figure above the waist almost entirely.

A lovely series of loose chiffon and net princess gowns might render good service as hostess gowns, *robes d'intérieures*, boudoir dresses, and might even be worn as dinner frocks at informal gatherings. These gowns are colorful and are all of them very soft and very feminine.

An unusual novelty are wisps of tulle, squares, attached in the back to bead necklaces. They hang down either singly or in groups of half a dozen.

THE crowded attendance of a Chanel opening is nowadays almost proverbial, I warn my American friend. I advise her to make an appointment and remind her of the ruthless ways some establishments have of closing the doors.

"After all," I say, "premises only hold a limited number, even of clients."

My friend, the stylist, promises to follow my advice, but wants me to tell her right now all there is to say about the new collection.

"Last year," she says, "I caught sight of Mademoiselle Chanel watching from the top of the stairs. Does she ever come down?"

"No, never. Whenever she does, it's to dash off to Scotland, salmon fishing, down to the Basque Provinces to hunt, or to the Mediterranean to join her yacht. However, wherever she is, she designs, thinks of new models, and seeks sartorial inspiration."

"Strange methods of dressmaking," I hear the foreign stylist say.

"Strange, but identified with success," is my reply.

"And of what consists her 1929 spring success?"

"That needs much space to write about. A chapter for jersey alone. The fact is Chanel attaches more importance to a *robe de tricot* than to dozens of new evening dresses. 'My jersey clothes,' I've heard her say, 'are my *modèles de grand luxe*.'"

She uses jerseys woven on her own looms. She imagines patterns herself, makes little sketches and is practically the weaver of her own fabrics. She selects all materials for each individual model; designs them and cuts them with her own hands, the result being mostly intensively Chanel specials.

For this season's jersey patterns, she has been inspired by tweeds. They include small checks, stripes, horizontal as well as diagonal, squares made of fine lines and zigzag effects, all having a look of tweed, but of tweed become frivolous.

Tweed itself, under Chanel's guidance, is developed on more sophisticated lines both as to quality and design. It is more colorful and has more decorative value and is a far cry from the drab-colored beige of the early Chanel days.

New jersey models include short box-coats lined with silk; long coats with stitched taffeta or suede linings; beige jersey dresses with belts and scarfs of brilliantly colored spangled textures.

Intensely surprising is black jersey combined with black spangles.

Further it should be noted that most day models are combined with long coats, unless they are short jackets and belted waistcoats. As a matter of fact, no Chanel waist-line, either in the day or at night, is ever minus a belt.

New are tweeds in pastel shades, combined with printed crêpes and light-colored tweeds over dark dresses.

Many day coats have elbow capes, while long straight coats of tweed or velvet have a way of fastening at the throat only and of being left open all the way down, not being meant to fold over.

The silhouette for all afternoon gowns is narrow and most chiffon and lace gowns are sleeveless.

New, with black evening gowns, are

(Continued on page 198)

Those who value
their social standing use
Genuine Engraving!



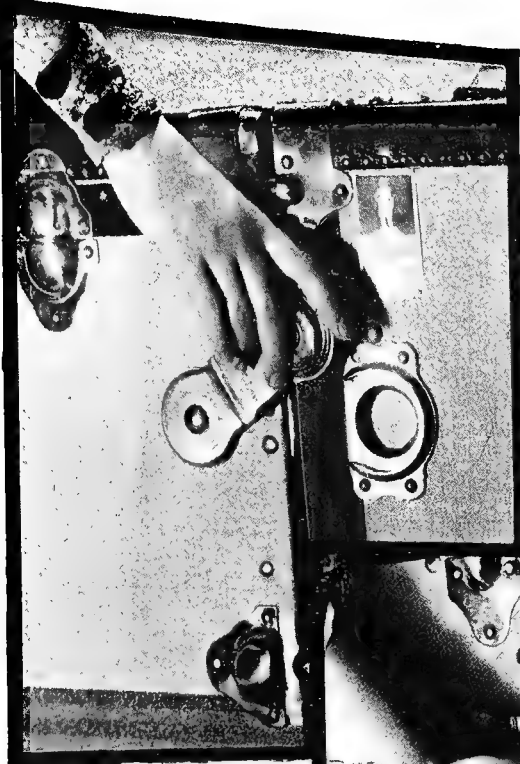
SOCIAL position depends upon the observance of the niceties which custom has decreed essential. And not the least of these is the use of *genuine engraving* for every occasion. Artistically engraved stationery and social forms carry distinction that is never shared with substitutes. Imitations lack the essential charm and character. *Genuine engraving* is identified by the symbol pictured below. See that this mark is affixed to the engraved material which you buy.



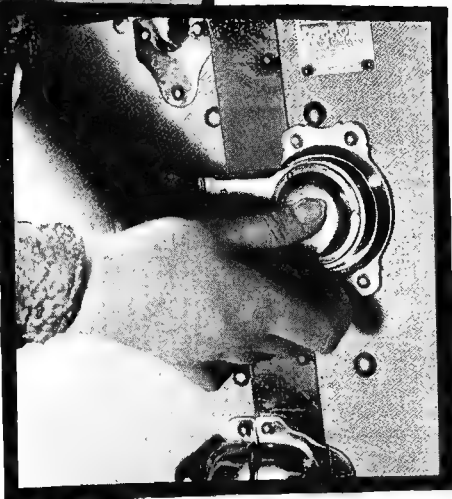
Genuine Engraved Business Cards
Open Closed Doors



Strolling in the sun are Mr. and Mrs. Milton W. Holden.



Closing an Oshkosh Wardrobe Trunk is the most effortless thing in the world. No pulling or tugging—just an easy downward turn and a gentle inward pressure.



Only a safe could be safer

PRESS DOWN gently on the lock of your Oshkosh Wardrobe, and as if by magic the two halves of the trunk glide noiselessly together.

Snap the lock, and you know from that moment that your possessions are as safe as mortal possessions can be. There is as much chance of anyone getting into your trunk without your key as of getting into the Piping Rock Country Club without an introduction.

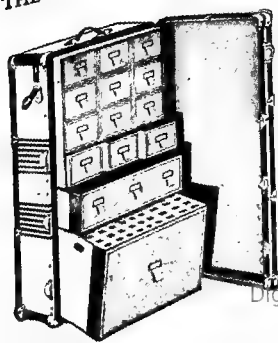
Oshkosh Trunks are designed and built in the belief that the best possible trunk is none too good for the

clothes you are going to put into it. They are made to keep good clothes good. Conscientiously, almost religiously made, these trunks do what they were designed to do, and keep on doing it year after year after year.

We should like to send you a booklet called "Your Home Away from Home." It gives you just a few of the reasons why Oshkosh Trunks are so extraordinarily efficient in the performance of their duties, and suggests special models for special needs. Address 494 High Street, Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

OSHKOSH TRUNKS

THE OSHKOSH TRUNK COMPANY, Oshkosh, Wisconsin, and 8 East 34th St., New York City



This Oshkosh Shoe and Hat Cabinet comes in two models, covered with fibre or Oshkosh-Cord duck. It has twelve small drawers, or four drawers with three compartments each, accommodating twelve pairs of shoes. There is a removable Hat Cage in the bottom drawer, accommodating six or more women's hats. Paneled drawer fronts and index card holders on each compartment.

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IS THERE A REVOLUTION IN THE FASHION WORLD?

(Continued from page 197)

black lace gaiters covering the upper part of the leg, peeping from beneath the black lace skirt—"Chanel pantelettes."

Another decidedly novel note is struck by a series of *tailleurs de fantaisie*. They are meant to be worn in the evening as are the new *Costumes de sport pour le soir*. These consist of a skirt, a sleeveless belted sweater, and a long, plain fold-over coat, all in a sealing-wax red spangled material.

"Far smarter," says Mademoiselle Chanel, "to appear in public places properly covered up than to be showing one's back down to the waist."

These very novel spangled models are also shown in emerald green, navy blue, as well as in bright violet, and of course in black.

The Chanel collection of evening gowns is most comprehensive. The skirt length of the various models varies: some are abbreviated and short all round. Others, on the contrary, are long or rather irregular of hem. Many feature flounces, while quite a few depend on trailing draperies for success.

Mousseline de soie, both plain and figured, as well as colored silk lace, remain prime favorites; though several models are shown in taffeta.

One lovely lace *robe du soir* in two shades of pink and another in a very silky pale green lace have a delightful sugar candy look about them, especially in combination with the very novel evening wraps Chanel is showing, composed of myriads of narrow artificial silk, fringes sewn on one above the other, resulting in quite a new looking surface.

A splendid, very *grande toilette* in royal blue mousseline de soie is most impressive. Waterfall flounces down to the ground, and a pair of double trains give this model almost a regal appearance.

Three evening coats deserve mention: The traditional ruby velvet wrap which Mademoiselle Chanel invariably selects for herself; a beige moire coat, shot in pink and gold, and decorated by bands of blue fox; and a gold taffeta cape-coat with a hyacinth lining. These are three expressions of good taste.

The display of Chanel jewelry is entirely new. It consists of luminous bands of gleaming red, of green, of every

shade of a prism: mirrored crystal, cut and dyed, shown in conjunction with beige jersey suits.

Necklaces of different colored pearls are tied into bunches, alternating with bright berry-looking beads, and are meant to harmonize with shades figuring in printed textures.

Lastly, a very complete set of black and white jewelry, onyx with brilliants, includes shoulder-straps and a belt buckle, effectively presented on a white satin evening gown.

I am interrupted by the foreign stylist, who says there was no mention of Madeleine Vionnet in my last article on collections (October 1928).

"Though you spoke of a number of others, could it be that your admiration has diminished?"

"On the contrary," I reply, "Madeleine Vionnet has recently surpassed herself. My not mentioning her work meant I had conferred the privilege (speaking of the Vionnet collection in Harper's Bazar) to others in the magazine. However, having just been to the Vionnet opening, I find there are quantities of things to say. I have made ample notes. Let me read them to you."

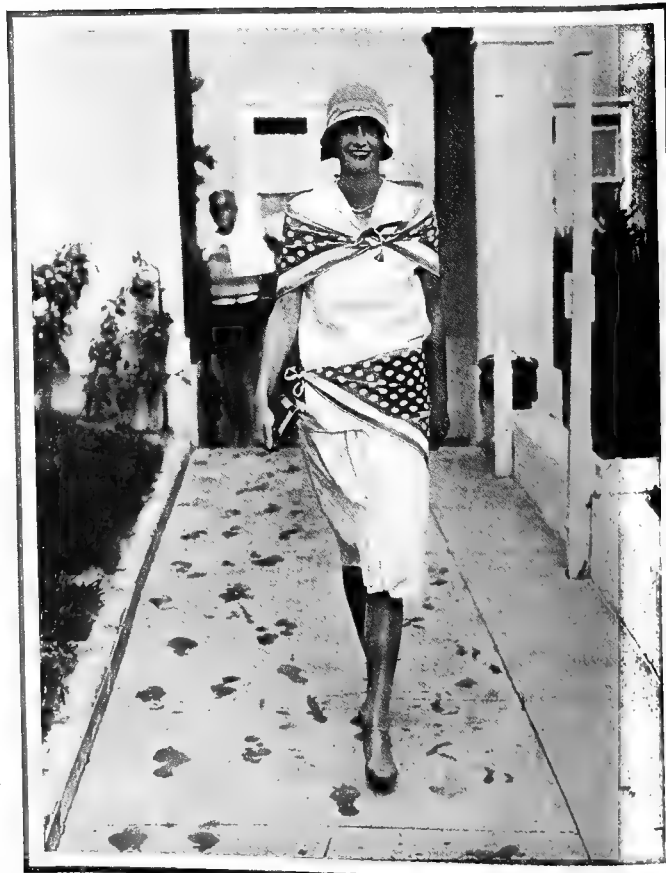
I find this season's presentation to contain fewer models termed *pour le sport* than hitherto. The explanation of it is evidently that sports clothes are now firmly standardized and there is no need of developing them any further. Sports clothes are nowadays garments which, except for games and specialized sports purposes, are less worn than they used to be at unsuitable moments.

This Madame Vionnet realizes and she, therefore, shows a great many suitable clothes for these very moments—both for town and fashionable resorts—simple dresses made of kasha or crepe, these happening to be among this famous designer's most successful achievements.

As to strictly tailored clothes at Vionnet's, they have a tendency to become more and more feminine every season, with much less of the uncompromising harshness about them.

Quite a novelty are sleeves in contrasting shades, the particular pair of navy sleeves I have in mind being combined

(Continued on page 200)



Gay red and white bandanas worn by Miss Anne Storrs.

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

for APRIL 1929



FILM

A Dangerous Coating

That robs teeth of their whiteness

A way to remove it that quickly restores brilliance. Film, it is agreed, also fosters serious tooth and gum disorders. Please accept free 10-day supply.

SCIENCE discovered the way to keep teeth white and brilliant while seeking a way to combat the start of tooth and gum diseases. This is because dingy teeth and most dental ills come from the same cause. That cause is a dangerous film that creeps over teeth and into crevices — a sticky, dingy coating that stubbornly defies the ordinary ways of brushing.

Science accepts film as the chief cause of decay, pyorrhea, bleeding gums and other ills. Thus, today, the approved method of protecting teeth is by removing this dangerous film. A special dentifrice called Pepsodent has been compounded with that as its sole purpose.

You may receive a 10-days' supply to try. Just send the coupon for your tube today. You'll be delighted with results.

You must fight film

You can feel film with your tongue — a slippery, viscous coating. Food and smoking stain that film. Germs by the millions breed in it...germs of many different kinds.

Film hardens into tartar. And germs with tartar are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Film is also the basis of decay.

The special way to remove it

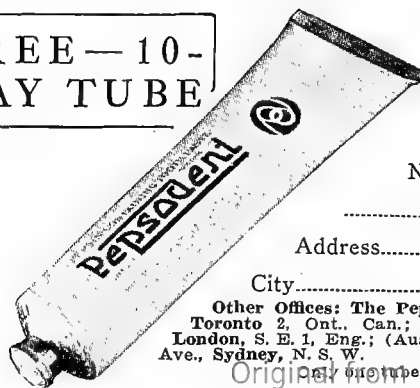
Ordinary brushing ways are not successful in removing film from teeth. You must employ the scientific method that first curdles film so that brushing can easily remove it in perfect safety to the tooth's enamel.

You marvel at the natural whiteness of children's teeth. Yours may once again regain that color. May take on a brilliance that is actually amazing. Lustreless, dull teeth are known to be unnatural.

Test FREE for 10 days

Perhaps unattractive teeth have cost you too much in society and business. You must not delay another day in testing this method. Get a full-size tube wherever dentifrices are sold, or send coupon below to nearest address for free 10-day tube of Pepsodent to try.

FREE — 10-DAY TUBE



Mall coupon to
The Pepsodent Co., Dept. 244,
1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co., 191 George St.,
Toronto 2, Ont., Can.; 42 Southwark Bridge Rd.,
London, S. E. 1, Eng.; (Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth
Ave., Sydney, N. S. W.

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3187

Pepsodent

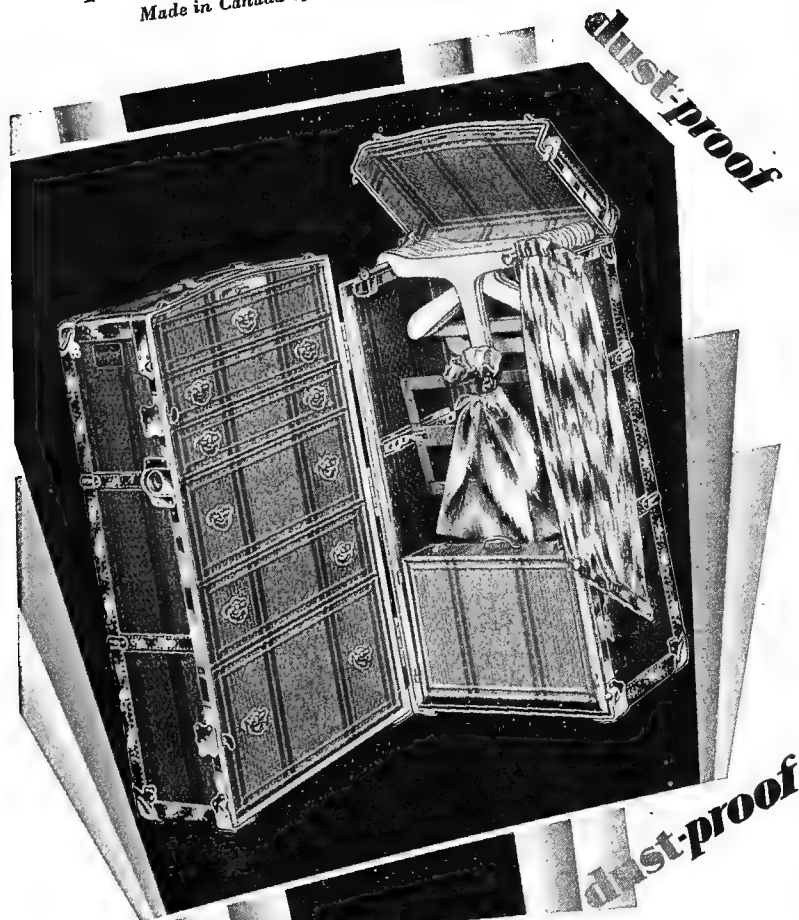
The Special Film-Removing Dentifrice

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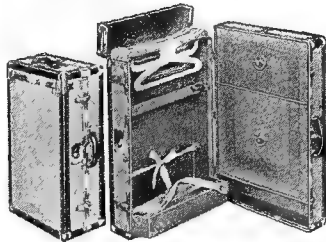
UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

MENDEL Trunx . . . wherever fashion gathers . . . luggage that proclaims the discrimination of smart and experienced travelers; luggage of color; luggage of rugged strength; luggage of complete protection. The utmost in convenience, of course—the Mendel is truly a wardrobe. Exclusive features render it completely dustproof under all conditions.

. . . at your favorite Luggage Shop or Department Store.
THE MENDEL-DRUCKER COMPANY - Cincinnati
 Made in Canada by THE L. McBRINE CO., Ltd., Kitchener



MENDEL TOURIST
 —the case for every travel need—



A marvel for compactness; for motor car, Pullman, steamer and airplane travel. An ultra-smart complement to the regular Mendel dustproof Trunx. Holds 4 men's suits or 12 ladies' dresses. A real wardrobe in suitcase size.



MENDEL TRUNX
 DUST-PROOF WARP-PROOF

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IS THERE A REVOLUTION IN THE FASHION WORLD?

(Continued from page 198)

with white kasha.

Charming is a twill suit of brown and white shepherd's check, worn with a brown velveteen box coat, while another model, which caught my particular fancy, masquerades as a tailleur. It is in reality a white satin frock, which, turned into a blouse by an additional but detachable navy blue skirt, becomes a suit when worn with a short navy jacket.

For early afternoon wear the familiar Vionnet pin-tucks are much to the fore, especially since they have, this season, taken on the shape of sunbursts. This wonderful pattern is tucked over the entire front or back of many lovely crêpe frocks.

The principal novelty of the entire collection, however, is undoubtedly *la robe spirale*, a problem, Madame Vionnet tells me, which she worked on for several seasons and which, she says, has now been solved.

See how the texture twists around the figure. Don't the folds resemble a cork-screw? The style has advantages, in that the drapery does not accentuate the bust and suits any build. As to fittings, they are pure delight. The final point of the spiral is finding its most becoming location, wherever women wish it to be.

Perfectly cut coats are, as usual, a feature of the collection. Several very novel looking models are split up in the back from hem to belt-line, while a few others are shown much longer in the back than in the front. Some are buttoned up all to one side.

Blue fox is voted this season's most favored fur. So far supposed smart only on duldest black, it now seems equally effective on beige, on moss green velvet, and even on a very special shade of ruby red moire, this being exemplified by some very good-looking evening wraps shown in the Vionnet collection.

Velours vegetal (artificial velvet), as sheer as muslin, is a delightful fabric for unlined wraps, and is particularly effective for capes.

Madeleine Vionnet's inspiration, Classical Greece, finds attenuated expression in her romantic rendering of flowered muslin gowns.

Her series of summer dresses, both for day and evening wear, is lovely! Dream-

like visions executed in gossamer fabrics, among which the aptly named texture *souffle de soie* is prime favorite.

A romantic garment is a slip of brilliantly hued flowers enveloped in a black *souffle de soie* over-dress which hangs to the ground in tiers and tiers of slanting flounces all to one side.

I MUST now tell you of Edward Molyneux's collection. It's most delightfully youthful.

The American stylist interrupts and says he made quite a hit in America. Tells me she met him while he was over in the United States last fall.

"I hope his clothes are as attractive as he himself is charming. We're all crazy about him. He's so good looking. Though I have not been to his Paris establishment for years, I am told he's now recognized as one of the foremost designers in Paris."

"He certainly is," I reply.

He starts his collection by showing an evening gown in red georgette. The skirt is full, but not long, and composed of red ostrich feather flounces. This he follows by another ostrich feather gown, a combination of brown georgette with mottled feathers in shades of brown and beige.

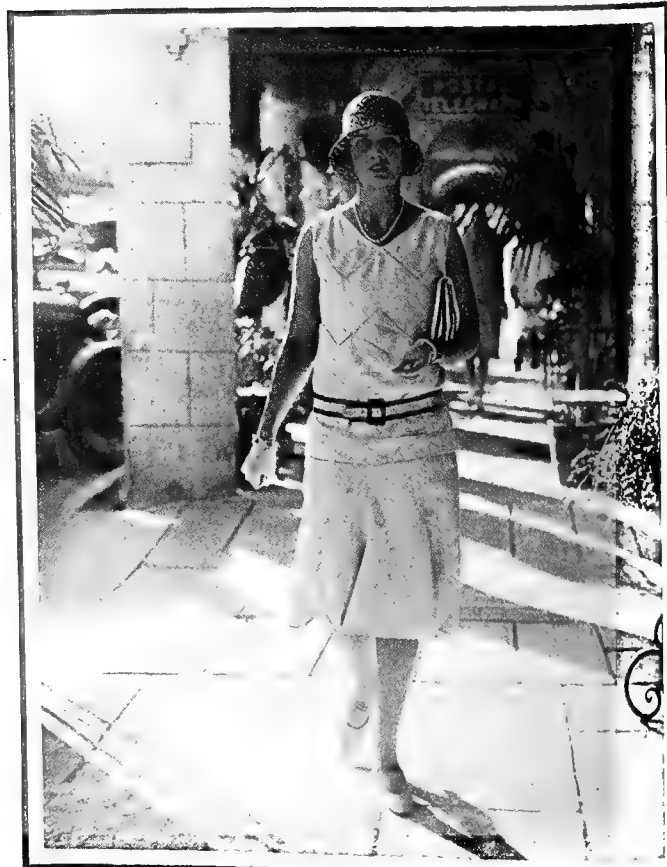
Molyneux says, "The way ostrich feathers are treated by me transforms them into an expression of youth."

"How clever of him," the stylist says. "Yes, and he is right about it," I add.

His most attractive evening silhouette, however, is long, clings from the hips down to the knee, and gets immensely full much further down. All his evening skirts seem to be both long and short. There are, of course, many of the still popular drooping effects in the back. On such skirts, one notices, plaited fan-shaped floats, as well as flowing panels and points, cut on the bias, besides quantities of net ruchings.

Molyneux's new colorings for the evening are mostly the ones he uses for his day clothes. He transposes beige and brown, navy and other neutral tints more generally associated with *robes de sport* into *harmonies du soir*. This transposing of unexpected shades is somehow conducive to much smartness. It accentuates

(Continued on page 202)



Mrs. Harold E. Talbot wears a red and white silk outfit.

UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

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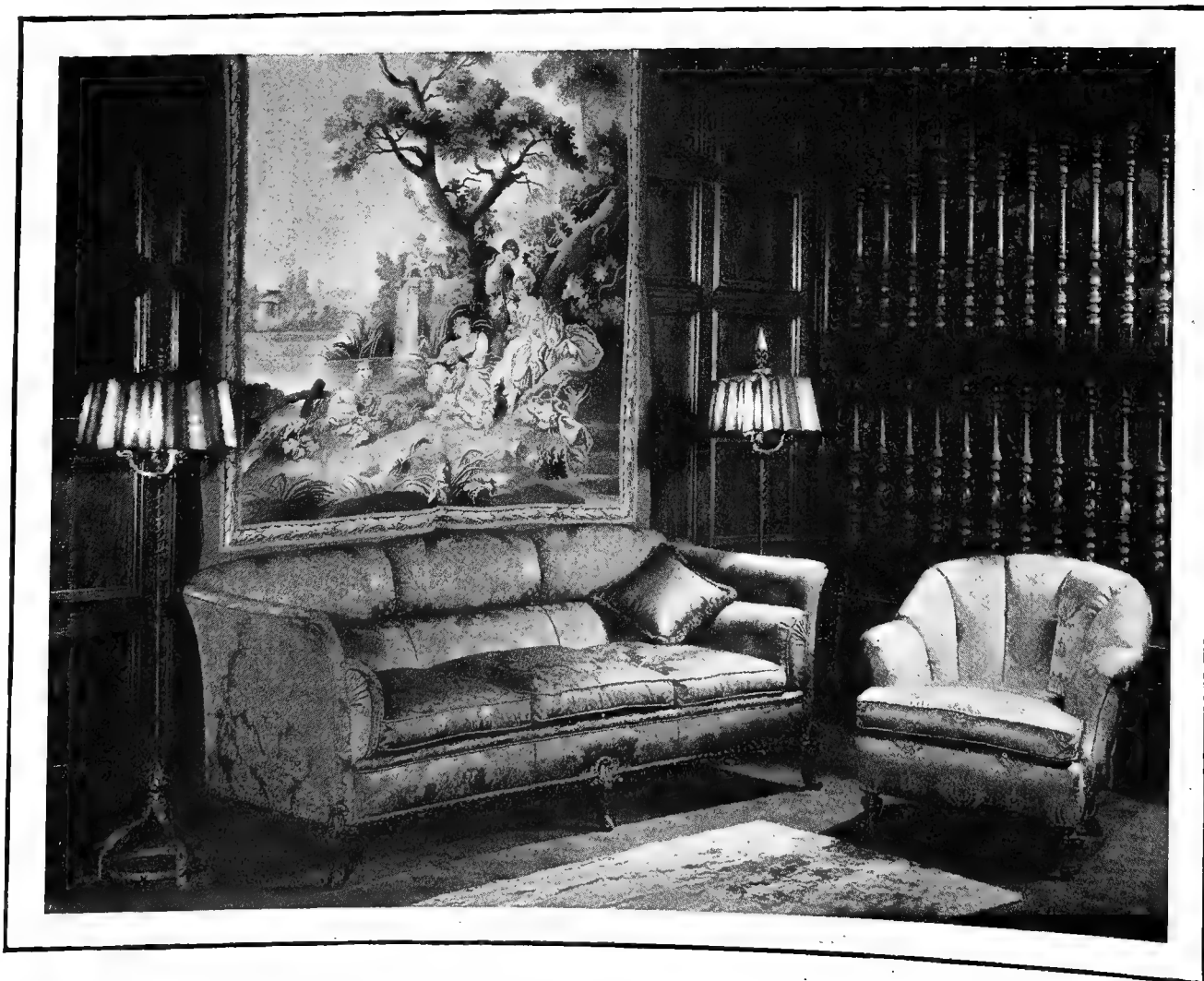
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THOSE who require that each piece of their living room furniture be rich in artistic individuality, will find sincere pleasure in these two beautiful English pieces created by Valentine-Seaver. ¶ The English Chair has a tufted back. The deep cushion is pillowed with buoyant down. Legs are of choice mahogany. A charming piece when covered in rich damask material. ¶ The smart English Tuxedo Sofa is most distinctive. Both cushions and back are down-filled. Legs are of solid mahogany. Its beauty is made doubly effective by the soft, silky sheen of a colorful damask covering. ¶ To enjoy this quality furniture does not call for an extravagant outlay. Furthermore, no furniture is quite so economical when its many years of satisfying service are considered. ¶ The better dealers in most localities feature Valentine-Seaver furniture. The name of a dealer near you will be sent gladly upon request.



VALENTINE, SEEVER

Division of Kroehler Mfg. Co., World's Largest Manufacturers of Upholstered Living Room Furniture, 4127 George Street, Chicago

IS THERE A REVOLUTION IN THE FASHION WORLD?

(Continued from page 200)

the new kind of chic, which includes what many women have accepted as their motto: "Always be underdressed rather than always overgowned."

Black taffeta frocks are numerous. Some are plain, others patterned.

Particularly successful is a white faille evening dress with all-over designs of black ferns, as well as No. 46, of silver-gray leaves on a brown foundation. This last is a particular favorite of Captain Molyneux himself.

Most taffeta gowns, both for afternoon and evening wear, are very much bunched; slimming bunches, however, the fullness in most instances being placed both to the front and side, producing novel sash-like effects, cut all in one with the skirt part.

Molyneux's coats and capes are all of them very youthful in line. This is rare in a cape, which, even if magnificent in itself, rarely accentuates any woman's slim silhouette. Molyneux's capes, however, are in most instances merely narrow slips of fabrics on which tiers of flounces cascade all the way down. When held in firmly in front, low down, it reduces the lower part of the silhouette, and, in contrast to the width of the shoulders, gives much slimmness to the lower part of the figure. In most cases this is considered a becoming line.

No. 169, a black crêpe de Chine cape, exemplifies this style, as does another in black and white printed mousseline de soie.

Beautiful is No. 168, a narrow gold brocade cape with a sashlike drapery on one shoulder, not an addition, the golden bow being cut all in one with the cape.

Undoubtedly the most effective evening gown of the entire collection is No. 151 in black tulle. As a matter of fact, most outstanding models in almost all this season's collections are black. Though slim from the knees upward, this net gown flares out prodigiously, more so than any other evening gown Molyneux shows this spring.

There are, of course, any number of day dresses shown, both for morning and afternoon wear, though very few specially for sports purposes.

Skirts are reasonably short; their length, the one his clients seem used to and which is universally accepted by all, is neither one inch too short nor too long.

Molyneux is faithful to jersey and kasha (in all their denominations), as well as to crêpes, both printed and plain. Some skirts are plaited, others are cut quite simply. Most of them are combined with short box coats, or long narrow wraps featuring short elbow capes. Many coats have long, hanging floats in plaits, or other length-giving devices, for let it be well emphasized, and I'm repeating Molyneux's own emphatic assertion, "I have a mania for slimmness—nothing and no one not ethereally slender appeals to me at all. All women should undergo slenderizing treatments. They should not expect to interest any modern dress designer unless they have done so."

THE American stylist wants details of the Lelong collection. "You mentioned, 'Beauty stripped of unessentials,'" she says.

So I did, and found this season's collection to be even more divested of unessentials than any hitherto shown.

Lelong, when I called at his *Maison de Couture* said to me, "Please notice what, for want of a better name, I call my 'serene fashions', the floating silhouette being one of this new mood's expressions."

I was also much impressed by his telling me that few smart women, nowadays, were content with merely longing for physical beauty since intelligence had become a rival to looks.

"Beauty, indifferently dressed," Lelong adds, "is quite insufficient, good looks being nowadays merely measured by the degree of self-expression in clothes. The more intelligent a woman, the better her means of self-expression."

Lelong's refined taste, in matters sartorial, is by now sufficiently known to all, there being no need of my emphasizing it. It's a well established fact.

There is nothing very special to say about the Lelong waist-line, neither of his skirt-line, neck-line, or any other line. Each model is a law unto itself.

Of Lelong's new styles the following might be said: Their cut is subtle. They are slender and are becoming. These are three qualities amply sufficient to satisfy most women.

Mat surfaced textures, devoid of shine
(Continued on page 204)

A Neckchain of Diamonds and Emeralds

Representative of the originations in
Fine Jewelry created in our own studios

SPAULDING & COMPANY

Michigan Avenue CHICAGO
23 Rue de la Paix PARIS



Mrs. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte in a softly becoming ensemble.

UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

Let's peek behind the curtain . . .

Faust, at the Metropolitan Opera. Swords clash in the duel scene, a soldier sinks to the ground . . . curtain! Valentine, so recently fallen, gets up, dusts himself off, hurries out to telephone. Nearby, Mephistopheles, his villainies temporarily complete, sips a glass of water. Still further back-stage, in sound-proof rooms, other singers limber up their voices for the act to come. In each room there is a piano. Each piano is a Knabe. Why a Knabe? Let the Director of the Metropolitan, Mr. Gatti-Casazza, answer that question . . . "We engage the finest tenor in the world, the most famous soprano, the most brilliant orchestra leader. And we are just as critical in the matter of selecting a piano as in picking our singers . . . So we chose the Knabe."



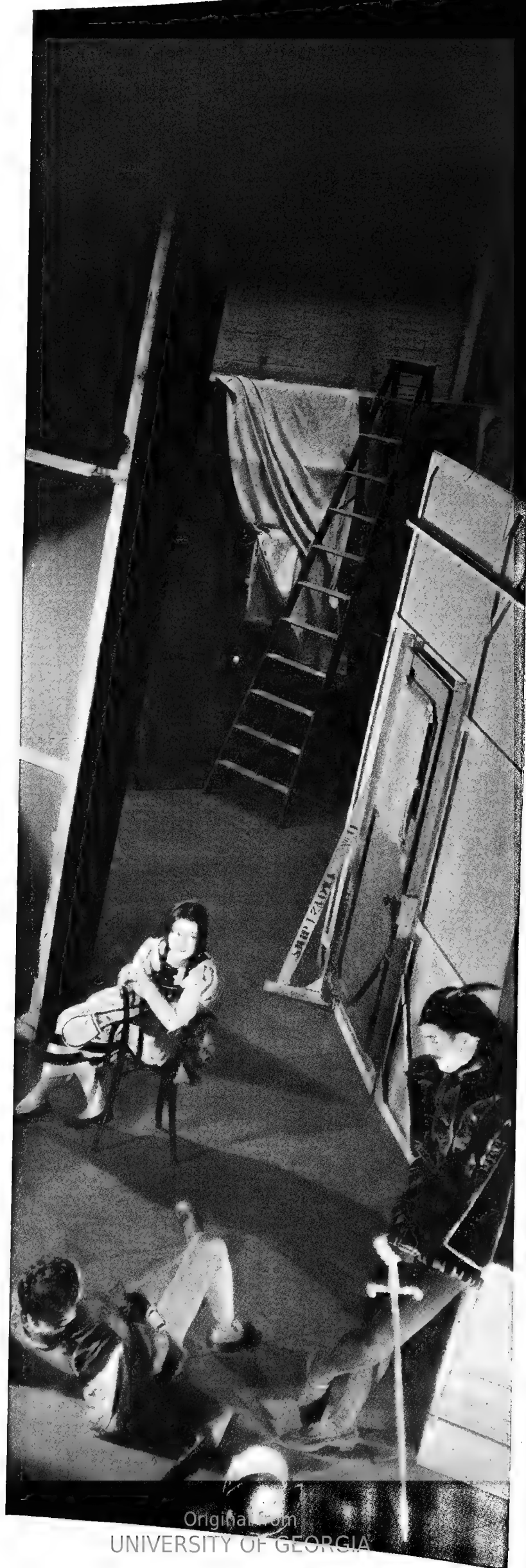
Only the piano can eloquently portray the deepest emotions of the opera, the highest glories of the symphony, the simple beauties of folk melody. The Knabe brings to your home the same magnificent tone which won the approval of the Metropolitan Opera Company . . . as well as thousands of society people, musicians and every day folks. See the handsome new period models at your local dealer . . . or write for catalogue to Wm. Knabe & Son, Baltimore, Md. . . . \$875 up.

KNABE

Official Piano of the Metropolitan Opera Company

With the Ampico in the Knabe, you can hear the lovely melodies of Faust played whenever you wish, and by the world's great pianists. After Faust, perhaps you'd like a bit of jazz. Victor Arden and Adam Carroll will set your feet tingling with their fox trot duets; you'll understand why seats are always scarce for any show they appear in. And then, to smooth away the day's worries, perhaps Rachmaninoff's C Sharp Prelude played by the composer himself: or the Rigo-

letto Paraphrase or Foster's Plantation Songs (a great favorite with the youngsters), or any of 2500 different selections by such great artists as Lhévinne, Brailowsky, Samaroff, Lopez, Youmans, or a hundred others. Every crescendo or diminuendo, every bit of shading, or expression is preserved with fidelity. Only the Ampico does this; no other instrument may use the patented devices which reproduce exactly the artist's playing upon the piano. \$2495.



the FLAVOR-SEALED way. Baked Ham in 30 minutes

Flavor-Sealed cooking—an exclusive Hormel process—saves you hours of kitchen time, labor, fuel and inconvenience in the preparation of baked ham. For the half size Flavor-Sealed Ham, ready cooked this new way, needs only 30 minutes in a hot oven—just long enough to heat through and brown.

By the Flavor-Sealed process, a selected mildly cured ham is vacuum sealed in its individual container—then vacuum cooked. All those natural ham flavors and savory juices formerly lost in cooking water and vapor are thus wholly saved!

Indispensable among the emergency-shelf goods of the household. Keeps indefinitely, always ready to serve cold. No bone, no skin, no waste. At leading stores—or write, giving name of your dealer.

Geo. A. Hormel & Company
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WHOLE HAM
6 to 10 lbs.
BAKES IN
60
MINUTES

HALF SIZE
3 to 5 lbs.
BAKES IN
30
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HORMEL
Flavor-Sealed
HAM
THOROUGHLY COOKED
READY TO SERVE

ALL ITS FLAVORS SEALED IN

IS THERE A REVOLUTION IN THE FASHION WORLD?

(Continued from page 202)

and gloss, such as mousseline de soie, every kind of crêpe and marocain, are made much use of for day clothes, much net and fine lace being reserved for evening wear.

Large, very bold flower patterns look particularly well on Lelong's chiffon gowns; smaller designs being considered more suitable for crêpe de Chine.

New for evening wraps is a luminous Lunasol satin. It has imperceptible metal threads woven into the fabric.

Colorings used by Lelong for this season's models should be called restrained, his blues being grayish, his greens neutral, and his reds muted.

Sports clothes, as usual, are shown in sets of threes. Tweeds, jerseys, and knitted fabrics, plain or patterned, combined into costumes and excellent in style and color.

Very charming is a series of pyjamas and beach suits, many of them in all white combined with dressing gowns of Shantung or patterned taffetas.

Both afternoon and evening dresses feature the popular droop in the back, while all of them mould the hip-line very closely, the fulness starting from much lower down.

Evening skirts are, of course, much longer in the back than those designed for afternoon wear. The most effective models shown are of superimposed layers of net, some in dull black, others in pastel shades—sea-green being evidently prime favorite.

Plaited fan-shaped floats flare a good deal, while some very long back panels give one the impression of a peacock's tail spread out.

Elaborate evening ensembles are shown at Lelong's in greater number than in almost any other house in Paris, *grandes toilettes*, with sumptuous wraps, and trimmed with valuable looking fur.

THE foreign stylist tells me she is listening attentively. "Please go on!" she says, and suggests my giving her the remainder of my impressions on the collections.

"Did you visit Poiret's?" she wants to know.

"I always do. I make it a point. Even though he never shows what are considered new styles, his creations are always worth while. They express admirably the period we live in. Not all women care for *La Mode en serie*. Some crave to be shown individual styles, suited to per-

sonality. It's quite amusing to think, though, that while only what is exotic is expected of Poiret, this season he shows mostly wearable clothes."

The stylist says, "He must have made a vow to use nothing but quiet looking materials."

"Most likely," I reply. "Yet in spite of subdued fabrics, what about his clever cut, his ingenuity, his inventive talent? All of it impossible to suppress."

Expressions of the unmistakable "Poiret spirit" are to be found in even his wearable clothes. In spite of the long sheath-like evening dresses Poiret shows, many wide looking models still appear to be this designer's prime favorites. There are endless variations of the princess frock, with the skirt cut on circular lines.

As to Poiret's day and evening coats they might be termed "sartorial problems—happily solved," problems which comprise such intricacies as scarfs developed into capes, terminated by sleeves. Or again, intelligently conceived seams resulting, when such seam is diagonally placed across the back, in a sleeveless cape to one side and a sleeved garment on the other. Most of these ingenious creations are carried out in futuristic patterned woolen textures or velvets.

Some of the new color combinations observed at Poiret's are: Beige and red, with black. Gray, turquoise and jade-green. Cerise, nasturtium and brown. Lilac, lavender, blue and yellow.

Unusual models that I took particular note of are: A pink tweed suit shown by a mannequin wearing a pink straw bonnet. A dark suit, with suspenders cut in one with the skirt, trailing jade-green velvet, embroidered with rhinestones. This model had brown, black and diamond bows at shoulder and waist.

Graziella—a green chiffon garden party frock, with a long transparent skirt and a tight-fitting white organdie bodice embroidered in black. This is worn below a short green *gauffré* taffeta coatee.

The 1880 inspiration noticeable at Poiret's is exemplified by frills rising toward the back of many skirts, especially in a model called *Pintade*, of black faille, the material covered by myriads of bright silver dots.

Bustle effects, produced by the many rising flounces, gives such models an effect of being shorter in the back than in front.

La dame blanche—a very long and nar-

(Concluded on page 208)



Lord and Taylor show this pyjama in light and dark gray moire. Designed by Mary Noyakky for the Celanese Corporation.

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MRS. FREDERIC CAMERON CHURCH JR.

formerly Miss Muriel Vanderbilt

Has these "exceedingly comfortable"
beds in her Newport Home ~ ~



THIS CHARMING GUEST ROOM HAS original panelling that dates back to Revolutionary times when Lord Dudley occupied the house. Mrs. Church collected the old maple pieces, and hooked rugs, and her Simmons spool beds in maple-finish "harmonize perfectly." Spool Bed No. 1850 in maple, walnut, green-and-ivory, and gray-blue finishes.

IN DUDLEY PLACE, her delightful Newport home dating back to Revolutionary times, Mrs. Frederic Cameron Church Jr., has preserved the historic atmosphere of the old house. And yet, with rare taste, she has mingled brilliant modern colorings with her fine early American pieces. For her guest room she chose these quaint, maple-finished spool beds from Simmons, which "harmonize perfectly" and yet are "exceedingly comfortable."

Of course, Mrs. Church wanted the finest appointments for her beds so she chose Simmons Beautyrest Mattresses and Ace Box Springs as offering the utmost in comfort and resiliency.

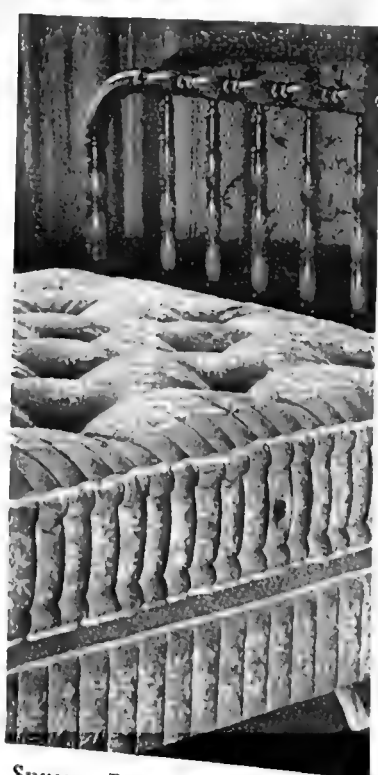
Mrs. Church, who is a proud owner, says, "I'm enthusiastic about the Simmons Mattresses and Springs. I was glad to find them covered in damask in such interesting patterns and colors to go with the color scheme of the room."

This marvelous bedroom equipment by the world's largest makers of finest beds, springs and mattresses.

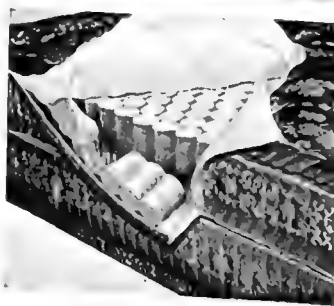
In furniture and department stores, Simmons Beautyrest Mattress, \$39.50; Simmons Ace Box Spring \$42.50; Simmons Ace Open Coil Spring \$19.75. Simmons Beds \$10.00 to \$60.00, No. 1850, \$37.50. Rocky Mountain Region and West, slightly higher. Look for the name "Simmons." The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.



MRS. FREDERIC CAMERON CHURCH JR., formerly Miss Muriel Vanderbilt, is a spirited leader of the younger set at Newport. She gives many unusual parties during the season, and the charm and originality that make her so popular in her set are delightfully present in her home.



SIMMONS BEAUTYREST MATTRESS AND ACE BOX SPRING made by the world's largest manufacturer of beds, springs, and mattresses. Damask covers in six pastel shades, two patterns. The Ace Box Spring, resilient and long wearing, has stitched sides and taped edges to match the Beautyrest.



DETAIL OF INNER CONSTRUCTION of the Beautyrest Mattress, unique for comfort and long wear. Individually pocketed coils, wonderfully resilient, insure firm, uncrushable sides. Thick felt overlay and rich damask cover.



SIMMONS ACE OPEN COIL SPRING unboxed, light weight—sturdily constructed, low in price. Coils are close together to afford marvelous resiliency. Banded border protects sheets. Slip covers additional.

SIMMONS

BEDS · SPRINGS · MATTRESSES
BUILT FOR SLEEP

Chief officer

Harry Manning,
Chief Officer, who as a result of
his heroism was appointed
Acting Captain, "S. S. America"

Note: Authorities attribute the enormous increase in Cigarette smoking to the improvement in the process of Cigarette manufacture by the application of heat. It is true that during the year 1928, Lucky Strike Cigarettes showed a greater increase than all other Cigarettes combined. This confirms in no uncertain terms the public's confidence in the superiority of Lucky Strike.

"It's toasted"
No Throat Irritation - No Cough.

Harry Manning says:

"Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet."

"WHEN I climbed aboard the 'America' after those cold, strenuous hours getting the men off the freighter 'Florida,' there was nothing I wanted so much as a Lucky—'By George,' it tasted wonderful! A Lucky is always refreshing. My tense nerves relaxed, my aching throat was soothed and the whole thrilling adventure just seemed a part of the day's work. As time goes by, and I look back to that memorable night, I'll always remember the wonderful taste of that welcome Lucky. As I went around to visit the men we'd rescued, I found many of them enjoying Luckies, too. We really couldn't wait to get back to our ship and 'Luckies.' As an actual fact in returning to the 'America' I noticed one of our men* rowing with one hand and lighting a 'Lucky' with the other. There's no flavor to equal toasted tobaccos, and I always prefer Lucky Strikes. There's wisdom in the saying: 'Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet.' It helps a man to keep physically fit and we who follow the sea must always be prepared for any emergency."

*The man mentioned by Chief Officer Manning was Boatswain's Mate Aloys A. Wilson.

H Manning

Harry Manning,
Chief Officer, who as a result
of his heroism was appointed
Acting Captain, "S. S. America"

© 1929, The American Tobacco Co.,
Manufacturers



She still looked exquisite ~
but...!



You never know
when a temporary
deodorant will
cease to protect
you . . .

NEVER had she taken more pains with her toilette—the evening promised many things.

But before it was half over Jack's interest in her seemed to wane. Other people's, too! What was the reason?

The truth is that there is never any way of telling when a temporary deodorant may go back on you. Unless you have used Odorono, which a physician developed to check perspiration, you can never be sure of not being guilty of offending by unpleasant perspiration odor.

Why Odorono gives you continuous protection

Used regularly, Odorono keeps the underarm always dry and fresh by checking perspiration in a safe way.

Medical science has found

Odorono Regular Strength (ruby colored) keeps the underarm dry and smooth with two applications a week, used the last thing at night. Pat on freely after bathing. Do not rub in. Allow plenty of time to dry thoroughly before putting on night garments.

Odorono No. 3 Mild (colorless), for especially sensitive skins and for hurried use. Use daily or every other day, night or morning. Pat on freely after skin is bathed. Allow plenty of time to dry completely before any clothing touches the skin.



that perspiration is 99% water. Its chief function is to regulate body temperature. It does not rid the body of poison. *Checking perspiration in small areas has no effect on health.* Doctors recommend it where perspiration is annoying.

A physician's prescription

A physician made Odorono 19 years ago for his own use. That is why you always feel safe in using Odorono.

The regular use of Odorono gives you absolute protection from the possibility of unpleasant odor and damp sticky discomfort. No longer need you worry about ruining your frocks with perspiration odor or ugly spreading stains.

At toilet goods counters everywhere. Odorono Regular Strength, Odorono No. 3 Mild for sensitive skins 35¢ and 60¢, and the delightful Creme Odorono in tubes 25¢.

Send 10¢ and the coupon below for the Odorono sample kit.

NEW 10¢ OFFER: Mail coupon and 10¢ for the complete underarm toilette; samples of Odorono Regular Strength, Odorono No. 3 Mild and Creme Odorono. In Canada address P. O. Box 2054, Montreal.
Dept. L4, The Odorono Company, Inc.,
114 W. 17th Street, New York, N. Y.

IS THERE A REVOLUTION IN THE FASHION WORLD?

(Concluded from page 204)

row vanilla satin *robe du soir* has two long panels tying on the hips very tightly, with ends left hanging low down at the back and trailing.

Phedre—a gown very similar in style, but carried out in black faille, heavily spotted in gold, the hip-line appearing to be even narrower than in *La dame blanche*. Gold fringes edge this model's skirt and draperies.

The mannequin wearing *Phedre* has her hair brushed back from the forehead, gilt all over, with a chignon of golden curls in the nape of the neck.

THE Maison Chantal is known for its varied and colorful collections. A very distinguished woman herself, Madame Chantal in her models expresses herself admirably, the feature of all her collections being distinction and an admirable sense of color.

Invisible to most of her clients she has an accessible substitute in lovely Madame Boyrvin. Always helpful, this charming woman explains to all visitors what she believes needs explanation.

For day wear Madame Boyrvin will show you youthful looking suits and dresses, stressing the well-known ethereal Chantal silhouette, worn by a bevy of pretty mannequins known as Miss Slim, Miss Slight, and the Misses Slender.

Day gowns in this house are short and very narrow, devoid of any irregularity of hem-line, all of them "well mannered skirts."

Madame Boyrvin will further show you heathery tweed mixtures, many of them combined with tweedy kasha, jersey kasha, as well as with Djersakashaplume, all of them the newest most popular French fabrics.

She will also produce for your inspection a number of trim looking, very feminine *trotteurs*, most of them in checked or small striped materials. The coatees, worn with such suits, in most cases, are sufficiently abbreviated to be mistaken for boleros.

Many coats are collarless, presented to the public with scarfs which, on drab-looking jerseys, are the only note of color. Such scarfs being used to look like collars, belts or ties.

Madame Chantal combines many of her models with blouses of Shetland wool, which she incrusts with bands of heavy tweed, this being a specialty this house has been famous for ever since Madame Chantal showed her first collection.

The real thrill of this exquisite collection, however, comes with the series of colorful afternoon and evening gowns, Madame Chantal, as I've said before, being primarily a colorist. She shows a model called *The Three Mandarins*, composed of three separate coats in Shantung—one blue, one gray and one emerald green, to be worn one above the other, all three together over a long black chiffon gown.

Another, *The Blue Girl*, a very original creation, is plaited from neck to hem in six different shades of blue cornflower, sapphire, turquoise, and forget-me-not blue, combined with royal and navy blue used at the back of the gown!

The Black Lily is one of Madame Chantal's most successful ensembles. On a white foundation a loose transparent wrap of chiffon with designs of white lilies on black, and combined with Madonna blue, looks very wonderful. The coat worn above it in black marocain is

slit into panels and lined with blue.

Exquisite is a series of mousseline de soie evening gowns. They deserve to be called "Poems," even if only poems in chiffon. They consist of color harmonies, long and flowing panels of uneven lengths, and draperies of classic proportions. Skirts are different in shade from the coloring used for the bodice.

One dream of loveliness is named *Chlor*. It features lacquer red and Chantal pink, combined with a deep tone of violet.

"Another beautiful model, called *Bakili*, is a gown blending shades of chartreuse with lemon yellow and lavender gray, while *La biche blanche*, in purest white mousseline de soie, has long trailing panels assembled into a skirt, with a short circular cape held in place by great diamond squares. This is about all there is to be seen of the bodice.

"With *biche blanche*, Madame Chantal desires a large black chiffon fan to be carried, of chiffon flounces, almost large enough to render the services of a scarf."

"SEEMS to me I've told you enough." "No—not entirely, for you've so far said nothing of Suzanne Talbot."

"A most stimulating personality. A vital factor where fashions are concerned."

"I shall not let you go until you've told me of her collection. Tell me of her most striking feature."

"Long elbow gloves in colored suede, or of gold to match the gown, or to form a contrast. Often a daring touch of color."

"To exemplify this new mode, let me describe *Ramona*: A yellow crêpe de Chine gown with frilled 1880 flounces rising to the back of the skirt. This evening frock is décolletée, but is shown with a smart yellow hat and long moss green suede elbow gloves, of the kind known as *gants mousquetaire*."

"This is an interesting novelty to write about. Gloves for the evening, having for years been totally discarded by the younger generation, at least. Sounds delightful, what else?"

"Novel points observed at Suzanne Talbot:

"Many skirts are draped toward the center of the back. Some are longer in front. All plaited skirts show straight plaiting with new styles in plaits. No skirt is cut on the bias. Nothing flares throughout the collection."

"There are a number of petal frocks. Some are composed of half a dozen large flower-like petals, others of narrow tabs, simulating bird's feathers. Most afternoon skirts are cut on the slant, an expression of the irregular hem-line."

"And what about the waist-line?"

"It's in most cases normal. At times, unnormally low, but never abnormally raised. One very special bodice is made of a fringed Tartan shawl wrapped around the figure. Another has a large sailor collar covering half the back."

"Most summer frocks are sleeveless, even those in Shantung, crêpe de Chine, or toile de soie *pour le sport*."

"Rubberized fabrics combine practical garments with decorative results. A short rubberized cape, with a shepherd's check surface has a hood to protect the hat from rain. Monk's hoods are effectively treated on short box coats. Hats are shown to harmonize with low-necked dinner dresses."

"Charming, with a white satin gown, are a pair of long black lace gloves, tied above the elbow by tasseled gold cords."

OPIATE

PUT your lips like poppies on my eyes
To soothe away my fear:

Let me forget all pain, all ugliness,
While you are near.

Shut from my sight harsh truth—let all things be
What you would have them seem;
Then fold me in the chrysalis of your love,
And let me dream . . .

Theda Kenyon

acceptable

Not until the last vestige of dandruff is gone, can you be considered a fastidious person acceptable socially



Women like it

A great shampoo, they find. Men of course say nothing equals it in the shaving cream field.

LISTERINE
SHAVING CREAM

Keeping hair free from Dandruff

THIS matter of keeping hair free from dandruff is neither the complicated nor expensive one that most women consider it. Usually the trick can be done by regular shampooing and the systematic use of Listerine, the safe and soothing antiseptic.

At the first sign of dandruff, you simply douse Listerine on the scalp full strength, and with the fingers, massage the scalp vigorously forward and backward, then up and down. Keep it up systematically.

In a surprisingly short time you will be delighted with results. We have hundreds of unsolicited letters testifying to the success of Listerine in checking dandruff.

You can understand Listerine's success when you realize that dandruff is a germ disease, and that full strength Listerine, while safe in action and healing in

effect, possesses at the same time, great germicidal power.

Even such stubborn germs as the B. Typhosus (typhoid) and M. Aureus (pus) are destroyed by it in 15 seconds—200,000,000 of them in each test. A strong statement this—and we could not make it unless we were prepared to prove it to the satisfaction of both the U. S. Government and the medical profession.

Remember that dandruff yields to antiseptic treatment and massage, and use Listerine regularly. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE

The Safe and Soothing Antiseptic

kills 200,000,000 germs in 15 seconds



A Logical Place for Your Checking Account

IN the heart of things in the Fifth Avenue section, this Office is a logical place for your checking account. It provides the desirable combination of convenient location with distinctive service and complete facilities in banking, trusts and investments.

We invite your inquiries by mail, telephone or personal call.

Fifth Avenue Office

**GUARANTY
TRUST COMPANY
OF NEW YORK**

**FIFTH
AVENUE
& 44th
STREET**

COMPLETE SAFE DEPOSIT AND
SILVER STORAGE FACILITIES
are available in this building



The well dressed parlormaid looks smart in a dress of crisp black taffeta with apron, collar and cuffs of écreu net and lace. From Joseph.

*The well-ordered Ménage
Has its Smartly
Dressed Servants*

IS YOUR MAID CHIC?

By FRANCES ALEXANDER WELLMAN

A WOMAN'S smartness should be reflected in her servants. The well-dressed woman's maid must be as smart as her mistress. In these days, when the cry for personal independence is ringing wide—and occasionally too clear—it is sometimes hard to convince a maid that a delightful dress in gray, soft blue, or dull red, with pretty cuffs, cap and apron, will add immensely to her appearance. Try telling her that for a fancy-dress party a woman can find no more flattering costume.

The ideal personal maid watches over her mistress, nurses her, tells her the truth, and assists her to the achievement of true elegance through meticulous attention to detail. Occasionally the smart maid makes the smart woman. The secret of the chic of a certain internationally known woman is her maid. This woman is rich, but she was far from *distinguée* before the advent of her expert servant.

It is a great advantage for a woman to have her maid tell her the truth. I once had a delightful maid who said to me, "Madame dresses so well and so quickly, but I wonder if Madame would not look a little better if she dressed more slowly?" Is not tact a gorgeous thing! It is far wiser to have your maid tell you what your friends think about you, even though it is not complimentary, particularly if it is a fault that can be corrected.

It would be quite impossible to enumerate the endless list of servants' faults. But it may be worth while to mention a few, as a means of avoiding them. A neat appearance is almost the first requisite in a personal maid. One who is herself careless and untidy is hardly the logical person to be entrusted with a woman's beautiful possessions.

We are so dependent nowadays upon the telephone for our contacts with the world that a maid who lacks a certain resourcefulness over the telephone can cause endless annoyance. Indeed, some of the servants one encounters over the wire are not even intelligible.

An essential quality in a good servant is a keen interest in her employer. The enforced intimacy of a woman with her maid requires that she should be chosen

with the same care one exercises in the selection of one's friends, and she should be accorded the same considerate treatment. It is my feeling that more honor should be attached to the position of a lady's maid. It can be a fascinating job if well done, and the right personality can make of life a rather gay affair for all concerned.

We have chosen for our information on clothes, two of the leading specialists on this subject in New York. First there is Joseph who makes costumes to harmonize with the interior decorations of your home, or, if you prefer, submits suggestions on your favorite color scheme. Joseph says that the personal maid's dress is usually loose fitting, held in place by a belt. For your parlormaid, you should choose for formal wear, a fitted frock, since an apron stays in place better on this type of dress.

Classic black and white is still wonderfully good, and will always be attractive. Nevertheless, a wide range of choice is permissible both in material and color. Next to black, the most conservative choice is gray.

Just a few words about fabrics. Mohair is an excellent material because it does not rustle, is possible for any hour of the day, and comes in a great variety of lovely shades; powder blue, olive green, wisteria and tan. Inexpensive and perfectly correct for morning wear is English broadcloth. This also comes in delightful colors and washes beautifully. For formal occasions a novelty that bids fair to become permanent is crêpe de Chine. This may be had in every conceivable shade. There is also satin, which is, however, a little less chic. And, of course, for formal wear taffeta continues its unabated success. For those who like its crispness, nothing can take its place. Sateen, a practical fabric, comes in black and gray.

The personal maid's apron should be small and dainty, and she should not wear a cap. A happy suggestion of Joseph's is a collar, cuffs and apron of écreu net, the last set on black velvet ribbon. These sets are delightful combined either with black or colors. With a

(Concluded on page 212)



*Who's
Afraid
of
MARCH
Winds
?*



The New Exquisite
Bonney Beauty Balm
Package

NOT those who use Bonney Beauty Balm. Hands and cheeks protected by this appealingly fragrant and quickly absorbed lotion simply do not chafe! It replaces the natural oils of the skin thinned and absorbed by the raw winds of March.

A canter on the bridge path or any of the exhilarating outdoor allurements of spring will be the more enjoyed if Bonney Beauty Balm is used. It will give you the peace of mind of knowing that your hands will not lose their lovely softness, no matter how much you defy the weather.

Let your children enjoy spring, too. Bonney Beauty Balm, one of Esther Bonney's toiletries, was created for the entire family.

At all leading toilet counters, drug stores, beauty shops or direct, 60c.

Esther Bonney
Beauty Balm

Other

Bonney Toiletries

Bonney Face Powder—Clings hours longer. Velvety soft with alluring fragrance. Comes in seventeen shades. Price, \$1.00

Bonney Cleansing Cream—Sinks deeper into the pores. Removes those particles of rouge, powder, dust that ordinary creams do not reach. Ideal for sensitive skins. Price, \$1.00, \$3.50, \$6.00

Bonney Skin and Wrinkle Cream—For tired skins. Nourishing and invigorating. Overcomes wrinkles, crow's feet, and the fine lines that mar and detract. Price, \$1.00, \$3.50, \$6.00

Bonney Rouge—Lovely in the effect it gives... and lasting. Vivid and alluring. There are three shades. Price, 60c

Bonney, Incorporated
500 So. Throop St., Chicago, Ill.

Simple now to RID ARMS AND LEGS OF HAIR

WITHOUT
BRISTLY RE-GROWTH

*There is true feminine al-
lure in satin-smooth arms
— hair-free as a child's*

*Even by running one's hand
across the skin, absolutely no
stubble can be felt this new way*



An Utterly New Discovery That Not Only Removes Hair Instantly But Delays Its Reappearance Remarkably

A new way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair, but delays its reappearance remarkably.

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt.

And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

What it is

It is an exquisite toilet creme resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of

Where to obtain

It is called NEET—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors. In both \$1 and 60c sizes. The \$1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size.

Neet Cream
Hair Remover

maison violette

gowns-wraps-coats-suits-furs

six - sixty - five

fifth avenue

new york

sponsors a new
assemblage of
French concep-
tions of authori-
tative modes for
spring and sum-
mer, chosen
abroad for indi-
vidual interpre-
tation.

IS YOUR MAID CHIC?

(Concluded from page 210)

gray silk dress there is a taffeta apron of two tones of gray blending with the frock. Dull green dresses are also shown with harmonizing aprons. Lingerie sets that are easy to wash are best for morning wear. Collar, cuffs and apron should always match.

I merely touch upon the clothes of the housemaid who may in some rare cases act in the capacity of personal maid. She should wear a wash dress in the morning. This may be of fine chambray, which is obtainable in many pretty shades, with a large apron of linen or cotton of practical proportions. Joseph has attractive sets of this sort finished with a scalloped border.

From Oliver A. Olson, another very successful house for maid's furnishings, comes the information that much color is now being used in uniforms. And this house heartily endorses taffeta for its crisp, chic effect. Olson offers suggestions for color combinations which are truly enchanting, particularly for spring and summer. One of their most charming, conservative color schemes is a soft brown with cream or peach colored organdie apron, collar and cuffs. And also many dainty lingerie aprons of different types trimmed with real lace.

For cold days in winter, Olson recommends dresses of English velveteen, which comes in such fascinating colors. A fabric that is by way of being a revived novelty is moire; excellent both for summer and winter. This material is especially suitable for the older servant. Chambray, linen and poplin are all good for practical wear. Servants to-day do not like to wear caps, but waitresses and parlormaid should quite properly do so.

This article deals only with a woman's

personal servants, not alone her maid, but her chauffeur or any man servant attached to her. The English people, so successful in achieving the utmost comfort out of life, have evolved a system rather startling to the American mind. Many English women travel with a man servant as well as a maid. Sometimes on hunting trips or long strenuous journeys, only a man servant goes along. For looking after hunting clothes, riding habits and boots, for doing heavy packing and difficult traveling, a man is far more useful than a woman. If necessary a man servant can be pressed into the duties of bath steward and substitute in various small ways for the absent maid.

A woman's chauffeur should at all times be perfectly turned out and immaculately groomed, and this grooming includes frequent trips to the barber. His mistress' gaze is apt to rest on the hair-line at the back of his neck, so this should be his special concern. A chauffeur's manners should be nothing less than Chesterfieldian, and he must know intuitively the addresses frequented by his employer.

In these horseless days, a footman seems rather an affectation. A few prominent women, however, still go in for them. When there is one, he should be dressed in the same uniform as the chauffeur, and should be approximately the same height. Europeans sometimes affect the custom of a small footman and large chauffeur, a combination which it seems to me has its grotesque aspect, suggesting father and son.

Amiability, civility and efficiency, with personal neatness thrown in for good measure, are the four qualities necessary for a perfect servant.

Drawings by
Marguerite Ohman



Joseph shows a gray crêpe de Chine frock for the personal maid, trimmed with smoked pearl buttons and set off with a half apron, collar and cuffs of white organdie. This waitress uniform from Oliver A. Olson is of soft brown washable taffeta, worn with a plain tailored apron, collar and cuffs of peach colored organdie, topped off with a frilled English cap of organdie.

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

The advertisement features a black and white photograph of a woman wearing a fur-trimmed coat and a hat. To her right is a large, stylized geometric design consisting of a series of rectangular blocks arranged in a diagonal line. The text "Pride of Possession" is written in a large, elegant script. Below it, the text reads: "WACHENHEIMER Real Stone Jewelry—This 'Geometrique' design showing the influence of the present day symmetry, is interestingly modern—a possession of which to be proud." At the bottom, it says "Wachenheimer Bros., Inc., Providence, R. I." and "Gown by Marie".

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In Paris: LINA CAVALIERI



Lina Cavalieri, the beautiful opera star, who now conducts a smart beauty salon in Paris.

Cavalieri's Salon de Beauté,
61, Avenue Victor Emmanuel III,
where famous beauties
consult her.

*celebrated beauty
specialist*

**advises washing for beauty
with this palm and
olive oil soap**

"In addition to my own beauty products, I always recommend the soap blended of palm and olive oils—Palmolive. It leaves the skin in a smooth, healthy condition."

Lina Cavalieri

61, AVENUE VICTOR EMMANUEL III, PARIS



LINA CAVALIERI has stepped off the operatic stage to share her beauty knowledge with the world's smartest women.

Ensnared in her sumptuous salon, on the Avenue Victor Emmanuel III, Lina Cavalieri tells her patrons of a simple home beauty treatment. "I find," she says, "that a soap blended of palm and olive oils, by cleansing the pores thoroughly, leaves the skin in a smooth, healthy condition."

Madame Cavalieri has made an extensive study of beauty methods both in Europe and America. "I am visited by some of the most famous beauties of two continents," she says. "In addition to my own beauty products, I always recommend them to use Palmolive Soap."

When dirt, dust, oil, powder and rouge get into the pores they are choked up. To these

poisonous secretions Madame Cavalieri attributes blackheads, pimples, enlarged pores, blemishes.

Palmolive lather, Madame Cavalieri feels, frees those hardening masses of dirt and make-up, leaves the complexion soft and glowing.

This opinion has long been held by beauty specialists of prominence throughout the United States. They, too, recommend this famous twice-a-day treatment which Cavalieri suggests to her discriminating clientele:

With both hands make a bland lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. For two minutes, massage this well into the skin. Then rinse, gradually cooling the water to icy temperature. For dry skin, a touch of cold cream. Oily skin is refreshed by an astringent lotion and day cream before make-up is applied.

Not only in America but in Vienna, Berlin, London, Rome—everywhere one finds the same approval and recommendation of this 2-minute beauty treatment. France has made Palmolive one of its two largest selling soaps . . . think of it, France, the beauty dictator of two hemispheres. And in forty-eight other countries, of all soaps it is the choice, just as it is here in the United States.



Retail Price 10c

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p.m., eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p.m., central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p.m., mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p.m., Pacific Coast time—over WEA and 37 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

YOUTH and color call in the Springtime



.... and as usual Martin & Martin are more than ready to meet their challenge.

Startling modes that sparkle with a brilliance of original design and color. Modes that are definitely advanced. That mark their wearers as tastefully seeking the unusual.

**MARTIN
and
MARTIN**

695 Fifth Ave., New York
326 So. Michigan Ave.
Chicago
Wm. Penn Hotel, Pittsburgh
(Opens May 1)

Exhibits in all Principal Cities
Illustrated Brochure on Request



Unusual Golf Hose, Sweaters with Golf Hose to Match, Sport Kerchiefs, Flannel Robes and other Distinctive Requisites.

Illustrated Brochure sent upon request

H. Sulka & Company

512 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

LONDON
27 OLD BOND STREET

PARIS
2 RUE DE CASTIGLIONE



These interesting Lalique containers were created especially for Coty's preparations.

THE COSMETIC URGE

By REBECCA STICKNEY

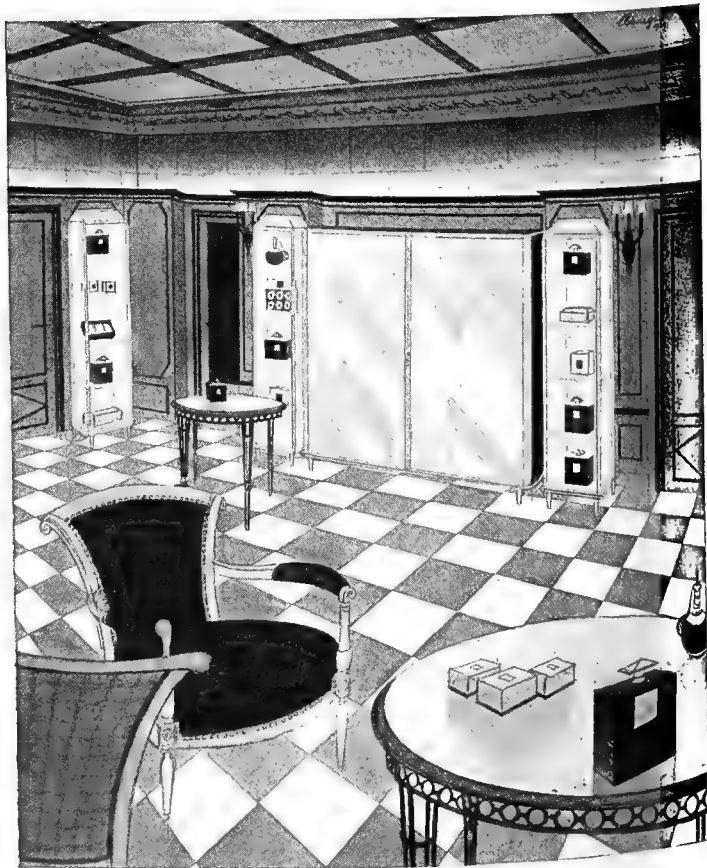
PERHAPS no perfume house has a wider prestige than Coty. They do an amazing business all over the globe, and their twenty-six odors are familiar bywords, the best known, perhaps, being L'Origon, Émeraude, Chypre, Paris, Styx and the newest delightful addition, L'Aimant. But such widespread popularity often has its drawbacks, and some discriminating people hesitate to use a perfume which is manufactured in such tremendous quantities that it permits the price to be low, thinking erroneously that the comparatively slight cost must mean that the ingredients are cheap. The quality of the essential oils are what matter, and Coty has always been very particular about their selection and purchase.

More and more, women are buying perfumes for the occasion, selecting the type of odor which best suits their mood of the moment. The list of Coty perfumes offers a satisfying diversified selection,

and when one's choices are made the same odors may be had also in a complete line of toilet accessories: toilet water, face powder, bath powder, sachet and soap. By using a scent in this uniform way, the full beauty of the particular odor is unspoiled by a blending of varied perfumed cosmetics. The new Lalique bottles and powder jars, made especially for certain Coty perfumes, are lovely things, and are luxurious additions to any dressing table.

Dorothy Gray has made a useful and attractive addition to her line, which will be welcomed by all her followers. It is an Eye Wash, a soothing bland preparation for cleansing the eyes of dust or any irritation and it comes in a generous ten ounce bottle, tied up with the familiar blue bow.

New York, glistening in the spring sunshine, as seen from Angela Varona's new salon at 660 Madison Avenue, is truly
(Concluded on page 216)



The interior of Lucien Lelong's cosmetic salon in the Avenue Matignon, Paris.

BEAUTIFUL YOUTHFUL FINGERTIPS-

*A Perfect Manicure
Without Scissors—
Stick or Acid*

TODAY—fastidious women use *this* way to keep their fingertips immaculately groomed and perfectly conditioned—The Alabastrine Way. This remarkable preparation has been specially made to soften the skin and nail cuticle. Because of the delightful results obtained, thousands of women have discarded the old method of using scissors—stick—and acid. ALABASTRINE soothes as it softens and does away with hangnails and rough fingertips. And it is so simple to use.



Make This Two-Finger Test Today

Take the second and third fingers on the left hand. Manicure one as you usually do, using scissors, stick or acid. Manicure the other The Alabastrine Way. Just dip a piece of wet linen in ALABASTRINE, using plenty of water to work up a milky emulsion. Then gently mold the cuticle with the linen. Compare the difference. This way eliminates harsh methods and so you avoid hangnails—irregular edges—swelling—thickening of the cuticle—damage to the enamel—roughened fingertips and brittle nails. Prove it for yourself. Get a jar at any leading department store—or send direct. Use the coupon below.

Women who have used ALABASTRINE have been so thrilled with its results that they have asked us to recommend other items of our beauty preparations. We are most enthusiastic about three of these and we feel sure you will find them to be essential beauty aids:

LADY TEASEL APRICOT TISSUE BUILDER:
A cream that really removes the tell-tale signs of advancing age—a scientifically-prepared skin food for the nourishment of tissues.

LADY TEASEL APRICOT LIQUID BLOOM:
A refreshing Astringent, pale rose in color, delicately fragrant—which brings the skin to a condition of glowing health and loveliness.

ODORCIDE: An absolutely safe personal deodorant which insures freshness and sweetness and helps to regulate excessive perspiration.

These Beauty Aids are on sale at all leading department stores. If you cannot obtain them easily, use the coupon below.

BEECHAM'S LABORATORY
OSCAWANA-ON-HUDSON, NEW YORK

Dear Madam:
Enclosed please find \$..... for the following:
Apricot Tissue Builder \$1.00 \$2.00 \$3.50 \$6.50
Apricot Liquid Bloom \$1.00 \$2.00 \$3.50 \$6.50
Alabastrine 75c
Odoricide 65c \$1.25 Check size wanted

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....



A COIFFURE favored by Smart American Women... created, of course, by PIERRE and attained by one of his Famous Transformations or His New Method of Waving a Pierre Permanent.

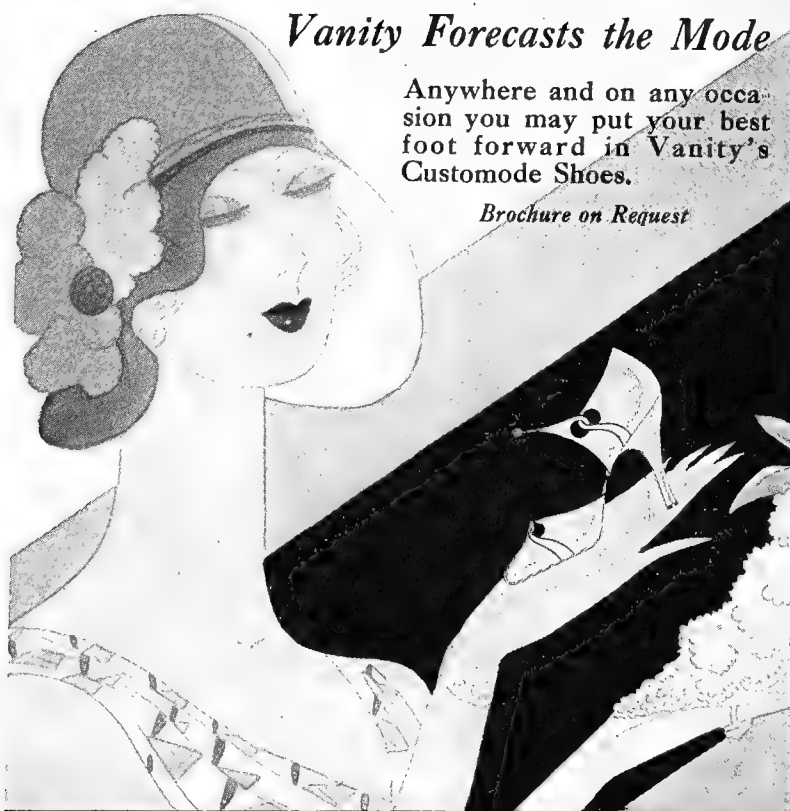


Pierre
39 W. 57th St.
NEW YORK
PLAZA 1362

Vanity Forecasts the Mode

Anywhere and on any occasion you may put your best foot forward in Vanity's Customode Shoes.

Brochure on Request



VANITY
BOOT SHOP INC.
Customode Shoes

11 WEST 50th STREET NEW YORK

FAT and FASHIONABLE? NO!

A GRACEFUL silhouette, youthful lines, verve, attraction—all depend on normal size as the first requisite. If you are overweight, it is a tragedy.

If you would reduce easily, pleasantly, permanently, the Delle Ross System is worthy of investigation. No exercise—no starvation diets—no drugs. It's safe because it's sane, and it's sure because it co-operates with Nature instead of trying to fight.

Your body is only food, air, and water. Delle Ross reduces your weight by showing you how to combine your foods. You tell her what you like best, and she tells you how to put your favorite foods into combinations that are well balanced, with an affinity for each other. That is the whole secret. Menus are generous and delicious, but combine in such a way that they reduce your weight steadily and healthfully.

Students have lost a surprising number of pounds without growing flabby, or looking haggard. One of the best things about the system is that you lose in the spots where you need to lose. And as the days pass, your skin texture improves. You feel "made over".

Delle Ross can give you permanent help, whether you want to reduce a large number of pounds, or merely overcome a tendency to put on too much weight. Your name will be held confidential if you ask for further information. Write a note or send in the coupon while you are thinking about it.

DELLE ROSS
Eddy Building, Bloomington, Ill.
I should like to see your literature. Please address:
Name.....
Street address.....
City and State.....
H. B. I.

Wilkinson Art Quilts Hand Made

An elegance of colors and fabrics from which to choose and particularly designed to meet the modern demand for luxury and utility. Lovely and unusual creations in Bedspreads, Quilts warmly filled with fine lamb's wool, Chaise-covers, smartly quilted Robes and Bed-jackets, pillows, etc. Separate pieces and harmonious ensembles. Made only to individual order. Prices reasonable—ranging from \$18.50 up. An interesting display in connection with work-rooms awaits your visit when motoring thru Ligonier.

America's original makers of fine quilts

PALM BEACH

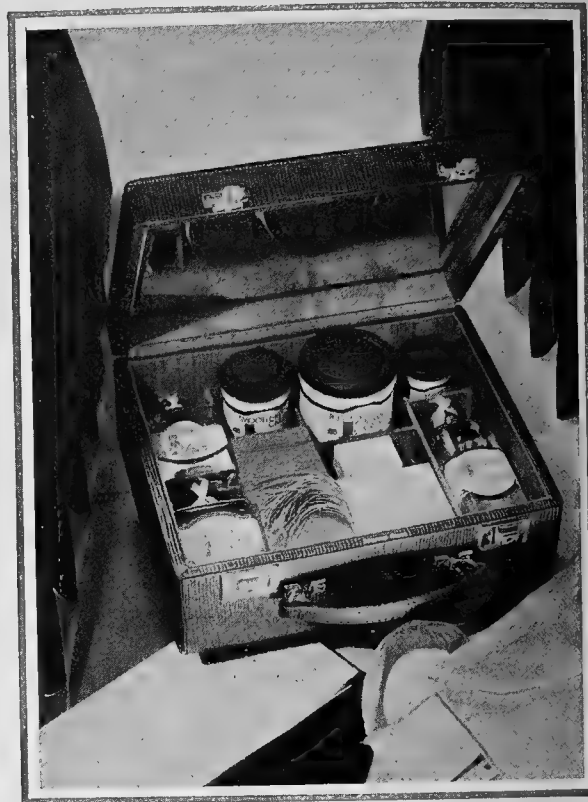
Season Shops at
FRENCH LICK

PASADENA

The model illustrated is an exquisite example of fine hand-stitchery smartly combining the comfort of American quilting with the decorative trapunto, or Italian quilting, and is both a sleeping cover and day-spread. Made of lustrous taffeta—Spread \$85.00; Pillow \$30.00.

Call the Wilkinson representative in your city for an early appointment or write direct to

WILKINSON SISTERS
Dept. H Ligonier, Indiana



This leather traveling case for cosmetics is compact and easy to carry. Primrose House.

THE COSMETIC URGE

(Concluded from page 214)

an inspiration. After a delightful facial, you may step out upon one of the terraces and take a relaxing sunbath, high above the noise of the streets. If you have a morning appointment, the east terrace is the place, looking out toward the tall buildings of Sutton Place and the sparkling East River; if an afternoon, there is the west terrace with a magnificent panorama of Central Park, wearing its new coat of fresh green. Miss Varona has just added two new products to her line: a Sun Tan Oil for the face and body, which permits an even, natural brown and prevents excessive burning and dryness to the skin; a Sunburn Lotion, an artificial tan coloring, which goes on very evenly and washes off with soap and water.

Primrose House, Three East Fifty-second Street, has launched a new preparation on the market, a Mild Astrigent. This item completes three primary treatments, 1, 2, or 3, which are the basic principles underlying the treatments of this house. First, you determine, according to the oily content of your skin, which number is best suited to your needs. This number varies, for as the graduate nurses in this salon tell you, "Often seasonal variations, climatic changes (when you

travel), fluctuations in your physical health, all these react upon the skin, increasing or decreasing the natural oiliness. The daily practice night and morning of one of these three primary treatments, is a fundamental necessity."

The Primary Treatment No. 1 is for a dry skin and consists of Rose Leaf Cleansing Cream, Developing-Nourishing Cream and Skin Freshener; Treatment No. 2, for the average skin, consists of Rose Leaf Cleansing Cream, Smooth Skin Cream and Mild Astrigent; Treatment No. 3, for an oily skin, consists of Rose Leaf Cleansing Cream, Face Molding Cream No. 3, and Balsam Astrigent. Then there are additional treatments for blemishes and exaggerated conditions of the skin.

Particularly good looking are the leather traveling cases, in black, blue, red or brown, which hold these bottles and jars safely. They are lined with waterproof Celanese moire in vivid contrasting shades, and the lid contains a large French bevelled mirror. There is a section with a hinged lid for extra cosmetics, and the whole case, when filled with your own favorite selections, is extraordinarily light and easy to maneuver.



The modernistic salon of Madame Bertie was designed by Paul Lescaze
Original from

UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

london paris
designers and
manufacturers
of creations in platinum
every piece original and unique

oriental
pearls

specializing
in
modernizing
antiquated
pieces

explanatory booklet
upon request

reference
indiana national bank

edward e. petri, inc.
guaranty building
indianapolis

fancy
cut
diamonds



Miss **ANNA M. COWLIN** of **NEW YORK**
Prize Winner 1928 Marlboro Contest for Distinguished Handwriting

*Marlboro Cigarette for those who
can afford 20¢ for the Best*

*Every Marlboro full, round and firm.
Famous wherever fashion gathers.
Favorites on Fifth Avenue.*

PHILIP MORRIS & CO., LTD., INC., 511 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

FOR MUSCULAR ACHES

**QUICK
RELIEF
COMFORT**



Rub in

Absorbine Jr.

WEATHER changes and sudden exposure bring aching muscles. Rub in Absorbine, Jr. at once. Almost instantly you will appreciate its soothing and comforting action. Stubborn attacks will respond to frequent applications of Absorbine, Jr. rubbed in vigorously. Absorbine, Jr. keeps the muscles in wonderful condition. It is pleasant to use—it is not greasy, and does not stain the skin. There are many other uses, for all the family. Read "Timely Suggestions."

AT ALL DRUGGISTS, \$1.25
Send for Free Trial Bottle

W. F. YOUNG, INC., Springfield, Mass.



ANDREW GELLER

Fifth Avenue
at Forty-Third

YORKE... One of the charming Andrew Geller creations to be found at the new Andrew Geller Fifth Avenue Shop... An interesting definition of the opera pump expressing originality by its unusual overlapping quarter.

Style Brochure on Request



MAKE YOUR WAVES STAY BEAUTIFUL!

Even Straight Hair Can Be Soft,
Wavy and Well-Groomed

With **VLOTOLINE (VLO-TO-LINE)**, the amazing new colorless liquid which makes waves stay and keeps hair well-groomed. Not affected by heat or dampness. Excellent for Finger Waving, Comb Waving, training Bobbed Hair, setting a permanent or re-waving a transformation. Absolutely harmless and greaseless, without odor. Use it at home with combs or curlers or take it to your hairdresser, if he does not carry it.

VLOTOLINE

(VLO-TO-LEEN) Reg. U.S. Pat. Off

OFFER!—Try Vlotoline once and you'll never be without it. Mail this coupon with \$1.00 and we will send you a trial bottle—enough for 3 or 4 months.

4 ounce bottle \$1.00, enough for 3 or 4 months.

FOR SALE IN NEW YORK
AND BROOKLYN AT

B. Altman & Co.
Bloomingdale Bros.
John Daniels Sons
Gimbel Bros., Inc.
Lord & Taylor
R. H. Macy & Co., Inc.
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NEWARK STORES
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Vlotoline Laboratories, Inc.
228 E. 45th St., Dept. 406, New York

AT LEADING
DEPARTMENT
STORES OR
BY MAIL.

Vlotoline Laboratories, Inc.
Dept. 406, 228 E. 45th St.,
New York

I enclose one dollar for which send me a bottle of Vlotoline—enough for three or four months.

Name.....
Address.....



CONFIDENTIAL—EVERY SOMMERS SHOE IS
DESIGNED TO MAKE THE FOOT LOOK SMALLER



KING TUT gone modern—that's what the trimming
on this enchanting slipper seems to represent.

In green and gold, beige and brown, and patent
trimmed with silver and gun metal.

SOMMERS INC.
27 WEST 50th STREET
NEW YORK

SPRINGTIME

"COLOR-
of-the-MONTH"
for APRIL

ONE of the newest
Artercraft shades
to harmonize with the
smart frocks on their
way North from
Palm Beach.

*The perfect combination
of exquisite beauty
and sensible
utility*

Artercraft
SILK STOCKINGS
"That Are Superior"

NEW YORK OFFICES : 358 FIFTH AVE

GUEST BATHROOMS I HAVE KNOWN

(Concluded from page 192)

calmed herself, she began to complain bitterly.

"There were pipes all over the place," she wailed. "I understood from Lorraine that the going was rough but passable, but there was grit on the floor that ruined my feet."

"Undoubtedly the faucet that said 'hot' was cold and vice versa," I surmised.

"I allowed for that and turned on the faucet marked 'Cold,'" Elfrida replied. "And there turned out to be no hot water at all."

"From the waterfall sounds I hear, I gather you couldn't get the cold water turned off, Minnehaha, Laughing Water," I twitted her.

"No, I couldn't," Elfrida snapped. "And there were huge, gaping excavations in the floor and walls."

"Well, what's the matter with that? That was to be expected."

"But," Elfrida wailed again. "A plumber came out of one of them!"

THE COMMON LAW OR BOTH-VULNER- ABLE BATHROOM

IN THIS type of bathroom, bathing becomes a perilous pastime. It contains two or more doors for alleged convenience and they are equipped with one or less keys. Modesty runs a terrible risk of going down doubled and redoubled.

Elfrida always has maintained that such a bathroom would make an excellent setting for a mystery play. You can, she says, reliably count on doors opening and closing apparently without any human agency. Shadowy figures appear on the threshold for an instant, then vanish with groans and apologies.

After we both had sustained repeated shocks, we resolved to take measures when we arrived for a week-end where we ascertained that the bathroom provided had a double exposure.

"Like Diana," declared Elfrida who sometimes mixes her mythology slightly, "I have been surprised at my bath for the last time by a stag."

"And I," I added, "do not care to meet any more strange ladies so informally."

Between us we developed the following series of warnings to keep intruders from bursting into the vulnerable bathroom when occupied by either of us.

"Don't give up the tub!"

"Surrender! I've just begun to bathe."

"Detour. Washout."

"Doctor in. Office hours 3-3:30."

But the prize placard which Elfrida always has found most effective is a copy of the photograph which she used to skip when she showed me the family album in the parlor of the old homestead, a picture of herself as an infant, nude, posed in a

large wash basin. This she affixes to the bathroom door and beneath it largely and legibly printed:

"Keep out. I'm a big girl now."

THE REMOTE OR FARTHEST NORTH BATHROOM

NO SOONER had we entered the door of the old-fashioned house for a visit than we knew that it was one of those dear, old-fashioned places where the bathrooms were afterthoughts and were put just anywhere. Our hostess in a prim aside to Elfrida mentioned vaguely that the bathroom was at the end of the hall.

In these emergencies, Elfrida and I always dispute as to who shall locate the bathroom. It is considerable of an exploration and not to be undertaken with impunity.

"You go," she urged.

"No, you go," I insisted. "You can imagine yourself Xenophon leading ten thousand Greeks and when you arrive, cry out joyfully, 'The Sea! The sea!'"

"I won't, either," said Elfrida stubbornly.

"Then be Lewis or Clark or both," I wheedled, "but as you scout, don't forget to blaze your way on the door posts or you may never get back. Or how about a little polar dash. Ring for some pemmican, make up a dog team of the police dogs and Pomeranians abounding in these parts and dare the unknown. Radio your position back to me at each stage. When you get there, plant Old Glory and take possession of the bathroom in the name of the United States of America. Ta-te-ta-ta!"

"I won't do it. It's your turn," she snorted.

"Look here," I reasoned. "Your negligée is only last year's. Considering my old, ragged bathrobe, it would be impossible for me to get a police permit for a parade."

At that Elfrida had to give in.

Long afterwards she staggered back.

"At last I found it," she reported. "During the journey, I entered by mistake one linen closet, two guest rooms, one trunk room, one entrance to servants' quarters and one sleeping porch. When I was footsore and weary and could go no farther and also had run out of provisions, I met the butler who announced dinner. You'll have to hurry."

After these visits, we always write and thank our hostess for our stay in her dear, old, rambling house. We are always hopeful that some day it will occur to her that the rambling is in search of the bathroom and that she really ought to put up Lincoln Highway signs.



"'There were huge excavations in the floor,' wailed Elfrida, 'and a plumber came out of one of them.'"

VENUS ECONOMY

THE cost of Venus *Compressed Sanitary Napkins is not the first consideration—because their luxurious comfort is priceless.

The economy of Venus is perhaps not important, but the fact that they remain comfortable for longer hours suits them more perfectly to the women whose day is fully planned.

For these reasons, the finest department stores in New York have sold them for years. Now they may be had from coast to coast and all ways in the finest stores in each city.

Venus Traveling Package is a small box, no larger than one's hand, that contains three full sized Venus Napkins amazingly compressed to tiny size so that they may be carried in the handbag or traveling case.

Venus are made of pure natural cotton (not paper).

Just Ask for
VENUS TRAVELING PACKAGE

* Sold also non-compressed in boxes of a dozen.

VENUS CORPORATION, 1170 Broadway, N.Y.C.



SMART LEATHER SLIPPERS

MAID-RITE Leather Slippers enhance the beauty of the foot . . . They add just the correct touch to the smart woman's appearance in the clever new pajama and tea ensembles . . . Leather slippers surpass all others for comfort, style and service.

There is a **MAID-RITE** slipper for every use . . . smartly appropriate for every hour of slipper time. There are **MAID-RITE** styles for every member of the family . . . for every slipper occasion . . . and becoming to every foot.

This Label is your guarantee of perfection in style and quality



"Beauty from Foot Comfort" will be gladly sent to you upon request.

MAID-RITE CORPORATION
35 York Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., Dept. H



**makes eyes
bright**

Merely darkening the lashes will not beautify eyes which are dull and lifeless. Eyes must shine to be truly alluring, and nothing gives them that glistening appearance as safely as *Murine*.

Murine contains no belladonna or any other harmful ingredient. Therefore you may use it freely.

MURINE
FOR YOUR
EYES

PERMANENT WAVES OF DISTINCTION



J. SCHAEFFER INC.
590 FIFTH AVENUE Bet. 47 and 48th St. NEW YORK
Bryant 7615
WHITE HALL, PALM BEACH



Telephone Convenience

for the *Home within a Home*

*Real telephone comfort
cheers the days of dear ones
living in your home*

MODERN telephone arrangements . . . telephones throughout the house wherever they are needed, library or sun parlor, kitchen or bed chambers, living-room or servants' quarters . . . add immeasurably to living comfort and convenience.

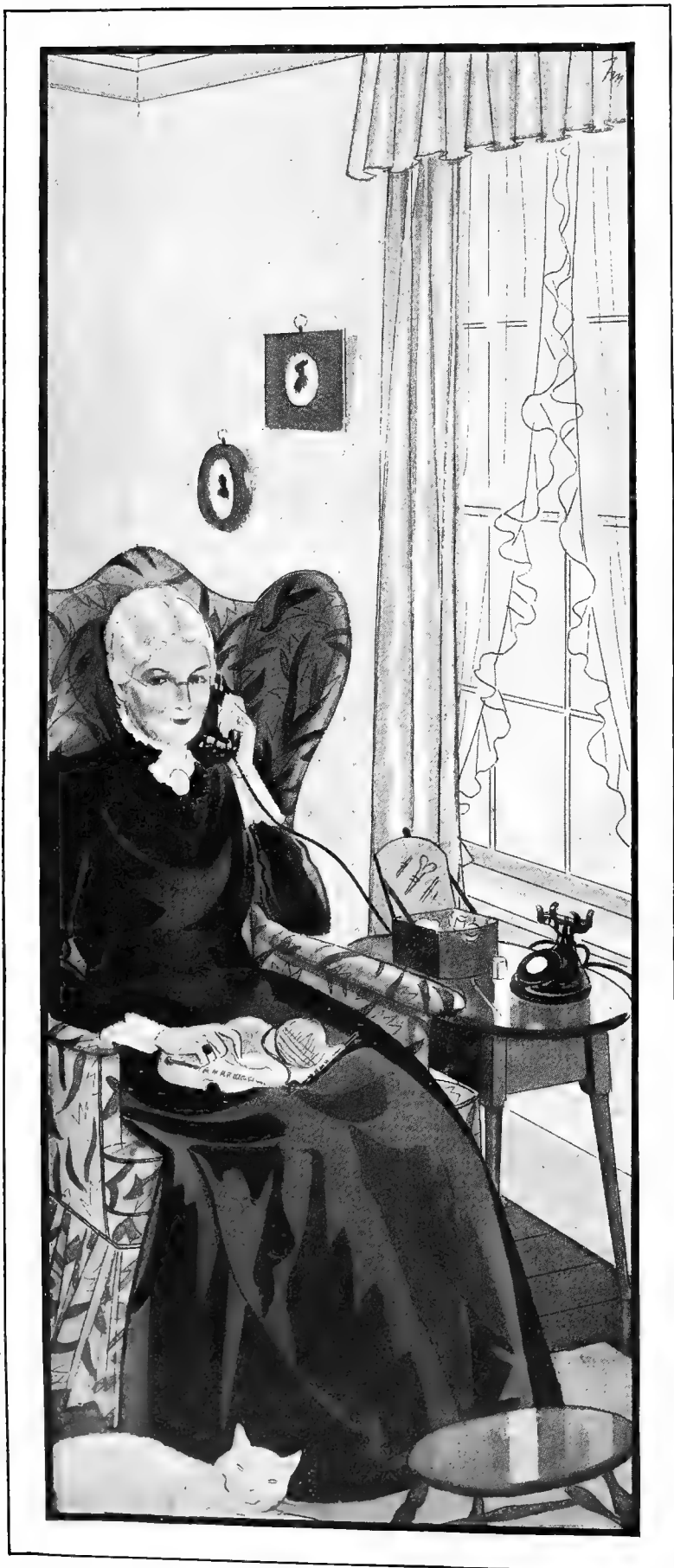
The telephone is so useful a part of the household! It runs errands, calls friends, summons aid in emergencies. Ease in placing and receiving calls is essential. And the new idea is to have telephone outlets in nearly every room, so that instant service is available wherever one happens to be.

Especially is telephone convenience important for the *home within a home*—that room or suite of rooms reserved in so many residences for the elders of the family. It is a thoughtful courtesy that gives the final touch of comfort and livability.

People everywhere are welcoming this modern conception of convenience. Those who are building or remodeling their homes recognize the desirability of planning in advance for their telephones. Wires and some of the apparatus can thus be built into the walls . . . for permanence and better appearance. Smart cabinets can be constructed, to hold the telephones and directories.

Many people desire two or more telephone lines, for the facility this gives to incoming and outgoing calls. And besides the general service arrangements, additional equipment is available for special purposes . . . push buttons and switches for intercommunication between house telephones . . . portable telephones which can be plugged into outlets where desired . . . special bells and other signaling devices for particular uses . . . switches for disconnecting the servants' telephone temporarily.

Each household has its individual telephone requirements. And telephone convenience can be "custom fitted" exactly to these requirements, at moderate cost. Telephone the Business Office of your local Bell Company today. They will be glad to show you just what telephone arrangements will give you most service and satisfaction.



1

TIFFANY & Co.
JEWELERS SILVERSMITHS STATIONERS

PEARL NECKLACES
*The Range of Choice
Is Extensive*

MAIL INQUIRIES RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK



HAF-HEEL[®] HOSIERY

The SOCIAL SCENE may shift from country club to town club . . . but, the fashionables choose the same background for their costume . . . "Haf-Heel" Hosiery. The heel of this hose gained prominence by its tiny size . . . the unusually clever Kayser conception of a modern square heel . . . trim, chic and adequate. The hose itself is notable for the fineness and clearness of texture and its extraordinary wearability.

For service sheer weight 90X is the choice, \$1.50. For all-occasion wear, No. 153X all silk chiffon is only \$1.95. For formal wear No. 70X, a 54 gauge at \$5.50.

THE SEASON'S SMART SHADES

Sunskin	Bareskin	Beachskin
Clearskin	Roseskin	Fairskin

Kayser

You may purchase Kayser Silk Products at all the Better Shops and at the Kayser Store, Fifth Avenue at 41st Street, opposite the Library.

*Trade Mark Reg. Licensee under Pat. No. 1,111,668
Copyright 1929, Julius Kayser & Co.



**BONWIT
TELLER**

FIFTH AVENUE AT 38TH STREET

NEW YORK

PARIS LONDON
PHILADELPHIA

Sans Sleeves

This season's smart fashions for sports,
all day or tea . . . and these few sketches
suggest the distinction of our collection.



Artistic expressions of modern designing in silver-ware. Because of their simplicity, these designs will blend agreeably with any style of interior decoration.

The Caldwell collection of silver is all-inclusive, covering every period—antique and modern.

Height of bowl, five inches; of tall vase, including base, fourteen inches; of small vase, four and one-eighth inches.

J. E. CALDWELL & CO.
Philadelphia

Best & Co.

Fifth Avenue at 35th St.—N. Y.
Paris Palm Beach London

introduces frocks of

MELO-POLO

*a new sport silk of
firm luxurious weave
that resembles tussoire
and wears and washes
beautifully*



Model 900

Model 901

Two Models at 19.75

Model 900 and Model 903.
The former has the new pajama neckline finished with a monogram motif and a pleated panel in front of skirt. The latter is a copy of a Germaine Le Comte model.

Two Models at 25.00

Model 901 and Model 902.
The former is a copy of a London Trades model with neck square in front and low V in back. Model 902 has a novel box pleated skirt and bow tabs on the blouse with low suntan back.

White = Yellow = Flesh

MISSES' SIZES 14x to 20

Mail Orders Filled

A charge account simplifies long distance shopping



Back of
Model 902

Model 903

Model 902

GORDON SKIN-TONE STOCKINGS DRAMATIZE EVEN THE MOST SIMPLE COSTUME

There is . . . in this fashion of complementing one's complexion with one's stockings . . . a subtle artistry . . . a complete harmony . . . that we have never consistently achieved before. For, as legs take on the same tone as face, arms, and neck (which is the object of the skin-tone stockings) . . . our frocks become dramatized. And the line, silhouette, and every charming detail are accented.

The Gordon Skin-Tones are designed for every woman *under the sun* . . . and also for the ones who avoid the sun . . . as you will see by the list that follows:—

FOR THE FAIR-SKINNED WOMAN: "Champagne" to match her natural coloring; "Noon" to lend it warmth of tone; "Fair Tan" to match her suntan; and "Circe" for evening.

FOR THE WOMAN OF MEDIUM COMPLEXION: In the same order of use — "Rachelle," "Soudan," "Blush Tan," and "Cymbeline."

FOR THE BRUNETTE: In the same order of use — "Ormond," "Coronado," "Pandora," and "Casino."

FOUR VERY NEW deep suntan tones are "Alamo Tan" and "Sonora," with a golden cast; "Pocahontas," a coppery tone; and "Ramona" for the suntan of brilliant complexions.



Gordon
HOSIERY

FIFTH AVENUE
AT THIRTY-FOURTH STREET

B. ALTMAN & CO.

MADISON AVENUE
AT THIRTY-FIFTH STREET

TELEPHONE: MURRAY HILL 7000
NEW YORK

Alluring Imports In Silk Lingerie Are Fitted and Flared

THE PRINCESS line and flare are distinguishing items of interest throughout the entire collection of exquisite lingerie imports shown by Altman. These garments of rare beauty and expert fashioning are exponents of the latest trend.

The circular petticoat of crepe
Elizabeth and metal lace—

Original, \$89

Evening chemise of satin and
Alencon lace with brassiere top—

Original, \$55

Gown of mint French crepe with
fitted Breton lace—

Original, \$89

Pantie-chemise to match the
mint crepe gown—

Original, \$89

**Silk Lingerie
Second Floor**

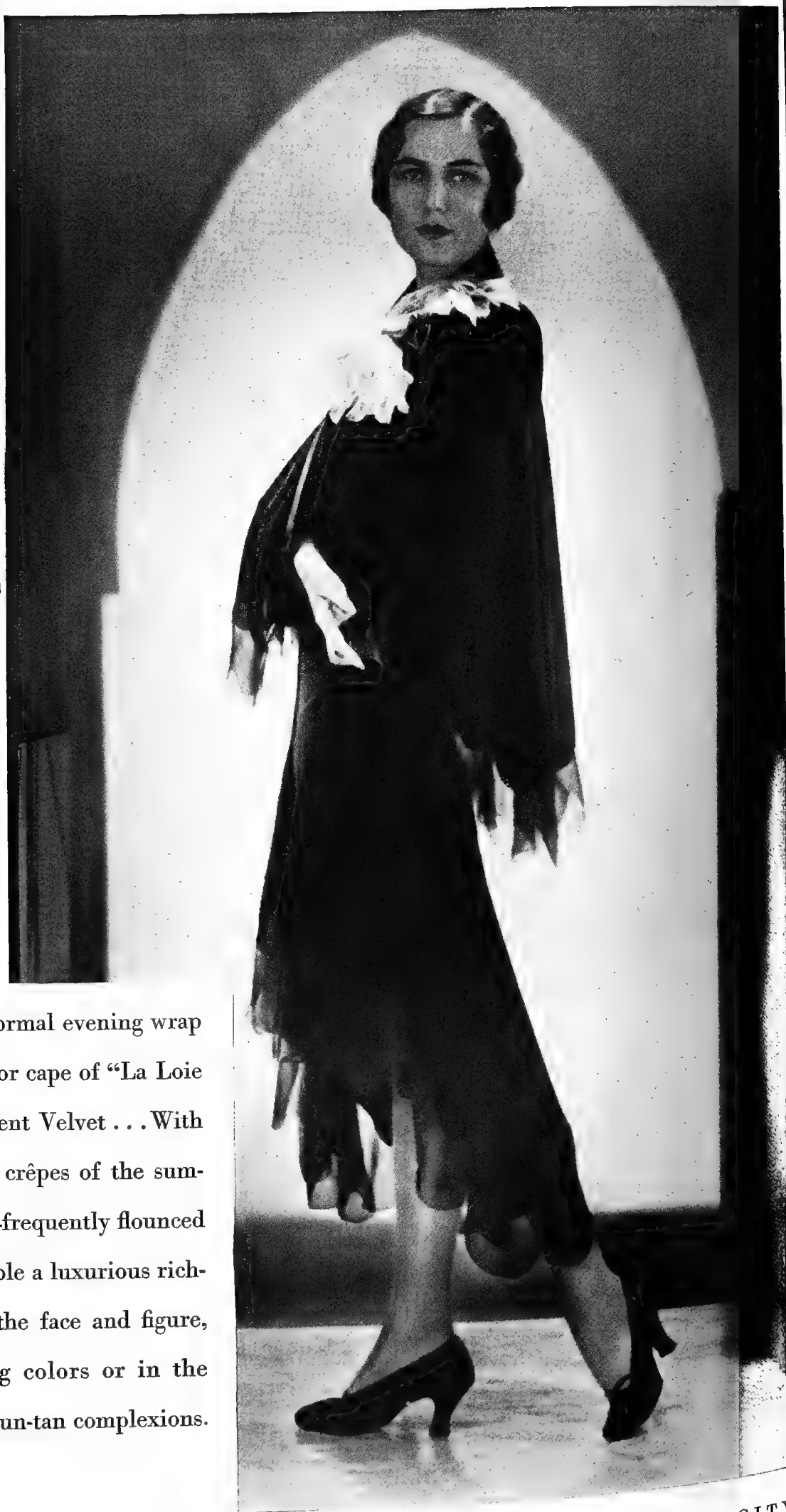
*Reproductions
available*



**"LA LOIE
SIVEL"**
*the
durable*
**TRANSPARENT
VELVET**



THE most popular type of formal evening wrap is the softly feminine coat or cape of "La Loie Sivel"—the durable Transparent Velvet... With the sheer chiffons and supple crêpes of the summer mode, these velvet wraps—frequently flounced and tiered—lend to the ensemble a luxurious richness universally flattering to the face and figure, whether in gayly contrasting colors or in the pastel shades so effective with sun-tan complexions.



..... *The Shelton Looms*

ONE PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY



for summer

dresses of chiffon prints with little
coats to match for street
and evening wear.

women's dresses . . . fifth floor

misses' dresses . . . third floor

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

New York

Dorothy Gray

A YOUNG CHIN IS A PROUD CHIN



THROW your head back, ever so little. Does this carefree gesture reveal a sculptured chinline, proudly curved . . . or does it simply emphasize that dull mark of age—a double chin?

To be lovely, a chin must be youthful, clear-cut, patrician. There is no beauty in a double chin.

Dorothy Gray spent years evolving treatments and preparations that prevent, and correct, the

double chins that make a woman look so old. You can readily follow these simple scientific treatments in your own home. The same exquisite Dorothy Gray preparations which have proved so successful in the Dorothy Gray salons may be had at leading shops everywhere, and the Dorothy Gray method is fully explained in the booklet which this coupon brings you.

DOROTHY GRAY

683 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Salons in

CHICAGO

LOS ANGELES

SAN FRANCISCO

WASHINGTON

ATLANTIC CITY

© D. G., 1929

DOROTHY GRAY

H.B. 5-29

Six Eighty Three Fifth Avenue, New York

Please send me the new Dorothy Gray booklet, "Your Dowry of Beauty." I am particularly interested in:

☐ The Treatment for Lines and Wrinkles ☐ The Treatment for Double Chin ☐ The Treatment for Relaxed Muscles and Crêpy Throat.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Original from



Exclusive Wanamaker Interpretations of Sleeveless Frocks in a New Washable Silk—\$19 and \$25

This new washable silk is very, very sturdy—having withstood extreme tests of boiling—yet is as soft as crepe . . . and its dull finish emphasizes

Models B and F . . . \$19

the beauty of the new colors in which these frocks may be chosen . . . egg shell, Vionnet pink, lake blue, capucine, sun-tan . . . also WHITE

Models C and D . . . \$25

New "Biarritz" Sweaters Exclusive . . . \$2.50 and \$2.95

These fine mesh cotton sweaters were made in France exclusively for Wanamaker's—in white, pink, French blue, maize, and almond green.

Model A, \$2.95 . . . Model E, sleeveless, \$2.50



Jean Patou's Tennis Bandeau—Reproduced, \$9.50

Illustrated at left . . . very smart, very practical, quite the cleverest mode of its kind . . . in natural leghorn straw, bound and banded with grosgrain to match the straw or frocks illustrated.

JOHN WANAMAKER NEW YORK

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UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

Frances Denney invites you to loveliness



PHILADELPHIA'S loveliest women—distinguished patrons of the FRANCES DENNEY SALON—have used for years a simple, delightful treatment for retaining the youth and beauty of their skin.

This treatment—originated by MISS DENNEY—gently cleanses the pores, stimulates sluggish circulation and restores youthful contours by nourishing the underlying tissues. Nature needs this help to keep your skin lovely.

MISS DENNEY now invites women everywhere to use this easy and delightful treatment in their homes. She has made available—through carefully selected stores in each city—her Cleansing Cream, Herbal Skin Tonic and Tissue Cream.

These exquisite preparations are made only of the purest oils, balsams and herbal roots. MISS DENNEY tells you of their use in her little book, "The Affairs of Beauty." Also of her special treatments and preparations for aggravated skin faults.

A copy of this little book by MISS DENNEY may be obtained, with the compliments of the author, at any store where her preparations are sold, or by writing to MISS DENNEY in Philadelphia.

DENNEY & DENNEY
NEW YORK • PHILADELPHIA • PARIS
ESTABLISHED OVER 30 YEARS

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Original from
UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA



INSTITUTION I. MILLER INTERNATIONALE



Oh, well!
YOU'LL SEE THEM for YOURSELF!

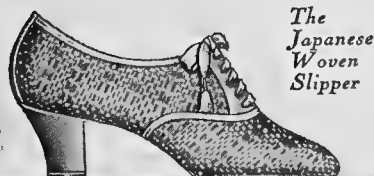
It was our intention to discuss the Summer foot-wear modes.

But where to begin? How say it all?

Should we give preference to those lovely Shantung silks—or should the novelty crepes receive first notice? Or should we discuss their embroidery or their contrasting colors?

But then, we might not do justice to the straw effects or the pastel kidskins or the new patterns or the Japanese woven slippers! And we've forgotten all about the leather-heeled Spectator Shoes and matching bags and probably a lot of other things.

We give it up! But not without hope—for with a shop in nearly every smart community you'll surely see them for yourself!



*The
Japanese
Woven
Slipper*



*The New
Shantung
Silk
'Broiderie*



SHOPS AND AGENCIES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES



FINERY HOSIERY



Fresh Fashions In Fresh Silk!

Don the Finery stockings of your choice with assurance that your legs are superlatively well clad—in silk that is fresh from the cocoon, in fresh shades, and fresh style!

Finery "Diamond Dots" are extremely smart—an all-over mesh weave in a novel marquis-diamond design. . . . Finery Double-pointed and Triple-tipt Heels enable you to meet your mood with either two perfectly proportioned points—or one that's topped by three small diamonds! These Finery fashions, and many others, are freshly shipped to shops each week. See them, and ask about the Factory



This mark identifies stocking style!

Re-New Service that helpfully restores worn, torn Finerys to perfection! Finery Silk Stocking Co., Inc., New York City.

A FEW OF THE SHOPS FEATURING FINERY:

Atlanta: Keely Co.	Kansas City: The Luce Co.	Pittsburgh: Meyer Jonasson Co.
Baltimore: Schleisner Co.	Little Rock: The M. M. Cohen Co.	Rochester: The Mally Co.
Birmingham: H. Sachs & Sons	Louisville: Kauffman-Straus Co.	San Antonio: Blum's, Inc.
Chicago: The Fair	Memphis: B. Lowenstein & Bros.	St. Paul: The Macey Co., Inc.
Cincinnati: Denton-Jonap Co.	Nashville: Loveman, Berger & Teitlebaum	Toledo: The Lasalle & Koch Co.
Des Moines: Wolf's, Inc.	Newark: Hahne & Co.	Trenton: J. B. Wilson Co.
Detroit: Demery & Co.		Tulsa, Okla.: Hunt-Murry Co.
Jacksonville: Cohen Bros.		

BERGDORF-GOODMAN *shows this* AUGUSTABERNARD *model, executed in*

TO the last minute detail, Bergdorf-Goodman, of New York, has reproduced, in aquamarine Celanese Permanent Moiré, this evening model by Augustabernard. The rich, supple fabric not

only has beauty and style, but is practical as well. It will not lose its lovely rippled pattern in dampness, in pressing, or in cleaning. It is surprisingly inexpensive for such an uncommonly fine fabric.

CELANESE
PERMANENT
MOIRÉ



CELANESE

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Celanese yarns, fabrics and articles are made of synthetic products manufactured exclusively by the Celanese Corporation of America, 180 Madison Avenue, New York City.

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Fabrics
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

Will you be one of the few to possess a Fromm Pedigreed Silver Fox Scarf?

ON the Fromm fox farms in northern Wisconsin, seven thousand, six hundred and sixty-five silver foxes have been bred and reared in the scientific way that makes for perfection of fur. Now this limited quantity of furry masterpieces — perfectly marked, full-haired and silky — has been made up into scarfs of ebony darkness with the veil of silver shining through. The number available represents but a small fraction of the year's total production of silver foxes. To possess one is to be among the fortunate few to own a real, rare treasure. Send, today, for the attractive free booklet, which we will mail at once, as well as telling you where you can examine the exquisite scarfs. Use the coupon — giving us the name of your furrier — and we will do the rest. Fromm Bros., Nieman & Co., Thiensville, Wisconsin.



BE sure this medallion is with the scarf you buy. Mail to Fromm with your name and address — and receive a certificate describing the scarf you have purchased and stating its pedigree.



Send for this Booklet—NOW.



FROMM BROS., NIEMAN & CO.
Thiensville, Wisconsin

GENTLEMEN:
Send me booklet on Fromm Pedigreed Silver Foxes.
This entails no obligation on my part

My furrier is _____

Address _____

My Name _____

Address _____



Perhaps the biggest fact in the motor car business today is the startling difference revealed by stepping into a Fisher Body car, and then into any other

No specialist or expert or salesman is needed to point out Fisher Body superiority—the greater richness and beauty and quality stand out so sharply and convincingly that all argument is ended.

¶ This is one of the most important facts in motor car buying today because it has to do with value—with what you get for

the purchase price. ¶ You are bound to admit at once in your own mind—that in solidity of construction, in paneling, in the quality of the upholstery, in the hardware, in the interior fittings, in the clarity of the genuine plate glass, and in the substantially constructed roof—the Fisher Body car is

worth several hundred dollars more. ¶ Keep this contrast—these points of superiority—in mind. Consider the many hours you spend in your car and how much of your ease and comfort and satisfaction and pride depends upon the body of your car—and you can come to only one conclusion.

CADILLAC • LA SALLE • BUICK • VIKING
OLDSMOBILE • PONTIAC



OAKLAND
CHEVROLET



When Cadillac Makes Such A Statement You Know It Is So . . .

Cadillac can honestly say that in twenty-three years it has never exaggerated or over-emphasized and Cadillac can still truthfully, honorably say: There are no motor car manufacturing plants in the world in which every other consideration is so completely set aside for the attainment of the highest possible quality and precision as the magnificent manufacturing laboratories in which Cadillac and La Salle are produced.

WITH the wealth of surpassing new engineering and manufacturing refinements in today's Cadillacs and La Salles, it becomes more obvious than ever before that if you want the kind of luxurious motoring that Cadillac provides you simply must drive a Cadillac or La Salle. ♦ ♦ Three new safety features incorporated in both Cadillac and La Salle would, for themselves alone, lead you to these cars to the exclusion of everything else on the market: The new Cadillac-La Salle Syncro-Mesh Silent-Shift Transmission; the Duplex-Mechanical

System of Four-Wheel Brakes; and Cadillac-La Salle Security-Plate Glass in all windows, doors and windshields. ♦ ♦ Prestige, beauty, long life, brilliant performance — these you know Cadillac and La Salle possess. Now have these newest features explained to you, and experience them for yourself. Drive a Cadillac or La Salle, and see if you can find their equal elsewhere.

La Salle prices \$2295 to \$2875; Cadillac \$3295 to \$3995; Fleetwoods up to \$7000—all f.o.b. Detroit. Cadillac-La Salle dealers welcome business on General Motors Deferred Payment Plan.

CADILLAC - LA SALLE

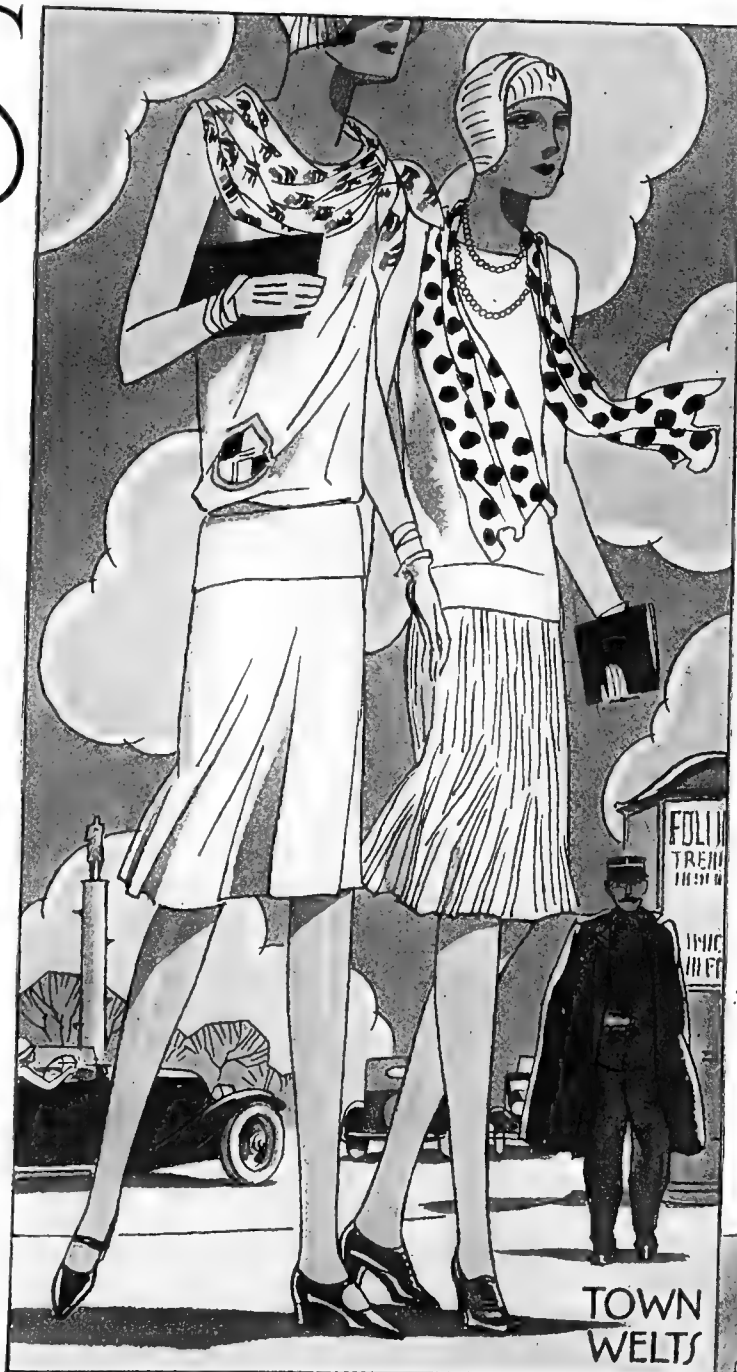
CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY • DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS • DETROIT, MICHIGAN • OSHAWA, CANADA

HANAN SHOES

TOWN WELTS WITH LEATHER HEELS

☞ Striking the new and harmonious note which has been sounded in the capitals of Europe by those whose nod makes fashion. For the woman of alert mind and active stride who plans her own life, drives her own car and draws a line of demarcation between what is the smart and seemly shoe for each particular purpose.

☞ Town Welts are one of "The Fashionable Four" first presented by Hanan in alliance with their style-staffs in New York, London, Paris and the Riviera who fine-comb the world for what is prior and ultra-elegant in fashionable footwear.



THE FASHIONABLE FOUR IN SPRING SHOES

BY AUTHORITY OF HANAN



HANAN & SON

NEW YORK—Fifth Avenue
PARIS—43 Avenue De L'Opera

LONDON—328 Oxford Street And 203 Regent Street
NICE—18 Avenue De La Victoire

Dictated by Paris for Spring . .

"Skin Tones" . . exquisite sheerness

These smart silk stockings are in 16 shops in Fifth Avenue's exclusive shopping district

THIS SPRING Paris dictates that gloves and stockings must not only match each other and blend with your costume but must absolutely tone with the skin. Consequently, stocking shades are ranging from palest beige to the ruddy browns. Even for evening "skin tones" are *de rigueur*.

As usual Corticelli has anticipated the demand of its discriminating clientele. In 16 shops in the exclusive shopping district of Fifth Avenue are exquisitely sheer Corticelli Silk Stockings in all the shades that match the skin, from palest flesh to the deep-toned sunburn variations.

There is "Shell," a delicate flesh tone for the fair skinned. "Blonde Lido" is a lovely shade for the golden-skinned blonde. "Sun Tan," is a warm nut brown for the sun tanned.

For the smart rough chestnut tweeds which chic women now wear in the morning—"Cotton Club," a rich; glowing brown. "French Beige," "Mayfair Tan" and "Brunette Lido" are other smart sunburned tints. Even "Pastel Grey" has a slightly rosy cast as of flesh showing through.

For evening wear with the favored black, "Pastel Nude," "Bisque" and "Nude" are correct; with pastel colors, the vivid new greens and white, "Shell," "Embassy Club" and "Pastel Nude" will be seen on smart ankles.

The famous silk house of Corticelli pays a premium to procure the finest silk in the world. That is why Corticelli silk stockings are so clear and smooth of weave, so lustrous and fine of texture. They fit trimly. They wear well.



Style No. 107 is very sheer all silk chiffon for evening wear. Paris openwork clock, block toe, sandal sole, slipper heel, picot top. In the mauve shades smart for evening and the correct tones for afternoon wear.

Style No. 360 has all the smart new shades—"Pastel Grey," "Bisque," "Embassy Club" and the gaily named "Cotton Club." It is a medium weight, all silk stocking with narrow heel, sandal sole, block toe and picot top.

Style No. 330 is an all silk chiffon stocking with narrow heel, sandal sole, block toe, picot top, invisible run stop. In all the sunburned tints, including "Sun Tan," "Blonde Lido" and "Mayfair Tan."

Two styles not shown—No. 309, sheer all silk chiffon, narrow heel reinforcement, block toe, picot top. And No. 350, a medium weight service stocking at a modest price. Ask for these smart new Corticelli stockings by number at your dealer's.



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FLORENZ ZIEGFELD, internationally-famous producer, has selected for Phoenix the most beautiful legs in America. . . Nearly three hundred Ziegfeld girls in five Broadway shows—the world's greatest beauty aggregation—submitted their leg measurements in the contest. After viewing all the lovely entrants and averaging their proportions, Mr. Ziegfeld declared Barbara Newberry's legs absolutely perfect and most typical of the majority of attractive women . . . Ideal in symmetry, these model legs, now serve as the pattern for stockings made by the Accurator process. This recently-invented method, used only by Phoenix, makes possible hosiery of singular beauty and exactness. So magically does it control weaving, that stockings of finer quality and greater shapeliness result . . . Women everywhere will delight in the added beauty of the new, perfectly-modeled Phoenix offerings. Indeed, in the soft shadings, the subtle colorings and the flattering contour of the ideally-patterned Phoenix stockings is increased charm for every costume—accented beauty for every woman whose pride is graceful, slender legs. \$1.50, \$1.95, \$2.95.



Florenz Ziegfeld's booklet, "How I Selected America's Most Beautiful Legs" will be sent you for the asking. Address, F. Ziegfeld, Ziegfeld Theatre, Fifty-fourth Street and Sixth Avenue, New York City.



THE PHOENIX GIRL—BARBARA NEWBERRY

PHOENIX

S I L K

Hosiery

ACCURATOR PROCESS
PATENTED MARCH 12, 1929

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DE MEYER

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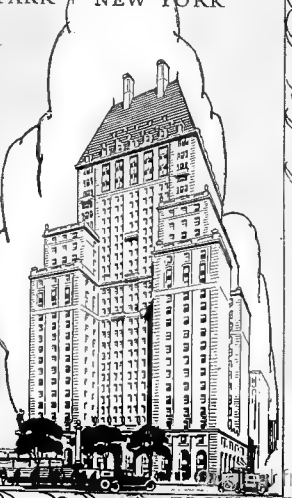
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FIFTH AVENUE AT CENTRAL PARK NEW YORK



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By HARRY A. FRANCK*

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Harry A. Franck



* WORLD TRAVELER AND AUTHOR OF "A VAGABOND JOURNEY AROUND THE WORLD," "WANDERING IN NORTHERN CHINA," "EAST OF SIAM."

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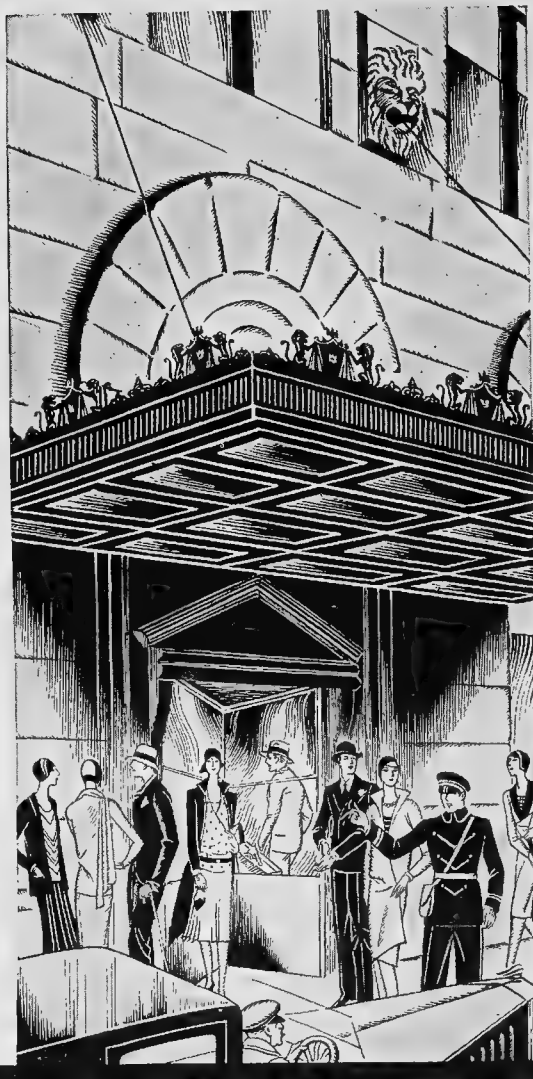
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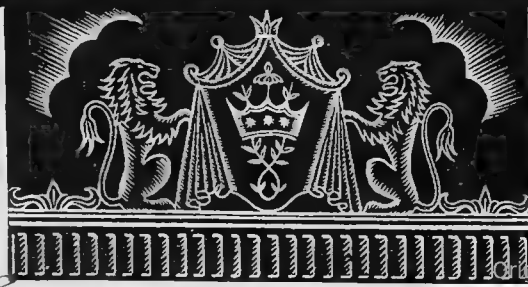
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Biarritz	18:00 hrs.	6:55 hrs.

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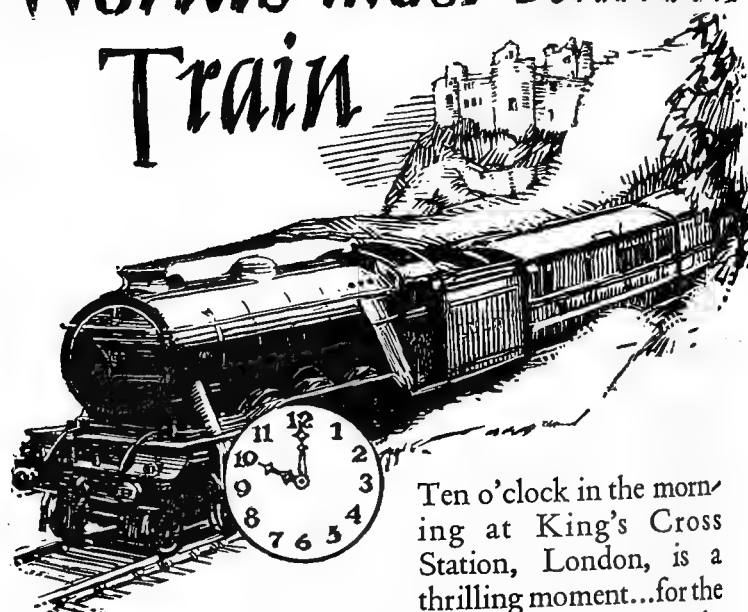
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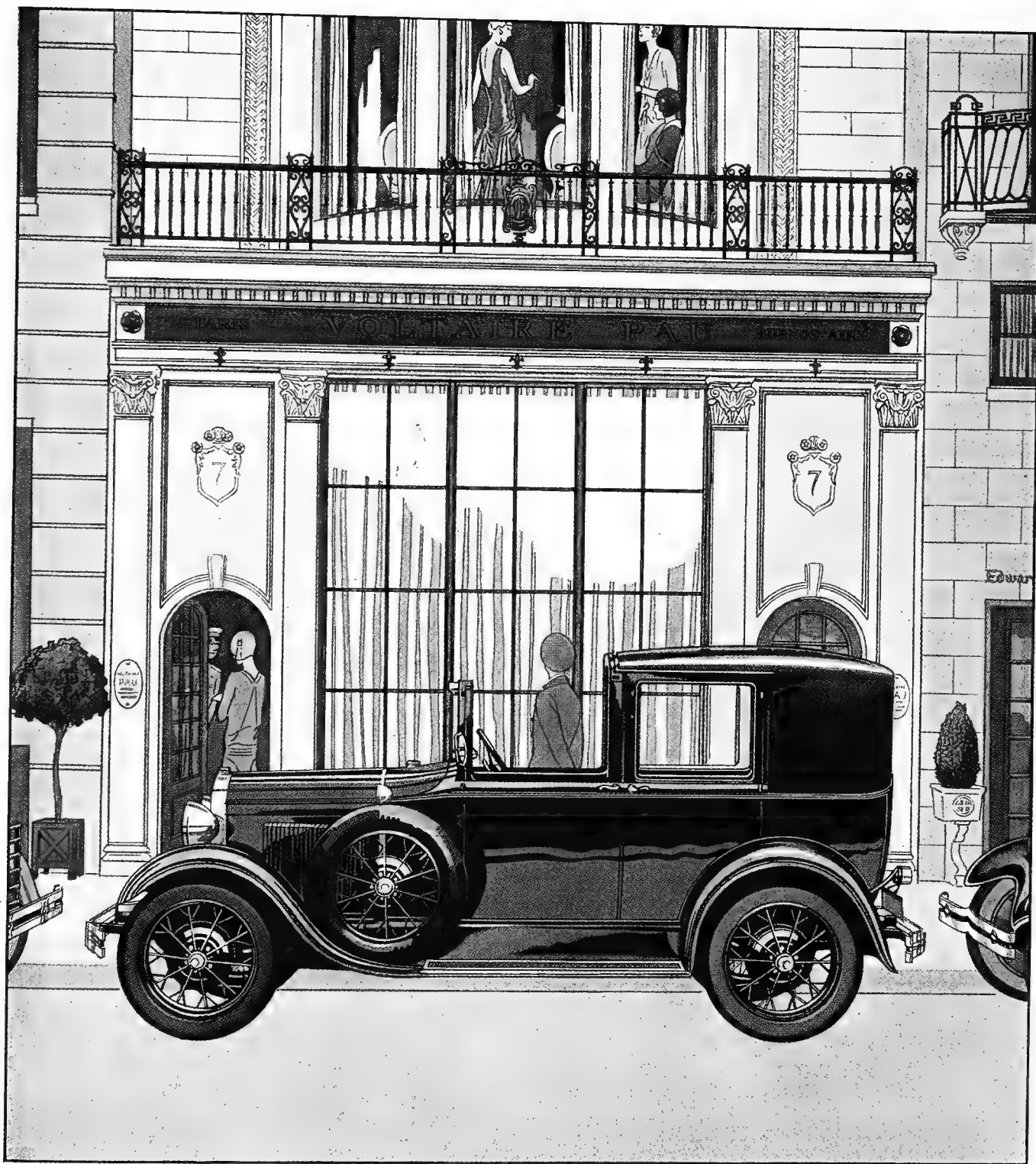


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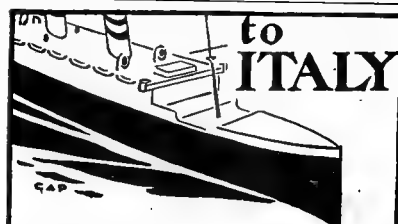
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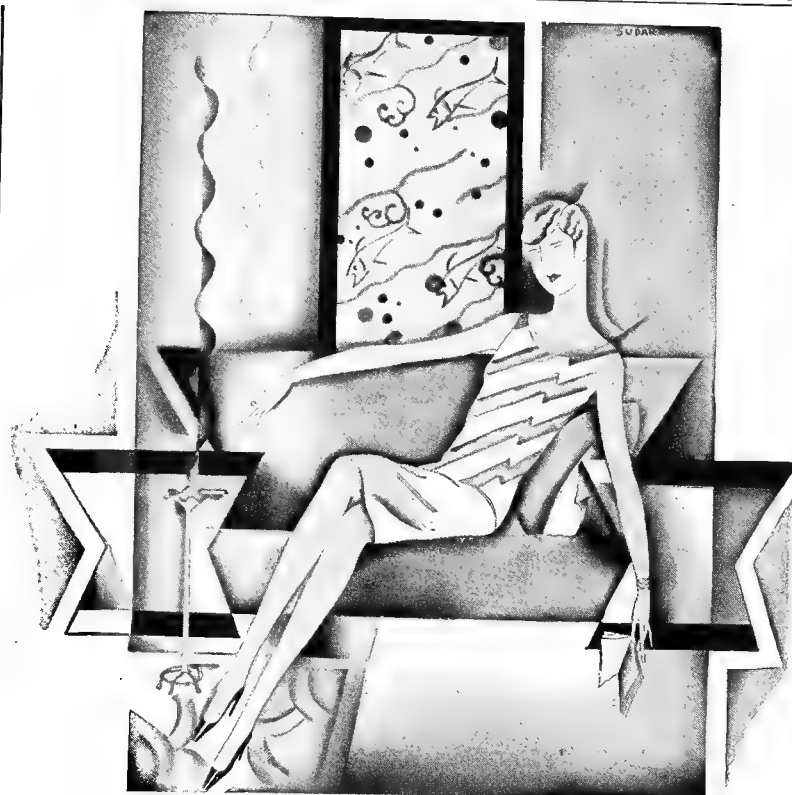
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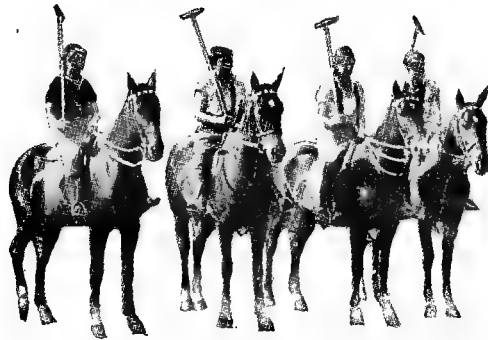
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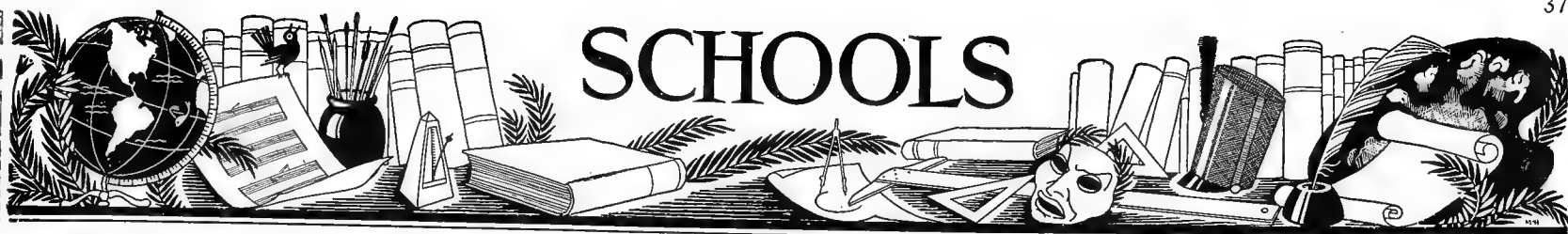
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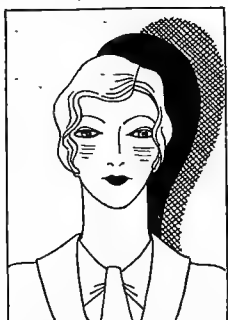
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THURSDAY, MAY 2—Charity Carnival, "Aztec Gold", at Madison Square Garden, in aid of Judson Health Center.

FRIDAY, MAY 3—Dance by the Friday Evening dancing class in Washington, D. C. Wedding of Miss Helen Kingsbury Curtis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Kingsbury Curtis of No. 126 East Sixty-second street, to Herbert Pelham Curtis, in the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church.

SATURDAY, MAY 4—Dance by the Army and Navy Juniors in Washington, D. C. Wedding of Miss Jean Stafford Macwatty, daughter of Mrs. Charles Macwatty of Montclair, to Harold Conger Strait, in the Union Congregational Church, Montclair.

MONDAY, MAY 6—Coffee dance at the Cosmopolitan Club.

TUESDAY, MAY 7—Presentation of "Peter Pan", with Eva Le Gallienne, at the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston, Mass., under the auspices of the Nursery Training School.

THURSDAY, MAY 9—First Royal Court of the season at Buckingham Palace, London, England.

Hartford Cavalry Horse Show at Hartford, Conn. To continue through May 11.

SATURDAY, MAY 11—Wedding of Miss Helen Phelps Hoyt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Sherman Hoyt of No. 1 Sutton Place, to Dr. Byron Stookey, at "Shennamere", the country home of the bride's parents in Darien, Conn.

Varsity Freshmen Navy-Syracuse regatta at Annapolis.

Wedding of Miss Mabel Rantoul and Richard L. Bowditch at Emmanuel Church, Boston, Mass.

Wedding of Miss Julia B. Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin S. Smith of Montclair, to James Lloyd Berrall in the First Congregational Church, Montclair. Reception to follow in the guild room of the Church.

TUESDAY, MAY 14—Wedding of Miss Margaret M. Schniewind, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schniewind, of No. 8 East Seventy-ninth street, to Julian Carr Stanley, in the chapel of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church. Reception to follow at the home of the bride's parents.

THURSDAY, MAY 16—National Capital Horse Show at Washington, D. C. To continue through May 18.

Wedding of Miss Carol Bigelow Cypiot, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Cypiot of Bellport, L. I., to Wallen J. Haenlein at Sherry's. Reception to follow.

FRIDAY, MAY 17—Opening of racing season at Belmont Park.

Subscription dance under the direction of Miss Peggy Creighton in Boston, Mass. Annual Spring ball at the Bellevue Stratford in Philadelphia, Pa.

SATURDAY, MAY 18—Wedding of Miss Ruth Rickaby, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton C. Rickaby of No. 17 East Eighty-fourth street, to Louis J. Darmstadt, in the chapel of St. Bartholomew's. Reception to follow at Sherry's.

Wedding of Miss Mary R. Cater, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Douglas A. Cater of East Orange, to Kenneth Fisk in Grace Episcopal Church, Orange. Reception to follow at the Rock Spring Country Club, West Orange.

Wedding of Miss Margaret Bowditch, to Richard S. Paige in the first Parish Church Brookline, Mass.

Wedding of Miss Anne Wetherill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Wetherill of "Mount Airy", Philadelphia, Pa., to William Henry Parker, Jr., in the Union Church, Audubon, Pa.



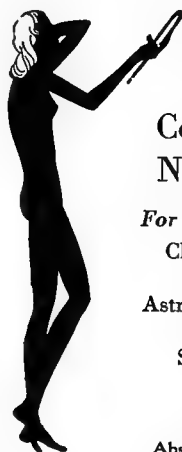
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SOCIAL CALENDAR

for MAY 1929

(Continued)

MONDAY, MAY 20—Wedding of Miss Helena Ogden daughter of Charles W. Ogden, to Cesar de Gersdorff in the chapel of St. James' Church. Reception to follow at the home of the bride's father, No. 14 East Seventy-ninth street.

TUESDAY, MAY 21—Dog Show under the auspices of the Southern Chow Chow Club at Baltimore, Md.

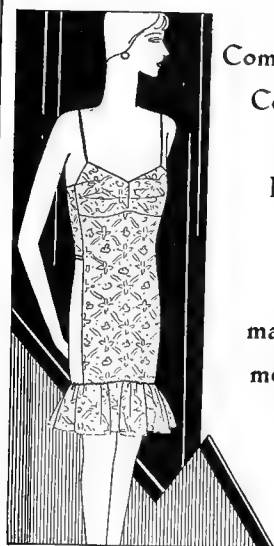
FRIDAY MAY 24—Commencement exercises of the Spence School at the Hotel Plaza.

SATURDAY, MAY 25—Wedding of Miss Dorothy Weld, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Winsor Weld, of Chestnut Hill, Mass., to Arthur Edward G. Grannis, Jr., in Brookline, Mass.

Wedding of Miss Julie E. Cover, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Cover, Jr., of Bryn Mawr, Pa., to Alfred G. Muench.

TUESDAY, MAY 28—Wedding of Miss Kathleen Baker, niece of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Worthington Bull of No. 171 East Sixty-second street, to Louis Starr, in Grace Church.

THURSDAY, MAY 30—Wedding of Miss Sylvia Hathaway Hitch, daughter of Allerton Delano Hitch of South Orange, N. J., to Lawrence Clark Marshall, in the Church of the Holy Communion. South Orange. Reception to follow at the home of the bride's father.



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Yes, you say, as you run your finger down the European Social Calendar. There's the First Court in May, and Royalty gives a Garden Party... There are Ascot and Goodwood, Longchamps and Epsom, Auteuil and Cowes weaving their dates about in bewildering confusion... There's the proper time to be in Brioni... the Grande Semaine at the Lido. You must dive off the Eden Roc at Antibes whatever happens, and you've got a ruminative eye on Stockholm... How, you ask yourself, can you get in a cure in the Black Forest, and some flying, not to mention the shopping which is uppermost in your mind, anyway?... Impossible.

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Our service is not a rumour. It's a fact. Don't stifle a yearning for pigskin and woodsy tweeds for golf in Scotland. Don't let plans for a Court Gown keep you awake. Call on Harper's Bazar at 175 Piccadilly for inside information on shopping in London. As for our Paris office, 15 rue de la Paix, it can give you points on anything from hem-lines to escargots, and does. And the main artery, the Harper's Bazar Travel Bureau in New York, has become the chief objective for the smart American travelling world. It's so luxurious... so convenient... so infallibly useful.

Above you see the home of Harper's Bazar. High on the eleventh floor is the Travel Bureau. Seat yourself at your ease—let the smart places of the world be spread on paper before you. Just remember the magic numbers—572 Madison Avenue—and Regent 7160.

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Announcements of some of the foremost court dressmakers appear on these pages. Additional information will be gladly given at the Harper's Bazar London office, 175, Piccadilly.


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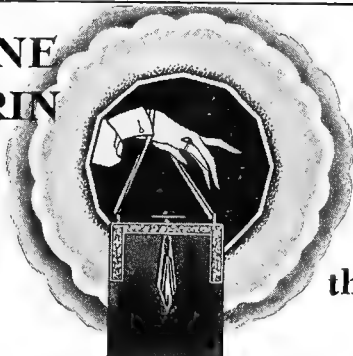


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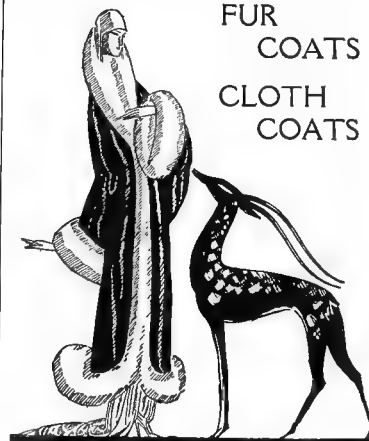


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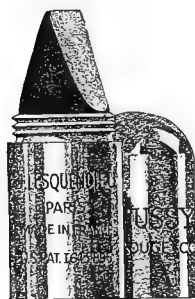


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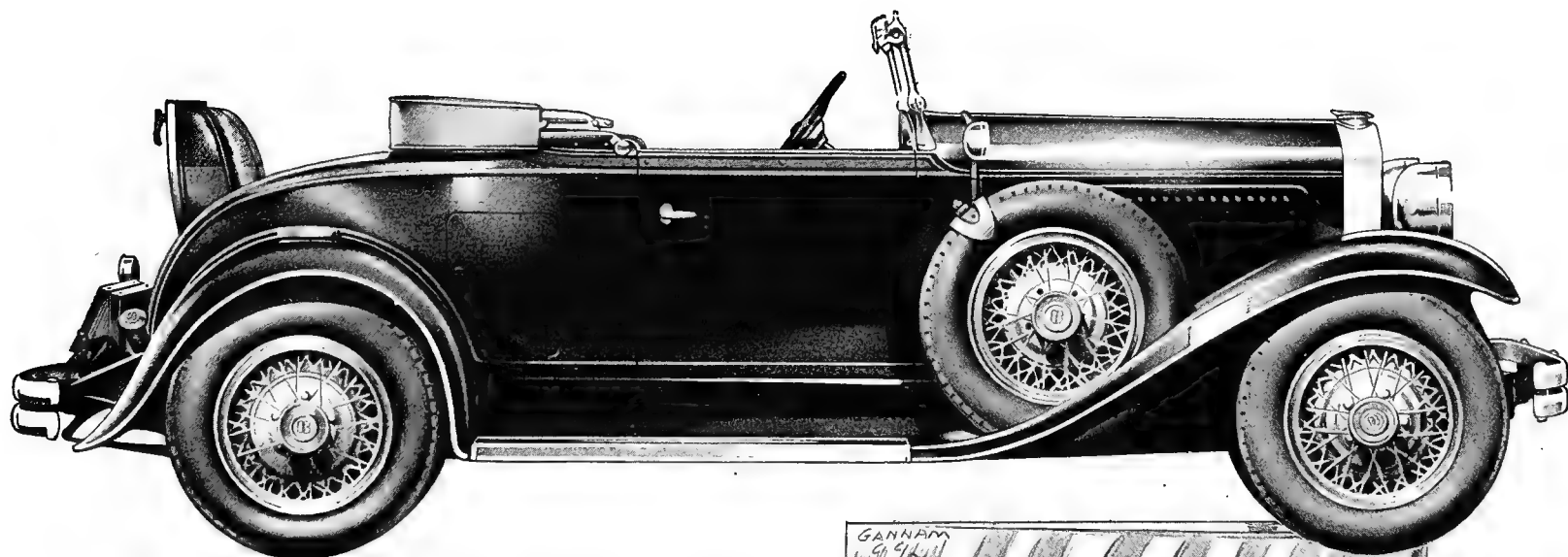
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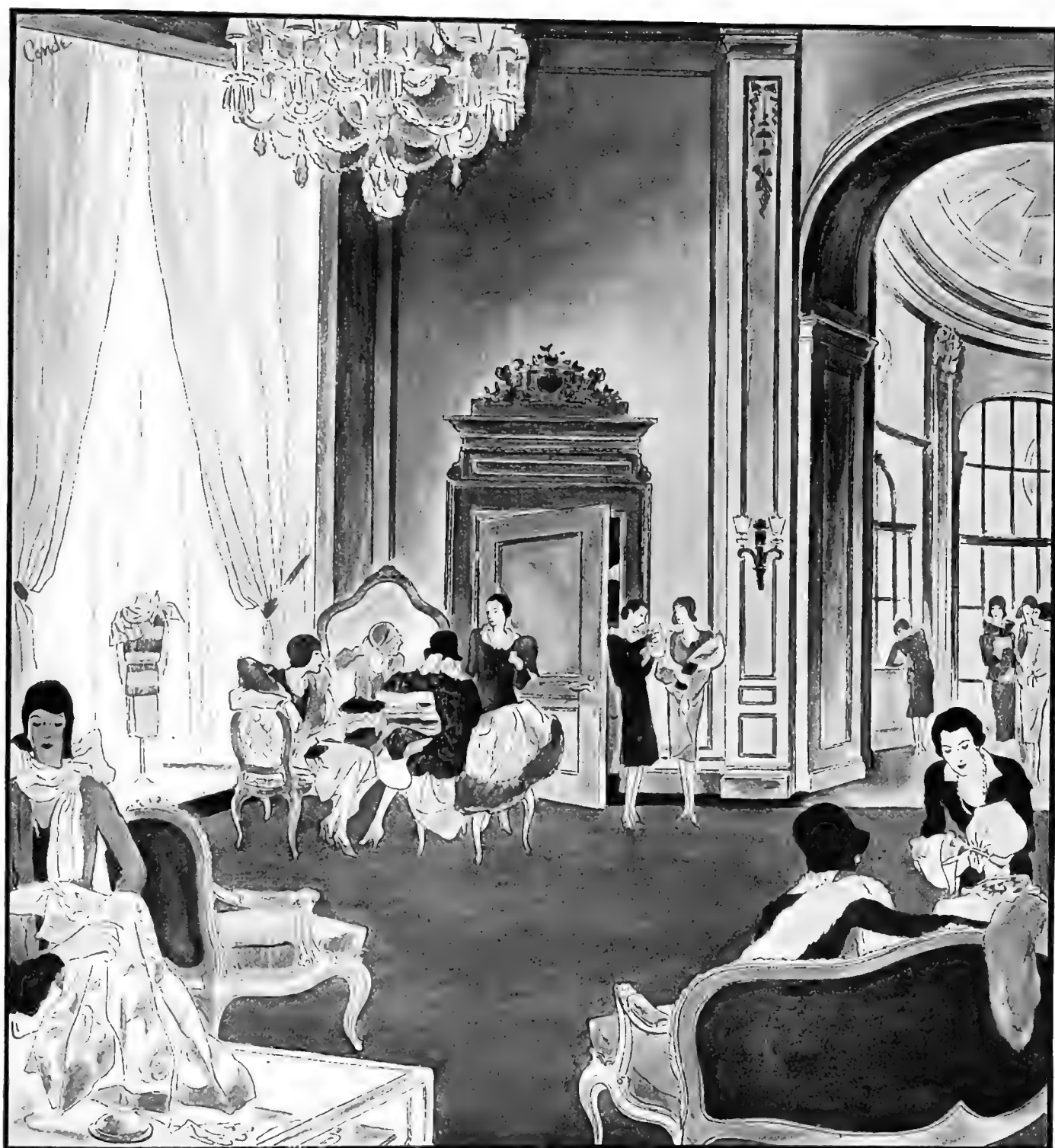


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A PAGEANT OF FASHION FULFILLMENT

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HARPER'S BAZAR

Number 2599

63rd Year

MAY 1929

Early Summer Fashions Number

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CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, *Editor*

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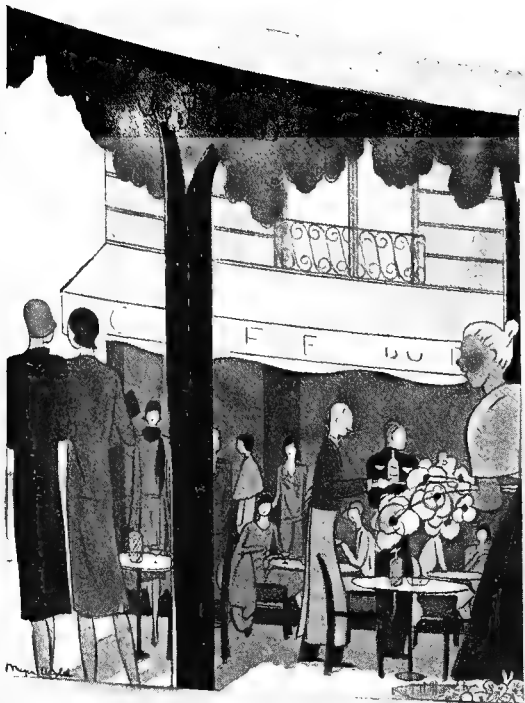
HARFORD POWEL, Jr., author of "The Virgin Queene", has written another sparkling novel called "Married Money", which will appear serially in Harper's Bazar, beginning in June. In the same issue will be short stories by Richard Le Gallienne, Robert Emmet Sherwood and Isabel Leighton, and Nancy Hoyt's serial, "Bright Intervals", and the reminiscences of the Duchess of Sermoneta will be continued.

In the fashion pages, you will find clothes for sports wear, for a summer travel wardrobe, and many new hats, all from Paris. From New York there will be bathing suits and dresses for active sports. The newest ways of arranging hair will be illustrated.

Published monthly by Harper's Bazar, Inc., 572 Madison Avenue, New York City.

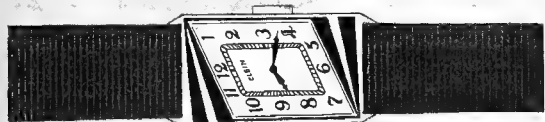
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Paris is transplanted to your
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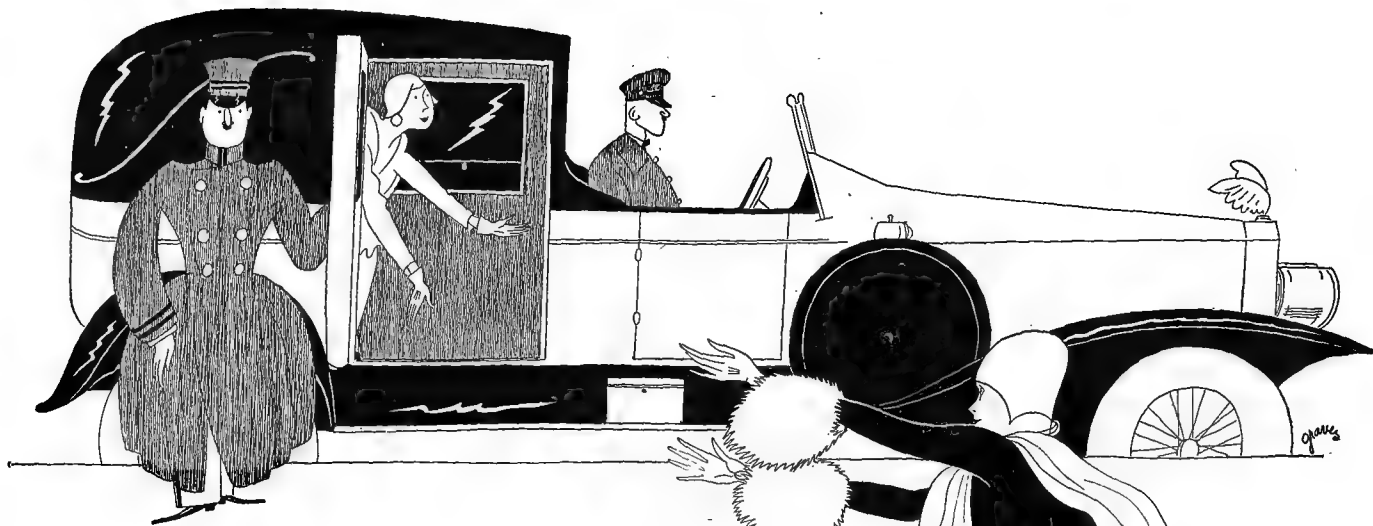


As Paris as the Rue de la Paix itself . . . \$35



Navy blue enamel adorns this Parisienne . . . \$35

You are buying a watch for your wrist? Why be content with anything but the smartest thing . . . the true Parisian style? . . . Would you like your watch done by the famous Madame Charlotte, directrice of the Maison Premet? Charlotte's watch tops the panel of Parisiennes shown to your left . . . a lovely bit of chic metal and enamel with a diagonal dial. A perfect timekeeper . . . and in perfect taste . . . smart for long, long years to come . . . Or Lucien Lelong's model right beneath it, half black, half white, one of a series of six designed by this luminary of the Paris Grande Couture. All of them are represented . . . and still more. You can hardly name an important creator in Paris who hasn't designed cases for the ELGIN Parisienne Series. And every Parisienne lives up to the ELGIN tradition of flawless, faithful timekeeping. Cased and timed by ELGIN, and each guarded by our famous guarantee. Plain cases or cases enamelled in all the modish colors. And all are but \$35 except one model which has a special silken thong instead of the conventional ribbon . . . and that one is \$37.50. Elgin watches are American made . . . completely. Paris on the face of it, but a true American watch at heart.



FLASHES FROM CANNES AND PARIS

A DASHING car draws up to the curb. I see a vivid face at the window. I call, ecstatically, "You! Just the person I most wanted to see! When did you land?" "This morning; Jane is still at the dock, flirting with the ragpickers. Get in! I'll drive you anywhere."

I climb in, eagerly. "Now quick!" I say. "Out of all the new clothes in Paris, what were the high peaks?"

"Oh, my dear, there was so much! Fashions are entrancing! I dined at Ciro's the night before I sailed and the dazzle of the women's satin gowns nearly injured my eyes. So many white satin frocks and pearls and diamonds! One impertinently smart woman wore a white satin gown with long sleeves and a belt of gold leather at the natural waist-line, gold cloth sandals and bag, and a coat of heavy white satin without a vestige of fur. Her jewelry was of opaque crystal.

"So many women wore jackets to complete their gowns, or three-quarter coats. For example, there was a large print chiffon frock in gray, blue and white, dipping in the back. This was worn with a three-quarter coat in the same colors with long scarf ends.

"One gown of middle blue georgette was worn with a three-quarter coat trimmed with soft bows, and there was a midnight blue georgette with a matching three-quarter length coat."

"How do the long skirts look on the dance floor?"

"Enchanting! The dignity of them is a joy. You should have seen one handsome dark woman in a straight cloth-of-silver coat, with an immense black fox collar, a white satin gown trailing on one side, black slippers, a large black handkerchief and a black antelope bag.

"Then another, in heavy black satin, with her dipping skirt lined in orange pink and a matching flower in the tip of the V in the back."

"Were slippers discreet?"

"Very! They either matched dark gowns, or were mastic or silvery with light ones. One white satin pair flashed red heels, and, worn with a gown of white satin, were matching red accessories."

"Does anyone wear those fascinating lace gloves?"

"Yes, Mrs. Reginald Fellowes wore them at Monte Carlo."

"What was the color scheme at Cannes?"

"To combine two, three or four colors. For example black, beige and yellow, or green, brown, white and beige. Your color theme may be subdued or brilliant."

"Hats, my dear?"

"Oh, piratical! Vagabonds are with us and the chic of the meticulously picturesque. It's all delightfully refreshing!"

"I must hop out now. Thanks so much. Do call me up soon. Good-by!"

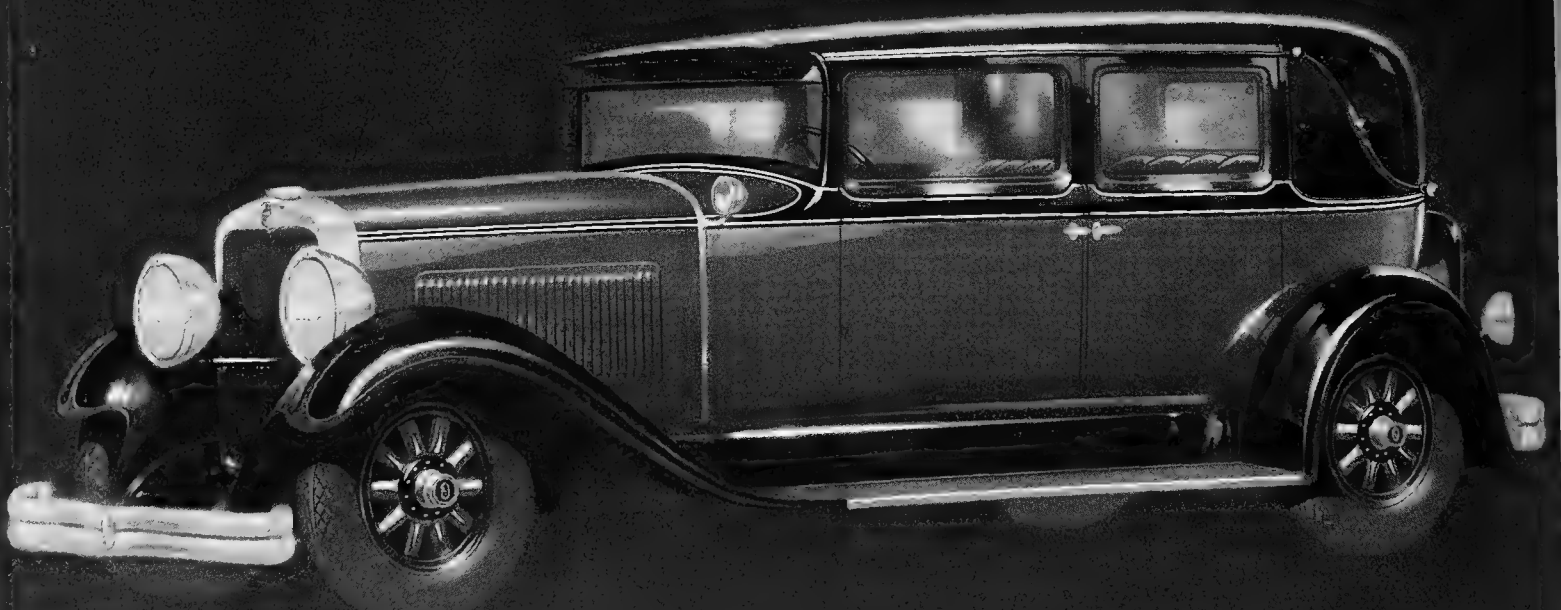
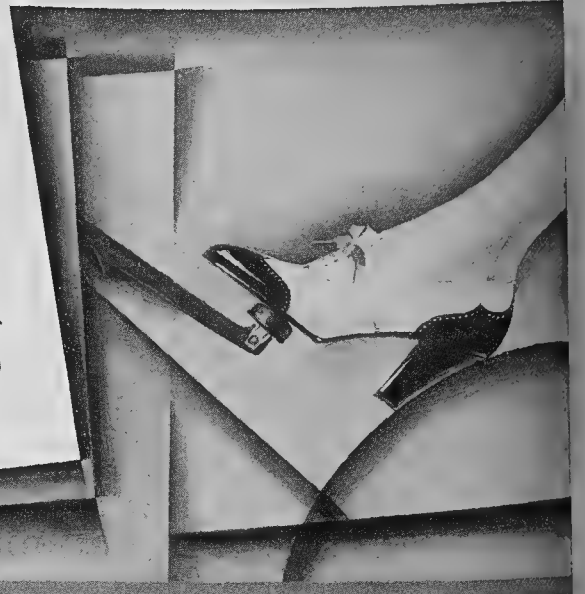
"Au revoir!"

KATHLEEN HOWARD

Drawing by
H. Tempest Graves

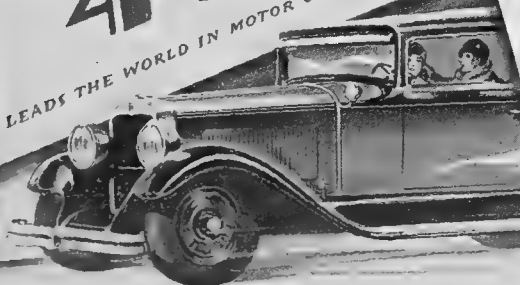
PAY special attention to your girdle and brassière this season. The long line to the knee, the welcome youthfulness of a high placed belt, both demand unbroken grace of silhouette and the gentle insistence of sustained support to the figure. Emaciation is a thing of the past; rounded slenderness the ideal figure. Wear the new clothes with joy in the surety of your grace of line.

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Hosiery that Speaks for Itself

NO words could be as colorful and alluring as the new sunburn and cosmetic shades of Humming Bird Full Fashioned Hosiery. No phrases could be as fine-spun as their fabric; no sentences as smartly sophisticated as their heel lines.

Humming Bird's immense popularity is not due to persuasive language but to the exclusive charm and lure of the hosiery itself.

We buy the highest grade of raw silk obtainable and spin the thread ourselves to assure a clear, even texture. The hose are unusually long; hems and soles are exceptionally narrow; reinforcements and run-stops are invisible. Colors are sanctioned by our Paris representative. Styles are developed for all occasions—Chiffon, Service Sheer and Service Weights; Picot Edge and Plain Hems; French, Tailored and our exclusive Concave Pointed Heels . . . And, Humming Birds are moderately priced.

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THE SMARTNESS OF YOUTH—THE SPLENDOR OF ROYALTY

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FOR MORNING ~ NOON ~ EVENING WEAR

A Loving Thought for Mother

Back of the gift is the giver.

It's the loving thought that mother craves, whether it be expressed in a diamond or a box of chocolates.

If you choose chocolates, select the same assortment you give the debutante—Whitman's Sampler. Mother will appreciate your thought.

The symbolism of the package expresses the beauty of Mother's Day. Starting with a quaint and quiet sentiment, the Sampler has acquired a particular and special niche in the regard of candy-lovers.

It is not merely "a box of candy," it is a message, a token, a fit symbol of "a loving thought for mother."

Order it early from the Whitman agent near you—usually the leading drug store. He gets his supplies *direct* from Whitman's.

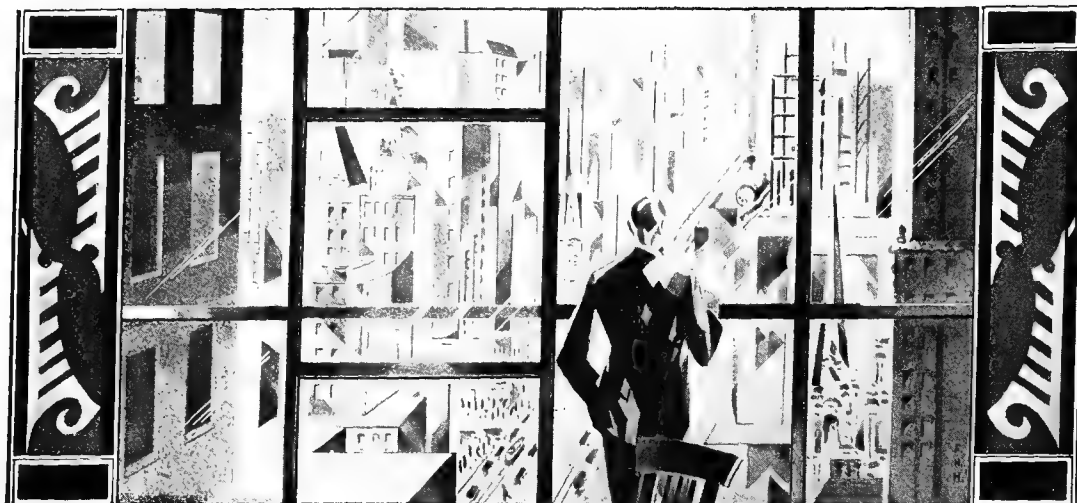
An added touch of sentiment is the special wrap for Mother's Day illustrating—"A Loving Thought for Mother."



Mother's Day
May 12, 1929

Started in 1842

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MAGIC CASEMENTS

PRACTICALLY every window in the world is a magic casement, whether it opens "on the foam of perilous seas" or on "faery lands forlorn."

I knew of a brilliant essayist once of whom it was said that he had but to look through a window to gain the material for the most beautiful prose fancy. He saw, of course, more than we ordinary mortals would have seen; yet it is possible for any of us to find new worlds beyond the tiny frame through which we look every day.

Cities, naturally, contain more scenes of action than our country districts. The pageant is forever changing; and where only yesterday there may have been a vacant space, to-morrow there will be a building full of wonder and sparkle and life. Behind every doorway, no matter how mean, there is drama; and if we do not actually see the drama, we can visualize it through our imagination.

I have been looking out of a high window at intervals for many months, here in the very heart of Manhattan; and I never weary of the changes that occur in the vista down the avenue at my feet; neither do I grow tired of the changeless walls which hem me in. The roofs below me float away like those flats near an inlet when it is low tide; but out of their monotony I gain a sense of the weariness of great cities, and the drabness and dulness of some of the lives lived beneath them. Once in a while a plain roof will blossom with life and action. Out of a scuttle emerges a black and hooded figure. At first I do not know what it can be. Then I see that it is a nun; and she begins to walk vigorously, almost rapturously, up and down on her limited territory. The streets below her are teeming with cars, trams, taxis and pedestrians. Up here she is safe, like an angel, with no traffic signals to disturb her quiet mind.

I try to figure why she is on that desolate roof. The building must be a school, or a hospital, and she, dedicated either to teaching or to nursing, comes above every afternoon for her much needed exercise. In beautiful seclusion she gets it. Only prying eyes like mine are upon her. I envy her, as we sometimes do in fleeting supreme moments of wonder, the ability to be so regular and faithful in her habits. She will be there to-morrow at four. I watch for her black cloak and white wimple. Sure enough, again she emerges, with that precision known only to those in holy orders. I determine, idly, that I could set my watch by her appearance on future days. I even venture to do so. And now I see that she is joined by other black-robed sisters, who have learned of her retreat; and I see them whispering to one another as they move back and forth, back and forth, sometimes dangerously near the edge of the roof, yet never conscious of their danger. Their poise, perhaps, has made it possible for them to be nuns, I like to think. And when they vanish, going back to their duties, I feel that their normally white faces are a little rosier; and I know that they take with them to the sick (for I have learned that the building is a hospital) some of the freshness of the sweet Spring air.

Beyond, church spires are silhouetted against the blue sky; but soon a growing skyscraper will obscure my view of these. One of the penalties of living in a city still in the throes of growing-pains. Men toss fiery brands from floor to floor of the steel skeleton that will finally be covered with stone flesh. A huge boiler is miraculously lifted to the fortieth story, on derricks incredibly strong; yet from where I watch they look like frail spider-webs, and I tremble lest they break, and fling their burden on the unknowing people in the street far below. I am like someone in the celestial regions, looking down pityingly on mortal men.

A mist comes over the city at five o'clock, and now I can scarcely see that pile of granite beauty which forms the loftiest tower in our crowded vicinity. It breaks into light. All around it other turrets, which only a little while ago were masses of steel, blossom into flowers of flame. It is as though Manhattan were holding a perpetual carnival these days; for fountains of fire are capping innumerable buildings now, and they sparkle and shine all through the night. Soon we may be satiated with the sight of so many dramatically illuminated towers; and yet I know we will not be. We will simply take them for granted, as we take our radiant shop windows, our blue skies and our lanes of endless traffic.

Who could ever weary of those diamond ropes that loop our rivers at evening? Or those pearl necklaces, flung on the velvet of the night by some careless queen, on the far side of the river? We become used to beauty—a terrible and terrifying beauty, it is true—here in wild and feverish Manhattan. But satiated? Never. As there could not be too many stars in the heavens, so there can never be too many ferryboats crawling through the darkness like golden worms. Or too many faces telling us, unwittingly, their stories; or, more often, seeking to hide them behind a masque of disdain.

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

FOR THE DAY OF DAYS

PATOU makes a bridal gown of incredible loveliness in his new tulle with lace. The yoke and sleeves are tulle with lace under them; the bodice is in bands of tulle, and the lower part of the skirt in lace. The cascading veil is made of the sheerest lace, and there are flowers of nacre over the ears.



A BRIDE IN WHITE BEAUTY

BEAUTIFUL, will be the bride who wears Lanvin's white georgette gown, with embroidery of tiny white beads and silver thread. The skirt is finished in the back in five godets which are extended to form a long train. The veil is quite short, and the head-dress is in tulle with the same embroidery.



LANVIN



LELONG

A Lelong ensemble in gray marocain, with gray georgette frock. The coat is trimmed with gray fox, called chinchilla because of the color. The cape is attached, and tied in a bow in the front. The fur band at the knees is graceful.

Also from Lelong is this ensemble of frock and short jacket in printed crêpe de Chine, navy and white, of indefinite design. The skirt of the frock is slightly longer in the back, and fuller. The short jacket has pockets at the side.

A TROUSSEAU

B
MARJORIE

Drawings by

15 rue de la Paix, Paris.

THE trousseau is no longer the elaborate affair that it used to be in our mothers' time, but even the most modern bride, reducing her wardrobe to a minimum for an automobile honeymoon, is still delighted with the idea of buying her wedding clothes in Paris. She will order, of course, just what she needs for the kind of life that she is going to lead. That has always been the principle on which a trousseau is founded; and it is because her life has changed so radically that her outfit will be so different. "Less and more often" is the motto of the present-day wardrobe, and no one thinks nowadays in terms of "twelve dozen of everything." Even quite affluent brides used to plan to live on the made-over remains of a trousseau for years. "Making-over" is an art that has entirely disappeared from our calculations; perhaps modern materials would not stand it.

"What did you have when you were married?" I asked my mother.



LELONG

FROM PARIS

Y
HOWARD

Reynaldo Luza

"Twelve dozen of everything," she answered, "including handkerchiefs."

"And stockings?"

"No, my stocking supply would have lasted you about a month. Stockings really *wore* in my day. I had thread ones for the daytime, woolen ones for winter, and silk ones for the evening. Six pairs, only, but they seemed to last for ever."

"And your dresses?"

"Morning dresses, walking dresses, visiting toilets, dinner dresses, and ball-gowns."

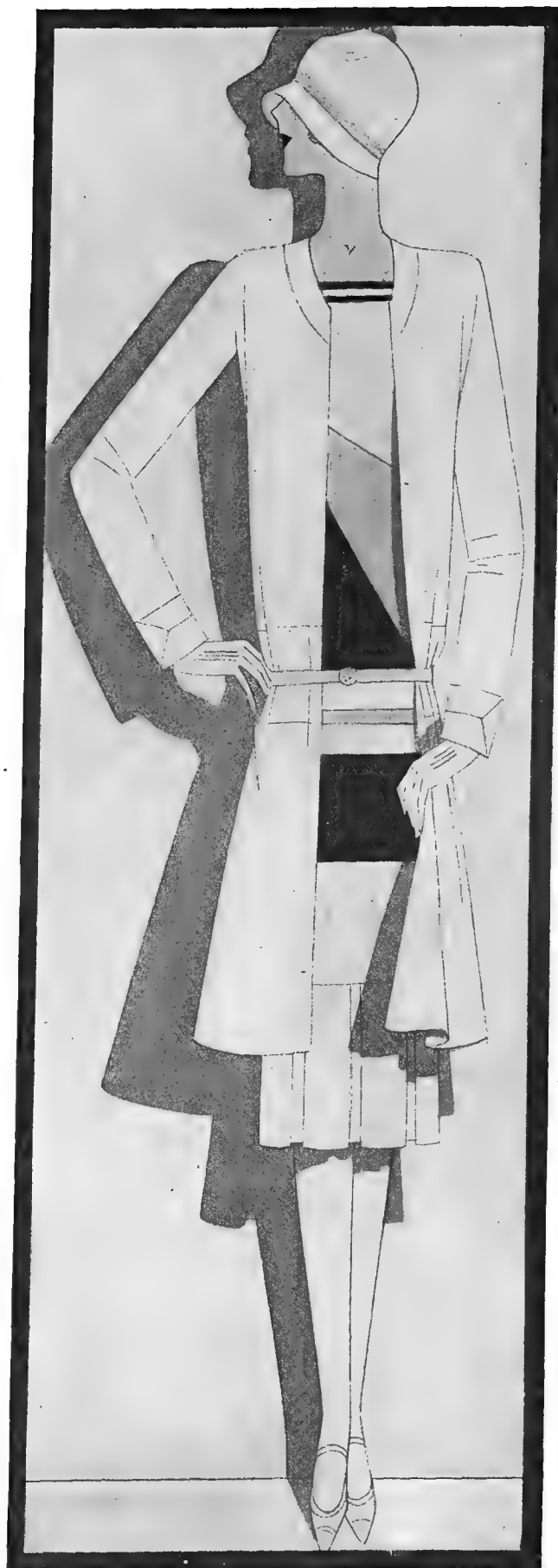
"What was the difference between morning and walking dresses?"

"Morning dresses trailed and were frilly; walking dresses were of somewhat more solid material, and they just cleared the ground."

"And visiting toilets? What a grand name!" (Continued on page 144)



LOUISEBOULANGER



LOUISEBOULANGER

A beige tweed suit with a seven-eighths coat, open in front, another Louiseboulanger design. The blouse is the new long model in Rodier's tustikasha, printed with yacht pennant design in two blues on beige. The skirt is plaited.

A Louiseboulanger "dressmaker" suit in printed crêpe de Chine, golden beige with a white line making a small plaid. The coat is three-quarters length, with yoke inset and bow. The frock has the long-waisted appearance of the new blouses.



AUGUSTABERNARD

WHITE IS EVER ALLURING

An evening ensemble from Augustabernard in creamy white crêpe Birman, a sort of romain. The three-quarter coat is trimmed with white fox. The gown is interestingly cut, with a godet at the side.

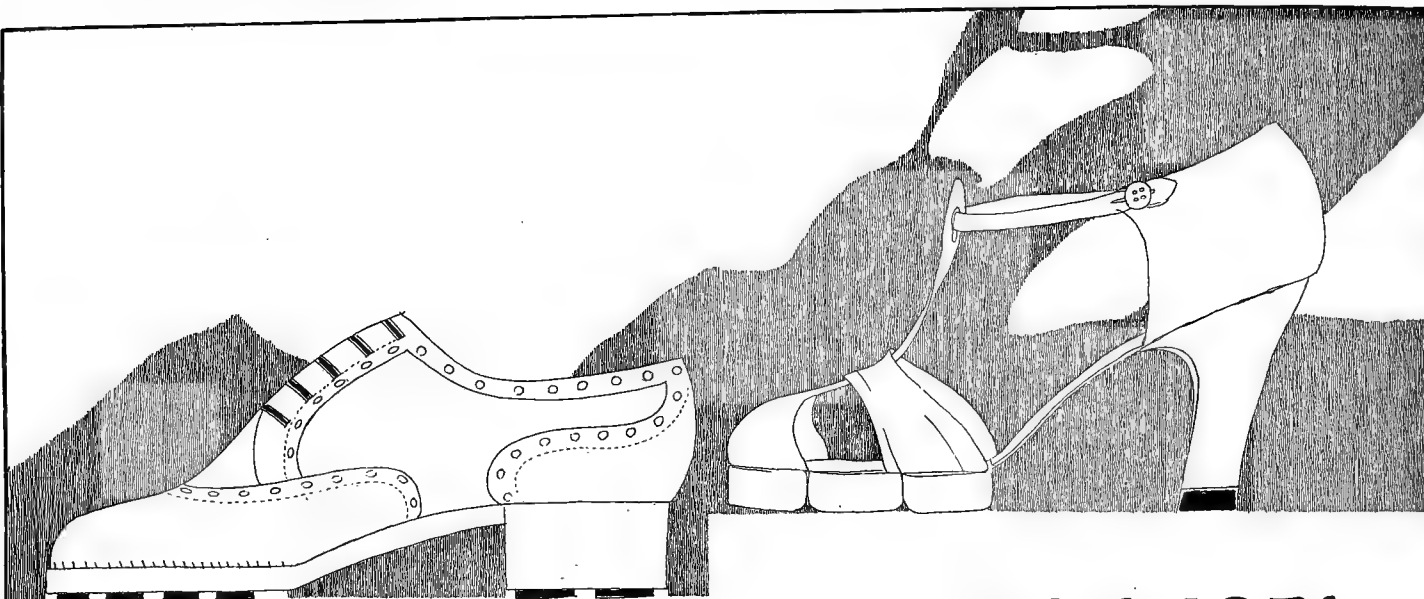


WORTH

SKIRTS GAIN IN GRACE

Worth makes a lovely evening gown in black tulle, with a long-all-round skirt and slim bodice. To complete the costume, there is a little sleeveless tulle jacket finished with a tracery of strass.

Another attractive Worth model is this gown in white wedding-ring velvet. It is slim, draped to the side front, and there held by a striking ornament of black marble, a very new conception.



PARIS SHOES ARE SMART BUT SIMPLE

PERUGIA has invented a new system of shoemaking, which he has patented. The shoe is made of any material, but the sole is made of wood, sometimes lacquered in color, or in leather and aluminum. The wood or leather is in three sections running across the sole, jointed, or grooved to allow great flexibility. Soles of heavy leather or of wood are not new,

but heretofore, practical leather ones have been too heavy in weight for a delicate foot, while wooden ones have been too stiff. The grooved principle allows perfect freedom to the foot, while the materials of these soles are absolutely waterproof. This system he has adapted to shoes of all kinds, even dancing sandals, but it seems particularly appropriate to beach sandals, and golf and country shoes. It is illustrated here in a beach sandal, a golf, and a walking model.

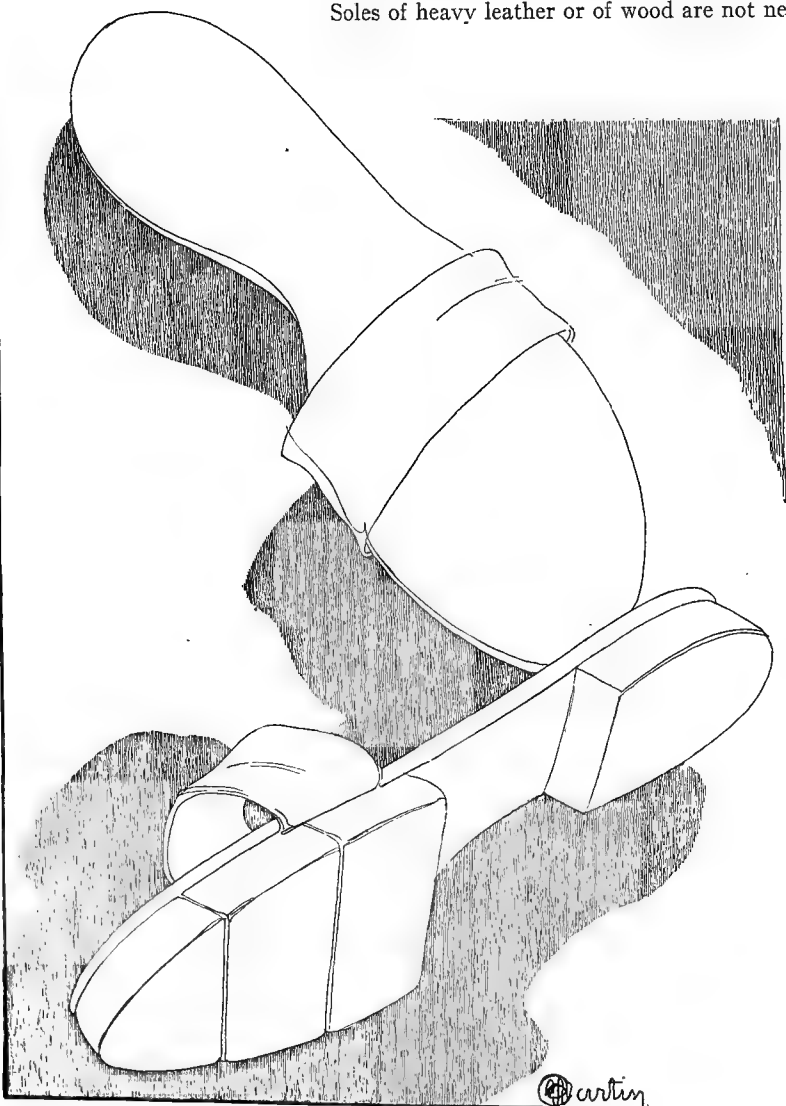
The beach sandal is in rubberized crêpe de Chine, strap and lining being of one colored or two-colored crêpe to match the bathing costume. The sole is of wood lacquered in the same color.

The golf shoe is in heavy brown leather, with the sectional sole in wood. This is particularly good for wet and muddy weather.

The walking sandal is in a new heavy satin, especially made for Perugia. It matches the costume in color, and is lined with silvered kid. The outer edges of the leather sole are covered with aluminum which looks like silver.

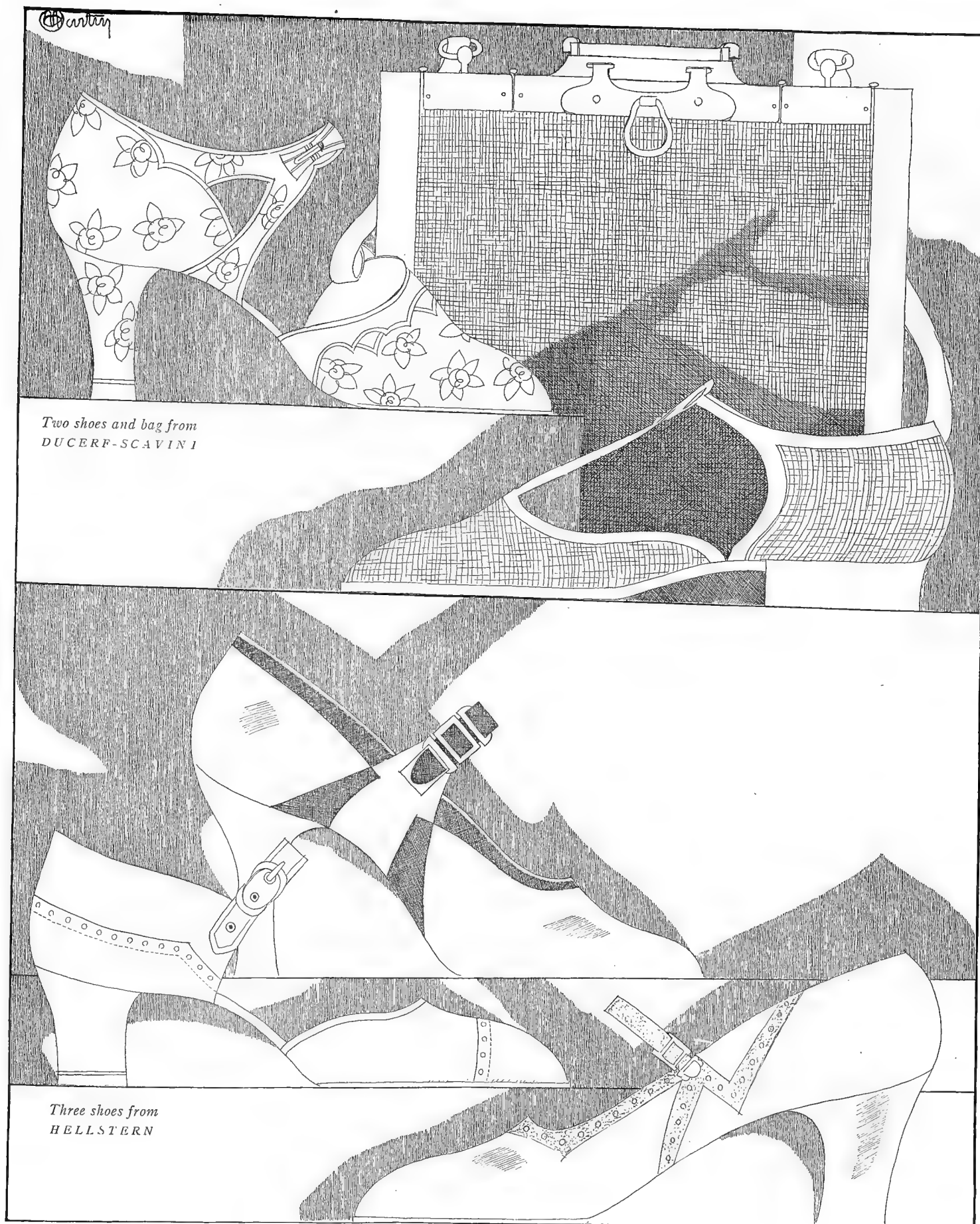
Perugia is making many sandals for spring and summer wear, and often in the beige, putty and pastel shades. Strong colors in footgear, he feels, are more appropriate for winter. Heels will continue to be about two and a quarter inches in height, but the thicker sole will tend to make a woman look taller.

On the opposite page are three new models from Hellstern and two from Ducerf-Scavini. The country or resort model from Hellstern is



*Shoes on this page
patented by
PERUGIA*

©Martin



Two shoes and bag from
DUCERF-SCAVINI

Three shoes from
HELLSTERN

in white buckskin and tan leather which still remains one of the smartest types for country and resort wear. The fastening in silvered metal is new; one presses the metal flap to undo the buckle.

A new resort shoe is in écru linen canvas and coffee colored kid, trimmed with perforations. The buckle is of nickel.

The afternoon sandal—sandals will be much worn when the weather turns warm—is in brown kid trimmed with crocodile. The vamp and quarter are in kid, and the edging and strap are in brown patent leather, with the circular section and heel in crocodile.

The sports or beach model from Ducerf-Scavini is in fine

Panama straw; natural color, with strap and edging of brown Russia leather, which may be in any color. The heel is low and flat. The bag is in the same straw, with a stitched border of the leather.

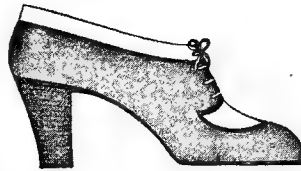
A new idea in evening slippers is illustrated in the other Ducerf-Scavini model. They are made of black or colored antelope very fine in quality, painted with the flowers that match the flowers on the frock. They are intended to be worn with a flowered chiffon or crêpe gown. In this case small pink roses and green leaves appear on black. The piping is in gilt kid. The buckle is in black enamel and gold, and fastens like a snow-boot.

Caught

*Coral, beige and black
chiffon. Oyster-white
velvet and camellias.*



Patou



Tan and white.



Agnès

*Black
parasol.*

COATS—At spring resorts, chic is largely a matter of coats.

THE TWEED COAT: Creamy, beige, or brownish, often flaked like oatmeal. Furless, smartly tailored, with belt and pockets.

Furred, with flat furs, frequently beaver or nutria, sometimes lined with fur. Some collars of spotted fur, black and white, brown and white.

THE LIGHT-WEIGHT FUR COATS: Flat smooth skins, taken from various domestic animals while they are young and innocent, shaved lamb, chevreton, young pony, baby calf. Slim, small-collared, sometimes three-quarter length.

The softer skins, especially summer ermine (some are anything but), in creamy beige, sometimes in gray.

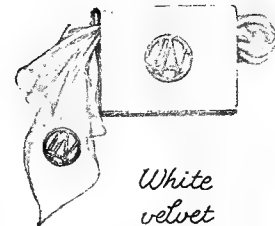
TOWN FURS: Some breitschwanz and mink, which, on the whole, look better in town.

ENSEMBLES—Tweed ensembles, furred or furless, with jumper and skirt. Light-weight woolen materials for coats, trimmed with lynx or fox, worn over crêpe frocks, usually matching. These may be in pale colors with beige or gray fur, or in strong shades, usually with blue fox. Some ensembles in contrasting colors. Combinations of

*Yellow
and
black.
Reboux
hat.*



*Red
and
white.*



*White
velvet
and coral
monogram.*

*Crêpe yoke,
three colors, on
black sweater.*

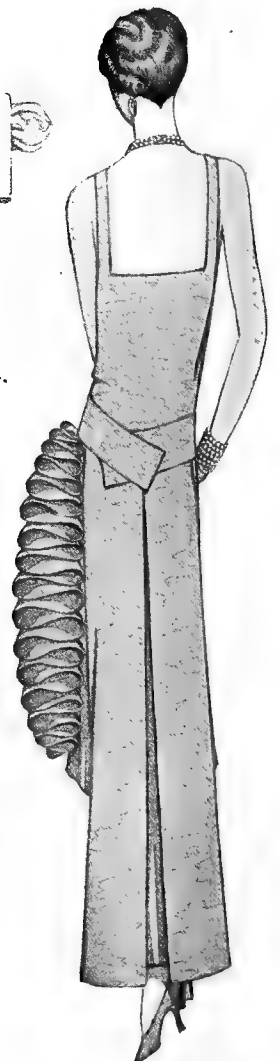


*Rose-beige satin
with diamond buckle.*

Goupy



*Black chiffon
scarf.*



*Steel blue
moiré.*

at Cannes

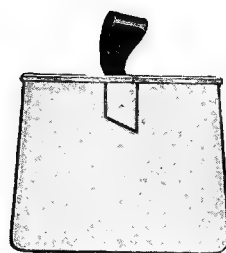
print and plain; example, the three-piece ensemble from Goupy sketched on opposite page, in yellow, with print yellow and black.

SPORTS CLOTHES—One, two, and three-color combinations. Straight coat over frock. Cardigan, jumper and plaited skirt. Jacket and one-piece frock. Example sketched on opposite page, white coat, jacket of tiny red and white dotted foulard, red skirt, white blouse. Scarf of red and white dots, with red border. White felt hat, white antelope gloves.

Another example sketched on this page from Léna, dark blue crêpe de Chine suit, piped lighter blue, lighter blue jumper blouse, scarf in two shades of crêpe, Agnès turban in two blues. Blue pumps. Worn with tailored blue crêpe de Chine coat.

SWEATERS—Sweater blouses and cardigans both worn. Many plain-colored sweater blouses; some in combinations of two or more colors, often red, white and blue. Some in black and yellow with black suits, or black and white, with black suits. Few modernistic designs. Few stripes. Many yoke effects. A tendency to work-over sweaters by incrusta- (Continued on page 164)

Navy and white.
Two blue crêpes
Agnès turban.



Bag in panama
straw.

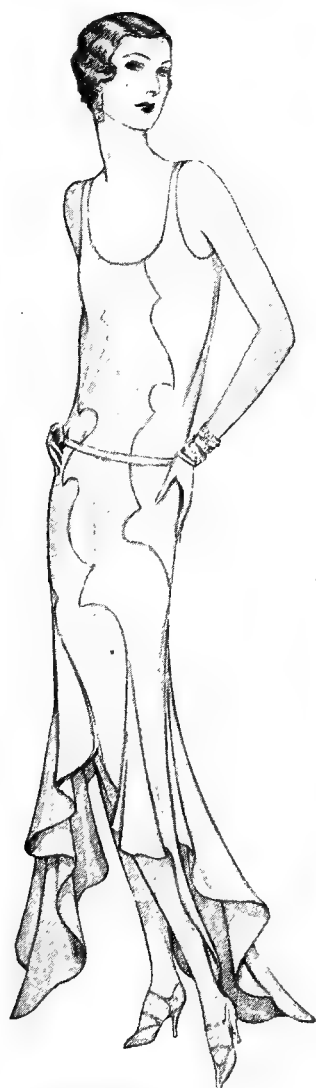
Agnès



Black
straw turban.



Léna



Augusta bernard
Marquise de Paris
in flesh satin.



Coiffure with
diamond pin.



White lilacs
and diamonds.



Molynaux Chanel

Mrs. Reginald
Fellowes in
brown tulle
and chiffon
Mme. Paul
Dubonnet in
white velvet
and pable.



Reboux
Yellow and
black, four-
colored scarf.



Greco

Black suède
and gold.

A Story by Nina Wilcox Putnam:

LOVE CANNOT DIE

For there is Romance forever in the Soft air of Venice

Illustrations by Addison Burbank

UNLESS you have faith, Signor, you cannot move mountains. But if you believe strongly enough, anything can happen. *Ecco!* you laugh, but what I am saying is true!

I have acted as guide to many American visitors besides yourself, Signor, and as a rule, like you, they scoff at the idea of our shrines performing miracles, or of old, forgotten things still haunting the Venetian Canals. But if I may presume to set you right, let me say that laughing at miracles is a sign of ignorance, for I assure you I have seen at least one right here in our modern Venice of the motor-boat and the electric light. Take the case of Rosa Naldi, the glass-blower's daughter, and what happened to her. There was an example of the things which faith can do!

Rosa Naldi, ah, Signor, what a girl! Young, beautiful, such health and gaiety as she had, it was extraordinary! Big eyes that were always laughing, hair dark as the Adriatic at night, and skin like a camellia. All the young men were mad with desire for her, but she scorned them, every one. Her father could have arranged a very good match more than once, but she begged him not to hurry her out of his house. Indeed, it would have been hard for him to let her go, because she was very like

the adored wife who had died when Rosa was born.

As for Rosa, she was heart free. She loved only her father, her church and her flowers, and all the handsome youths sighed in vain until the day she met this fellow, Guido Reni. Yes, Signor, he was named like the great painter, but he was far from following such an exalted profession. In fact, he was a mere gondolier, the same as myself. I knew him well, Signor, and such a handsome fellow; well, you can't imagine it! Strong and tall, always kind and smiling and full of nonsense. We were on the same stand together, his boat next to mine, and he was always up to tricks—but harmless ones, you understand. *Sapristi!* How he loved to get a little fun out of life! I had an old taximeter which my cousin had brought home as a souvenir of his experiences in America. Guido wanted it so much that I finally gave it to him and Guido fastened it on his gondola. Of course, the water did not make it work, but he loved to watch the faces of the tourists who kept their eyes fastened upon it as he poled them about. Guido would roar with laughter at their anxiety, but he never overcharged them.

No one could mistake his gondola for any

other, he kept it so bright and it was such a handsome boat which he had built with a little legacy from his mother. And people, especially the rich Americans, would pick him out and signal him from among the rest of us. But no one could be jealous of Guido's success, he was too well liked for that. Indeed, he was one of those radiant persons on whom the saints have smiled in every particular. He was poor, but he did not need riches, Signor, for he had gifts beyond the price of gold. And to crown the fulness of his life, came Rosa.

I saw their first meeting, Signor. It was on the birthday of her father, old Naldi, the glass-blower, and Rosa had put up a beautiful hot lunch for him as a surprise—*gnocci*, a *fritto-misto*—everything delicious, and at noon she came to the Rialto landing on the Grand Canal, carrying the basket with a fine bottle of wine sticking its neck above the white napkin. She had meant to catch the ferry for Murano, the island of the glass-blowers where her father worked, but alas! the ferry had departed. Rosa stood at the quay peering after the fat little *tram* as it puffed off among the water-traffic, and she was almost in tears from disappointment, for the ferries only run every half-hour and she would be late. Suddenly

"Suddenly Guido's gondola began gliding from its customary place, and the prow edged to where the girl was waiting. 'Eccomi, Signorinal' he called in his best manner."



"It was as though the very light of Heaven came through her, and when she stepped into my gondola and I poled her silently out into the night, she illuminated the small boat with a soft radiance."



Guido's gondola began gliding from its customary place beside mine, and the prow edged to where the girl was waiting.

"*Eccomi, Signorina!*" he called in his best manner, his white teeth showing in a far from professional smile. Rosa smiled back, although she was ordinarily a very modest girl, Signor, not given to casual flirtations. But there must have been something unusual between those two, right from the start, for it was not an ordinary love-affair, as you shall see. Rosa smiled, but she shook her head.

"I cannot afford riding about in gondolas," she replied. "I have only fare enough for the ferry."

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"To Murano," she replied.

"Jump in!" he commanded. "I was just going there anyhow!"

You understand, Signor, that if Rosa had said the Lido, or Jerusalem, it would have been

all the same. She must have known it, too, but it was a very white lie, Signor, the sort the saints condone. I watched her enter the gondola, and followed them out of sight with my eyes as long as I could. *Santa Maria*, what a couple they made! Like figures from a romance, but of very real, warm flesh such as we get only in the Southland. Even I am not cold, Signor, but I have never married, partially because I have too fine an idea of what marriage should be, and besides, you see, though I am so much older, I loved her, too: ever since she was a little flower of a child that used to sit first on my knee and then on her father's, when we talked of an evening at Bastino's over our little glass of *strega*. But she was never intended for me, and of all the world of men there was no one whom I would rather see her take than the gallant Guido.

That laughing trip to the glass factory was the beginning. Guido declared he would wait

for her. He carried the basket to the old man's section, and Rosa explained to her father how kind Guido had been. Then, with true Venetian courtesy, Signor Naldi insisted that Guido share the meal.

You know the glass factories, Signor? Ah, we shall go there to-morrow then, but in the meanwhile you must try to imagine the fantastic quality of the art by which the breath of life is literally blown into the molten glass, causing to be born birds and flowers and exotic shapes that have no meaning or use save beauty alone. The glass-blowers' craft is an extremely honorable, difficult and dangerous one, Signor. Some of the Guilds are very old, and positions in them have been handed down from generation to generation. Rosa's father, for instance, was the tenth of his line to work miracles of glass on that very spot. Think of it! He was extraordinarily skilled, with great pride in his art, devoted to his work (*Continued on page 124*)



AGNES

*Black and cream Satin Hat which
May be Worn in four Different Ways*

DEMMEYER
Δ



By Baron de Meyer:

OYEZ! OYEZ! READ AND MARK WELL!

*The Mysteries of Chic are Manifold.
Here is Light on a Difficult Subject.*

YOU must not imagine that, because certain things are not customary at home, they should be out of the question elsewhere.

You must not imagine that adapting French fashions to your own point of view is more advantageous than adapting yours to French fashions.

You must not imagine that a three weeks vacation in Paris, during which you've been visiting a few leading dressmaking establishments and had a chance to observe Parisian elegance at the Ritz and at Ciro's, has initiated you into the mysteries of Parisian dressing.

You must not imagine that, having brought back a trunkful of new Paris clothes, you will be proclaimed the best-dressed woman in the world. Paris has pitfalls. There are models which must be avoided in almost every *maison de couture*.

You must not have prejudices against any new fashions, unless you have tried them out yourself. You might otherwise soon be out of fashion.

You must never sit in front of a mirror and fancy you resemble

18 rue Vaneau, Paris.

a famous eighteenth-century portrait, and dress accordingly. Had any of the painters of that distant period lived in 1929, they would have painted you in smart up-to-date clothes.

You must not imagine that, in order to look a lady, you have to wear conservative clothes. A really distinguished personality shows breeding in any sort of garment, but, like other mortals, looks her best when dressed fashionably.

You must not cling to last year's styles because you thought them becoming. They will hardly be so, this season. Why? Because they are no more *à la mode*. Remember, even becoming clothes have a short life, and should never become a habit.

Most fashions are beautiful, except when deformed. Badly interpreted, they become absurd.

Fashions do not change because of dressmakers' dictates. They change to keep up with life as it is lived.

Only fashions designed in view of comfort have any chance of permanent success.

Fashions meant to be an expression of (Continued on page 84)



HARTNELL-LONDON

DEMETER
Δ

*Black Faille flares in Aggressive
Chic suggesting a Bird's Plumage*



CALLOT

REMYER

*Sunshine is Caught in this Yellow
Net gown, and Red roses Accent it*



MAUBOUSSIN



DEMMEYER

*A diamond Necklace with Matching
Earrings and a Ring of three Diamonds*



HAYWARD

DEMMEYER

*For her Presentation, gold Lace with
a Train of peach Velvet and gold Tissue*



CHÈRUIT

*The Distinction of Hyacinth
Satin, Rose and Yellow Roses*

DEMETER
Δ

Art require most careful treatment; modernity avoiding artistic leanings.

Up-to-date smartness is made up of clothes devoid of ornamentation and furbelows, modern elegance being an expression of line, color and detail.

Good dressing, nowadays, means never to strike a false note, contrary to modern methods in music, in which discordant harmonies predominate.

Why is it women watch fashions much more than their figures?

They should remember: That strong muscles are far more efficient than corsets and that good health is every inch as important as slenderness:

That the low waist-line hardly improves any very slim woman, while it certainly does improve the ones more heavily built, this being called "restoring the equilibrium of balance."

That the nude figure shows no interruption anywhere, and



SUZANNE TALBOT

DEMETER

*A new Note rings in Black lace
Gloves. Hat of Quilted Taffeta*

that nothing alters the figure God has given to woman.

My reply to the question, "Are women better dressed in Paris than elsewhere?" is "yes." Even though, from among a dozen to be met with, but a small percentage is French.

Strangers appear surprisingly well dressed in Paris. The same women, elsewhere, seem so much less so. Away from Paris, woman's sartorial eye refuses to see true.

Even a transplanted Parisienne, a temporary exile from the

taste-giving life of the Ville Lumière, has been known to lose all her chic. By contrast, many Americans, as well as Spanish women, after but one month in Paris, acquire it with ease.

Paris casts a spell upon transient visitors; transforms, for the time being, Cinderellas into fairy princesses!

French fashions are the solid foundation for all women to build on, Paris having retained its century-old prestige. It is supreme in matters of clothes.



РУССКАЯ
КОРЧМА

RUSSIAN
KRECHMA

Illustrations by Le Fantôme

By Isabel Leighton:

THE WAY TO A MAN'S HEART

*A unique Study in Sentiment, which
Likewise Reveals the Best, Smartest, and
Quaintest Restaurants in New York*



DEAR Eve Appleton:

If I didn't know that your unerring sex sagacity was the pulmotor that had restored life to many a girl who had died a social death; I'd carry the admission of my dismal failure in Mayfair locked deep in my spinster heart; but if you are to help me, I realize that I must confess the whole humiliating truth, soul-searing though it may be.

I am eighteen and have been out nearly a year, but I've been out where men are concerned long before the society editors made any public announcement of the fact, and all because my poor misguided mother was given a wretched tip on the social market. She was advised to turn me into a clinging vine in a generation that has no interest in any vine but the grape. Charm was the chief quality with which I was instilled in an era when young men look for quality only in stuff that is distilled. In short, I became so much the dowager's delight that men loathed me—all except Peter, who, in my quaint way, I call "Old Faithful" because, like the geyser, he gushes so rarely—over me, anyway. And something tells me that even that occasional effusion will soon peter out unless I do some very snappy mend-

ing of my ways, for last night we came closer to the row stage than it's healthy to get. Frankly, I don't yet know what it's all about, but here are the mystifying details:

He had asked me to dine with him, and when I put in an appearance in my best ensemble, looking very much the last word, he turned to me and said, "Where to, Hildegard?" (Hildegard—that was another of dear mamma's mistakes.)

"Anywhere at all, Peter," was my sweetly assenting reply.

"Want to try Yar?" he suggested.

"Don't care if I do, Peter," I assured him.

"Or perhaps Caviar sounds more like it, or Voisin, maybe."

Then, mistaking my silence for disapproval, "I have it, Robert's the place. How about it?"

"Right you are," I sang out exuberantly, and beamed upon him in much the same way Isabella must have looked on Columbus when he discovered something, too. For some reason, unknown to me even in retrospect, he flew into a small rage and mimicked: "If you say so, Peter—don't care if I do, Peter—yes, Peter—God's truth, haven't you an original idea in your head? You're 'yesing' me into insanity—

can't you say anything but yes?" (Which was decidedly unfair, for I remember at least one occasion, I believe it was in a taxicab driving home from a deb dance, when my saying "no" made him just as furious.)

Anyway, I realized in that agonizing instant that I would have to make myself over, change my type completely, if I would win him back. I'd have to become conversant with the chit-chat of the hour, glamorously sophisticated, and, since my acquiescent enthusiasm dimmed his ardor, even a little spoiled. I vowed then that if ever I managed to cajole him into another dinner date, I'd say, "Robert? Nice in its way, but hardly what you'd call chi-chi, old thing. Why not the —?" But that's where you come in, for I'm so hopelessly green that I can't supply the words that are the Open Sesame to success. Won't you give me one or two pointers along with a list of really amusing places that I could spring on him the next time we plan going out to feed—places that aren't just food emporiums, spots he'll wish he had discovered? You can't know what your help will mean to me.

Yours for victory,

HILDEGARDE BRIDGES.

P.S. One of those I think he's burned behind him.

MY dear Hildegard Bridges:

Only people who play with matches are burned, not those who make them, and I can safely promise that you will come through with a brilliant one, if you'll heed these few simple suggestions:

1. Don't nag if Peter turns up half an hour later than he said he would. Always remember he may have been detained trying to sell that bond.
2. Don't sulk if he wants to dine informally. Remember wearing stiff bosom shirts isn't so hot when it's hot.
3. Don't secretly buy yourself the cream of Goldfarb's orchid collection and flaunt them in Peter's face. Men never seem to see a great deal of beauty in flowers they haven't sent.
4. Don't run him ragged finding the special

food prescribed in the latest thinning diet. Besides annoying him, it will only call attention to the fact that your figure isn't all it might be.

5. Don't discuss the means by which he earns his daily bread. Remember that at night he is out to get his just dessert.

So much for deportment.

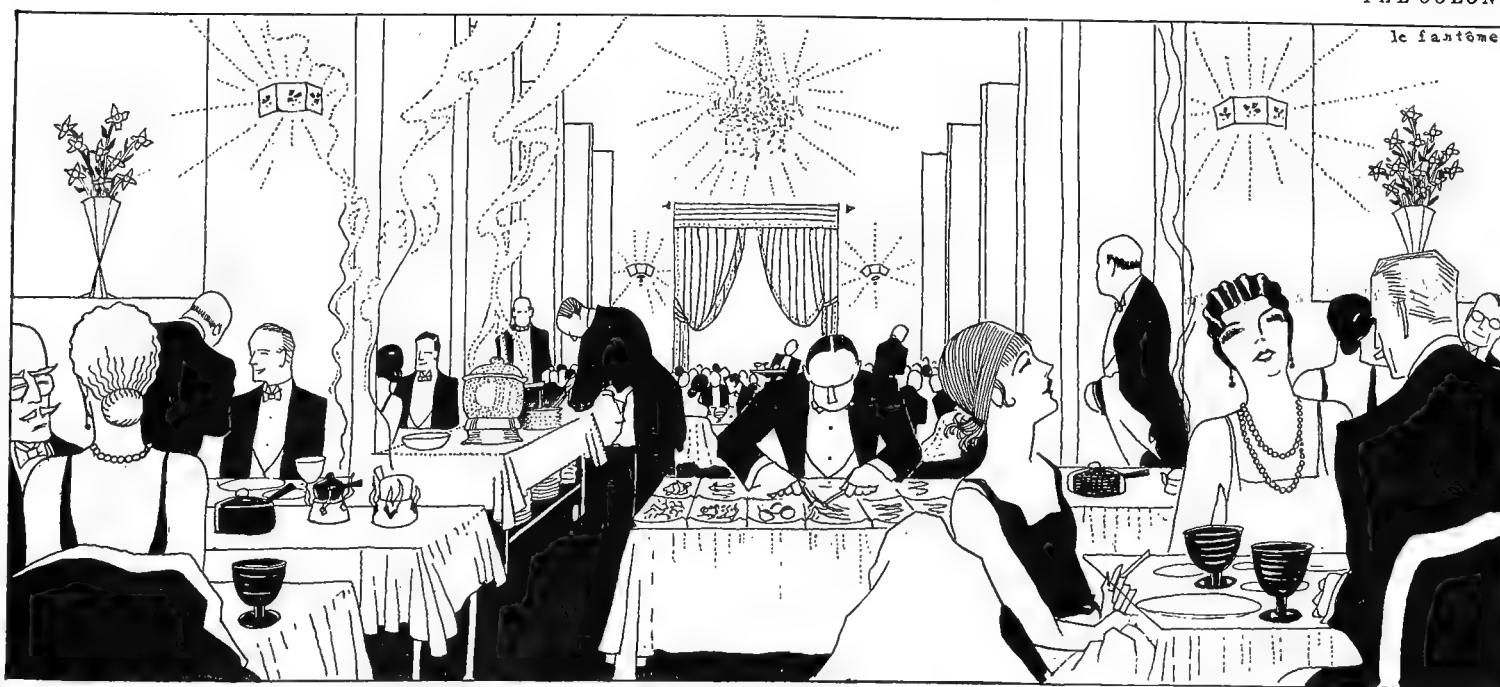
Should Peter arrive giddy with having won a decision on points in his daily bout with the stock market and feel the urge to foregather with one or two other financial geniuses, the Colony Restaurant at 61st Street and Madison Avenue is surely his Mecca. There's the flavor of success in every morsel of food that comes to the table and the hope of success with each orchid some gallant has pinned to a feminine shoulder, along with his faith. Here you will see jewels of such beauty and size that only by exercising your last ounce of will-power will you manage to conquer the impulse to hide that chaste little wrist watch mother gave you when you graduated from Spence. As for clothes, they are so exquisitely simple and lovely in line that they fairly shriek Vionnet and Chanel as they pass in parade. It's the kind of competition you can cope with only on your good evenings and I'd advise a visit there only at times when you feel that by rights you should have been "Miss America" in the last beauty contest.

However, be comforted by the news that in these days of hectic endeavor men have what amounts to almost a hunger for simplicity and relaxation; they are no better equipped than you to have a continual succession of formal dinners thrust upon them. And so in my note to you, I am stressing many restaurants that, while grand, are not in the least pretentious. Not one of them is fantastically expensive, nor are any of them cheap unless it be in price. In-

cidental, it won't exactly prejudice Peter against you when he discovers that while you may hail from a family of Bridges, you are not necessarily one of the toll-bridges; that he may span the path that leads to your heart without depositing two weeks' salary, his watch and chain, and his new Dunhill lighter at the door.

Of course, you've handicapped me no end in that you've told me almost nothing about your young man except that he is capable of losing his temper, as who is not? I've always contended that a restaurant can create or destroy a mood more subtly than almost anything you can mention, and the kind of place one man will call "elegant" will only irritate another. Hence, I submit so diversified a list that one or more should evoke nothing short of enthusiasm.

Should he be a much-traveled lad who, in the course of his globe-trotting, has developed a taste for Russian food, take him to the Russian Kretchma at 244 East 14th Street, Stuyvesant 9758. Here you can (Continued on page 166)



By Gertrude Atherton:



John Kabel

This roadway, which cuts through the Pebble Beach golf-course, is a part of the famous Seventeen Mile Drive. The road affords lovely glimpses of the ocean.

CALIFORNIA'S GOLDEN PLAYGROUNDS

Where Life is Lived in the Open amid Colorful Surroundings

And Every Luxury that Wealth can Command

CALIFORNIA is a state of many climates, being some eight hundred miles long, but for one reason, if no other, practically all the playgrounds of the wealthy are along the coast: the nights are cool. Even if there is no breeze from the Pacific the temperature drops some twenty degrees as soon as the sun goes down. There is an old saying, "The sun is everything in California," and even the late afternoon in summer is appreciably colder. This applies only to the coast, however, which for this reason is not so popular with elderly bronchial tubes. This no doubt is the secret of the prosperity of Pasadena and "The Desert."

The former, situated at the foot of a high mountain, with its orange groves of golden fruit below and glittering snows cutting a sharp outline against the hot blue of the sky, was one of the first towns in California to be discovered by wealthy people of the cold Eastern and mid-Western States. Its superb hotels are crowded all winter with millionaires, and many others have built mansions, villas, bungalows, living there the year round. It has always struck me

as an ideal place to die in. You can lie out like a lizard in the sun and absorb its ultra-violet rays—unless you are too Nordic—until you desiccate and blow away.

The roads, since the advent of the automobile, are among the finest in the world, and the wealthy immigrants may loaf in their cars by the hour, comfortably baked. The young people, of course, dance, drink—since prohibition—make love; all in the most romantic surroundings. The little town itself, half smothered in pepper trees, is very beautiful, very somnolent, very expensive. It is a curious anomaly that Upton Sinclair should live there, but I am told he built his house with his own hands. The late C. P. Huntington lived in an imposing mansion that was a gallery of English art, and close by is his all but inaccessible Library, presented by him to the public; full of rare editions and thousands of volumes that would be a godsend to scholars and students if they could afford taxicabs. Why are millionaires so unimaginative?

Another attraction for these Eastern enthusi-

asts is Hollywood, not so far away, the most exotic spot on the face of the globe. "Spider Boy" gives the best picture of it I have read, so I will not descant upon its weird individualities. Then there is Los Angeles, with its theatres and gorgeous shops—for those that have the courage to visit it. It is more congested, in its business district, than the Loop of Chicago, and personally I would not dare to cross one of its streets on foot. But Los Angeles, too, is one of the seventeen wonders of America.

Santa Barbara has always been excessively aristocratic. Very aloof. Very exclusive. I had a peculiar experience there long before it became an ultra-fashionable resort: It had but one hotel of consequence, and a very proud one. English nobility always stayed there, a few New Yorkers had discovered the climate, and even San Franciscans patronized it occasionally in winter.

My sister and I were traveling in Southern California, and we thought it would be a lark to ignore the train and take the stage-coach over the mountains from Santa Inez to Santa Barbara; an interesting if rather trying experience, through

magnificent scenery that looked as if it had just boiled out of chaos, and the wheels of the unwieldy coach occasionally slipping over the edge of a precipice when encountering a team on the narrow road. We arrived under the serene blue skies of Santa Barbara in mid-afternoon, looking like female bandits; at least three inches deep in dust, our faces unrecognizable under dirt and sunburn, our hair straggling. Although unavoidably aware of our disreputable appearance, we went directly to The Arlington, and approached the desk with what confidence we could summon. A haughty clerk, after a nervous glance at several of the "elegant patrons" lounging in the lobby, looked us over haughtily and snapped, "No vacancies." But that was the only hotel in Santa Barbara where it was possible to obtain a room with bath, and there I was determined to remain. I suddenly remembered that my father-in-law had a large ranch not far away and was well known all over the State. I invoked his name with equal hauteur, and was immediately accommodated.

I think that Santa Barbara first attracted the attention of the rest of California when certain members of the British aristocracy, eloping with another man's wife or husband, discovered it as a quiet and romantic retreat. I remember that one famous couple was pointed out to me during that visit. If they had thought to pass unnoticed in that sleepy old Spanish town they were soon disillusioned. And it was not many years later that its fame spread among Easterners looking for an ideal winter resort, nor were San Franciscans long in their wake. Larger and handsomer hotels were built, mansions and cottages followed, surrounded by gardens flaming with the poinsettia, and a riot of every color under that blazing sun; the yellowest sun I have ever seen, set in a fleckless sky of burning sapphire that seems to be a source of perpetual ecstasy. (Personally, having been brought up on the fogs of San Francisco, I detest that eternal grinning sky of Southern California.)

But it is a beautiful spot with its stately Mission in the background at the foot of a rugged mountain, and the blue palm-fringed waters of the Channel beyond its esplanade. To-day it is a summer as well as a winter resort, and Montecito, which began as a suburb, is even more fashionable; known, indeed, as the Millionaires' Colony. There are club-houses and tennis courts, golf-links, and some of the most beautiful mansions in (Continued on page 154)



John Kabel

Point Lobos, near Carmel-by-the-Sea, is considered by the artists at Carmel the most beautiful spot in California and, by many, one of the most beautiful spots in the world.

Gabriel Moulin



Beautiful formal gardens on the estate of George A. Newhall at Burlingame.

In the spring
a young man's
fancy

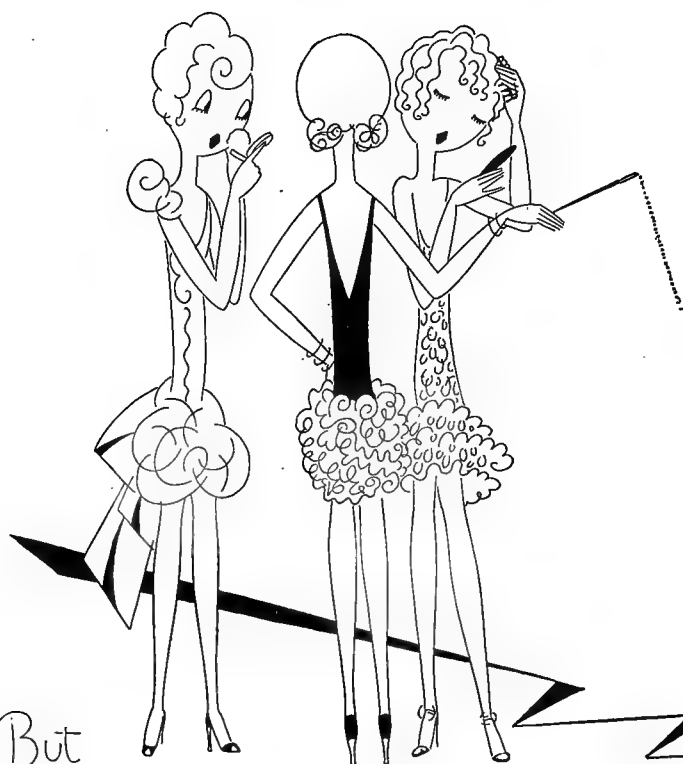
SKETCHES BY FISH



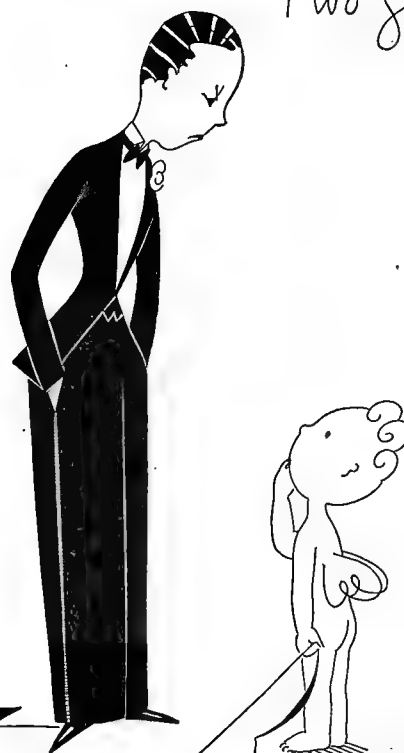
One Girl a Girl



*Two Girls are
half a
Girl*

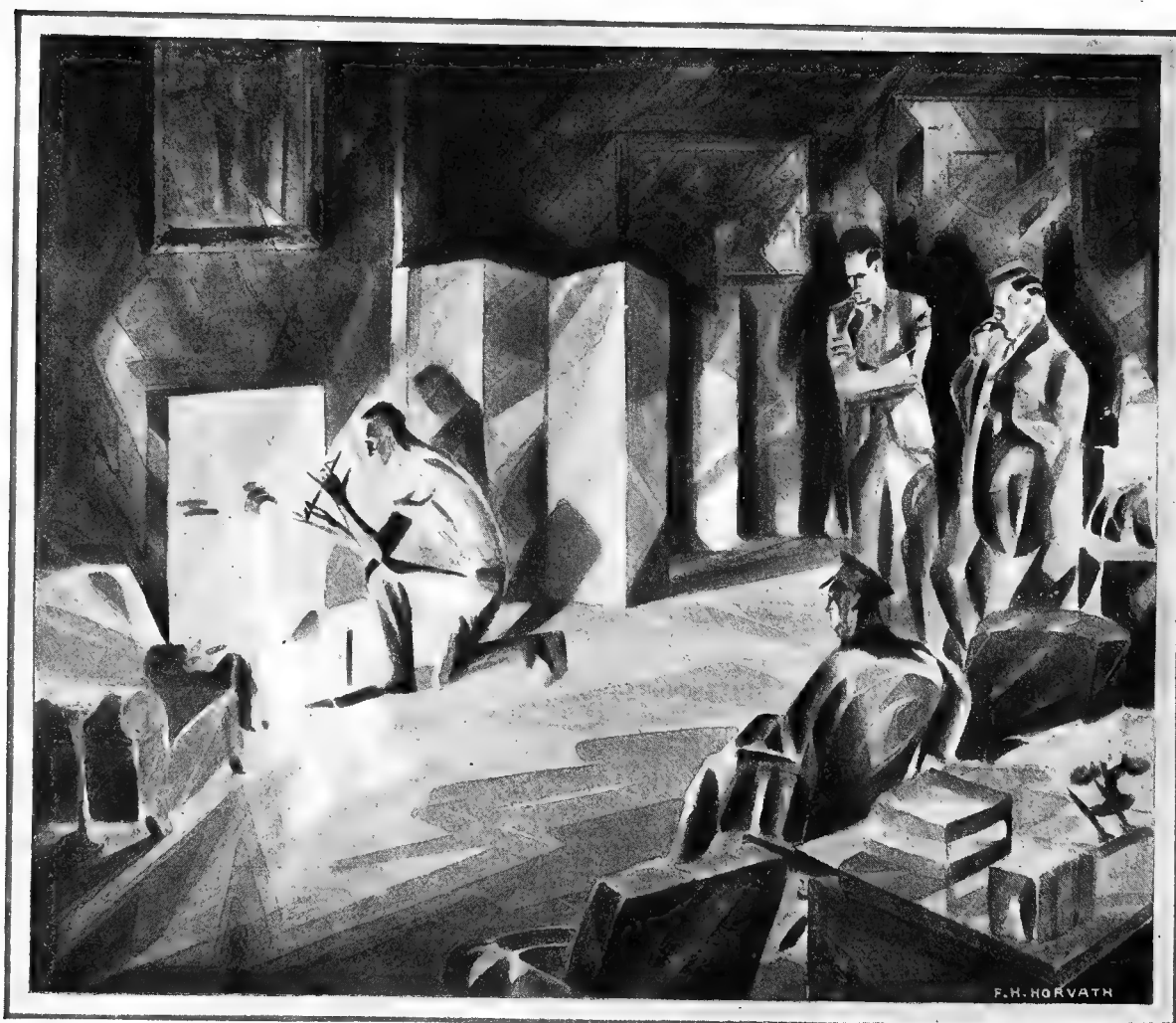


*But
Three Girls are no girl at all*



FISH

A Story by Corey Ford:



"Click Keenan knelt before the steel door of the safe, his face eager with confidence."

FINGER=TIPS

*Could they == Would they Unlock the Door to Lost
Happiness and Honor?*

Illustration by F. H. Horvath

WHEN Wescott, trusted cashier of the Illinois Mutual Bank, folded his accounts like an Arab and silently stole away with all the loose change and securities that he could conveniently lay his hands on, he selected with thieves' luck the ideal moment of all the year to make his little coup. For, on the same night that Wescott slipped quietly into an alias and comfortable income for the rest of his life, President Patterson of the Illinois Bank had likewise disappeared, though more innocently, upon a week-end motor-trip; and since these two alone held the combination to Patterson's private safe, the harassed bank officials next morning found themselves temporarily helpless to estimate the extent of their loss or take any of the necessary precautionary measures.

In the smoke-fogged expanses of the president's room Mr. Monk and Mr. Allard paced the carpet steadily in endless circles, clockwise the one and counter-clockwise the other, their hands clasped behind their backs, their shoulders

hunched turtlewise, following intently the puffing cigars that quivered before the center of their faces like red-hot snouts. Whenever they passed, bound furiously in their opposite directions, each of them would halt for an instant, throw back his head and eye the other eagerly, open his mouth as if about to speak, then snap it shut upon his cigar, scowl, and plunge forward once more on his hopeless orbit. They were the senior vice-presidents; and upon their shoulders consequently had fallen the entire brunt of immediate action.

"It isn't the loose stuff that's worrying me," burst Monk, grinding to a sudden halt before the impassive figure of Detective-Sergeant Kelcey. "Wescott can take all that loose stuff in the vaults. His own bond will cover it anyway, or most of it. No; that's not what's bothering me now." He slapped his hands together behind his back and strode forward again, trailing an uneasy coil of smoke in his wake as he circled the room. "It's the old man's safe here," he muttered. "Did he get into that?"

"That's the question, all right," nodded Sergeant Kelcey complacently. "Did he?" And he settled himself more comfortably in his arm-chair.

"I don't think it's likely, Frank," replied Allard, rotating his cigar musingly and studying the steel door set solidly in the wall. "After all, you and I were in here till late yesterday. We were in here after he had gone."

"He was in and out all day," snarled Monk, charging past his partner without halting. "He had a dozen chances yesterday afternoon, if he wanted to."

"I don't think he'd have taken the risk."

"Risk? Him? He was playing for big stakes, man," snorted Monk, grabbing his cigar in a pudgy fist and ripping it from his teeth. "And there was big money in that safe. Negotiable stuff. Those B and L bonds, for instance. If he got hold of those . . ." He crammed the tousled end of his cigar back into his mouth, and paced hotly: "We got to act right away, Jo. We got to cancel them." (Continued on page 137)

By the Duchess of Sermoneta:



EVA BARRETT

The Duchess of Sermoneta and her son against a background representative of their lineage.

IN THE ROYAL DAYS OF EDWARD VII.

British Society during His Gracious Reign

Is a Thing to Remember

Part Two:

WHEN we returned to Palazzo Caetani at the end of a happy summer in the country in England, I employed my newly acquired health and energy getting our rooms on the second floor into some kind of cleanliness and order. Eventually I made them quite nice, as they had more light than the bigger rooms on the *piano nobile*.

I was so unhappy at not having a dining-room of my own that my husband was able to obtain permission from his parents that we should have our meals apart, and I turned a tiny room painted with old frescoes into a very quaint little dining-room. Thus, with more regular hours and the possibility of entertaining our friends, life became much pleasanter.

I immediately began receiving in a small and informal way, and during the following years, until the war, I think every foreigner of note who came to Rome passed through our tiny dining-room. Many cheery evenings did we have, using the one fair-sized room for dancing and having supper in my bedroom!

In the early years of my married life the diplomatic corps in Rome was very brilliant. George von Lengerke Meyer was then American Ambassador and altogether one of the most popular and successful ones I have ever known. He and Mrs. Meyer rented a fine apartment in Prince Brancaccio's palazzo and entertained

very lavishly during their several years in Rome. Everything was very well done, for Mrs. Meyer was a perfect hostess, superintending everything and managing all her invitations and correspondence without the help of a secretary.

BROWN
BROS.

The beautiful Mrs. George Keppel, a prominent figure in King Edward's Court.

Mr. Meyer had a variety of pleasant tastes. He hunted regularly with the Roman foxhounds, and the Brancaccio stag hounds. He drove his own car: I remember he took me down to our country place, Fogliano, in the Pontine Marshes, at what was then the record speed for the trip. (This was in the very early days of automobiles.) He danced well and loved shooting. He often went down to Fogliano for the duck shooting, which he thoroughly enjoyed.

In those days their daughters, Julia and Alice, were children, and their only son, George, was a great friend of my youngest brother-in-law, Michelangelo. Those two boys, who were then about twelve or thirteen years old, were perfect terrors. As far as I can remember their only way of descending the staircase at Palazzo Caetani was on bicycles, so that the inhabitants of the house risked their lives daily going upstairs, which they accomplished by clinging closely to the wall and hoping for the best.

But the funniest thing George and Michelangelo did was when the President of the French Republic, then Mr. Loubet, came on an official visit to the King of Italy. The Colonna gardens afford a very fine view of the entrance to the Quirinal, and the boys asked my father's permission to go there to view the procession. At that time relations between France and the

Pope were very strained, in fact the French legation to the Vatican had lately been abolished.

Those terrible boys thought of nothing better than hanging over the garden terrace and hissing the French President as he passed, simply out of high spirits. This was interpreted as a political demonstration, and when it was discovered that the hostile demonstrators were actually in the private grounds of the Prince Assistant to the Holy See, the horror and scandal of the authorities knew no bounds. My father was summoned to appear before the police, but, needless to say, he refused to move, and sent his business man to represent him. Meanwhile there were fiery articles in the newspapers next day. The police authorities harangued my father's representative and when finally he could get a word in edgeways he explained all. The dangerous political agitators were the small sons of the American Ambassador and the Duke of Sermoneta, "Senator of the Reign," and they had already been suitably chastised by their parents. The police collapsed, and all proceedings were abandoned.

The two Austrian Embassies were very gay. Count Henry Lutzow was accredited to the Quirinal and lived at Palazzo Chigi; Count Szescen, who was accredited to the Vatican, occupied the beautiful Palazzo di Venezia which has been taken back by the Italian Government since the war.

There was a good deal of friendly rivalry over social prominence between the two Embassies and the result was a succession of charming dinners and balls and other entertainments, which were very agreeable for Roman society. They also made a point of securing the most attractive young men as their attachés and secretaries, and all this helped to make Rome very gay during the last years before the war. Countess Lutzow and Countess Szescen were both admirable hostesses.

We were all the best of friends, but clouds were already beginning to gather on the political horizon, and every now and then demonstrations against Austria used to take place in front of the Embassies.

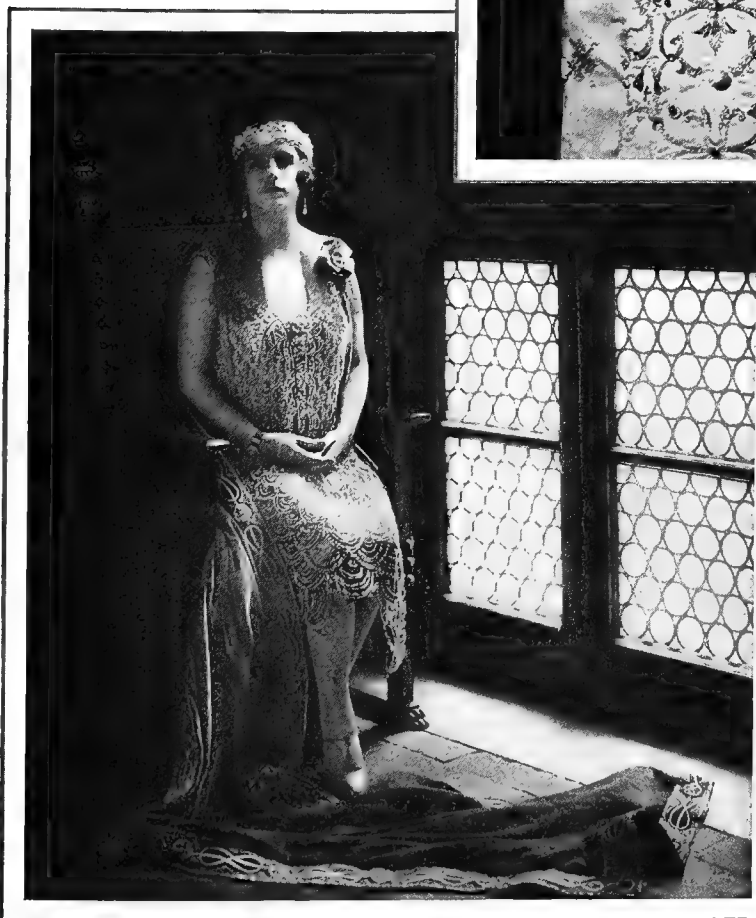
One day, in 1911, I called on Countess



"Edward VII., beloved sovereign, for whom the best only was good enough, and the best was joyfully provided."



Queen Alexandra in her coronation robes. Like her royal husband, she retains a hallowed place in the memory of Englishmen.



A stately portrait of the Duchess of Sermoneta in Italian court dress, worn as Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen of Italy.

Lutzow and found a hooting rabble in the Corso, in front of Palazzo Chigi. I went upstairs all the same and was shown into an empty drawing-room. While I was waiting for my hostess to appear, the noise in the street seemed to grow louder, and I could not resist the temptation of going to the window to see what was happening. This was foolish of me, for the sight of my face annoyed the crowd and instantly a missile was hurled that broke the window and fell on the carpet at my feet. It was a huge potato! I hastily retreated and sat at the farthest end of the room. At that moment the Ambassador entered and, after shaking hands, exclaimed: "Dear me, what a noise!" and went to the window to look out. As he gazed for a minute or two in silence, I had a wild hope that he would not notice the broken window, though he was looking straight through a large jagged star. But he finally saw it, likewise the potato on the floor, and was extremely cross. He came toward me with the potato in his hand and shook it severely at me.

"What a country!" he said. "They throw potatoes at Embassy windows! I will immediately take this to the Foreign Office and show it to Tittoni."

Which he did; but I never knew with what result.

All the same Count Henry Lutzow was a very good friend to Italy, where he had spent so many years of his life, and he smoothed away lots of rough corners in the relations between the two countries. When he left it was a great loss for all of us, not only socially, for his successor, Herr Merey, who was of the bureaucratic official type, did not fill his place at all. The situation immediately became more strained and socially the Austrian Embassy existed no longer.

We personally broke off official relations with Austria two years before the war, in a rather curious manner.

My husband, who was much interested in politics and was for some time in Parliament, wrote an article in a leading newspaper against Italy's alliance with Austria, and this article aroused the fury (Continued on page 147)

A Story by Violette Kimball Dunn:



"How like herself, thought Nina, to find the only man in the world, and then lose him to a blonde."

WHAT COULD YOU EXPECT?

They said She ought to Marry a Country Minister==She Was Such a nice Girl!

Illustrations by Arthur Little

IF NINA had been born twenty-five years earlier, she would have been a great success. She had only just realized this, as she sat on a mauve taffeta cushion at her jade and crystal dressing-table, and tried to think things out.

"I've either got to snap out of it," she told herself, "or else stop being a lady, and go after him. I suppose a really nice girl would snap out of it." For Nina had fallen in love with a man who didn't know she was on earth.

It was just her luck, in a changed world, to be a nice girl. She stood, at twenty-nine, rooted in the old order. Once in a while she pulled a tentative foot free, but it was no use. The other stuck fast behind her. It was mostly that Nina lacked the flair for attracting attention. She was not like Daphne Field, for instance, who drank too much at parties, and got very funny, if somewhat rowdy. Or Pauline Denison, with her freak make-up; or Doris Babcock, from whose innocent mouth flowed the

latest gutter slang. Nina was just pretty and well mannered. If she went to a party, nobody noticed her. If they did, they couldn't have told what she had on. She was like a pleasant picture on a wall—one got used to her. Children liked her. So did animals and old people. But there isn't much of a kick in that. At least, people think there isn't. She had enough money, but not too much. She played golf, and danced if there was a man left over whom nobody else wanted. She swam nicely, and enjoyed driving her car along quiet country roads alone.

Every once in a while somebody would say, "Funny about Nina Cunningham—nice girl, but a complete bust." Once a man answered, "Anybody got a country minister parked anywhere? Just about her style." Nina happened to hear this, coming around the corner of the country-club veranda. She turned and walked away as fast as she could. As she

hurried along, she didn't look a bit like anybody who would interest a country minister.

The very next morning, Annette Bingham called up, and asked her to dinner. Nina suspected it was a last-minute fill in, knowing Annette. But the country minister business still rankled, so she accepted. She thought she could be as wild as anybody. She put on a new black lace dinner dress, touched her cheeks with rouge, and even smeared a bit of eye shadow across the lids of her long gray eyes. She really thought she looked quite devilish. "Country minister!" she said indignantly, as she climbed into her car and started the engine.

The party was at the canape-cocktail stage on Annette's big porch when she drove up. She found a parking place, and went in. Annette, shrilly casual, was just passing the door.

"Oh, hello, come in. This is Denny. Ever met before? You ought to know each other. His other name's Bentley." She tossed this last

over her shoulder, and fled aimlessly away. From a radio somewhere in the house lilted a voice, "I took one look at you—and then my heart stood still." Nina took one look at Denham Bentley—only her heart didn't stand still. It gave a funny jump, and almost choked her. While she was trying to get it back in place, he spoke.

"Sounds like being double jointed, or something," he said, and handed her a cocktail.

"What?" asked Nina stupidly.

"Having another name," he explained patiently. He could see Annette hadn't lost her talent for collecting the world's worst dumb-bells.

"Name? Oh, yes—mine's Cunningham." She set her cocktail on the table untouched. Annette's gin was really inexcusable.

"I see you've met 'em before." He took a wry swallow of his, and set it beside hers. A drop spattered on the polished wood, which turned white, and was polished no longer.

"Do the same to your insides, if it got there," he grinned. "Where does she get it?"

"They're pretty terrible," agreed Nina. She was trying wildly to sparkle, and couldn't. To

glitter so that she would chain him to her forever. For even now, she knew what had happened. Denny thought he had never seen anybody look so bored. Well, it was fifty-fifty. Dinner would have to come sometime, he'd escape decently, and that would be that. Distantly from the house a gong sounded. Annette had just come back from a trip to the Orient, and her friends were suffering for it.

"I guess dinner's somewhere in the offing," said Denny pleasantly, and held out his hand. He looked like a man who was helping a maiden aunt from her low chair. Nina woke up. He wouldn't bother with politeness if his fingers thrilled as hers did when he touched them. She smiled into his eyes as she got to her feet. It was rather a lovely smile, but about twenty minutes too late. He followed her into the house, through mysterious lights and temple incense to where the noisy gang gathered. Here he was promptly annexed by a slim blonde in floating tulle, whose wistful lips mocked her sophisticated eyes. She put a bare white arm through Denny's, and crossed the other over it. Denny brightened. She had never laid eyes on him before; but three of Annette's

poisonous drinks would introduce anybody.

"Ling Lee has little two-tables hidden all around," cooed Annette. "It's a turtle-dove dinner. Don't you love it? You will, later. I'm going to let you choose your own partners, and hunt your own nests. Bill, I'll take you, darling." She linked arms with a tall dark man, and disappeared. Three girls converged, with Denny as objective, but the blonde stood her ground. Nina stared sickly after them, her smile pasted on her lips. She watched the couples sort themselves out in a kind of trance. At last she stood alone, while from banks of ferns and flowers came the muffled clink of silver and glass, and broken exclamations, and laughter. How exactly like Annette! And how exactly like herself, to find the only man in the world, and then lose him to a maudlin tulle blonde. Well, she knew his name. To-morrow she would find out the rest. Somebody else must know him. She would sneak away now, find her car, and go home. Nobody would know the difference, and if Annette ever remembered, she could make up something. She turned, snatched up her evening cloak, and started for the porch (Continued on page 158)



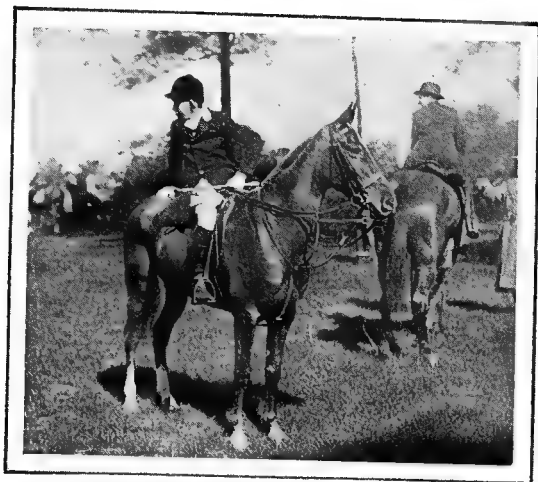
"What did you grab that wheel for?" B. Jones demanded suddenly of Cordelia. He had few social inhibitions, and he didn't like Cordelia, anyway."



Drawn by Bernard Boutet de Monvel

MISS DIANA DODGE

Miss Dodge, the daughter of Mrs. George D. Widener of New York and Philadelphia, made her formal bow to the world of fashion at a brilliant ball at the Ritz-Carlton last December and was acclaimed a belle of the season. She is a daughter of the late William Earl Dodge and the granddaughter of Mrs. Perry Belmont of Washington and Paris and of Mrs. Stephen H. Olin of New York. During the coming summer Miss Dodge, whose distinguished family connections include the Harrimans, Vanderbilts and Sloanes, again will join the smart junior set at Newport, Rhode Island, where Mr. and Mrs. Widener have a villa.

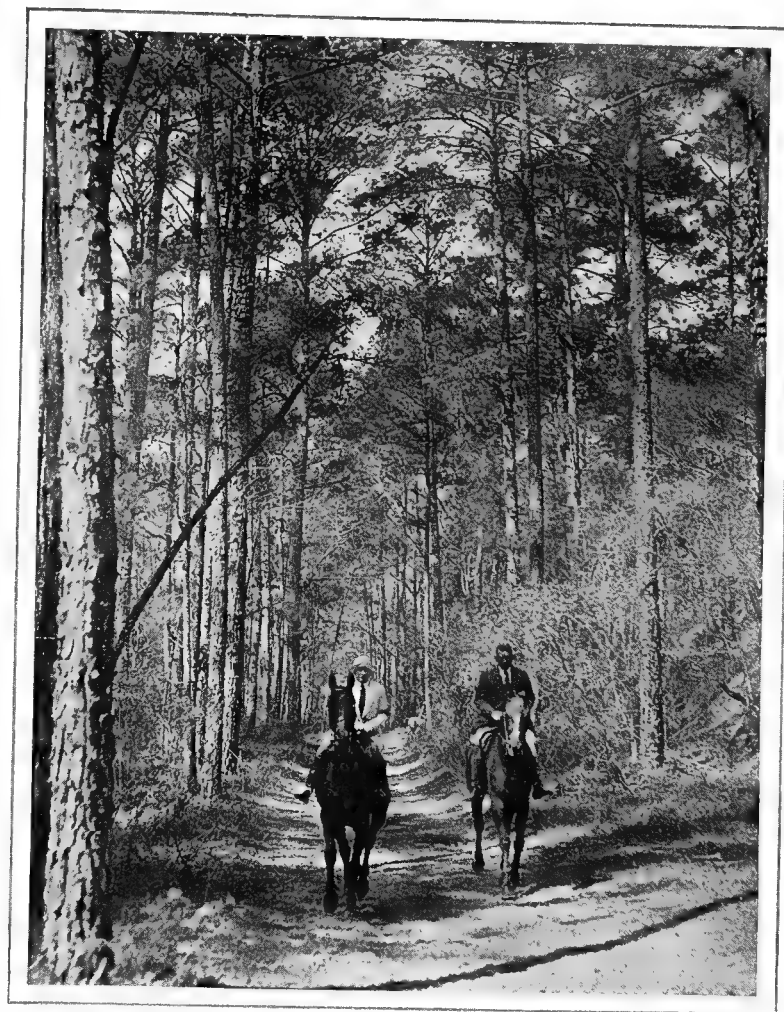


James F. Curtis, Jr., one of the whips.

SPRINGTIME IN AIKEN

*Where the Sun and the
Pines and the Horse
Bid you Welcome*

BY KATHLEEN HOWARD



Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth B. Schley in Aiken's delightful woods.

WHEN I left New York in March every bud was an *accent aigu* of green, along the black twigs of the bushes in the Park. Otherwise there was no sign of spring. As we rolled along toward Washington, here and there among the black lace tatting of the trees a rosy ambient softly flamed, and occasional forsythia bushes and peach trees gave forth notes of spring, like an orchestra tuning up. At Washington the full orchestra burst into song in the flowering cherry-trees.

But the next morning, at Aiken, South Carolina, spring was spring and a Southern spring at that.

Aiken is a rather small place, with a backyard of miles and miles of delightful woods. Endless riding paths of sand or red earth weave among these woods, and just now they are filled with dogwood, jasmine, scarlet and yellow honeysuckle, violets and flowering bushes.

All these tracts are owned by the Hitchcock family, so that Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock is really the hostess of all the Aiken colony. Her generosity throws the woods open in an unrestricted gesture to all who would enjoy them; her hospitality, therefore, is the source of all the many, sunny joys shared by her guests, known and unknown.

I have never seen so many happy young people as I have down here. The excellent boys' school where the standard is of the highest, and the equally excellent girls' school, Fermata, bring swarms of youngsters to this delightful place where sport and education are combined. What more may a parent desire than a school where his boy *has* to work and where he, at the same time, can absorb the best ideals of sport, and practice them? Teach your child self-control, languages and sports, and you open most of the worthwhile doors of life to him.

There are polo games for boys, who are coached by such authorities as Dev. Milburn, Tommy Hitchcock and Milton McCoy. There are games for girls, "with cups and everything," as I heard one of them say, where the riding is hard. Is it any wonder the boys and girls ride like veterans at a very early age?

I drove out to the children's Drag on Saturday morning. I had to go in a buggy, as automobiles are not allowed in the woods, thank goodness. We jolted over miles of friendly soft roads, my little black driver and I, passed from time to time by children of all ages and grown-ups on magnificent horses.

One of the whips was James F. Curtis, Junior, who wore a dark green coat, white breeches and a black velvet cap. We all assembled at a jump in the woods, perhaps a hundred buggies and as many spectator riders, and waited till we heard the bay of the hounds coming through the trees. They dashed past, gloriously excited, and some distance after them came the riders thundering up the hill to the jump opposite us.

It was really a charming sight. Hatless girls, serious and excited, boys riding splendidly on beautiful mounts—there is nothing more thrilling than watching a hunt stream by.

Then we all jogged home again to luncheon. I stayed at Wilcox's, a delightfully informal place, where the meals are served almost as they are at home, and you don't have to order from a long, bewildering menu. There are two other hotels, the Palmetto and the Highland Park.

At meals, half the guests were in riding clothes; many young girls among them, mostly in brown tweed coats and whipcord breeches. The younger girls wore jodphurs as often as not, and most of them were hatless. The sub-debs look extremely pretty, tanned and slender in these clothes and in (Continued on page 176)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KIRKLAND STUDIO, AIKEN, S.C.



Buggies and riders drawn up to watch the Drag.



THE EIGHTEENTH HOLE

Drawing in color by Grace Hart

A bright red yachting jacket over a white silk piqué dress makes a smart and jaunty costume for the links as well as the sea. The imported jacket of heavy bouclé jersey has four brass buttons down the front and the one-piece dress is sleeveless with a plaited skirt. A little matching knitted béret carries out the nautical effect. From Bergdorf Goodman.

Mrs. Franklin makes a charming ensemble that is suitable for both active and spectator sports wear. The straight full-length coat and plaited skirt are made in a greenish yellow and brown mixed tweed, very light and finely woven, and the V necked sweater is hand knitted in an interesting decorative design in several shades of brown and yellow.

A finely woven Meyer fabric in greenish yellow and black makes an excellent costume for sports wear. The cardigan jacket is slightly fitted and the skirt is plain except for a few plaits at one side of the front. The blouse is made in green crêpe with bandings of the wool and is interesting because of its high waist-line and peplum effect. From Dobbs.



OUT ON THE LINKS

Drawing in color by Grace Hart

A two-piece yellow knitted sports suit from Martha West is complemented by a plain brown cardigan. The same tone of wood brown is used to edge the Vionnet neck-line and the border of the sweater. This house gives the individual touch by making such costumes to one's measure, insuring the correct line and fit so important to suits made in this material.

From Yvonne Carette is a smart sports ensemble consisting of gored skirt and short coat of tweedy jersey in greenish tones with a brown nub. The jumper of an open, lacy weave is striped in brown and green. The whole suit is finished on its edges with a border of crochet in brown. Marcelle Rose hat in two shades of green. Saks-Fifth Avenue.

Chanel makes this three-piece sports ensemble of tweed woven jersey in shades of yellow and cream. The skirt has a loose band and bow of the fabric and is reinforced at the back with heavy sateen to prevent stretching. The sleeveless jumper has a bow at the neck; the jacket closes with one button and has a shoulder yoke and narrow turnover collar. Imported by Best.



CHIFFON AND GLEAMING SATIN

Drawing in color by Malaga Grenet

Lucile Paray makes this lovely chartreuse charmeuse evening ensemble. A full circular skirt is hung from a tight-fitting diagonal yoke and a bow at the side gives the new high waist-line. The cape collar and the cuffs of the wrap are quilted. Henri Bendel.

Patou's blue chiffon evening gown is made to cling to the figure by means of very fine shirring from the neck-line almost down to the knees, from which point flares a long, uneven and fluffy skirt. The neck is square and is cut quite low. Hattie Carnegie.

"Absinthe" is the name given to this satin evening ensemble from Stein and Blaine. The gown crosses in front, giving a surplice effect, and is drawn tightly around the waist by a diamond ornament. The wrap is lined with orchid chiffon velvet and has fox cuffs.



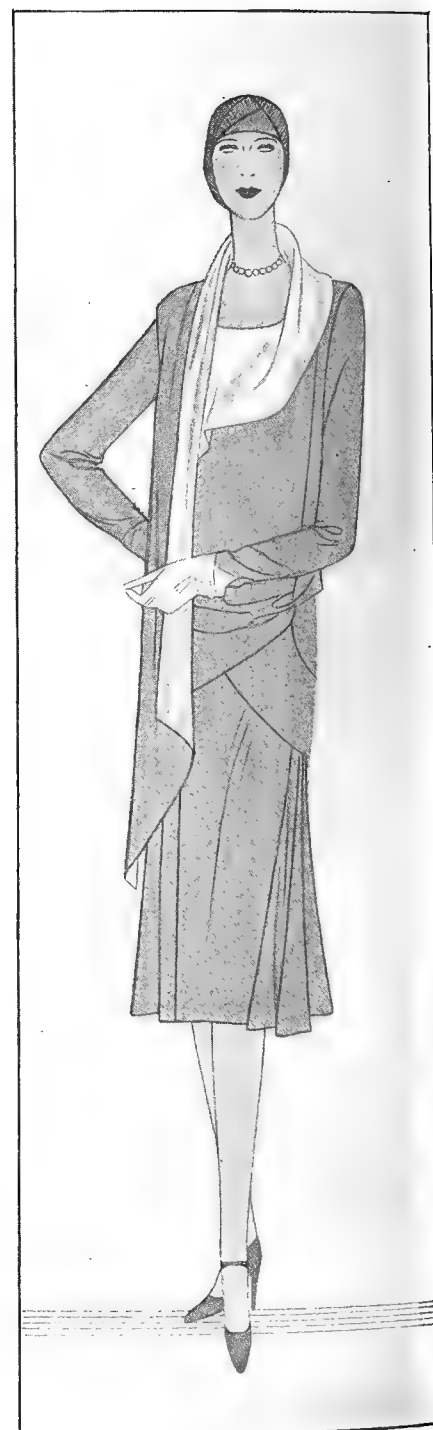
VEIL YOUR ANKLES IN LACE

Drawing in color by Malaga Grenet

A charming evening dress from Chanel, in which heavy orchid silk lace is finished with bands of double tulle, scalloped to match the edge of the lace. The loose bolero dips at the back to correspond with the uneven hem-line of the skirt. From Frances Clyne.

Bergdorf Goodman imports a divinely trailing gown with princess line from Chéruit. The somber note of black ciré lace and chiffon is relieved by two huge poppies, one red, one white, posed at the hip. A cape collar of chiffon hangs below the very deep V neck.

Mirande makes this evening ensemble of rosy beige rayon lace. A twist of three shades of ribbon encircles the skirt beneath the lace, with stiffening effect. The velvet coatee in sea-foam green has a circular cape edged with blue fox. Imported by Jay-Thorpe.



SILKS
FOR THE SPRING
IN CHARMING VARIETY OF DESIGN

Bergdorf Goodman imports from Nicole Groult a delightfully youthful frock of blue and white in a small floral print, belted at the natural waist-line. The tucked gilet and undersleeves are of white starched chiffon. The front turns back in revers edged with blue buttons. The wide circular skirt accents the jeune fille feeling.

Very sophisticated is this daytime ensemble from Lucien Lelong consisting of a black crêpe dress and a finger-length coat with white ermine collar. An overskirt drapes in a pointed line below the hem at the back. The detail of the flowing scarf, which falls from the shoulders of the frock, is repeated in two loose coat panels. Bruck Weiss.

For the woman who wears gray well there is this frock from the spring collection of Maggy Rouff in a soft dove color made in a new silk fabric of crêpey weave, with satin back. A white-lined scarf is attached at the side of the asymmetrical neck-line. A front panel is drawn into vertical shirrings at the waist-line. From Jay-Thorp.



TAFFETA FOR CRISPNESS

SATIN AND SURAH FOR SOFT LINES

This is the type of daytime ensemble that almost any woman would find a useful adjunct to her wardrobe. A Vionnet model imported by The Tailored Woman. The frock of brown and white check surah used diagonally, in lines original with this creator, is complemented by a brown velveteen coat with tuxedo collar and bell.

Typical of Lanvin is this ensemble for daytime which combines a printed satin frock and black satin coat. The print is used in a characteristic way—diamond-shaped plaçons of the contrasting fabric set on over the elbow, and in a shawl collar extending in a point down the back. The frock has a cowl neck. Saks-Fifth Avenue.

Nothing could be smarter or crisper than this black snowflake printed taffeta suit from Patou, which Altman imports. The skirt has plaits set low in the front; the short, loose jacket has an attached scarf which ties in a fetching bow under the chin. The accompanying blouse of white crêpe has details of hand-work and tucking.

WHITE SATIN DIAMONDS AND SUNBURN FOR CHIC



Madame Vionnet uses very heavy cream-colored satin for this exquisite evening gown, which is decidedly princess in effect and has the new long, pointed hem-line. A scarf coming from the front falls gracefully over one shoulder. Little bouquets of flowers carried in the hand are a new fashion for evening. Franklin Simon.



Another charming Vionnet gown in egg-shell satin comes from Lord and Taylor. The neck-line, cowl-shaped in front, is a deep V in back. Three long points, coming from a draped and tight-fitting waist-line, make a graceful skirt and an all-around uneven hem-line.

Augustabernard makes this white satin evening dress, and centers the interest on the skirt treatment, where three large puffs are held by cartridge plaits. Below these, two panels just escape the floor, achieving a graceful hem-line. Saks-Fifth Avenue.



Chartreuse-green lamé and chiffon make an important evening ensemble from Frances. The three-quarter coat is of silvery lamé chiffon with a huge white fox collar. The chiffon gown, made over a lamé foundation, has an ankle-length skirt, transparent almost to the knees, and finished around the bottom in petals.



THE FORMAL BOUQUET RETURNS TO FAVOR



Patou's long and very tight-fitting black satin evening gown molds the slim figure in a most becoming manner. The skirt has the new long line in front. Flesh net is inset in narrow bands outlining the deep V décolletage both back and front. From B. Altman.

Svelte, slender lines characterize this evening frock from Patou called "Amour Amour". It is developed in the new color sponsored by this maker in his spring collection, the middle nasturtium shade which he names Capucine. Imported by John Wanamaker.



HATS AND SCARFS FEATURE THE ENSEMBLE THEME



Chanel's triangular kerchief scarf from Saks-Fifth Avenue, of white silk, red and blue striped with a double row of fringe in these same three shades.

A charming turban and scarf combination imported by Joseph, in which a Rodier silk lace jersey in brilliant flag colors is effectively employed for both.



Florence Blocker

A hat of fine natural bangkok trimmed with brown grosgrain ribbon. The Marcel Rochas triangular scarf is yellow with brown polka-dots. Dobbs.

Bonwit Teller imports a hat and cravat scarf of rayon from Rose Descat. The beige hat is banded with brown; the scarf is in shades of beige, brown, orange.

Like a man's ascot tie is a scarf of Patou's from Saks-Fifth Avenue. Of navy-blue silk striped in red. Chanel's silver safety pin from Best and Company.



for MAY 1929

DOTS, PRINTS, STRIPES AND PLAIDS VIE FOR FAVOR



Finest navy blue silk baku is used for a close-fitting hat from Milgrim, piped with the same bordered print as the scarf in red, white and pale blue.

Knox makes a small hat of dark blue felt, trimmed with a plastron and facing of the same gay tri-color plaid of the three-cornered fringed scarf.



Paris wears scarfs thus, with a huge bow under the chin. Patou's scarlet cravatte silk with white polka-dots and red and white fringe, from Saks-Fifth Avenue.

Agnès makes a delightful hat in rosy beige baku and enlivens it with the silk of the triangular scarf—red and white stripes with black border. From McCreery.

The natural baku hat, which Saks-Fifth Avenue imports from Maria Guy, shows its relationship to the scarf by the use of the same beige and red Rodier fabric.



PARIS SENDS US BRILLIANT JEWELRY

Saks-Fifth Avenue makes a very smart pouch bag in alligator with heavily stitched edges and handle. Plaid Rodier material in yellow, orange, black and white is used for this Patou scarf from Best. Just below is a chic little bag in black antelope, with a marcasite clasp. From Lord and Taylor. Twisted strands of red, green and natural wooden disks are used by London Trades for an attractive new beach necklace. From Kurzman. A delightfully amusing umbrella from Saks-Fifth Avenue has the head of a pug-nosed puppy with perky leather ears for a handle. Chanel makes an exquisite necklace of large round turquoise beads separated by rondelles of rhinestones with earrings to match. From Frances Clyde. A beautifully designed evening bag from Altman has tiny pearls woven on fabric in a crisscross pattern and a clasp of jade and marcasite. Lelong's two-strand necklace of braided seed pearls with a large square onyx and marcasite clasp is lovely for both evening and daytime wear. Bonwit Teller.

By universal consent the lingerie theme has been sponsored by the French couturiers in their spring collections. Saks-Fifth Avenue imports this charming three-piece set from Patou, the gilet of which is unusual. There is a standing scarf collar which ties in a bow at the back of the neck. The cuffs, bow-trimmed, are to be set vertically on the top of the sleeve. Sheer, white crêpe Elizabeth is used for the making, ornamented with fine hand-tucking and real lace inset with hem-stitching. Something quite new in costume jewelry is the Chanel necklace shown below, imported by Franklin Simon. It consists of a series of red stones strung on a chain of wood and gold rondelles.



Arthur Murrrough O'Neill

for MAY 1929

AND OTHER NEW COSTUME DETAILS

The handsome envelope bag at the extreme left is made of black antelope and has a gold frame. From Bonwit Teller. Wanamaker imports a very lovely necklace fashioned of twisted strands of green and black glass disks. From Lord and Taylor comes a smart little black suede bag with a handle and an enamel frame. A belt for sports wear, made of heavy elastic in gay colored stripes, is imported by Best. One of Chanel's newest and loveliest necklaces with matching earrings is made of large blue and green melon shaped beads divided by rondelles of rhinestones. From Frances Clyne. A gorgeous long string of graduated yellow amber beads is imported by Altman. A chic bag from Saks-Fifth Avenue is made in a beige colored metalized Rodier fabric. Patou's black and silver bracelet is typical of the new barbaric jewelry. From B. Altman. Chanel's necklace of tiny pear-shaped crystals is new and charming. From Kurzman. Another smart necklace is made of blue and green beads and silver balls. Franklin Simon.

Scarfs continue to exert their influence on the spring mode. But they are scarfs with this difference—that they either relate directly to the costume which they complement or they match one's hat or hand-bag. It is just another development of the ensemble idea. Here is a delightful scarf and bag combination, a Reboux origination imported by Milgrim, in which shaded tones of gray and red form a striking color scheme. The long, narrow scarf of crêpe de Chine is fashioned of shaped pieces of red and gray held in with tucks at the back of the neck. The envelope purse is made of finely stitched soutache braid, shading darker toward the edges where it is bordered with a band of red braid.

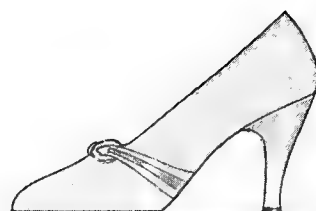
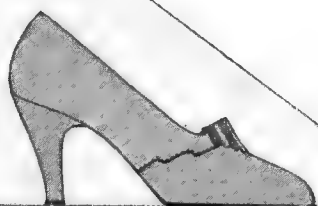
Drix Duryea

SPRING CHIC IN TERMS OF FOOTWEAR

I. Miller makes an opera pump of graceful lines for evening wear, of white crêpe strapped and ornamented with gold and silver kid.

A Perugia shoe from Sommers, Inc., of navy blue kid, banded around vamp, heel and on the T-strap with lines of the French tricolor.

The Basque espadrille will be much seen on American beaches this summer. One from Saks-Fifth Ave. of plaid duck has red straps.



An evening sandal from Saks-Fifth Avenue, which in its contrasting fabrics, brown crêpe and beige satin, has a foreshortening effect.

A street pump from Martin and Martin of café au lait kid with pipings of bronze, and front ornament of the two shades in stripes.

An oxford from Altman of excellent lines, in which white buckskin is overlaid with tan calf in interesting pattern. Solid leather heel.

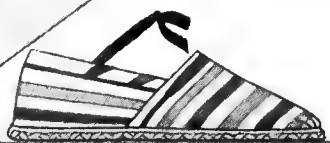
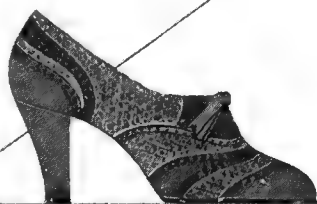
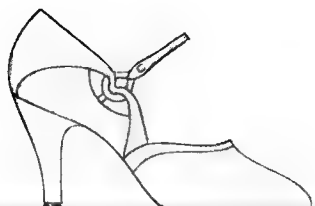
13an

SHOES WHICH INTERPRET THE MODE

An evening slipper from Slater of white crêpe with satin trim and openwork treatment at the sides. This shoe may be dyed to match gown.

A shallow oxford from Delman in brown lizard with saddle, tip and strappings of tan calf, featuring the popular solid leather heel.

An espadrille imported by Best in red, green and white duck with coiled hemp soles. Ideal for beach wear because of its light weight.



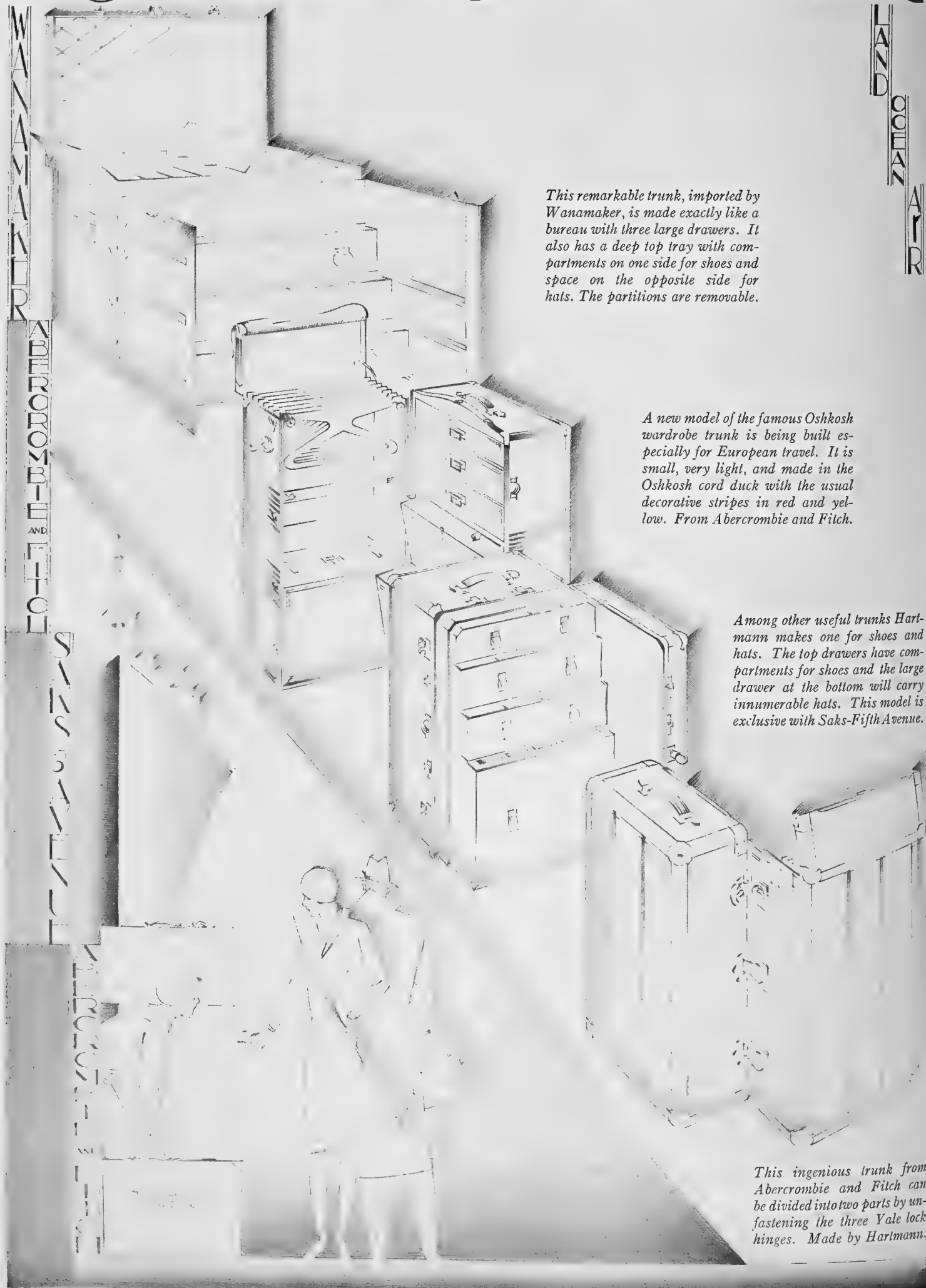
Frank Bros. design an evening sandal in tri-color effect, in which black and red crêpe are overlaid with gold kid in modern pattern.

A beige kid street pump from Best is trimmed with a novelty strap of lizard in matching tone. A smart type of shoe for spring wear.

Made of white kid, saddled with beige kid and piped with dark brown, this one-strap pump from Altman has very flattering lines.

Bam

TRUNKS THAT HOLD EVERYTHING



This remarkable trunk, imported by Wanamaker, is made exactly like a bureau with three large drawers. It also has a deep top tray with compartments on one side for shoes and space on the opposite side for hats. The partitions are removable.

A new model of the famous Oshkosh wardrobe trunk is being built especially for European travel. It is small, very light, and made in the Oshkosh cord duck with the usual decorative stripes in red and yellow. From Abercrombie and Filch.

Among other useful trunks Hartmann makes one for shoes and hats. The top drawers have compartments for shoes and the large drawer at the bottom will carry innumerable hats. This model is exclusive with Saks-Fifth Avenue.

This ingenious trunk from Abercrombie and Filch can be divided into two parts by unfastening the three Yale lock hinges. Made by Hartmann.

BAGS FOR EVERY KIND OF TRAVEL

Above is an imported pigskin overnight bag with zipper fastenings and red morocco lining. It is collapsible and easily tucked away when not in use. Lord and Taylor.

Mrs. George Howard makes this plaid, rubber-lined bag with zipper fastenings which can be easily packed and is particularly useful for the seashore.

Winship designed this suitcase of airplane veneer which has a covering of tan linen with two red stripes. B. Altman.

Another case, made especially for air travel by Winship, is a compact little box which has space for a small wardrobe. B. Altman.

A shoe box in imported cowhide lined with corduroy takes care of twelve pairs of shoes in a very neat and convenient way. Also from Saks-Fifth Avenue.

At the right is a very smart Vuitton steamer bag in cowhide which is useful for carrying riding boots. Saks-Fifth Avenue.

A practical and useful piece of luggage is a light wardrobe suitcase with hangers for clothes and compartments underneath for hats and shoes. Lord and Taylor.

Lord and Taylor imports a stunning small-sized filled bag, in pigskin with lovely silver fittings.



Only two rooms of the large Georgian house just being finished for Mrs. Charles S. Payson, the former Joan Whitney, on the Payne Whitney estate at Manhasset, Long Island, are sufficiently completed for photographing. The powder room on this page was decorated by Charles Baskerville, Jr., whose poster work and lacquer screens are well known along Park Avenue and where Park Avenue plays. The decorative focus of the room is the series of naiad panels in green enamel painted by Mr. Baskerville. The furniture is in lime-yellow satin. Specially designed flat lighting fixtures are built in the wall and table.

IN THE MANHASSET RESIDENCE OF MRS. CHARLES S. PAYSON

The photograph at the top of the page was taken from the entrance doorway. The view below is reversed, the door at the right giving upon the guest entrance to the house. The wood of the furniture and door is gray, with high lights silvered and a silver leaf border enfolding the door decoration. The walls are in shades of faded rose.



Above, the decorated basin screen. This little vanity-box of a room is daringly modern in color. Visualize crisp lettuce-green and lime-yellow, a sentimental rose, champignon gray, and silver. These, with the adroit lighting, are good psychology. They flatter slightly and encourage the gala mood.

TWO MODERN ROOMS FROM LONG ISLAND'S NEWEST HOUSE

Photographs by Ralph Steiner



Bernard Boutet de Monvel, starting as the son of a famous father, has firmly established his own position in France and England as an artist of taste and distinction. His decorative canvases for Mrs. Payson's bathroom are an outstanding example of his full-colored mural mood.

Mr. de Monvel's unerring decorative sense is seen in his formalized baby-faced amorini who guard the mirror and support the garland over Mrs. Payson's washstand. The Latin motto is made personal: "Know thou thyself." The foliage background runs around three sides of the room.



Above the sunken bath in white and gray marble, properly niched, is a classical group of Eros and attendant nymph in the Parisian Hellenic manner for which de Monvel is famous, with an amusing use of a familiar Latin motto. The coloring of the conventionalized foliage background is a firm blue-green for the leaves, red-brown for the trunks. The figures are in warm sunburn tones. The effect is tropical.



A Novel by Nancy Hoyt:
BRIGHT INTERVALS

*Continuing the Romance of two young Americans who Start
 Out on their great Adventure in Paris*

Illustrations by Everett Shinn

Résumé of the Preceding Parts:

THE placid outline of the Isle of Wight faded and was replaced by the sloping lawns of Southampton water. Lydia's heart thundered in her ears above the engine's noise. Nearby, an Atlantic liner sped out of the fog, and she noticed a smart young woman in black,

whose eyes were also in mourning. She had a queer subconscious feeling that the figure staring down at her was herself, Lydia Graeme, a tired grown-up self, setting out on a long journey. Her hand clutched more tightly a small piece of cardboard—her pass to adven-

ture. She was drunk with escape, tense with anticipation and a lively desire to know what was coming around the next corner.

Lydia was the child of a dour Scotchman, Donald Graeme, and the exquisite Athene, who had been one of the famous trio of Stephani sisters. Since Donald disliked girl children, and Athene, because of her disappointment in Donald, could find no interest in brunettes, Lydia had been reared by her Aunt Alix and her grandfather, Andrew Stephani, head of the firm of jewelers which bore his name. At twenty, Lydia mournfully feared that the watering place where she lived with her grandfather would be her life-long fate. She thought of her mother and two aunts—Athene, the poet; Alix, the dancer, and Lissa, the singer. At twenty they had all been famous. But for Lydia, an amateur dramatic performance at Cambridge and an audience with Reinhardt had been her only efforts toward accomplishment.

Then had come an extraordinary meeting with Camellia Tarleton, dazzling favorite of the London theatre, the result of which was this journey of escape to London.

In London, Lydia found herself easily taken up by the amazing circle of people that revolved about Camellia. She attended the opening of Camellia's new show, and, after the performance, was swept along, with the rest of the actress's retinue, to a party at Ronald Grant's.

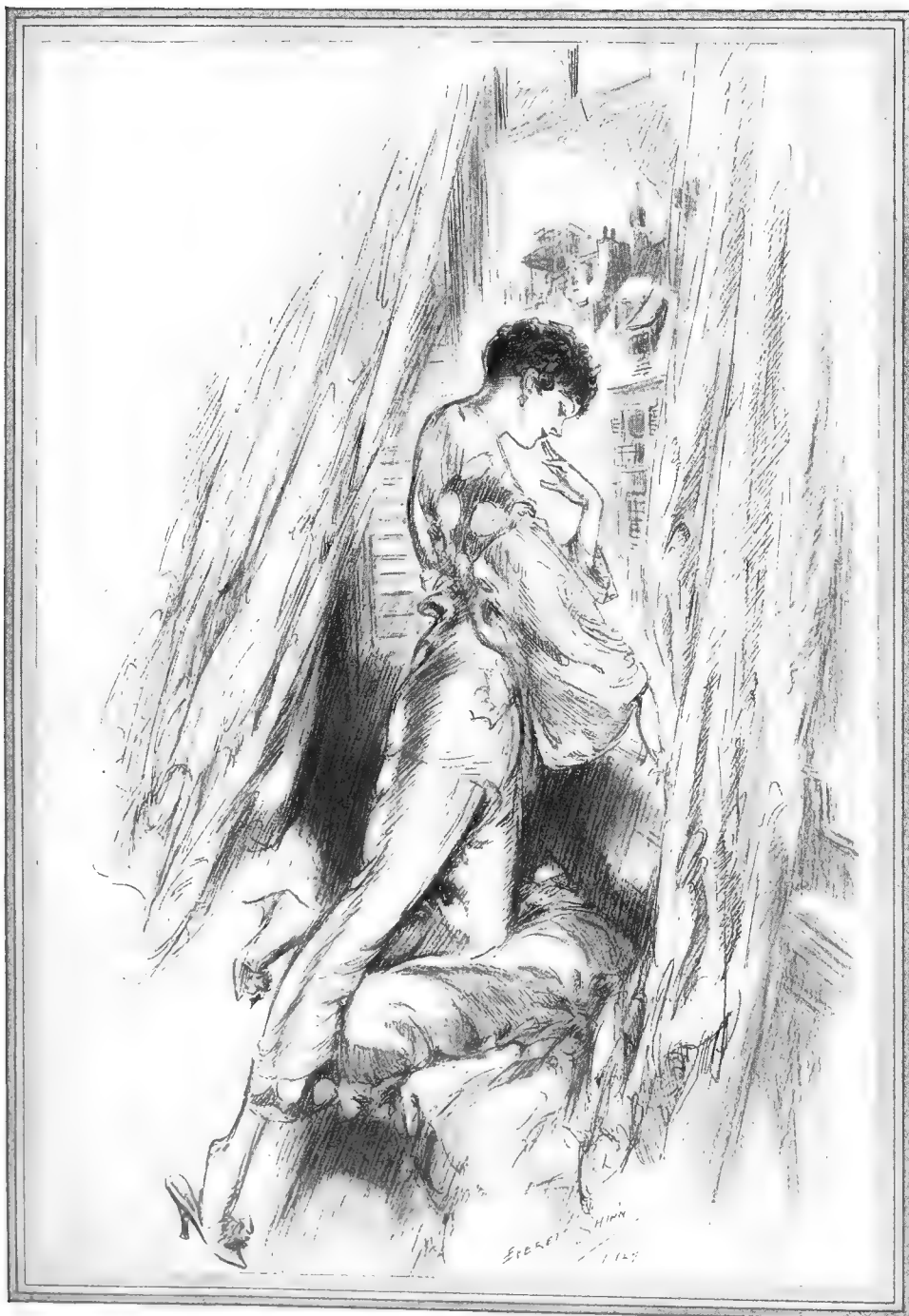
It was in Ronald Grant's drawing-room that Lydia first saw John William Norton. He stepped in from the balcony and they danced together—as if they had always been meant to dance together. And just as surely as Lydia knew that she loved him, she knew that he loved her.

The next day, in Camellia's dressing-room, Lydia received the news that a theatrical producer might have a small rôle for her in a few weeks. Suddenly she knew that this tidal wave that had swept over her, would stand in the way of her stage ambitions.

Bill met her at the theatre. In the first block, he began asking her to marry him and she to accept him. He brushed aside her acceptances until he made quite sure that she knew what she was about. It appeared he was from New England and was the son of a minister and college president. Finally, they hailed a dingy taxi and started off. The tension within the cab trembled with an intensity which was close to agony. He gathered her into his arms and leaned down to kiss her eyelids.

PART THREE:

AT THE end of six days Alexandra acknowledged them engaged; two weeks later Grandpapa, not without shrugging, caressing his beard and cabling his nephew in



"Lydia leaned out of the window to attract Bill's attention, her eyes and mouth crinkling and laughing as if they would spill over their precious content of mirth."



"Ah, you've been taught to regard me as the ogre from the north, have you not, now?" asked Donald Graeme."

New York, gave in, and when finally Lissa Stephanyi Arbuthnot asked them on a week-end together, the announcement might as well have been put in the *Times*, so surely was the betrothal recognized. Lydia's mother wired she was returning at once, a fact which suffused Lydia with pride, because Athene seldom canceled trips to please others.

It was thrilling to be the nymph that these three graces, all beautiful and talented, were garlanding. That Bill was made uneasy by her exquisite family Lydia took calmly, never doubting for a moment that it was a slightly embarrassed awe for so much loveliness which irked him. She was so sure that to everyone the mere name of Stephanyi meant taste and brilliance and fastidious discrimination that she made little or no comment on her relationship, feeling that he, poor lamb, who belonged to no such dazzling tradition, must not have his schoolmasters and dreary clerics rubbed in by contrasting them with her own people.

When Alexandra, in miles of green chiffon,

swooped down on Bill and, kissing him lightly on his so aristocratic cheekbone, presented him with a faded ping-pong of Lydia at the age of five framed in an eighteenth-century gold miniature case, her eyes lit with pride. It literally never occurred to her that Bill would have preferred a neat relative in black charmeuse presenting him with a recent studio portrait of her framed in a clumping solid silver frame from Asprey's. Only chauffeurs had such preferences.

When her mother arrived at Royal Avenue, with seven yards of frail Carrickmacross and a first edition of John Donne in the original binding, Lydia felt faint with almost frightened appreciation, knowing the sentimental as well as the actual value of these priceless gifts.

Her mother, delicate as a carved Chinese rock crystal tree, recited, "Go and catch a falling star, get with child a mandrake root," laughed at its inappropriateness and gave them first the chorus of "Hymn to Proserpine," and then a short and playful fragment of an Epi-

thalamium written specially for Lydia. Written especially for Lydia by the only woman poet alive, by her own incomprehensible extraordinary mother, who at forty-one looked twenty-five and as inspired as St. Joan! How could Lydia, throwing shy glances at Bill, which said "Isn't this wonderful?" have read in the hot sapphire stare which met her eyes any other opinion of the performance? As a matter of fact he was impressed by Andrew Stephanyi's present of a string of pearls, which, though they did not look particularly large, were, Lydia said, so perfectly matched as to be almost unique. And Donald Graeme sent a silver tea-set almost the double of the one Aunt Mary Norton had given his cousin, Helen, and very nice Bill found it.

If anyone had told Lydia that Bill privately considered the Stephanyis a bunch of loonies and most of their gifts as trash, she would never have believed them. As for regarding himself as her rescuer from a disorganized and slightly immoral milieu, it (Continued on page 169)

Copyright, 1929, by Nancy Hoyt.

Last = Minute Sketches from Paris



Maggy
Rouff

White sports costume. Crêpe skirt. Jumper with stripes of darkest green and garnet.



Lanvin

White organdie painted with scarlet flowers, like ragged chrysanthemums.



Drecol
Beer

Tailleur of brown and beige mixture tweed. Crossed piqué blouse.



Goupy

Tailored frock. Black jersey blouse with bands of écru wool braid. Black crêpe skirt, bands of jersey.



Chéruit
Cape of white satin lunasol lined with silver lamé.



Havana reindeer piped with moire. Clasp of marcasite and carnelian.

Rose White Brown French suède, with modernistic brass ornament.

Agneau velours and box calf. Any color. Gold and silver mounting.



Example of even all-round evening skirt, in black tulle. Jacket of tulle, embroidered in flat bead flowers.

Redfern



Evening gown in silver lamé with skirt lined with rose taffeta. Silver embroidery on revers and in center of bow.

Chéruit



Maggy Rouff

Printed taffeta suit, black on pale gray. Blouse in alternate bands of white satin and georgette.



Yteb

Two-piece jumper of fine jersey and skirt in crêpe. Both golden beige. Jacket in printed crêpe, yellow, black and beige.



Lelong

Pale rose tulle, bodice straight and slim. Skirt flaring and much longer in back.



Worth

Widely striped chiffon in flag blue, rose red, and creamy white. Blue embroidery, round armholes.

A Novel by Arthur Tuckerman:

"I've been happier, far happier, than I dreamed a human being could be, during the past week," said Greta. 'Shall I tell you why? Because I escaped.'"



HIGH WALLS

Concluding the Story of a Girl who was not Afraid to Walk Outside the Gates of Convention

Illustration by W. Smithson Broadhead

Conclusion:

HER name was the *Prinz van Oranje*, and her home port Rotterdam. A trim little ship she was, with a spotless hull and dazzling white superstructure amidships. She maintained her twelve knots in a dogged Dutch way, perpetually pointing her blunt bow to the heavens, then diving, swooping, lifting her pro-peller high out of water, shaking herself like a wet terrier, kicking up a white fountain astern. The weather, on her departure from Natividad, favored her, however, for there were high, clear skies above and a steady trade-wind that held the sea down to a monotonous, heaving swell. And while she rolled and creaked her way southward, with the dark and rugged coastline of Calagua off her starboard bow, Greta sat huddled in her chair on the after-deck, trying to sun herself back to life, trying to escape from memories . . .

Ramon would have her letter by now. She prayed that after the first shock he would understand—how she had read the stars, and had deliberately chosen the only possible course. He would suffer from the cruel swiftness of her decision, but no more than she was suffering now. She had acted, really, to preserve their love, not to kill it. She hoped that he would eventually realize this. . . . To keep it at the very fulness of its bloom, so that the fragrance of it, secure in each of their hearts, would scent the blank, empty years ahead. Memories. . . . She wondered if he, practical, manlike, grasping only at the tangible and disastrous fact of her flight, would comprehend the enduring beauty of what she had managed to preserve by the sacrifice. A stainless love, unmarred by an instant of doubt, or of divided purpose. A chapter of perfection; of life beyond the

earth . . . Far better, that, than a gradual descent into realities, a growing preoccupation on his part with worldly matters, with an ambition which—though the worthiest a man could possess—would ultimately prove to be the enemy of their love. Quixotic, but true. She had sacrificed actualities for an ideal. A thousand women, she felt, might have stood by him, in her place, content with that return to earth. But she wasn't, she knew, of that fiber. She had reached her goal; attained a perfection beyond dreams. And this, at all costs, must be kept in a little room in her heart to which she could always retire when she felt the need.

She faced the future with a numbed indifference, an unconcern that verged upon mental death. Alexander Todd, perhaps, might bring her moments of happiness, by his complete and gentle understanding (Continued on page 129)



BOUILLON.... WITH THE TRUE FRENCH ACCENT

..... by Campbell's famous chefs!



Clear soup, such as bouillon, has a very definite and distinct place in the family menu. It is to be selected for its bracing, invigorating effect rather than for supplying body-building nutrients. Bouillon, by reason of its delicious and stimulating meat juices, challenges the appetite and promotes digestion. Thus at the beginning of a meal, it induces a very delightful sense of well-being and prepares the way for the foods that follow.

Many times, too, a stimulating cup of bouillon is desired by itself, to refresh and revive. Its value in the sick-room is well-known.

Campbell's Bouillon combines a delicacy of flavor that is truly French and a fullness of strength that insures the utmost benefit. Only the most carefully selected beef is used for the broth of amber clarity, deliciously flavored with celery, onion, leek, parsley, herbs and seasoning. 12 cents a can.

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

DIAMOND CIRCLETS OF RARE DISTINCTION ▲ ▲

The lure of beautiful hands is great beyond words, but how much more potent the spell when diamond rings of rare enchantment adorn them.

Wondrously pure and flawlessly cut in exquisite square, marquise and emerald shapes—with platinum settings delicately chased in individual designs—the diamond rings of Brand-Chatillon are particularly fashioned to enhance the magic power of loveliness.



Marquise Diamond, 4.73 carat, with marquise on either side, \$10,000.00



Emerald Cut Diamond Ring, 4.22 carat, with baguette on either side, \$10,500.00



Baguette Diamond and Platinum Wedding or Guard Ring, \$500.00



Square Diamond, 3.44 carats, with three baguette diamonds on either side, \$9,000.00

THE
BRAND CHATILLON
CORPORATION

773-775 Fifth Avenue
Savoy—Plaza
New York City



These excellent products have helped to make the Ogilvie Sisters famous.

THE COSMETIC URGE

By REBECCA STICKNEY

OFTEN in the springtime you notice that your hair is coming out in unexpected long hairs, not in the short, broken variety that results from careless brushing and combing. This is a warning of nature to take stock of yourself, for each spring and fall there are definite organic changes in the general system and a nourishing tonic is needed. A short, intensive treatment will correct this condition. Ogilvie Sisters, at 604 Fifth Avenue, are leading specialists in the care of the hair and scalp, and their large following of well-known women, here and abroad, is proof of their intelligent, efficient work. Their whole system is built on common sense methods.

To be perfectly healthy (there's no true lasting beauty without health), the hair must be kept antiseptically clean, must be exercised and nourished. Brushing with long bristles of a super-flexible brush, not hard short bristles which tear out the soft new growth, is most important, for the outer covering of the hair is the same horny substance as our nails, and the more you polish it, the higher lustre you obtain. Always brush upward and outward from the scalp in long sweeping strokes, and then rub your brush off on an old towel. You will be amazed at the amount of dirt and grime collected by the hair, even a few days after a shampoo. Shampooing, according to the Ogilvie Sisters, is a too often indulged-in evil. Once a month is enough for a normal scalp, and if the hair is oily, more frequent washings only aggravate this condition. An oily scalp and dry ends are most common, and indicate leaking glands, because instead of the natural oil going through the hollow tubes which carry the oil and pigment, it runs out and down the hair on the outside. Ogilvie Sisters' three tonics—for oily hair, for dry hair, and then the special remedy for falling hair and dandruff—are indispensable remedies. Also they have an excellent tonic for whitening gray hair and Alopecia Remedy for patchy baldness.

IN FRANCE, a Frenchwoman studies and cares for the hair-line of her face. Usually, if she be graced with a widow's peak, she brushes her hair straight back to accentuate it. However, a lovely hair-line recedes and grows thin with age. The facial creams we use are created specially not to grow hair, so they do not help to keep the hair-line nourished. Tight hats and powder cause extreme dryness to these fine first hairs, so Ogilvie Sisters have perfected Scalp Pomade which keeps the precious hair-line from receding and makes the growth which

frames the face luxuriant and soft. Try putting your hair in the best condition before your next permanent wave, and you will get results that you had never hoped for. Also, some people are erroneously under the impression that a finger wave lasts longer if it is left alone. The more you brush a permanent or finger wave, the lovelier the wave will be, and the less you have to set it. Brushing keeps the elasticity of the hair, and the wave snaps back into place, whereas, if the hair is dead and lifeless a wave soon straightens out.

If the male of the species would only consider these elementary rules, there would be far less baldness. The Ogilvie Sisters claim that baldness in men is largely a result of tightening at the base of the skull, which prevents proper circulation over and under the skull. For highstrung, nervous men there is a set of simple exercises, which have been developed to keep the muscles from contracting and pressing on the nerves at the back of the neck. These keep the spine young, giving absolute freedom of circulation between the shoulder-blades and the back of the neck to the scalp, because they get back to the natural source of supply. With all this information, every wife whose husband's locks are fast thinning should do a little light missionary work on him, with the inspiring slogan, "Where there is Fuzz, there is Hope."

DOROTHY GRAY has changed her entire line of powders, and has had new ones created in France. The first is a popular-priced powder with a delicious odor which can be used by almost any woman, and is soft, adherent, and fine-textured. The next is the lightest powder, of Jacqueminot Rose scent, and is really particularly suited to the woman who does not like a very made-up look. The third powder, the most expensive, represents the utmost in quality, and is an unusually fine-textured powder and for the woman who wants and will pay for the very best. All the powders come in seven or eight shades, which have been carefully selected to suit the complexions and tastes of Miss Gray's clientele. New finishing lotions, in the four usual shades and a delicate orchid for evening, offer a lasting base for these powders. Another new item, which cannot be passed by, is Dorothy Gray's new pimple lotion, a corrective preparation for blemishes that occasionally appear on the skin. A lotion of this type is indispensable to every woman at some time or other, and should not be confused with acne lotion, which is for a chronic disorder of the skin.





Nuit de Noël

CARON
PARIS

LOVE CANNOT DIE

(Continued from page 77)

Delman's new evening sandal with the daring, high spindle heel; hand decorated crêpe-de-

chine appliqued with blending kidskin. or you may have black brocaded faille which has a silver motif and is trimmed with silver and gold kid. white moiré, which may be



tinted to match one's gown, is trimmed with silver and gold kid.

Every Delman Shoe is hand-made in Delman's own workrooms

Delman Shoe Salon
558 Madison Ave. New York
Southampton Washington

and to his daughter, and it was quite likely that any young man upon whom she cast favorable eyes would be subjected to heavy criticisms. But Guido seemed to have found favor there at once, and, indeed, it was hard for anyone to resist him.

PICTURE the three of them, can you, Signor, feasting off Rosa's dainties in a dim forest of crystal trees, haunted by birds of crimson and yellow glass, and replete with brittle flowers of every hue? What a setting for romance! The old man with his flowing smock, the two beautiful young people, so gloriously alive and happy. Ah, there were three clean hearts, I ask you to believe, Signor! They deserved the best of life, and accepted their lot as being just that—a fine philosophy and the only sound one.

After the meal, Guido, who was intensely curious, wanted to know all about how the glass was made, and old Naldi with pride explained the process to the newcomer, and let him handle the blow-pipes. Guido put one to his lips.

"No!" cried the old man. "Not so! let me show you. One has to be very careful how the mouth is pursed—and then the breath, ah, that is the danger. One must always exhale—blow out. Then remove the tube quickly. Never inhale, for one inhalation means instant death. The liquid glass goes directly to the lungs, and that is fatal. Wait, I will make you something!"

Awed, the two youngsters watched while a pink cupid, light as froth, materialized out of nothingness. Guido leaned a warm cheek close to Rosa's.

"Look, it is an omen!" he whispered, laughingly. But Rosa shook her head.

"My love would be a more substantial thing than that," she answered soberly.

"Sometimes the frailest things are really the strongest!" said Guido, "if one cherishes them properly, at least. And for my part, I shall put this Cupid on the prow of my boat, and you shall see, it will never be broken—because I shall take care that it escapes all harm!"

He was laughing when he said it, yet there was a note of earnestness in his voice, too, and when he took Rosa back to the city, the Cupid crowned the tall *ferro* of his little bark.

SIGNOR, that day began a love-affair which surprised even Venice, where romance is in the very air one breathes. Old Naldi soon consented to their betrothal, and to everyone it looked like a perfect match—one of those rare, successful affairs, Signor, which give ordinary mortals the courage to go on attempting matrimony.

Guido took her with him wherever he could, and often at night you would see his gondola tied up among the crowds of little craft on the Lagoon while the two of them sat in the passengers' seat and listened to the serenade, his arm about her, their two dark heads together. Many times he would refuse a fare in order that they might drift out to the Lido, for the sea fascinated them both, strangely. Or sometimes they would sit on the fringe of the circle which met at her father's house, and listen to the talk. Hand in hand they crouched in the shadow, while the wise men, all master craftsmen of some ancient Venetian trade, discoursed wisely and at length upon deep subjects. On such occasions the audience was never so deeply enthralled as when Father Paulo, the confessor of us all, a venerable and very kindly man, held forth on immortality. His belief that no man really dies, often expounded in his clear, beautiful Italian, would have convinced the most skeptical, and offered great comfort to those who loved life as dearly as I. Rosa, too, loved best to listen to her priest, and, holding Guido's hand against her cheek, her eyes would glow with happiness at the assurance that she would never be parted from him and that death would mean only eternity together.

But more often the two would leave the wise seers to themselves, and go floating about the canals. All Venice

soon knew the lovers by sight at least, and was looking forward to the wedding, for old Naldi was sure to make it a feast worth remembering. The date was set, and a month before it, with their love at the very verge of its consummation, with life shining ahead of them like a bright star, these two beautiful young lovers fell upon misfortune. Such a little thing, Signor! Ah! such a little, avoidable, unnecessary thing it was which shattered their romance!

ONE day Guido, at sunset, came to the island of Murano, as was his custom whenever possible, to fetch old Naldi from his work. Rosa was with him, and together they went looking for her father. But for the moment he was missing, and Guido, more in joke than anything, picked up one of the blow pipes.

"I'm going to make you a flower for your hair!" he cried, put it to his lips, blew, then caught his breath, and in a moment lay dead at her feet. He had inhaled the molten glass, Signor, and that was the quick end of him.

So you see, what a trifle came between them—just one breath and as a result, tragedy. It was not as though they had been separated by a great sacrifice: or by someone coming between them. If they had been already married, and their love had perhaps worn a little into habit things might have been different. But no, they were cut off clean in the very perfection of their love, and probably it was because of this that the thing, which came afterward, could happen.

When Rosa was able to get about again after the first shock of Guido's death, she went straight to Father Paulo with her trouble. All her life he had told her what to do, how to believe, so she felt that this time he must somehow help her. And he did. For everything the priest said to her she took for literal fact.

"Death," he told her, "is only a temporary parting. He is not really gone from you, he is near, he will watch over you and wait faithfully for you to join him!"

"But is he here now?" she begged. "Somewhere near me? Is he really watching me, Father?"

"Of course, my child!" soothed the priest. "If you believe in God, you must trust Him and know that you and Guido will be united in Heaven some day."

"But *now*!" cried the girl. "He is really near? He has not gone forever?"

"His spirit watches over you, without doubt, my daughter!" said the old man.

Rosa's eyes were too bright, and they fixed him with sudden, burning conviction. Then she went away, calmer than she had been since the great tragedy befell her. She talked no more about Guido's death, but kept much to herself, praying a great deal. And the substance of her prayer was that she might be permitted to see Guido, who was always near, watching over her. If he was really there—and since Father Paulo said he was, he must be—why could she not see him? If the dead did not go out into nothingness, why then need she lose him? She thought that it was only the weakness of her own belief which kept him invisible to her, and so prayed for greater faith, long hours on the cold flagging of St. Mark's, and beside her narrow bed. And then one day, in her own room, perfect belief finally came to her; the last secret doubt in her mind vanished. And as with glad heart she arose from her knees, she turned to find Guido standing by the door, his arms outstretched.

YOU, Signor, probably do not believe that Guido returned. For you have no need to recreate him, and it is only through need, coupled with faith, that such things can occur. Neither did the rest of Venice believe it, for in all that city there were only two people who needed Guido strongly enough to bring him back, and those two were Rosa and myself. When she came running to me the first time, telling me that she had seen him, I believed her at once, for true love, Signor, does not allow the beloved one very far from the heart.

(Continued on page 126)



LADY VIOLET ASTOR is one of the most brilliant hostesses in English society, often entertaining royalty in her magnificent London house. But she loves best country life, and her serene beauty has the inimitable charm of the English countryside—hair golden as ripe wheat, eyes violet blue and exquisite skin as pink and white as a hedge rose.



Lady Violet Astor leaving her London mansion for her early morning ride in Rotten Row, Hyde Park. Always impeccably turned out, she wears the formal English skirted habit.



You can buy them everywhere, Pond's four delightful preparations—the famous Two Creams, new tonic Skin Freshener to banish oiliness and Cleansing Tissues for removing cold cream.

Lady Violet Astor

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Lovely, lovely Lady Violet Astor! Hers is the serene beauty of the English countryside. Her hair is golden as ripe wheat, her eyes are violet blue, her skin is pink and white as a hedge rose.

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But she loves best country life—gardens and flowers. She is a devoted mother and a lady of mercy whose quiet good deeds bring sunshine into countless lives.

Sweet as her shy name-flower, Lady Violet is yet a woman of convictions. It is no shallow vanity that causes her to give her skin meticulous care with Pond's.

She has lived amid Canada's snows and under India's blazing sun, yet kept the bloom of that marvelous English complexion. She is outspoken in her praise of the "wonderful service Pond's have done for women."

"They've put in our hands the means of making our skin look younger and younger each year," she says.

"Those Two Creams keep my skin so perfectly cleansed and protected! And the Skin Freshener, the filmy Tissues for removing cream—all four are delightful—practical—effective!"

THIS is the Pond's Method for daily home treatment:

First, for thorough cleansing, amply apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, morning, evening and always after exposure. Pat on with firm, upward outward strokes, letting the fine oils sink deep into the pores.

Then, with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, ample, absorbent, wipe away the cream and dirt. What an economy in towels and laundry!

Next, after a daytime cleansing, dab Pond's Skin Freshener briskly over your skin. It firms, tones, closes the pores and banishes oiliness.

Last—smooth in a little Pond's Vanishing Cream for protection and powder base.

Give your skin this complete care during the day. At bedtime thoroughly cleanse with the Cold Cream and wipe off cream and dirt with the Tissues.

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LOVE CANNOT DIE

(Continued from page 124)

To her father, Rosa said nothing at first. But when she began talking with her lover daily, old Naldi soon wanted to know the meaning of her strange behavior. When she told him who it was he had heard her speaking to in the stillness of the night, he at once feared that she was going mad, and came to me for consultation.

"Her mind is sick!" he told me. "Her body is well and strong, but after a shock like that, something had to give way. Poor Rosa, poor bambina!"

"Why should you call her mad because she can see that which is invisible to your dull eyes, my friend?" I demanded. "Rosa is not crazy. She merely sees more clearly because she is more pure than we."

"Ah, Guiliamo, my friend!" said the father, "you can see no flaw in her perfection, as ever! But God give us grace to set her right again!"

When one we love is in such a plight as Rosa's, it is of course our wish, Signor, to keep outside people from knowing of the matter. But there was no sheltering Rosa from the effects of her conviction. Often she spoke of Guido, repeating to some friend what he had said, or referring to a meeting with him to which she must be off. So the neighbors came to avoid her, and touched their foreheads when they mentioned her name. However, Rosa did not seem to mind, but went about her business singing and smiling, and sewed on her bridal dress as though nothing had happened. Often she would stop at my post on the Grand Canal and chat with me on her way to market.

"Dear friend of my heart!" she told me, "to you alone I can talk of him without fear of ridicule. You believe me, don't you?"

"As I believe in Heaven," I assured her.

THEN one day Rosa did something which staggered the credulity of the most indulgent. She announced that she and Guido were to be married at St. Mark's on the day originally planned for. Everyone laughed, of course, except old Father Paulo to whom she went with the request that he perform the ceremony! *Sapristi*, Signor! Can you imagine such a thing? Poor Father Paulo must have been at his wits' end to know what to do. Simple and great as was his own faith, he could not realize how literally she had accepted his teachings, and to his mind, also, madness was close upon her. But out of fear of what might happen if he refused, he finally consented to go through with the ceremony at night, when the church would be empty.

It was just before this that Rosa's father was obliged to go to Rome, carrying some rare new glass pieces for installation in the famous Cellani collection. No one else could be entrusted with this mission and perforce he left Rosa in my charge. And so it was to me, fortunately, that she came with the announcement that Father Paulo had consented. I say fortunate, Signor, because to my mind true love is essentially a spiritual matter, and I could see nothing particularly strange about her desire to have the marriage service read over her. How could I tell what delicate chord in her brain might not be eased of its tension by the harmless performance? Indeed, who was I to say that the marriage, which had surely been arranged in Heaven if ever one was, would not actually take place?

But, *pauverina*, I did not want any mocking witnesses to be there, and I was glad when I learned it was to be at midnight. Father Paulo's wrinkled face wore a troubled expression when he spoke of it to me.

"God will forgive me if I am doing any wrong in granting her wish," he said wistfully. "They were so pure in their love, those children!" There were tears in the old man's eyes as he said it.

The night of the marriage was one of strange beauty, Signor. A moon that was made especially for lovers hung high above the dark glint of the canals, and the radiance of it dimmed the street lamps to the softness of candles before a shrine. A sweet wind was blowing softly

in from the sea, and spring held her gentle carnival in the air. To the water-entrance of her father's house, when all save us were sleeping, came Rosa in her bridal gown, an unearthly vision of loveliness, the white veil making a sort of holy mist about her head, her white garments seeming to float about her, and on her face was an expression one could scarcely endure to look upon. It was as though the very light of Heaven came through her, and when she stepped into my gondola, and I poled her silently out into the night, she illuminated the small boat with a soft radiance.

At the bridge beside the Doges Palace we left the gondola, and Rosa slipped her hand through my arm. I was trembling so that I could scarcely walk, Signor, for as we approached the great front of the cathedral, so dark beneath the portico, so beautifully illuminated in its lace-work of ornament by the silent moon, I felt that I was certainly approaching something not of this world. The great Piazza was deserted save for one or two revelers at the far side, and we slipped in through the little door which, according to promise, Father Paulo had left open. There were a few candles burning on the main altar, but the rest of the church was in darkness. And on the altar steps Father Paulo was waiting, a ghostly figure in his robes, his white head bent. At the beginning of the nave Rosa slipped her hand from my arm and I saw her turn as if in greeting, to someone. A cold chill shot through me as she looked up at this nothingness and put her hand out as if to clasp the hand of another. Then with her head thrown proudly back, she swept away from me, walking in measured steps and with an invisible companion, toward the altar.

Signor, I heard music, soft and faint, as though the great organ whispered to itself. The church filled slowly with a luminous mist, and I leaned against a pillar, trembling, while Rosa knelt at the altar and the priest bent over her. Then a strange thing happened—so strange, so beautiful, so sweet! To that lonely wedding came all the saints of Heaven, Signor—they came down out of the stained-glass windows, out from the frames of the paintings over the minor altars. Even the little stone saints that stand outside on the pinnacles of the roof came to that wedding, trailing their heavenly robes, their hands folded in praise of all goodness, their tender eyes looking lovingly at my little Rosa kneeling there for her holy marriage. In crowds they came, softly; St. Joseph leading his little lamb, St. Cecilia with her garments waving softly like the music she had loved, St. Sebastian, the martyr, with his wounds, St. Anthony of Padua; all, all the blessed company left their places to kneel at Rosa's sacrament.

I am a man of fleshy habits, Signor, and alas, too often had I sinned to be able to see Guido himself. But the saints to whom I prayed regularly it was my privilege to behold, and I no longer doubted that the bridegroom was present. Then, in the midst of that strange company the priest pronounced them man and wife, and from outside came a great clamor of bells. The clock with the bronze figures—the one in the Square, you know it, Signor—was pealing out a revelry although it was not the hour for striking. All the ancient treasures of Venice, it seemed, were celebrating this most romantic of weddings. My head began to feel strangely, and then in a moment I knew no more. Everything went black before my eyes. And when I recovered, Rosa was gone, the saints had vanished, and the old priest was putting out the candles.

SOMEHOW, it had never occurred to me that Rosa would not go back to her father's house after the wedding. But she didn't. Instead, she went to the rooms which Guido had occupied before his death. These were two tiny chambers on the ground floor of an old house in the street of the Seven Flowers, which abutted on a small back canal. The landlord had been unable to let them because of Guido's strange death, and they had

(Concluded on page 128)



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says Elizabeth Arden

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From her sulks and from her cavern the Goddess of the Sun was enticed only when all the other gods finally succeeded in attracting her attention by making the First Mirror! Curiosity turned the trick; out came the Goddess to have a good look at herself! The ancient Japanese heaven blazed again into glory and "Honorable Fujii" cried the Sun Goddess "why has no one ever told me my nose was shiny!"

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is that the skin becomes as clear and fine-textured as it was naturally meant to be. Failing the opportunity to visit one of the wonderful Arden Salons, there are

two important books "The Quest of the Beautiful" and "Your Masterpiece—Yourself" which Miss Arden sends with her compliments to every woman requesting them. These small books will instruct you how to cleanse your skin so that it becomes immaculately fresh; how to tone it; how to smooth and tighten it and free it of wrinkles.

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A pure, vaguely scented powder, made for those who demand the extreme of quality. Tints: Illusion shade (a flesh tint), Rachel, Mat Foncé (a flattering shade for the average skin), Ocre (a sunburn shade), White, Minerva (a warm, natural color), Banana (warmer and deeper than Rachel), and Poudre de Lilas (a mauve shade for evening). \$3.

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A penetrating oil rich in the elements which restore sunken tissues or flabby muscles. \$1, \$2.50, \$4.

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Fills out fine lines and wrinkles, leaves the skin smooth and firm. Excellent for an afternoon treatment at home. \$2, \$3.50.

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Fills out lines and wrinkles around the eyes. Leave a little on the skin around the eyes overnight. \$1.50.

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ROME: Via Condotti 65

LOVE CANNOT DIE

(Concluded from page 126)

stayed practically as he had left them, even his bright gondola remaining moored to its accustomed post outside. It was in these rooms, serene and happy as any normal bride, that I found Rosa after the old servant, Carolina, came to tell me she was missing. Rosa was occupied with some simple household task when I arrived, and refused to come home with me.

"Oh, no!" said she. "This is my place, now, and here I shall remain."

There was no moving her. What was I to do? I was fearful of making a wrong move. Any high-handedness was out of the question, and my fear for her position was curiously tempered by my strange conviction that she was not really mad at all—that Guido's spirit might actually be there, living with her. This doubt in my own mind rendered me powerless to do anything but agree that she remain where she was. But I left with a heavy heart, none the less, for I knew that this thing could not last; the neighbors, I feared, would see to that, and indeed, Signor, they did.

The Venetians are a very superstitious people, Signor, and easily believe in the evil eye, in witchcraft, and other foolish things. Also, they do not look with favor on a young girl who defies the conventions or sets out upon any business that they do not understand. The rooms in which Rosa had elected to live were already looked upon askance, and Rosa herself, with her lack of any concealment, helped to bring about the trouble. Before she had lived in Guido's rooms a week, ugly rumors were afloat about her. People avoided her when she went abroad, and, whispering, pointed evil fingers as she passed. But even so, they might have left her alone if it had not been for Angelo, the boy who worked for Vico, the butcher, seeing Guido's gondola under strange circumstances and starting the general alarm.

Long before this, I had written old Naldi that he had better come home. And in another twenty-four hours he had returned, but by then it was, as you shall see, Signor, too late.

It was at twilight that Angelo, the butcher's boy, going home from work, saw Guido's gondola, with Rosa sitting in the passenger's seat, speeding along the San Rafael Canal, wending its way neatly around corners, avoiding the anchored craft along the way, and, Madonna protect us, there was no one at the helm! Angelo clung to the rail of the bridge, paralyzed with terror as the boat passed beneath, and he saw it all clearly—Rosa smiling at nothing and remarking that the night was going to be fine, in her clear voice, as if to the gondolier. When the boat with its uncanny cargo had passed, Angelo came to life and ran shrieking to the nearest café, where he burst in upon the drinkers with his incredible story. And such was the general tension in the neighborhood about Rosa's affairs that the crowd of them rushed out on the heels of the frightened boy to see for them-

selves. At the next turn of the canal they caught up with the gondola, and *Santissimo!* it was as the boy said!

Ah, Signor, how can I tell you of what followed? From street to street the alarm spread. Out of their shops and houses and wine-rooms the people came running at news that the witch had been caught at her tricks! The sorceress had enchanted a boat and was being guided through the canals by devils! How they screamed curses! The frenzy spread through them like fire in a brittle house, the flame of superstition sweeping them on. All the old, old legends which had seeped into them from the early, cruel days came to the surface like filth from the bottom of the canals, and they poured through the narrow streets to the water's edge intent on wickedness. Many people in the crowd did not even know what the excitement was about, and merely added their shouts and threats to those of the initiated out of contagion. Cries of "Kill her! Burn the witch!" rent the air. "She is a curse, she has the evil eye!" Madness, madness, Signor! A crowd that came from nowhere in a moment, foaming, frenzied as a pack of mad dogs.

They dragged my poor Rosa from her gondola, and mishandled her shamefully. Then she managed to break away from the rough hands that held her and ran up the *calle* like a frightened deer, the mob close at her heels, shaking their fists, flinging curses at her and handfuls of mud, stones, old bottles, anything that came to hand. Then, at the very threshold of Guido's door, it happened, Signor, the terrible useless thing. A great cobble stone, flung by an unknown hand, struck her on her white temple, and she fell in a crumpled heap, while the crowd drew back, frightened into silence. They took her in and laid her on Guido's bed, Signor, the poor broken flower, her long black hair streaming from her bruised face, her hands limp as the petals of a faded rose. Then in a minute the great strong fish-wife who had carried her in, turned from the bed and crossed herself.

"Holy Mother have mercy on us!" she muttered. "The girl is dead!"

When they went to look for the gondola, Signor, it was gone. They could not find it anywhere. But I—I saw it, Signor. Just once. I did not know what had happened as yet, and I was returning from the Lido in my gondola with a passenger, an American gentleman like yourself, when, far out in a lonely part of the great lagoon, I saw the gondola which I knew to be Guido's, drifting out to sea under the full moon. It was a long way off, but in it I could see Rosa and a young man, and they were standing amidship, their heads together, their arms entwined, their faces turned rapturously toward the horizon.

"*Santa Maria!*" I gasped aloud. "What is that?"

The passenger turned to look where I pointed with trembling finger.

"Only an empty gondola," he said, "drifting out to sea!"

THAT HOUR

THERE was that day devoid of pride,
There was that hour in that day:
There are some things our souls decide
That our lips are afraid to say.

Wherefore we walked in a golden gloom
The sky a flushed pearl and the street
A black wet mirror and a bloom
Of peacock fans beneath our feet.

We felt our spirits breathe and strain
And stretch like tigers in a tower
And dig their nails into the brain—
While we talked trifles for an hour.

Joseph Auslander

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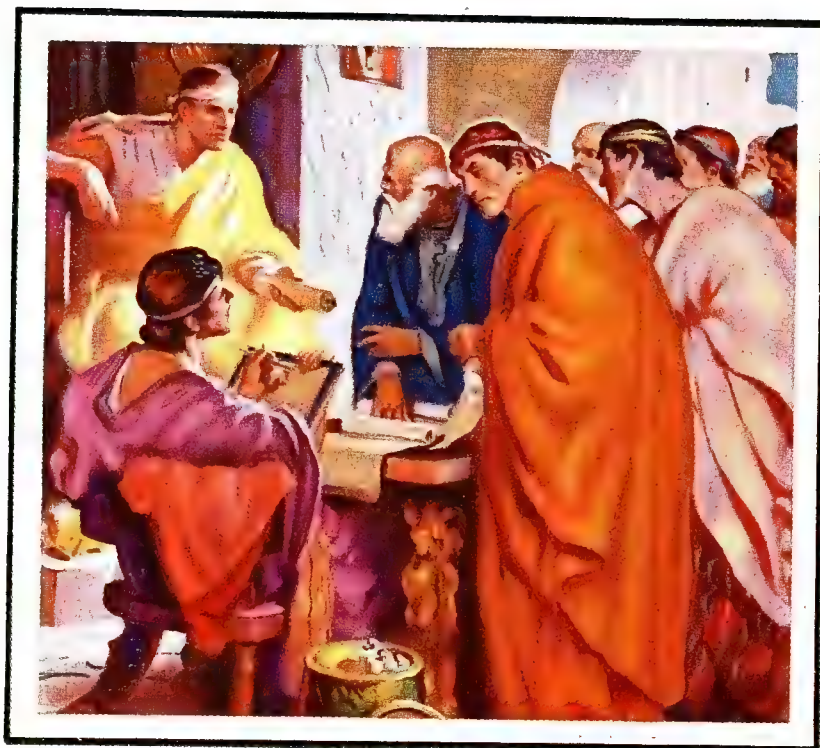
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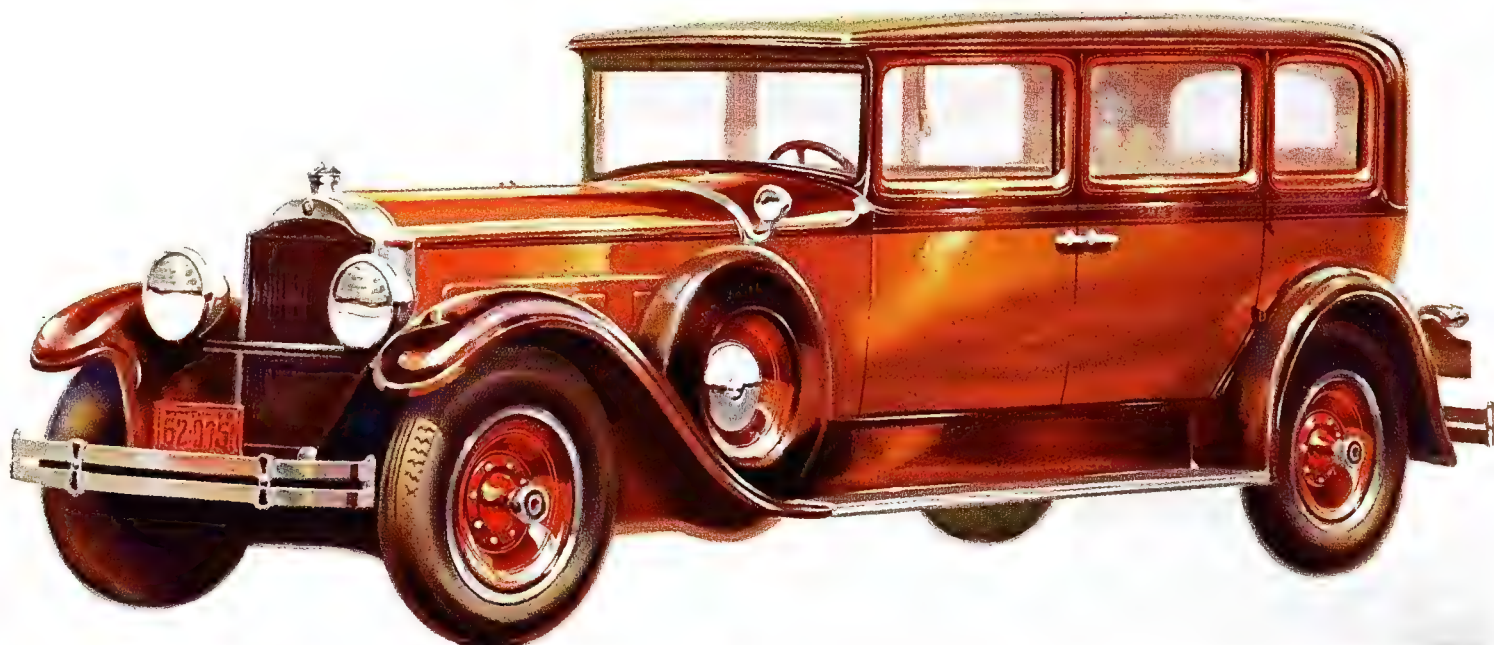
Packard enjoys a priceless reputation in the fine car field. It has been earned not alone by the unchanging quality of Packard cars, but as largely by the established Packard principles of doing business.

"Packard principles" is not a mere phrase. These principles—settled rules of action in public relations—have existed in substance since the founding of the Packard company. As early as 1909 they were put in writing, and in 1925 carefully codified,

simply stated and published for the benefit of the nation-wide Packard organization and its growing clientele.

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Blue Moon dealers are featuring these numbers:

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No. 300—Heavy-weight Silk, very short Lisle top and sole . . . \$1.85

No. 501—Fine gauge, all Silk with Picot top . . . \$1.95

No. 200—Pointed heel, fine gauge Chiffon, all Silk, Picot top . . . \$1.95

No. 600—Medium-weight service, all Silk, top to toe, super grade . . . \$1.95

No. 400—Extra-fine gauge Chiffon, all Silk, Picot top . . . \$2.25

No. 700—Super-fine gauge Chiffon, all Silk, Picot top, \$2.50

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HIGH WALLS

(Continued from page 120)

of her. . . A steward just then approached her, intruding upon her thoughts, saying: "Madame, your mother would like to see you in her cabin."

She rose wearily; went forward, and down the companionway stairs. Mrs. Cass-Evans lay stretched upon her berth, inhaling the contents of an eau-de-cologne bottle. The port-hole was closed, on account of the running sea, and the tiny cabin was insufferably hot. A small electric fan droned, swerving in monotonous semicircles above her head. The woodwork creaked incessantly to the roll of the ship.

"CHARLES," her mother announced, "has been looking for you, I believe. You don't yet realize what happiness your return has brought him, Greta. He is a changed man. I thought at one time that he would go mad with grief when he believed you were gone."

"Must we talk about him, Mother?"

Mrs. Cass-Evans looked at her with some surprise.

"That sounds a little heartless, Greta. The man adores you."

"Perhaps—in his way."

Her mother sat up in bed, the light of a firm, indomitable purpose hardening her face.

"Greta. I want to talk to you—seriously."

"Not now, Mother—please. I'm desperately tired."

There was a warning break in her voice which Mrs. Cass-Evans deliberately chose not to notice.

"I simply must relieve my mind. I've been thinking so hard, these past few hours. Do you think you will marry Charles, Greta, when we get back to New York?"

Greta paled. She began to pace slowly up and down the narrow red carpet of the cabin, clasp and unclasp her hands. Trapped—again. . . . If only her mother had waited. If only she hadn't spoken today—of all days. In the very midst of her purgatory. . . . Oh, why couldn't there be any peace. . . . any peace. . . .

"Oh, Mother. How can you speak of this—now? After all we've been through. I'm not fit to talk, I tell you." Her voice rose to a note that had a hint of shrillness in it.

"But our troubles are over, dear. One can't put off the future indefinitely. What's the matter? What is on your mind? I'm only trying to find out how you feel toward Charles. Surely, when you met him again this morning, and saw the devotion in his eyes—"

"I don't want to consider the future, now. I—I'm content, as we are. And I don't want to marry Charles."

"Ever?"

"Ever."

"My dear child. This is so dreadfully definite. Why not?"

"Because—I—do—not—love—him."

She enunciated each word slowly, concisely, as if speaking to a little child.

"Love! Love!" Her mother sounded both weary and irritated. "You would come to care for him as much as any man. We are not the kind of women who experience—," she hesitated, "the deeper passions. That sort of thing is left to cruder blood—"

"Mother! You are talking nonsense."

Mrs. Cass-Evans suddenly took up a handkerchief, began to dab at her eyes. Her voice became softer, weaker.

"I ought to tell you the truth, then. My heart is very bad these days. I was unconscious for hours after the earthquake. A doctor said that I should never be permitted to worry. . . . I would like to see you settled comfortably, happily, before I—"

Greta wrung her hands. She realized, frightened, terrified, that her own nerves were on the verge of snapping. Taut—like wires. If her mother kept on; if she kept on. . . . This must be stopped, at any price.

"I can never marry Charles, Mother."

Her mother's face seemed to grow smaller, sharper. . . .

"You mean—that you are in love—with that consul man?"

"Yes!" Greta laughed, threw back her head. A wild, bright light was in her eyes. She spoke rapidly, her voice shaking. "It's your own fault. It's your own fault! You've goaded me. Goaded me into telling you what may kill you. But there's a limit to human endurance, which you don't seem to recognize, and never have recognized! I'm going to tell you now, because you wouldn't let me alone. Twelve hours I've been with you, since we met this morning, and every single moment you've been at me about Charles—because of that will of yours which must dominate, dominate, dominate! Charles Winbridge! Do you think I'd tie myself up for life with that dressed-up apology for a man? I'd rather, far rather, jump into the sea to-night! Now listen to me. You've got to! I've listened to you enough in the past, heaven knows. . . . Here's something for you to remember, to think over, all your life—" Words, phrases, leaped to her mind, poured from her lips exultantly—the sharper, the crueller, the more they pleased her. A hundred little tortured moments of misery in the past, rose to her mind; egged her on.

"I've been happier, far happier, than I dreamed a human being could be, during the past week. Shall I tell you why? Because I escaped. Because I was free from your eternal plotting and planning of my life. Because I could laugh at hypocrisy and miserable, cringing conventions. Because I've loved, as I never knew a woman could love—beyond anything you could possibly imagine or understand."

She suddenly collapsed into a chair, her body wracked with sobs. Terrible, choking, moaning sobs, as if she were spilling forth her very heart. Mrs. Cass-Evans got up from the bed, swaying, with a strange, fixed stare in her eyes like a blind woman; and came toward her.

"Greta! Greta! You don't know what you're saying."

"I do! I do!" Her clenched fist pounded upon the arm of the chair. She raised her face, quivering, tear-stained, tortured with grief, her mouth twisted into an agonized semblance of a smile. "I'm glad. And I'm proud! Do you hear me? Now, perhaps, you'll keep quiet about Charles Winbridge. Do you think that a smug creature like that would be satisfied with me—now?"

She rose, groping blindly for the door.

"Greta! Stop! You must listen to me!"

Her mother's voice was sharp, peremptory. Incredulously Greta realized that the iron spirit wasn't broken, defeated, yet.

"Before you leave my cabin, I must warn you. You're not in a fit condition to reason. Don't be rash, Greta. Don't throw your life away—"

"What do you mean?"


She paused, her hand upon the knob of the door, sobbing, seeing the white, stern mask of her mother's face through a veil of tears.

"Charles need never know," her mother said softly.

Someone close by gave a hysterical scream. It sounded queerly like herself, as she fled from the room; groped her way down the reeling, swaying corridor to her own cabin.

ONCE again the velvet tropical night came on, and the sea gliding past the low white rail of the ship, was like dark glass flagreed with silver caught from the stars. To Charles Winbridge, absorbed in pleasant reveries as he paced the deck, it seemed a night designed for love, for the declaration of what existed in a man's heart. Greta had returned from the land of death to him; and here, surely, under the benign stars, was the occasion to prove his love. Grateful for her salvation, thankful to be under his protection once more, she would—with perhaps a little coquettish attempt at prevarication—surrender. His interview with Mrs. Cass-Evans had been highly satisfactory. She had sent for him after dinner; and he had gone to her cabin. He had found her in a grave mood, yet entirely amicable toward him. It had even seemed to him that she

(Continued on page 130)



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HIGH WALLS

(Continued from page 129)

was showing a certain affection for him—in the way, for instance, she had patted his shoulder. The substance of what she had to say to him was simple enough: She had been through terrors enough to kill a woman of her age. She no longer felt strong. Her heart had been greatly weakened by the experiences of the earthquake. During those tragic days together, she had come to know him much better, and now possessed full confidence in his capabilities, his integrity. Greta, she declared, couldn't do better . . . And she summed up her little speech by urging him to pursue his courtship in a delicate, gentle way, feeling confident that Greta would eventually appreciate the value of his devotion. Not to be discouraged. That was her message. Bending over her hand, he had assured her that she had given him new courage; that he would never rest until he had won Greta . . .

Thinking over it all, as he paced the deck, there was one point upon which he couldn't agree with her. She had, for some obscure reason, begged him to proceed slowly; perhaps wait a week, or longer, before again making any definite advances. Here she was wrong; he felt sure. This was the night of all nights. If he allowed several days to elapse before he declared himself, she might even suspect that he had ceased to care. The first day of her return to his company must be marked, stamped for all time, by a confession of love such as she had never before received. Psychologically, the moment had come to act.

He paced the deck impatiently, his eyes constantly fixed upon the open door leading to the companionway stairs. She, like her mother, had failed to appear in the dining-salon, for dinner. Presumably she was resting. But, sooner or later, she would come out for her evening stroll, as had always been her custom on the *Orinoco*. In his elation it seemed to him that the battle was very nearly won. Certainly, her mother was a tremendous asset to him. Greta, always devoted to her, would want to make her happy, in her now weakened condition. As for love, why, ultimately she would learn to love him. Why not? Her type of girl knew exceedingly little about love—before marriage. They had passing fancies; that was all . . .

TOWARD ten o'clock he saw her emerge from the companionway in a light cloak, and hurry aft. He fancied that she might have seen him; was hurrying away from him on purpose. Woman's wiles . . . He smiled as he stole after her swiftly, silently, on rubber soles. In the spacious semicircle of the stern he caught up with her; found her leaning over the taffrail, gazing at the ship's wake, a ghostly path under the stars, curving toward the horizon. He crept up to her, put his arms around her; and—before she could release herself—kissed her. The touch of her lips inflamed him. His carefully arranged little speech vanished from his mind. Hatless, his hair blowing in the cool night wind, he held her closer to him, murmuring: "Greta! Greta! How I love you. How I've waited for this!" Subconsciously, he was a shade annoyed to discover that she was taller than he . . .

She struggled, pushing him away with a strength that surprised him. But he was not worried. He had half-expected this. Always she had been shy, resisting. He preferred her to be like that . . . Then, suddenly glimpsing her white, set face, the rigid poise of her body, he was afraid. "Greta! What is it? Why do you look at me like that? Did I frighten you? Speak to me."

"Leave me, Charles. Leave me, I beg you—"

Her voice horrified him. So tense, and low; so strained.

"You're tired, dear. I'm sorry I startled you. Look. Here's a chair. Sit down, and we'll have a quiet little talk." She did not move.

"For heaven's sake, leave me. Can't you see—I came up here, to get away from—everybody."

The strained quality of her voice

puzzled him. Could she be—playing with him? No. She was serious, desperately serious. But she must be made to listen to reason. He couldn't retreat now. That would put him in a bad light. She would think him weak, and afraid of her. He'd go through with it, he decided. Now was the time to reveal to her his determination, his strength of character. She'd admire his virility; succumb to it, as all women succumbed to a display of manly purpose. That was what they wanted, really . . .

"Come to me, Greta." He approached her, arms outstretched. She stepped away, her back against the ship's rail, pinned there, at bay. A shaft of light from a ship's lantern fell upon her face; and he saw that her eyes were wide, staring at him with a kind of fascinated horror. That look of hers numbed him; made his hands grow cold. Something of her desperate fear was communicated to him.

"My dear. What is the matter? I only wanted to show you how I—"

Her hands went up to her ears. She shook her head frantically.

"I don't want to hear you! I don't want to hear you!"

GREAT heavens, she was actually sobbing! Her nerves were overwrought by all that she had been through. How she must have suffered. Perhaps he was forcing things too hurriedly . . . He adopted a new tone toward her.

"Greta, my dear. Please! It's all right. Don't be afraid. All your troubles are over now, don't you understand? I come to protect you, and to love you. Won't you trust me?"

Something must have snapped with her. Trembling, but her voice strangely calm, she said: "I don't love you, Charles Winbridge. I warned you to leave me, but you would not go. Now, listen to me. When we get to Panama you are to leave me. I cannot see you again. This thing is finished. Finished. Don't you understand?"

Still he would not listen; could not believe. He breathed heavily, puffing out his cheeks.

"Calm yourself, Greta, please. All along you've led me to believe—"

"That is a lie." She spoke quietly and deliberately, without venom. "I never led you to believe anything."

He couldn't believe that it was her voice, Greta's voice, speaking so coldly, so utterly devoid of any feeling. A sense of intolerable injustice swept over him and banished his caution.

"You've got to tell me what you mean by this. I've done nothing to earn this treatment. I—"

She was sobbing again, her back turned to him, her fists thumping upon the ship's rail.

"Oh! Leave me quickly. I don't know—what I might say. I don't want to hurt you. Go away—"

All his obstinacy welled up within him. There was something hidden here; something that she was keeping from him. She couldn't do that. She'd have to play fair—if he knew it. He wasn't going to be made a fool of—not after that talk with her mother.

"You're talking nonsense," he said harshly, and seized her by the shoulders, turning her around so that she faced him. "Listen to me. You know that we're to marry—eventually. For some reason you're playing a game—stalling. But it's understood between us, isn't it? What do you think I took this trip for? Ask your mother. She approves. Often she's told me how glad she'd be. To-night she gave me her consent. More than that, she expressed her wishes very forcibly. Do you believe for a moment that, under such circumstances, I'd give up—just because you happen to be in an unpleasant mood? I want a valid reason—"

She actually struck out at him then with her fists, hitting his shoulders, his face, with a rain of sharp, vicious little blows.

"Oh, you fool! Let me go! I warned you, didn't I? I told you to leave me."

(Continued on page 132)

Now FORTY may fence WITH SEVENTEEN

Hormone-starved cells revitalized by this great German discovery.



TO be old at forty in the eyes of men—what needless tragedy! These are the years when womanhood should be in rarest flower. For she has lived. The gaucheries of boarding school have dropped away. Her wit is keen and broad her understanding. Until today, forty has been the farthest bounds of youth. Time to look backward instead of ahead. Time to fold the hands and make way gracefully for the younger generation. But now the old order has changed. The woman of forty who loves life need not go into the discard. Her complexion is no longer a calendar of her birthdays. Wrinkles and crows' feet no longer handicap. Now forty may fence successfully with seventeen.

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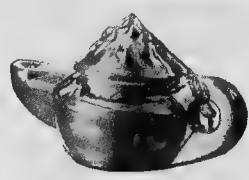
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HIGH WALLS

(Continued from page 130)



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But you wouldn't listen. Your egotism couldn't conceive of a legitimate reason for my not marrying you. So now—I'll tell you the truth."

He seemed unable to move. He stood there helplessly, arms dropped, jaw drooping, staring at her.

"I love him, Charles. I love Ramon. That is all. It's so utterly simple—if you only choose to understand. I love him. Do you think, dare to think, that you can force your will against a tremendous thing like that? For years and years I've been dominated and crushed by people like you—and Mother, conspiring together for what you chose to call my good. But I'm free now. I'm free!"

She flung out her arms wide, in a gesture of exultation. At the sight of her so proud, so defiant, a gust of fury shook him. He raised his clenched fists.

"I'll kill him! I'll search for that blackguard, and kill him with my own hands."

How absurd he was, with his hair blown in the wind, his fat, puffy cheeks inflated with rage, the truculent pose of his round, pompous little body. Something made her laugh aloud, a clear, ringing laugh.

"Kill him, Charles? Why should you? And where would you find him?"

For a moment she thought that he was going to strike her.

"I'll go back there on the first ship, do you hear me? And I'll find him, if it takes me months. The blackguard!"

She crushed her hand against his mouth. "Shut up, Charles. I don't want to hear your filthy thoughts. Better go to bed and sleep over it. Better think it over. In the morning you'll feel differently. I know you better than you know yourself."

He was staring at her, a shaking, miserable spectacle of a man. "What has happened to you? Are you mad? How you've changed. Have you no pity?"

"Pity?" She looked at him bewilderedly. "You ask me for that? No, Charles. I'm afraid I can't spare any, just now, for you."

She turned away from him and proceeded slowly down the deck. He watched her, stricken by a tremendous, awful thought. Why, according to his tenets, she was—now—a bad woman . . . And, horribly, she had never, never seemed so desirable before . . . He saw her pass under an electric lamp; aware that there was a curious strength, an invincibility in her bearing, the poise of her head. And she was beyond his reach. Beyond his reach. . . .

THEY were sitting on the terrace of the great white American hotel facing the harbor of Colon. The morning was cool, with high, bright skies and a steady trade-wind blowing from the sea. Beyond the garden, the rustling palms, Alexander could see the rectangle of the swimming-pool, silver in the morning sun, the bright red and blue figures of bathers moving leisurely about its margin; and could hear their occasional shouts of laughter. How tranquil, how clean and civilized it all seemed. Motors were gliding up the concrete driveway to the hotel door. The groups of people on the terrace were well-dressed, prosperous, happy. Their very conversation indicated a preoccupation with worldly trivialities: an excursion . . . good shops . . . a place where one could dance . . . It was hard to believe that less than three hundred miles away, across that sparkling expanse of sea, fresh as green paint in the sunlight, Natividad lay mangled, in ruins; men and women were dying of disease, starvation . . .

He glanced at Greta, sitting beside him. She was dressed in white, his favorite for her, since it accentuated the brilliant gold of her hair, the blue depths in her eyes. She was trying to concentrate upon a newspaper, but her face was troubled, paler—he thought—than usual. Alexander was distinctly puzzled. Recovered now from the shock of seeing her again; from that astounding encounter in the hotel hall three nights ago, there was still a great deal he did not fully understand. Details. She and her mother had walked into the hotel, ghosts from the past, just

as he had emerged from the dining-room. But with them there had been no Cousin May, no Charles Winbridge. Over an excited little supper in Mrs. Cass-Evans' bedroom they had told him the tragic news about May. But Charles . . . he perceived at once that they were inclined to be evasive on this subject. Yes. He was alive; had journeyed to Colon with them, on a Dutch steamer. Where was he now? They replied, with apparent unconcern, that he was quite likely on his way to America . . . There had been a small fast steamer for New Orleans sailing from Colon that night . . . But they had preferred to stay over for a day or two, to rest.

He had silently studied Greta, and had found her changed. But he knew that he had learned most at the instant of meeting her, in that moment of swift comprehension which is granted when one who is very close to the heart is suddenly and unexpectedly encountered; when the image of the memory is sharply contrasted with the actual physical presence. A fleeting instant of revelation . . . Yes. It was then that he had understood what had happened to Greta. She was so vital; so much more vividly alive. Her personality—he tried to express it to himself in clear terms—was no longer dormant; it was something tangible, colorful, potent. And there was a burning beauty in her eyes which he had not remembered before . . . As if by some natural law of compensation, Mrs. Cass-Evans had ceased to be her powerful and dominating self. To Alexander she appeared crushed. An old woman, only to be pitied. Her greeting when she met him had possessed that perfunctory, unemotional quality, that complete lack of enthusiasm or surprise which he associated with the very old.

SOMETHING had happened. Something had occurred to alter their lives. Their very characters. The stories of their experiences during the earthquake, and of Greta's flight with Ramon to the mountains, had been outlined to him by Mrs. Cass-Evans, who had added: "Naturally, it was an unenviable position for a young girl. I thank God he behaved decently . . ." And he had then caught Greta staring at her with a mute astonishment. During the following nights he had lain awake for many hours; had finally evolved what seemed to him the only possible solution. He noted that in the daytime she and her mother were on polite speaking terms, but that was about all. They passed little or no time together, alone. The thing became perfectly evident. It was Charles Winbridge's absence which gave him the most valid clue. Charles, who had professed eternal devotion . . . Greta put down her newspaper suddenly, as if reading his thoughts. That was a familiar occurrence between them, he remarked; that unspoken mental harmony.

"You've been doing a lot of thinking these days, Toddy," she said. "I suppose you've guessed—everything."

The matter, then, was on her mind as much as on his. He was relieved to discover this. During the past two days there had been a dividing wall between them. It had always been like that: impossible for them to maintain anything but a relationship of the completest frankness. He had no wish to pry into her affairs. But something—something must be said, to put them back on the old basis. The present situation wasn't tolerable.

HE GRIPPED his chair at her words, all at once afraid. He mustn't, he warned himself, encourage her to reveal anything which she might conceivably regret afterward. On the other hand he couldn't be a hypocrite, and pretend that he was perfectly at ease concerning her. He chose his reply with great care.

"You mean, that you're in love with Ramon?"

She nodded. "I mean more than that, Toddy. Do you understand? I thought you would."

(Continued on page 134)

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HIGH WALLS

(Continued from page 132)



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I knew this morning that you had—guessed."

"Why?" He took her hand; stroked it tenderly.

"You were kinder. Less aloof—"

His throat seemed to tighten. All his old affection, his love for her surged up within him. It was evident that she wanted to tell him what was in her mind. But he couldn't let her go on, in this vein. Even their precious friendship didn't entitle him to anything in the nature of a confession from her. She must keep the secrets of her heart intact, in spite of herself. After all, he knew—everything, now.

"Greta. Please—You need not say any more."

"But why shouldn't I?" There was no hesitation or fear in her voice. Only a clear and ringing directness. "You see, I probably need you now—your advice and encouragement—about as badly as I ever did in my life. I need every bit of your sympathy and affection. I've just made such a—tremendous decision. Although I loved Ramon from the moment we met in Panama, I've left him—of my own accord. What happened to us, up there on the island, was as natural as the stars rising, the sun dawning. I'm not going into that . . . I wouldn't do you the injustice of believing for an instant that *that* might touch our friendship. And I know you're to be trusted . . . if anyone in the world is to be trusted, because you understand, just as Father would have understood, the—inevitableness of it all. But I must make it clear that I've acted of my own free will. That is only fair to Ramon. And, now, I'm glad you know, Toddy. If anything, it brings us closer—"

Still stroking her hand, he gazed out toward a blurred, hazy vision of the sea.

"And—Charles?" he asked softly.

"I told him—everything."

IT SEEMED to Alexander that he was only beginning to learn the true strength, the simplicity of her character. That gallant, direct bravery; that unequivocal facing of issues. He was convinced now that her father's spirit lived within her and guided her soul, lighted her path.

"Naturally," she continued, "Charles took it hard. I never saw him again—for which I was, of course, grateful. He remained in his cabin all the way here. We didn't even catch a glimpse of him the night we landed; but the purser told me that the moment our ship docked he'd gone ashore to a steamship agent to get a passage for America."

"He didn't, then, try—to see Ramon?" Alexander asked slowly. There was a sardonic curl to his lips, an almost venomous expression foreign to him, and which surprised her.

"He threatened to, I remember."

Alexander nodded several times, fingertips poised together judiciously. A silence fell between them, until he gathered courage to say:

"And so, you've left Ramon, for good?"

"I escaped, Toddy, with Mother."

She told him hurriedly, nervously, of that morning visit to the cathedral, of his welcome by the populace, of the conclusions she had reached and her note to Ramon the night she had left Natividad. Her tone was different now. It had a pleading note to it, as if she were seeking his approval for her actions. It was on the tip of his tongue to ask her what she proposed to do with her future; but he restrained himself, realizing that she could supply no adequate answer. She could only go on bravely, with memories to sustain her. Memories . . . He smiled bitterly. The more he considered it, the more appalling became her renunciation. He was not at all convinced that she had done the right thing, either for herself or for the man concerned. She wanted, he understood, to preserve intact the memories of a perfect and beautiful love. That was all very fine and noble. But it wasn't practical. It involved a future of inhuman suffering. He had an inherent distrust of quixotic motives. He had seen disaster wrought from such things. After all, he, Alexander, had lived for

over half a century now. He was justified in claiming to have some knowledge of life. He knew the aching experience of an existence devoid of any close union with another human heart. That, along, had been his mistake; the search for an impossible ideal, which had led him exactly where he began—alone. Dreary, futile years . . . Far better, he thought, that she should face bravely the inevitable but trivial disillusion, and go forward hand in hand with him—if they were meant for each other, as the time but inescapable saying put it. Some of this reasoning he tried to communicate to her. But she would have none of it.

"Can't you see, Toddy, that I'd be interfering desperately with his ambition?"

"Ambition—for what?"

"To lead his people to regeneration."

"He could accomplish that just as well with you beside him. Perhaps better. You've left the personal equation out of your reckoning, Greta. He's a man, a human being—not a god."

"I couldn't live in Natividad—permanently. He told me that it was impossible. Northerners die there, of sickness. You have to be inured by birth to that climate."

Alexander became all at once vehement.

"You're sacrificing yourself to an ideal. This is a material world, child. One has to look after oneself. When you have happiness in your grasp, hang on to it, as you would your very life."

"Oh, Toddy, and tie him down?"

"No. No. Lift him up. Nothing lifts a man as the right woman. You know that in your heart. Every woman does."

"And where would we live?"

"Hang the future! Go there, to Natividad, for a few months. I'm telling you to grasp at facts. You love him. Stick to him. Give the thing a fair trial."

"He wouldn't be happy—"

"The chief cause of unhappiness is unfulfillment," he told her. "Examine the alternative. Through his whole life he would be weighted down by the thought that you had escaped, and by the possibilities that he had missed by that single act of yours. Don't you see?"

There were tears in her eyes. She released her hand from his; got up from her chair.

"It's a point of view—but I can't admit that you're right, Toddy. I don't think I'll discuss this with you again. I thought I could—stand it, better . . ."

She left him brooding; staring out to sea, wondering whether—after all—she was a sentimental old fool, or whether the beauty which had suddenly lighted her life and departed had left her slightly unbalanced. There were women like that, turned from the normal course of existence by a great love, so blinded, so shaken, that they became fanatical in their pursuit of some holy and unattainable ideal. He could picture her throughout the years, a spiritual remnant of herself, aloof from the world, alone with her thoughts—her darkest enemies.

A ship was entering the harbor, a lean, narrow, antiquated steamer. Clouds of mustard-colored smoke were billowing from her raked scarlet funnel. He could see her name—*La Tunisienne*—in gilt letters under her old-fashioned clipper bow, and the French tricolor fluttering gaily at her stern. She didn't hesitate at the harbor entrance, but came maneuvering toward the docks, with a kind of Gallic inspiration, until she was lost from view in a forest of masts and derricks and a patchwork of many-colored funnels.

An American naval officer, standing near him, volunteered: "Another boatload from Natividad. I read her signals . . . Poor devils."

Alexander sat on, brooding, hardly hearing him.

HE STAYED there for a long time. Perhaps an hour. It was nearly lunch time when he entered the hotel, and went to the office on a chance that there might be some mail for him. There was a crowd at the desk, as usual, clamoring for rooms. Bellboys jangling keys. Rows of suitcases lined up in the center

(Concluded on page 136)



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HIGH WALLS

(Concluded from page 134)

of the hall. Stout travelers in Palm Beach suits. Ladies with floating blue veils, cameras, and guide-books. A stranger accidentally pushed by him, said, "Pardon," with a curious yet wholly familiar inflection upon the last syllable. Alexander looked up hastily and saw Ramon O'Reilly.

He was standing there, talking to one of the bellboys, a massive figure in white, his broad shoulders looming up above the rest of the crowd. His wide-brimmed hat of straw was clutched in his big brown hands. Upon his dark face there was an expression of despair.

"You say—that this lady has left Colon?"

Alexander, waiting until the conversation was over, thought that the boy, a West Indian mulatto, appeared frightened.

"Yaas, sah. Dat lady, Miss Cass-Evans, she hab departed from heah laht night for New York."

Alexander's head swam . . . Gone . . . last night. Good heavens, what was she trying to do? Why, the very future of two lives hung there in the balance, dependent upon the outcome of that moment. A profound sense of responsibility, of the need for some form of decisive action, gripped him. At the same time he was conscious of being furiously angry with Greta. One couldn't—tamper with life, in that fashion . . . Alexander saw Ramon O'Reilly put on his hat, turn to the door of the hotel, walk wearily out into the sunshine.

"Señor O'Reilly. Do you remember me?"

He turned, startled. Even in that moment of bewildered agony his manners were impeccable. Off came the wide-brimmed hat. He bowed. A smile spread slowly over his troubled countenance.

"Indeed, I do remember you, sir. You are Greta's good friend."

Alexander saw the wince of pain as he made the statement. The man had grown visibly older, he thought. There were touches of gray about his temples; his face was deeply lined.

"They tell me," Ramon said, "that she left here last night. Dios! That is something which I cannot understand. Before I left Natividad to find her, I looked up the ships sailing from here to America. There was only one, a small one bound for New Orleans. I did not think—"

They were standing on the white concrete ramp of the drive. A car approached them, signaling imperiously. Alexander led Ramon to a bench in a palm grove, and here they sat down.

"You expected to see her here?" Alexander asked.

Ramon was studying him, his expression inscrutable. Alexander knew that he was being cautious; on the defensive. Then, suddenly, the man broke down there before him.

"I cannot pretend to you," he said. "This means life to me. There are certain things which she did not understand, and which I must make clear to her. She jumped to conclusions. If you know her address, I beg you give it to me—"

Alexander, looking at that dark, bowed head, sighed. Then calmly he proceeded upon the first and only deliberate step of interference in his life.

"My dear man," he said. "She is here, up-stairs in her room."

THE clean, neat streets of Colon were deserted at that hour, the houses with their blind white faces shuttered against the afternoon glare. The sky was an intense hot blue, the shadows under the arcades deep pools of indigo. The air was heavy with a sweet, scented silence. An old Chinaman, drooping in a chair among his vivid silks at the entrance of a store, cooled himself with an immense palm-leaf fan, and eyed Greta curiously as she passed with Ramon.

She was dressed in white; wore a small delicate little hat of black Bangkok straw. Her hair—everything about her—was done to perfection. She seemed so aloof . . . The very tone of her voice was essentially impersonal; correct and controlled. Beside her he felt awkward, and conscious of the informality of his own

attire. For the first time since he had known her he felt at a disadvantage in her presence, convinced that any influence he might once have had over her had now departed. She had been taken back by the world in which she belonged. A sense of the futility of his visit oppressed him. This wasn't, at all, what he had sought . . .

"I couldn't let you go away without seeing you," she was saying defensively. "Not after Alexander had told you—"

"Greta, why do you put off matters in this fashion?"

She changed the subject hastily.

"What is the state of affairs in Natividad?" she forced herself to ask.

"A great deal has been accomplished."

He, too, welcomed the change in conversation. It lessened the unbearable strain between them. And at least it served its purpose, enabling him to mark time while he formulated convincingly the remarkable news he had to tell her. "The new government has been formed, a careful blending of the right and left wing. Some young, some old—but good, honest men, all of them. The fever has been stopped, and three shiploads of food are due any day from the Red Cross. Things will begin to adjust themselves automatically from now on. The military party has been granted a reasonable voice in the new Liberal government. Their grudge died with Alquila, an endless agitator. And young Martinez has proved unexpectedly able. Already the people worship him. Oh, I have no fears for Calagua when I am gone."

"Gone?" She stopped abruptly. "What do you mean, Ramon? You can't leave them. Oh, no—not that. After all I—"

He smiled down upon her.

"I may go back, from time to time. Under the constitution, you know, I could never have a permanent position in the government, for the simple reason that I am still, as I always have been, an American citizen. I have just three months' work before I leave."

"Leave—for where?" He did not miss the note of fear in her voice.

"I have received a cable from Washington. They did not accept Alquila's denunciation of me up there, because they never recognized his military occupation. He was an outlaw, in their minds. Instead, they sent a new Consul to Natividad, and are transferring me from what they choose to term 'a politically embarrassing post.' After three months' leave I am to be promoted and go to Cuba—to Havana."

"But, Ramon!" she cried. "How about your ambitions? Your very life is bound up in Calagua."

His eyes were misty as he turned his face toward the sea, gazed across it, as if almost—he beheld his beloved coastline of dark mountains away out there beyond the horizon.

"That is of the past," he said. "If only you had consulted me, and told me your fears . . . I could have explained. This is not a life work, *carita*. In three months' time I will have accomplished all that it is humanly possible for a single man to do. I intend to complete the edifice of this sound, sane government, and to teach these people to rule themselves. More than that, I cannot do. My future does not lie there. I see that plainly now. Your departure from Natividad helped me to reach that conclusion. I am human, *carita*. I am as other men. Your flight was cruel, but it taught me great truths. My future is—"

"Where, Ramon?"

"Here—beside me," he said simply.

In his words she recognized, with a final struggle against herself, the incapable fact of his victory. She hadn't compromised. She hadn't surrendered an inch of ground, until a force far beyond her power to oppose had conquered her; a force which, surely, took precedence over everything else in life. With a little sigh she relinquished the struggle, and turned her shining eyes to meet his. But the high walls, and the darkness they had encompassed, were behind her now. Forever behind her. She was still, always would be—free. . . .

(The End)

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BUILT...BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

[illegible]

A watercolor illustration of three people and a dog. On the left, a man in a red jacket and cap stands with his back to the viewer. In the center, a woman in a yellow dress stands facing the man on the right. On the right, a man in a grey suit and hat stands with his back to the viewer, holding a cane. A small dog is in the foreground. The background is a simple wash of green and blue.

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Address _____

FINGER-TIPS

(Continued from page 97)

"We don't know the numbers."
"Can't we reach Mr. Patterson?" inquired Sergeant Kelcey, locking his fingers placidly across his stomach and shifting his hips in the broad armchair.

"That's just it," said Monk, massaging his cigar savagely between his jaws. "The old man said he'd be at the Savoy—Indianapolis—for supper. We can't reach him anywhere till then." He halted and yanked out his watch. "That's . . . seven hours. Lord! We can't wait seven hours."

"Nobody else has the combination?"

"Except Wescott," said Monk bitterly.

"Safe was only installed two weeks ago," Sergeant Allard explained. "It's the very latest in solid-steel fronts. Mr. Patterson's idea; the old man had a hunch he might get robbed . . ."

"Thing's half a mile thick, nothing but wheels and screws and heavy steel plates—you'd have to rip down half the bank to force it. No, you'd never get it open in a million years. It'd take a mechanic every bit of ten or twelve hours. No, if it comes to that, it would be quicker to wait till we can reach Mr. Patterson by wire this evening, and get the combination from him then. We'd save time. No use to force it, I'm afraid; it's the best safe on the market."

"Guaranteed burglar-proof," added Monk over his shoulder with elaborate sarcasm.

"How about the safe company?" pondered Kelcey. "They must have a record."

"I thought of that, too," Monk crunched his cigar-butt to a pulp, and thrust a crumpled telegram into the Sergeant's hand. "You know the old man. Read this— . . . compliance with president's request, have destroyed record of combination number . . . Patterson would think of a thing like that," he growled.

"If we could stop those bonds," said Allard, rising nervously and circling the floor again past his partner in the opposite direction. "If we could only cancel them before Wescott tries to dump them off. If we only had the numbers . . ."

"Yeah," said the Sergeant thoughtfully. "That's it, all right. If!"

"We got to do something. We got to do something." Monk flopped on his knees before the safe and rattled the handle futilely. "We got to."

"That's the thought I can't stand," agreed Allard. "I hate to think of his getting away with it so easily. All this time here we are, and Wescott may be . . . anything at all. If we could only get inside the safe just for a minute . . ."

"Not a chance." Monk sank back on his thighs and swabbed his forehead. "Not a chance in the world. Every number is different. If I were only a safe-cracker . . ."

"If only you was Click Keenan, now," grinned the Sergeant.

Allard glanced at him inquiringly over the flame of a new cigar.

"The safe-cracker," explained Kelcey. "Click Keenan. You know; did the Guarantee Savings job in Chicago."

"The Guarantee Savings Company?" echoed Allard, pausing in amazement. "Golly, he must be good."

"He's only the best safe-cracker in the industry, that's all—or was," said the Sergeant. "He's doing a ten-year stretch here in Marquette now. Still has about five or six."

"Well, he couldn't crack this safe," said Monk. "That's why the old man bought it."

"There isn't any safe made Keenan couldn't crack," said the Sergeant loyally. "Well, he couldn't crack this one."

Monk bit off the end of a fresh cigar, and removed the stub from his tongue with the nail of his little finger. "By the way, Sergeant," cordially, "will you have a cigar?"

"I don't mind if I do," said the Sergeant, removing his hat and laying a handful of cigars evenly in the crown. "Thanks."

"THERE'S that United Steel paper the old man got in last week," resumed Allard, pacing the floor again. "That

was still in the safe, as far as I know. That would be a terrible thing to lose. That was all negotiable."

"And the Tin Plate stock," reminded Monk, as he circled past him in the opposite direction. "We got to do something, that's all. Anything." He halted darkly, and watched Kelcey methodically stuffing the crown of his hat with cigars. "By the way . . . light up, Sergeant."

"No, no, thanks," smiled the Sergeant, placing the swollen hat upon his head, and unbuttoning his coat. "The lieutenant might not like it while I was on a job. No, I'll just put a couple in my pocket," politely, "and smoke them later."

"How about getting Keenan over and try?" suggested Allard. "It wouldn't hurt to take a chance. Marquette's only twenty miles or so."

"No, I don't hardly think you could," replied the Sergeant, buttoning his coat again over a bulging pocket. "I don't think so. He's a queer boy, Click. One of the nicest fellows I ever see. But I don't think you could get him to open your safe."

"Sure we could," said Allard. "I know the warden, he'd do it for me in a minute if I asked him. Johnny Benson," he explained to Monk, "he's got an account here. Sure, I know Benson would let him come if he was guarded."

"That isn't it," said the Sergeant. "You mean he couldn't?" snapped Monk.

"I mean he wouldn't."

"But we'd pay him," said Allard. "We'd make it worth his while."

"No, you don't know Click," smiled the Sergeant. "He ain't that kind. He don't work exactly for money. He's an artist. And smooth? I've seen that boy come out of the Ritz in New York dressed so's he'd make any of them millionaires look like waiters. I tell you, the bunch on the force has a lot of respect for that fellow. He's always played clean. We followed him for ten years and we never got a thing on him. Not a thing. Not till we caught him on the Farmers Trust job."

"Was that the fellow?" marveled Allard. "I read about that."

"Only ten grand, that's the funny part of it. Usually he wouldn't look at chicken-feed like that. He was framed, that's all." The Sergeant leaned back and frowned confidentially. "Yeh, and between you and me I know who it was. A dirty thing, too. His own wife. Of course, they haven't got anything on her, and they can't exactly prove nothing; but they're pretty sure. She's living with another fellow now, a friend of Click's, and she's got a lot of dough. And it's Click's money. Where else could she of got it? Yes, sir, a woman can do things sometimes, I tell you, a man would never do. A good-looking dame, too. It's funny. I'd swear it was her voice tipped us off by 'phone. Click doesn't know about it himself, for certain. I guess he suspects, though. He's kind of broken up. You see, it's been four years." He shook his head. "Tst! Four years."

"BUT couldn't we force him to open the safe?" interrupted Allard impatiently. "Couldn't the warden make him do it? He's a prisoner, isn't he?" Kelcey shook his head. "You don't know Click. You couldn't force him to do anything. He'd play 'possum on you. He'd only say he couldn't. Just put yourself in his place . . . No," significantly, "you got to offer him something to work for."

"There's enough in the safe . . ."

"The stakes he's interested in are bigger than anything you've got in that safe," Kelcey answered slowly.

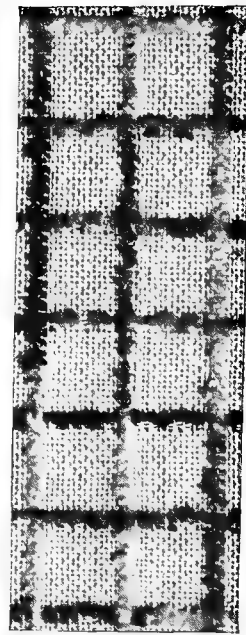
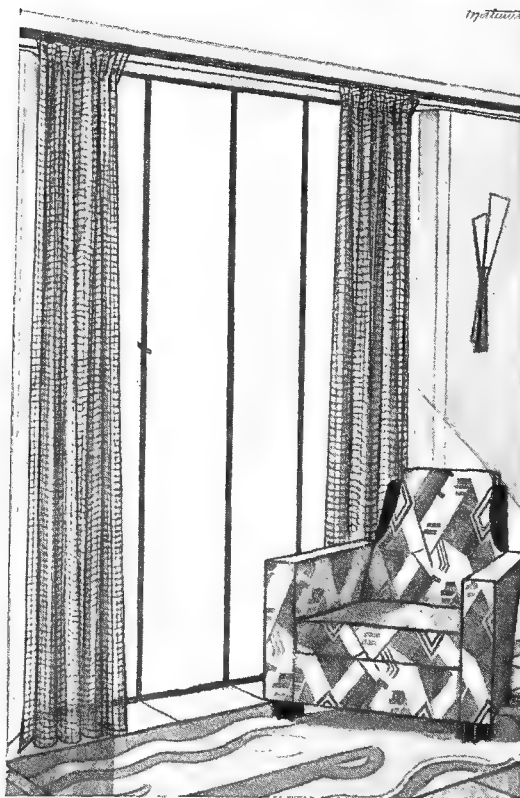
Allard paused and eyed the Sergeant questioningly. "You mean his freedom?" "Now, listen, remember I didn't suggest that to you. It was your own idea."

"Sure, sure," said Monk impatiently. "By the way," innocently, "how well do you know the Governor?"

"The old man plays golf with him now and then," said Allard quickly. "He has a drag with the Governor, because he gets beaten by him every time."

(Continued on page 138)

The Colors of Carnival Days in Romantic Sardinia are guaranteed fast in this new Orinoka Draperu Fabric of Variegated Chenille



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Such women adore a Basic Treatment as brief and effective as this. You have only to cleanse your skin, first, with Marie Earle Essential Cream. (You will find it the most luxurious cream in the world.) Smooth on another application of this same Cream to nourish your skin, adding a little Cucumber Emulsion (right on top of the Cream) to increase absorption. When the skin has absorbed all it will, wipe away what remains. And conclude with a toning dash of Soothing Freshener Lotion. And that's all, but make-up, of course, and the new Marie Earle Powder.

There are other special Marie Earle Preparations (for lax pores, acne and other conditions of the skin) and each of them is so superbly good that each corresponding Treatment is very simple. You will conveniently find all of the Marie Earle Preparations on sale at smart shops everywhere.



A treatment at the Marie Earle Salon will open up new and enchanting vistas of beauty for you. The measured stroking of creams into your face (without stretching or smacking, ever!) will leave your skin marvelously soft and smooth. The feathery touches about your eyes and deeper vibrations down your back release all the tension that makes you look wrinkled and tired. And a fetching make-up by these experts will send you out feeling entirely pleased with yourself and the world. Do experience this soon. The Salon is at 660 Fifth Avenue, between 52nd and 53rd Streets.



FINGER-TIPS

(Continued from page 137)

The Sergeant lowered his voice. "Do you suppose that Mr. Patterson could get the Governor to knock off a couple of years for Click?"

"Sure, he could fix that, I should think." Allard glanced dubiously at Monk, and then nodded easily: "Sure, tell him we'll take off a couple of years. Anything."

"I don't know, Jo." Monk twirled his cigar thoughtfully between thumb and forefinger. "I don't like it. Suppose he *did* open the safe, what good would it ever be to us afterward?"

"I thought you said he couldn't open it."

"I know he can't," indignantly, "but suppose he did. I think it's a risky thing. I don't know."

"Every minute we're wasting is so much the worse for us," warned Allard, "and so much the better for Wescott..."

"All right, go ahead. Do what you think. Telephone Benson."

"Now, listen," said the Sergeant, "don't say nothing about my telling you, will you? It would only make trouble. I'm not supposed to know anything about it, see? Don't let on I suggested Click, will you?"

"Oh, tu-tu-tu," soothed Monk, flapping his extended fingers. "Get that off your mind, Sergeant. That's all between us. Sure."

"Do I just say Keenan?" asked Allard, lifting the receiver off the hook and holding his hand over the mouth-piece. "Click Keenan?"

The Sergeant nodded, and strolled toward the door.

"He won't be able to open it," grumbled Monk, pacing the room again in endless circles, "but tell him to hurry."

"Benson? This is Mr. Allard of the Illinois Mutual Bank... how are you?" He glanced over his shoulder, lowered his voice. "Benson, Sergeant Kelcey here has just suggested..."

FOUR years had done things to the lines in Click Keenan's face. Prison had slacked the taut creases at either side of his mouth, and they looped loosely now from his silent lips. The quick, nervous muscles beside the corners of his eyes were baggy; his lids drooped over sullen pupils that held no hope in them. His forehead was still furrowed with little hardened wrinkles from which the meaning had long since departed, like the empty channels and passages of an abandoned ant-hill. Once it had been a sensitive face; the narrow nose, the swift curves of his chin were still there, but they had been imperceptibly thickened and coarsened. It was as if four years in prison had removed all the bones from his face, and left a blurred and shapeless mass. It gave the illusion of being somehow swollen.

He lifted his head heavily, and moved it once to the left and once to the right. "Thank you, Mr. Benson," he answered dully, "but tell them no."

"It's your chance, Click," urged the Warden earnestly through the bars of the cell door. "They could do a lot for you."

"No." The deep voice held a haunting echo, like a room from which all the furniture had been removed. "Tell them I can't open it."

Hope was the quality that was gone from that face, as it turned very slowly away from the Warden and stared at the gray floor again. There was no resentment there; nor hatred nor even curiosity. Impatience had left him; but there was no patience in its place. His eyes were dead; they regarded but they did not see. They did not look inward or out. It seemed he had not thought for a very long time.

"Click, I tell you, Mr. Patterson's got influence with all the big ones. You can't tell what he could do for you if you worked this favor for him. Suppose he got the Governor to knock off a couple of years..."

It was curious that the first reaction which stirred in that empty face was pain. He had stopped thinking; why must they make him think again? Why couldn't they leave him alone? Why couldn't they forget him, as he had forgotten everything? He did not want to remember. He was half-awake, fighting consciousness, like a man with a wound who knows

that his hurt must commence again when he opens his eyes. He had killed hope, because as long as there had been hope so long had there been pain. Now he was contented; why did they want to give him hope again? Leave him alone; leave him alone. The Warden's voice was persuasive, tempting, through the fog behind his eyes. He shook his head. He only wanted to sleep.

"... if you opened it for them, Click. Think what it might mean. The Governor would do it if Mr. Patterson asked him. Supposing he knocks off two, three years. You're due something for good behavior, kid. Why, look, you'd be out in no time..."

CLICK opened his eyes. He was awake. Hope was there in his face now. Only after four years had he succeeded in laying that pain; and now he knew it would never go again. It was good to feel hope once more. It belonged to him. After all, she was still his wife. It was four years since he had seen her; but she was still his wife. She belonged to him. He still wanted her; that was the funny thing. He had never quite realized that before this moment. It did not matter what she had done to him; not now. It did not matter what he had thought of her, over and again, before he had stopped thinking of her. Strangely, there was no hatred in his face, when his eyes opened. She was living with Jake Olney, they had told him. Well, he would kill Olney. Not from any hatred of Olney; merely to win her back again. There was no doubt in his mind that he could win her back. He wanted her; and he always got what he wanted. He would be strong and work for her; he would be tender for her; he would give her things. She was still his wife.

The Warden was talking softly, persuasively behind him in the doorway of his cell. He stirred. He was in a cell. There were many things struggling for life now in his face. The lines quickened, the muscles quivered beside the corners of his eyes. The tiny, trivial memories of her; they were slowly crowding back into his face again. She belonged to him. He would find her, and he would win her back. Those little memories; they belonged to him, too. She was nuts about riding in a dining-car, she had told him. That was outside Utica; they were coming back from New York. She had said she liked to look out the window and high-hat the apple-knockers standing around the baggage-truck on the platform. He had laughed. Now he almost smiled. Well, he would take her riding in dining-cars again. They'd travel; he'd show her. The little things she would do to make him happy; they all belonged to him. She would rest one elbow on the pillow beside him at night, and smoke and read, and he would drop off to sleep staring at the center of her back, feeling warm, with the faint odor of cigarette-smoke lingering in his nose. That belonged to him, to feel warm once more at night, going to sleep. She made him eat at the Ritz; she had said he looked swell in evening clothes. She laughed once when he beat up a taxi-driver who she said had insulted her. She liked him to be strong. And she taught him to read good books: Bruce Barton, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," E. Phillips Oppenheim. She wore her black hair pulled back so tight from her temples that it lifted her eye-brows; she looked almost Japanese. She taught him to pronounce *au gratin* and *soufflé*. She made him lay off drinking once; she said it was too risky because it made his nice long fingers shaky. She would stroke his fingers and lay them along her cheek, and say how they earned more money than if he had followed his own idea and studied music or something instead. She was proud of his fingers. Those things; they still belonged to him.

Warden Benson was saying: "... if you could. It's worth the chance, kid, anyway. They said over the phone you probably couldn't, but I knew better. His hands haven't lost their knack yet." I said. I told them..."

There was indignation and wounded

(Continued on page 140)

One of the Smartest Brides in Washington

MRS. EDWARD CORTLANDT PARKER

chooses this silver for its "Distinguished Beauty of Design"

HER distinguished connections in Baltimore and Washington—her recent brilliant wedding at Emanuel Church, Baltimore—her delightful blonde beauty and sparkling personality—make Mrs. Edward Cortlandt Parker one of the most interesting and important brides of the season.

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"Fairfax has such classic lines and yet it so

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ALL ITS FLAVORS SEALED IN

FINGER-TIPS

(Continued from page 138)

pride very suddenly in his face. They thought he couldn't! He'd show them. He'd like to hear them say that about his fingers. His hands were clever; his hands wouldn't fail. She had stroked his fingers, and said how proud of them she was. Talking about his hands. Click Keenan's hands.

He stood up. "All right. Let's go."

IN THE president's room of the Illinois Mutual Bank, later that morning, it was very quiet. Allard and Monk had ceased their pacing; they leaned back against the desk and watched in fascinated silence, the white ash of the cigar between Monk's fingers lengthening unnoticed. Opposite them, in the corner, the Warden sucked impassively at a briar pipe. Sergeant Kelcey had ceased chatting with two prison-guards in the doorway; they held their breath. The air was so still that the tobacco-smoke flattened and rippled in horizontal planes; it settled upon the desk and crept stealthily across the dark mahogany. The impatient honking of traffic in the street was indistinct and far away.

Click Keenan knelt on the floor before the steel door of the safe. His face was eager with confidence. For the moment his features seemed to have sharpened; the narrow chin, the deep clefts beside his mouth were firm and tense, and a multitude of nervous muscles in his cheek twitched and hopped like the insect-life under an upturned stubble. His fingers could not fail; his fingers were clever. They knew. They were sluggish at first and slow; but somewhere there was the spark in them still. They would play easily over the cold knob, twisting it, feeling, listening. They would explore it softly like a musician seeking for a chord. They would strike it once, like accurate lightning...

He shifted his hips, bent forward, flipped his arm with the careless gesture of a conjurer shooting his cuff. The group stirred and gathered closer. Warden Benson nodded confidently; Monk watched with a skeptical frown.

The ash crept out upon the end of the cigar; trembled; broke.

His fingers. What was the matter with them? Why did they take so long? They were groping over the knob with fumbling patience, like the spreading hand of a blind man. They had never been uncertain before. His gestures were all right, he knew; his wrist was bent, the forearm slanted as it should be. This was the way he had always done it before. Simply turn the knob, pat the knob, listen. All the necessary motions he had followed carefully; they came back to him automatically, and he performed them one by one. He had the skill; and yet there was no spark. He could not understand. He knew that he could not fail. Click Keenan fail?

He sat back upon his heels and studied his fingers dully.

MONK jabbed a match against the side of a box on the desk beside him, waited till the sputtering flame had steadied, then dragged it comfortably into the white tip of his stubby cigar. "You see?" he said to Allard. "You see what I told you?"

"It was our last chance," moaned Allard. "It isn't my fault he's forgotten how."

"He's nervous," said Benson. "Give him time."

Monk grinned. "It's a good safe, you mean. That's why. Oh, I've heard of these fellows. Sure, you read about them. It's all very well with the hick banks, but he couldn't open a safe like this. Nobody could."

Warden Benson smiled. "Click could, Mr. Monk. Once."

"Perhaps it's been too long," suggested Allard. "Perhaps he's lost the knack."

"No, I don't think it's quite that, Mr. Allard," replied Benson, tamping his pipe thoughtfully. "No, I wouldn't exactly say he's lost the knack. I tell you; it's a funny thing. It's prison psychology, that's all. He's nervous."

"What's he nervous about?" demanded Monk. "He's perfectly safe here."

"Well, all I know is, he'd feel different if this was his own job. Outside, you see, he'd be alone. Then he'd always have the nitroglycerine and stuff to fall back on. He might never use it; he's never had to, yet; but just the thought that he *could* use it if he wanted to... do you see what I mean? And then, at a pinch, he could always give up and go away. All those things give him something. He goes at it more easy. He's not so... intense. Here it's different. It takes longer."

"But it's important," Allard whined. "Every minute counts."

"Ah, he'll never open it," said Monk. "I bet you he'll never open it."

"Give him time," said the Warden calmly.

"I'll bet you five dollars he'll never open it."

"I'll take you on that." The Warden turned his back easily: "Ready to try again, Click?"

"Come on, Click," said Sergeant Kelcey impulsively. "Come on, kid. Make out I'm after you again, if it will help you any."

"Think how important it is," prompted Allard. "Think of Wescott..."

"All right, Click," said the Warden.

His fingers. Yes; that was where the trouble lay. Click stared at them, blunted and calloused. Four years had done that. They had been tapering and sensitive once, like an artist's hands. There had been an active brain in each of their tips, feeling, listening, reasoning, sensing every object that they brushed. In the dark they would quiver and bend before him like delicate antennae. They never groped; they darted, they touched, there was a spark... Now they were dull. Now they were dead.

HE PICKED up a nail-file from the carpet and ran it once more over the insensate tips. He drew it gently back and forth, back and forth. She had been so proud of his fingers. She had kept them neat, manicured them, held them like four living things in the palm of her hand, stroking them, laying them for a moment along her cheek. He rasped the file slowly across the hard skin, wearing down the thick broken nails to the quick. It was delicate work; his face beaded with a nervous sweat. Just so far he must go, and no further. The first hot stab of pain in his finger-tips, the tingling warning was enough. He sensed the moment to stop, before he should draw blood. Above all, there must be no blood. Careful, Click; careful. He laid down the file and tapped the point of his forefinger upon his knuckle. He picked up the file, and brushed it once gently across the red, raw blister pulsing at the tip. Again he touched the spot to his knuckle; the tiny shock darted up his hand to his wrist, and his whole forearm throbbed for a moment. He bent forward.

And it was curious, as he fumbled the cold knob in vain, that the first thing to leave his face was pride. That was slowly destroyed; that left him, and the confidence and the eager ambition went with it. His features seemed imperceptibly to blur and coarsen, as he twisted and spun the knob helplessly; his jaws sank, the firm clefts beside his mouth slackened and sagged. The nervous muscles in his cheeks crept into deep wrinkles and hid. There was terror in his face now, slowly changing to despair. It was true. Click Keenan had failed. His fingers had betrayed him; they had lost their knack. Benson was right: prison psychology was a funny thing. Four years had been too long. His fingers had forgotten. His fingers.

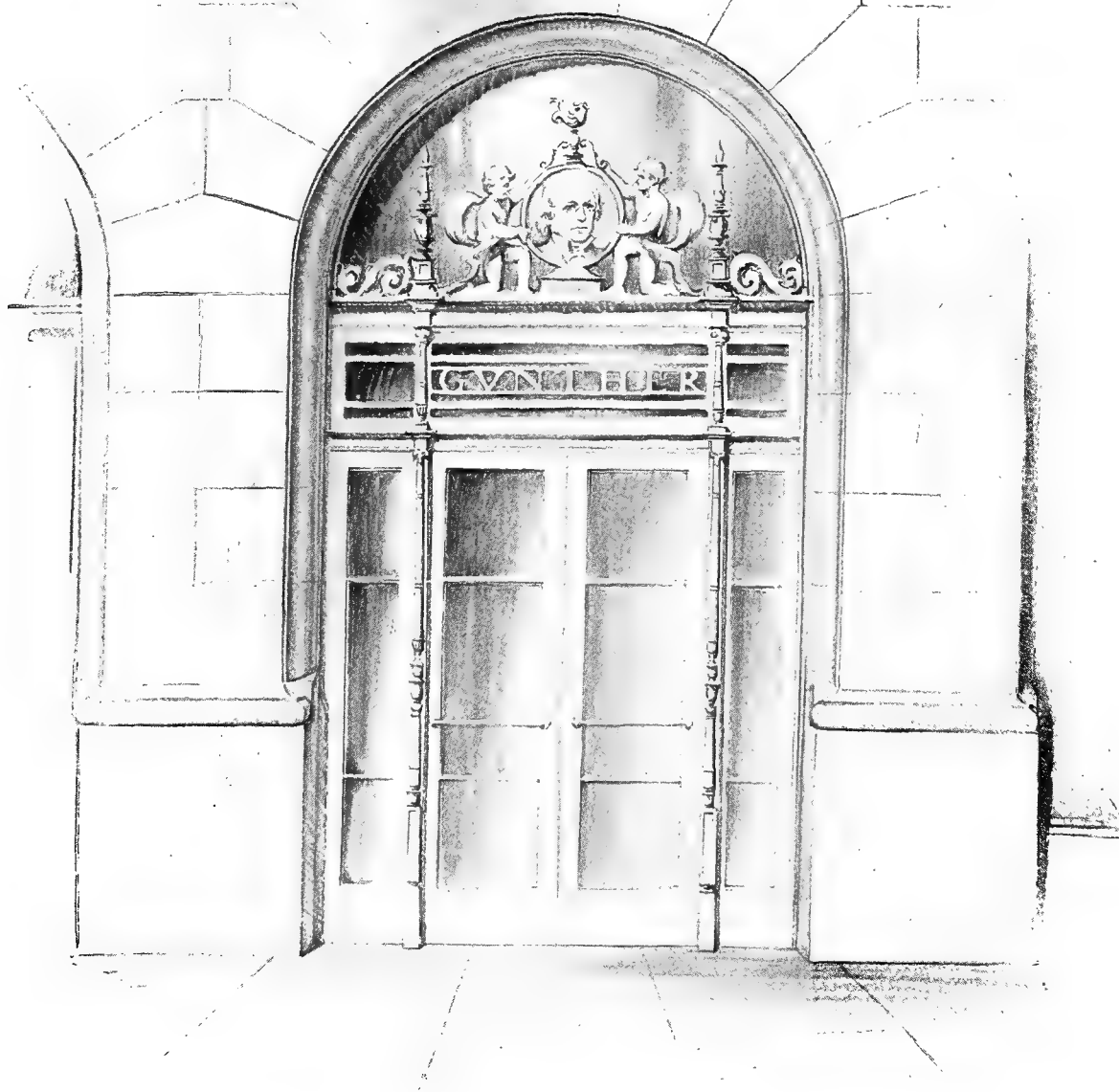
He cupped his hand across his eyes. In the silence Benson asked softly: "Click?"

Keenan shook his head. "Well, Benson," said Monk briskly, "you owe me five dollars."

"Click," Benson urged quietly, "do you want to come on back now?"

"But..." Allard interrupted incredulously, "how are we going to get at the safe?" He glanced at Kelcey. "You said he could do it. This was our last chance."

(Concluded on page 142)



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FINGER-TIPS

(Concluded from page 140)

Did he know what he'd get if he opened it?" He turned upon the Warden. "Did he understand that Mr. Patterson would ask the Governor . . . ?" He appealed pitifully from one to the other. "Do you suppose he really *tried*?"

"Sure he tried," said Monk. "He failed. It's a good safe."

"Come on, Click," repeated Benson under his breath.

"Wait a minute, wait a minute!" Allard flapped his hands frantically. "Listen! Wait a minute. Don't let him go like that. He doesn't realize, maybe, how important this is! Listen! Tell him it's important! Tell him it means a lot to us! We'll give him anything he wants, if he gets it open. He's got to. If Wescott has the whole day to . . ." He winced. "Tell him how well Mr. Patterson knows the Governor. He calls him Eddie. 'Hello, Eddie.' Tell him we can get five years off his sentence. Ten years. Anything. We'll give him his freedom. Tell him . . ."

CLICK'S head had snapped back suddenly. His eyes opened.

"Why, he can't give up just like that. Tell him we'll get him off right away. To-day. Listen, Click," desperately, "do you hear that? Freedom. The minute that safe door swings open, you'll be free. I give you my word. You can go home. You . . ."

Allard choked for words and glanced appealingly at Monk.

"Sure, I'll telephone the Governor myself," offered Monk promptly. "I'll call him up. Sure."

"Click . . . do you hear . . . ?"

"All right, Mr. Allard," said Benson. "He hears."

Click nodded. His fingers were trembling now, so that he could hardly hold the file. It slipped and bounced upon the sensitive tips, helpless as a canoe in a heavy sea! Careful, Click; careful, Click. He frowned, and his face contracted with the effort to steady himself. Easy, Click; easy. His shoulders were convulsed with regular, silent sobs, like a man in a chill. Freedom. Do you hear? You'll be free. You can go home . . . He shuddered involuntarily. The little file swerved, and then drew back too heavily across the tissue-thin blisters on his fingers' ends. Four round drops of blood clung suddenly to the tips.

He whipped them off upon his trousers. The file dropped unnoticed beside his knee; he brushed the back of his hand across his eyes. Four more telltale drops of blood hung from his fingers. Well, it was all over. He had done it now. The red spots blurred, widened and contracted, swam unsteadily before him like copper coins under water. He brushed his knuckles across his eyes again. He could not see anything now. His eyelids were wet and hot, and he shut them; in the dark he held his hands out before him.

He touched her temples, and then her dark hair. It was drawn back tightly from her forehead, cold and smooth, like the wet back of a seal. He felt her black eyebrows, arched like a Japanese over shadowy eyes that he could never see behind. His fingers brushed the cold round lids, stroked her cheeks, and followed the cool curves of her chin to her lips. They had been full, moist lips; they were cold

now as cold steel. He rested his fingers for a moment upon her lips, as if he could warm them and they would speak. His fingers fluttered restlessly, they dropped down, they tapped the cool roundness of her shoulder, they crept down her arm to the elbow, they traced the marble curves of her arm back to the shoulders again. These things belonged to him. He would warm her to life through his fingers, and she would belong to him. She waited there before his groping hands. She was waiting, cold and silent, for him. The hungry tips of his fingers wavered and rested at last upon her cool breast. There was a shock. It had stirred. It moved toward him.

It was only the door of the safe swinging open under his fingers.

Monk was the first to break the silence. "Well, I don't see how *that* happened."

Allard stared at the heavy door swinging idly out into the room. He grasped the Warden's hand. "Well," impulsively, "thank you, Benson. I can't tell you how grateful we are to you. That's saved us a lot of trouble and . . ." He called excitedly: "Are those B and L bonds safe, Frank? . . . thank you, really . . . I you'll excuse us a minute, you don't mind if we . . . You understand . . ."

"Tin Plate . . . here's all the other stock. Not a thing missing. What do you know!" exclaimed Monk, backing out from the safe and turning triumphantly. "Not a blessed thing missing, Jo, do you hear? Wescott never even got into this safe. Just what I told you. We had all this trouble for nothing. Can you beat it?" he laughed. "All for nothing!"

"This looks like . . . Frank, here's the list of those securities he got from the other room. Don't you think a telegram . . . ?"

THEY returned a few moments later beaming, chatting earnestly, the papers clutched in their hands. Allard glanced up in surprise at the empty room. "Oh . . . ah . . . where's the others?"

"They left," said Sergeant Kelcey, settling himself easily in the deep armchair. "They all went back to wait."

"He never touched a thing," chuckled Monk, shaking his head reminiscently. "All this excitement, and Wescott never got near it. Golly, what fools we'd have been now if we'd tried to force that safe! Eh? What did I tell you, Frank? Ha! . . ." He bit off the end of a fresh cigar, and removed the stub from his tongue with the nail of his little finger. "Have a cigar, Sergeant?"

"I don't mind if I do," said Kelcey, reaching over and stuffing a handful into his coat-pocket.

"Never touched a thing! By the way . . ." Monk paused and frowned. "Before I forget it . . . there was something I promised to do."

"Do you mean about Click?" asked Sergeant Kelcey eagerly.

Monk turned upon him in amazement. "After seeing how easy he opened that brand-new safe? He's too clever to be loose. We wouldn't feel secure a minute. No . . ."

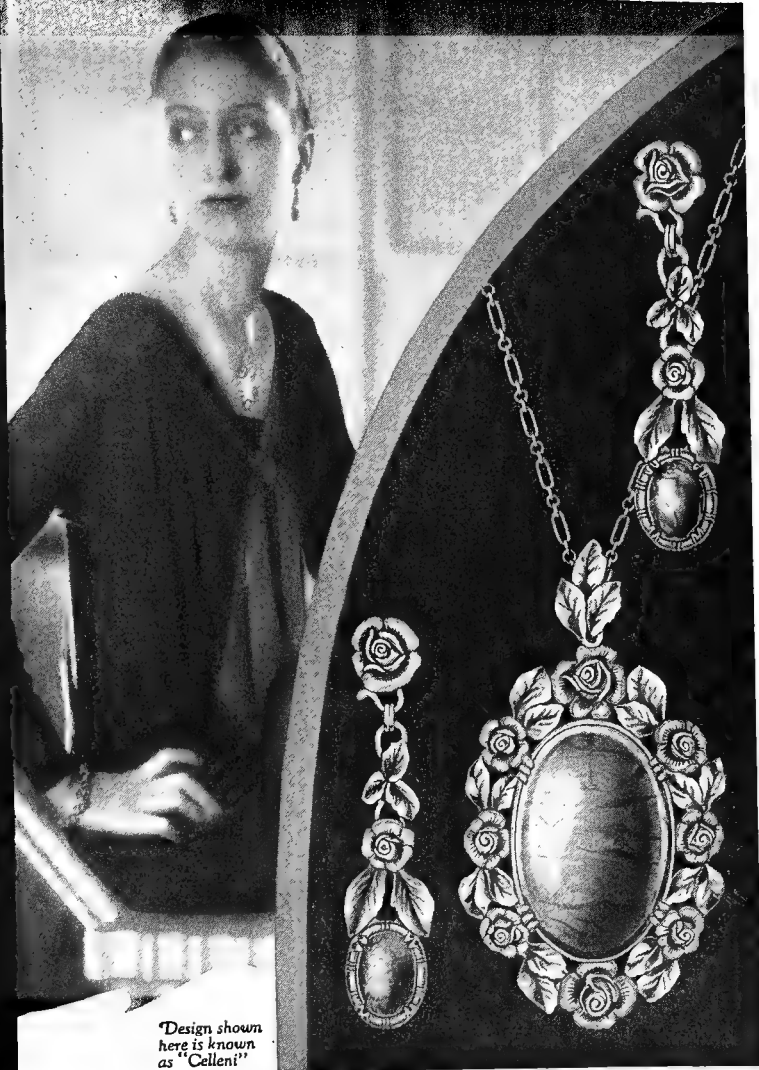
He stared thoughtfully at Allard, and then his face brightened. "I know what it was I meant, Jo; gentleman's agreement. Remind me not to forget to give that five dollars to Benson, will you?"

MIRACLE

OUT of bitterness, beauty springing,
Piping its poignant note forlorn.
Out of bare earth, fruit trees flinging
Clouds of loveliness to the morn.
Out of winter green shoots budding—
O miracle! from ancient wrongs,
Out of death comes new life flooding,
And from sorrow, songs.

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Dorothy Bennett



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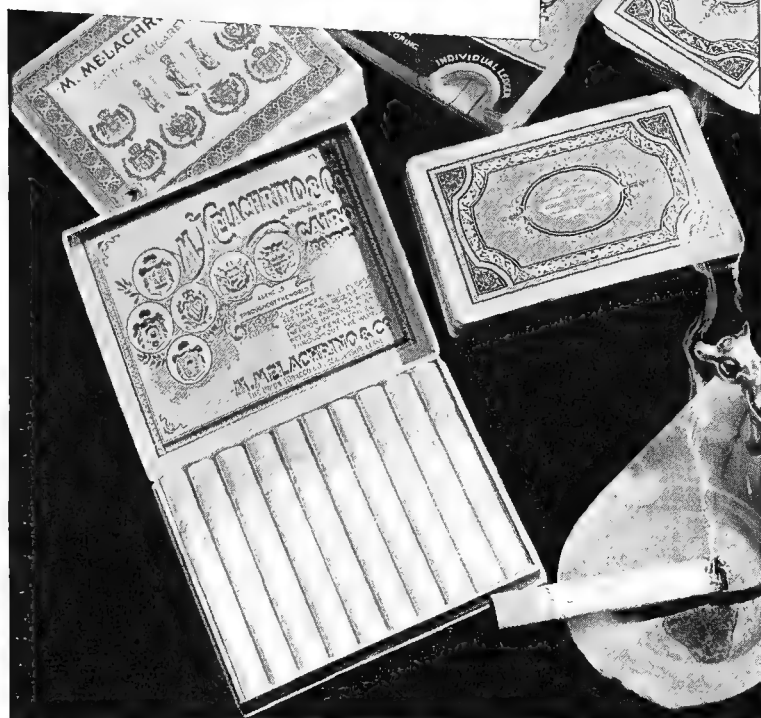
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A TROUSSEAU FROM PARIS

(Continued from page 69)

"They were most important, for they were designed for the principal occupation of a bride's existence. Every woman in society spent half her time receiving and paying calls. What a bore it was! It had its own etiquette, very rigid, I assure you, and it simply had to be done. I remember going to stay with the Cornells in Buffalo, Katharine Cornell's great-grandparents. Every one called on me, I had to return all the calls, and when I left, I had to make the rounds again, leaving more cards with 'P. P. C.' on them. We used to be shown into a formal, often cold, reception room, and the hostess sometimes took ages to come down. She found it as great a bore as we did.

"The first break was the introduction of 'days.' I had been visiting in Toronto just before, and it was great fun. One wore one's best, because one was sure to meet some of the men that one dined and danced with later, and there were tea, and open fires, and flowers, and everything was pleasant. Sometimes the hostess wore a 'tea-gown.' They came from England, you know, and were first worn by the hunting set, who did not care to take tea in muddy habits, and wanted a costume that allowed a bit of lounging after a long day's run. If you had ever worn our corsets you would appreciate the merits of a tea-gown. I think they were mostly founded on Sarah Bernhardt's stage costumes. She was the rage, at the time."

"What did you wear with your visiting toilet?"

"A sealskin, of course, in winter. Mine came from London, and was trimmed with beaver, and I had a wide beaver hat, turned up at one side with a great curling feather. Oh, yes! I looked very nice, much nicer than you look now, I continue to think. My best afternoon gown was a gray cashmere, embroidered in a design of grapes in heavy silk. It came from Paris, and I was very proud of it."

"Was it long?"

"Very long, and edged with a *balayouse* under the hem. It was an art, I can tell you, to manage it properly. One had to swirl it round, arrange it with one hand, and leave just a touch of one's frilly *balayouse* showing round one's feet. Some women practised before a glass for hours, picking up and draping their skirts. If you did not have a maid, changing and renewing the *balayouses* in your skirts was quite an occupation."

"You had no sports clothes, as we call them, whatever?"

"I did not ride, so I did not need a habit. The international set, the ones that went to Europe at least once a year, and were as well known in Paris and London as in their own homes, all rode, I think. We played tennis, but we did not have special dresses for it, that I remember—just what we happened to be wearing. Yachswomen wore blue serge, and white flannel, then as now. Cut off the skirts, straighten out the lines of the jackets, and the costume has changed very little otherwise. Some women swam, but many more just splashed about, and the bathing-suits of that time were more suited to splashing than to swimming. In winter, women skated. They had to have rather shorter skirts for that, of course, but you would call them very long. Legs were a mystery, in my day, even on the beach, for we wore bathing-suits with frilled pantalettes nearly to our ankles. A glimpse of a pretty ankle caused more excitement in those days than an entire figure could hope to arouse to-day."

"And your evening gowns?"

"The dinner dresses were square necked, sometimes high in the back, and often had elbow sleeves. You did not dine in full décolleté unless you were going on to a ball. Our ball-gowns were certainly cut very low, but they were never absolutely sleeveless—some sort of a little arrangement over the shoulder always. They contained masses of material, but it was often quite diaphanous, though scrupulously lined—no transparent skirts, in my day. They often had

bodices of velvet or satin and immense skirts of tulle or taitatan, looped, flounced or draped, sometimes caught up with flowers. They used to tear very easily, and the dressing-room was always furnished with sewing materials, and made ready to take up rents so that one could go back to the ballroom. I had a black velvet bodice, I remember, that I wore with different tarlatan skirts for ages. For dinners, I had a heavy black satin with rose-pink ruches, and a huge satin bow in the back, lined with rose-pink satin. You could almost wear that gown to-day. My best ball-gown was a pale taffeta trimmed with plaited frills, and an enormous train.

"And the wedding-gowns?"

"It seems to me that they have changed very little. A lovely white gown, often satin, in any style that was most becoming, with a lace or tulle veil, and orange-blossoms. That is just what brides wear to-day, isn't it?"

THERE are two bridal gowns sketched on pages 66 and 67, one from Patou and one from Lanvin, so you may judge for yourselves. A wedding-gown may ignore prevailing fashions, now as then, and the convention of long sleeves, as very slight décolleté, obtains in Europe present as it did in the 'eighties.

I have not included the so-called sports clothes in this trousseau, but on the pages of sketches from Cannes, and on the Last-Minute pages, you will find some of the newest ideas in these types. As to playing dresses, every bride will have her own ideas of what is most comfortable for tennis or golf, and the principle of the thing has changed in no particular. For the morning, Luza has sketched two costumes from Louiseboulanger, one is a tweed, with the new very long blouse à Rodier's tussikasha, printed with a design of a yacht pennant in blue on pale beige. The other, a most useful "dressesmaker" suit of printed crêpe de Chine, a golden beige with a line plaid in white. "Dressesmaker" suits are very good this spring, on the Last-Minute pages there are several different versions of them, including one that is a real tailleur. When it is really becoming, there is no more useful costume than a tailored suit, provided that it is worn with impeccable accessories; and it was prominently featured in several important collections, this spring, including Patou's.

A BRIDE'S afternoon clothes, or after-luncheon clothes as some people prefer to call them, are important, because she will probably be the guest of honor at many afternoon occasions, teas, receptions, and bridge parties. The gray one from Lelong, sketched on page 68, is particularly charming, with its wise use of fur away from the face. It is hard to imagine a really formal afternoon ensemble without fur, even in summer, but our American summers are too warm for fur collars. Lelong has solved this problem nicely. The frock that goes with this coat is in gray georgette, slim and straight to below the knees, with uneven godets set into the stuff to give fullness at the hem, more fullness in the back than in the front, and a hem-line that dips slightly in the back besides. Another afternoon coat should be added, in addition to this one that makes part of an ensemble, and it should be in a color that allows it to be worn with the frocks of crêpe de Chine, plain or printed, chiffon, georgette, or even lace, which a bride will add to her trousseau in accordance with the occasions that require them. The printed ensemble from Lelong will also be found extremely useful, because it has a little jacket of the same material. Most of the spring collections show jackets with their printed frocks; in some houses the print makes the jacket, while the frock is plain. They add hardly anything to the warmth of a costume, and enable one to wear it in the street without an extra wrap.

The evening ensemble is important especially in these days of skirts long to the floor.

(Concluded on page 145)

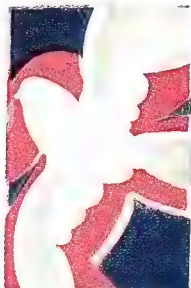
A face powder . . totally new . . *vitally* different
so keyed to present day Fashion and con-
ditions of living that it comes to you
as a revelation of beauty and protection

POUDRE Le Début



POUDRE LE DEBUT—CONTAINING NEWLY

DISCOVERED BENEFICIAL INGREDIENTS



NEVER BEFORE USED IN A FACE POWDER

Certainly, today, a woman demands of her face powder qualities which a few years ago she would hardly have considered important.

We are living . . . playing . . . more
in the sun, more in the wind. The skin
demands a *protection* that *ordinary face
powder cannot afford.*

Furthermore, skins have more warmth and color—tan is increasingly fashionable. Face powder must adapt itself to these new conditions. And even more important, face powder can no longer be merely a mask that “covers up.” It must be of a subtle tone and texture that harmonizes with your natural skin tones and blends with your skin texture . . . and becomes, in truth, a very part of your face.

No easy problem to solve! Indeed, it required two years of intensive research and experiment in scientific laboratories—and constant consultation with authorities on Fashion—to create *Poudre le Début*. And it required entirely new ingredients never before used in a face powder to give it the qualities that women are so insistently demanding.

A product of modern science . . . and
modern fashion

Poudre le Début is distinctly a product of the best dermatological knowledge and the best style authority available. Totally new—vitally *different*—absolutely *safe*.

And what an exquisitely lovely powder it is...incredibly velvety...smooth...fine...spreading with a delicate translucence and adhering indefinitely! A powder that is not only safe in every respect but actually beneficial, for it contains certain basic properties which protect against

the ravages of the sun and wind and the score of different things against which, today, the skin must be guarded.

And a powder with a texture and range of tones so carefully chosen that it blends perfectly into your skin.

FOR LIGHT COMPLEXIONS:

Pearl—for the fair skin with color.

Pearl with Glow—a warm tone for the fair skin with little color.

Naturelle—to match the medium-toned skin.

Sun-Tint—a tan for the fair skin.

FOR BRUNETTES:

Rachel—for the brunette with color.

Rachel with Glow—a warm tone for the
brunette with little color.

Ocre-Rose—a warm tone for the olive skin.

Sun-Tan—a tan for the brunette skin.

With a fragrance—typically le Début

Poudre le Début is a member of le Début family of fragrance—a blossomy elusive *odeur*—too delicately sophisticated to be anything but smart and utterly feminine. . . . And it comes in the gayest box—the most modern in design that ever graced your dressing table.

Surely *Poudre le Début* is as near a custom-made powder as you could find anywhere—a powder which brings you all the smartness and beauty and protection you demand.

You will find *Poudre le Début* at any of the better shops.

RICHARD HUDNUT

NEW YORK • PARFUMEUR • PARIS

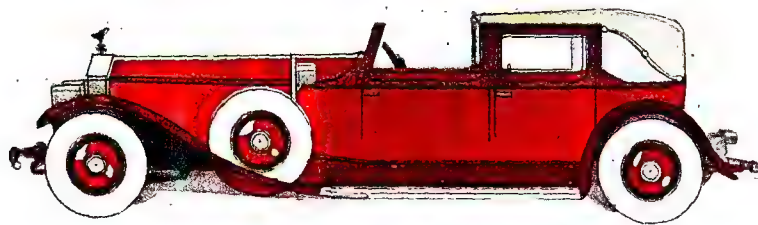


Original from
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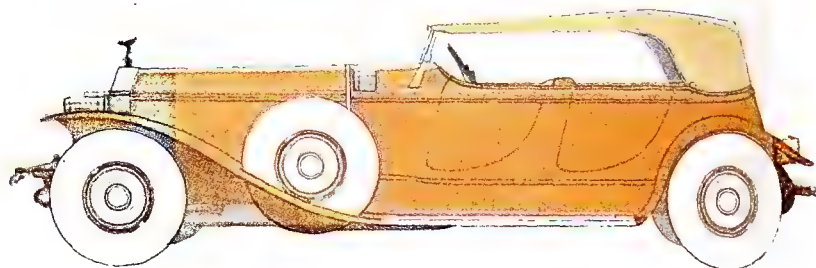
ROLLS-ROYCE TROUVILLE

Imperial cabriolet for town and country use, with de ville front and canvas top. Designed and created in Paris.



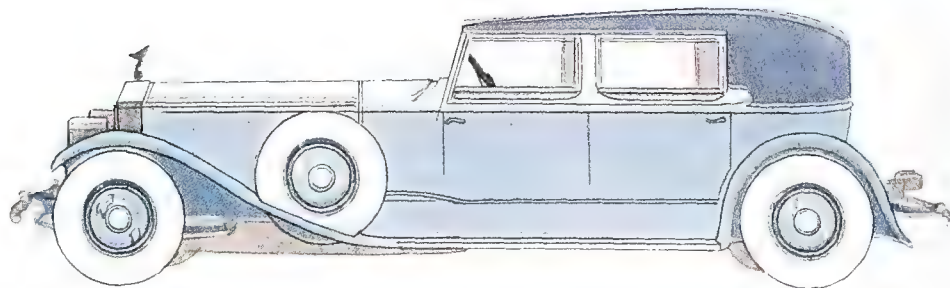
ROLLS-ROYCE SPEEDSTER

Four-passenger phaeton with streamline doors, knife-blade fenders, and tilted khaki top. Coachwork by Brewster.



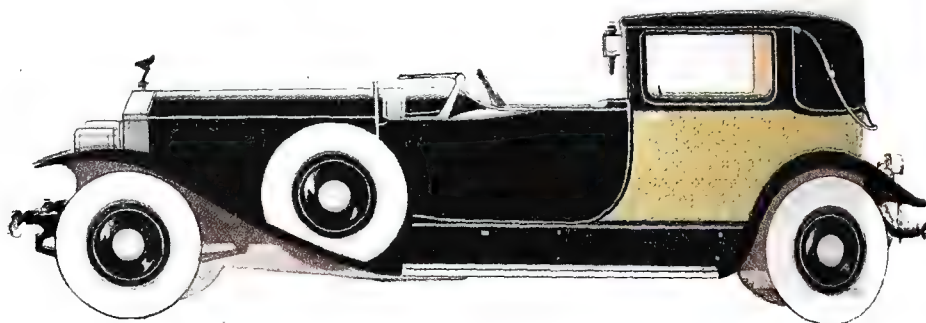
ROLLS-ROYCE IMPERIAL CABRIOLET SOUPLE

Convertible for summer or winter driving. Seats seven. Owner or chauffeur driven. Designed and created in Paris.



ROLLS-ROYCE TOWN BROUGHAM

An exceptionally smart design in black and wicker. Passenger compartment seats four. Coachwork by Brewster.

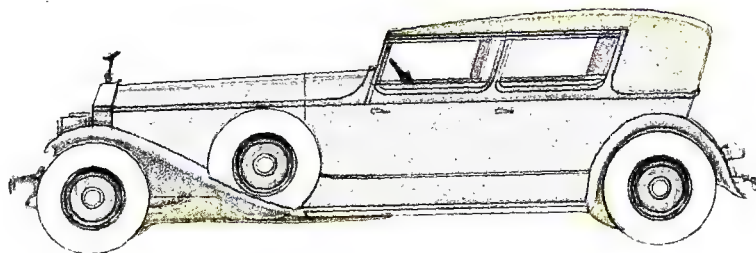


THE MOTOR CAR, TOO, HAS

In a *faubourg* of Paris, in a side-street in London, in a sky-lighted *atelier* in Brussels—scattered through England and the Continent are a handful of gifted motor car designers. They do not design many cars, for they have the artist's passion for perfection. They create for the few who know and can afford the beautiful. Every design they sign must be a masterpiece in line and color. . . They are the Lanvins and Patous of the motor car.

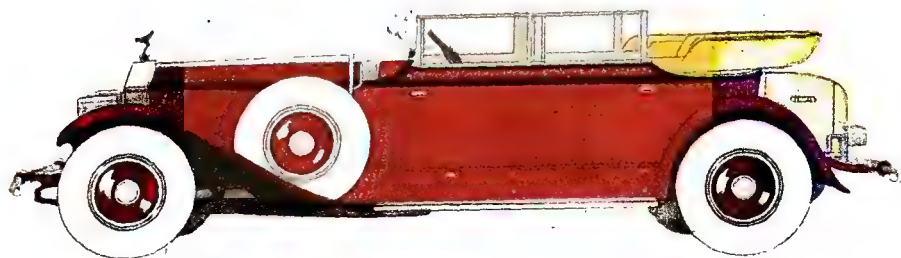
Because the Rolls-Royce chassis is itself so perfect as to be an inspiration, these masters design chiefly for Rolls-Royce. As the sketches come from their drawing boards, they are turned over to Rolls-Royce's exclusive Bureau Inter-

ROLLS-ROYCE



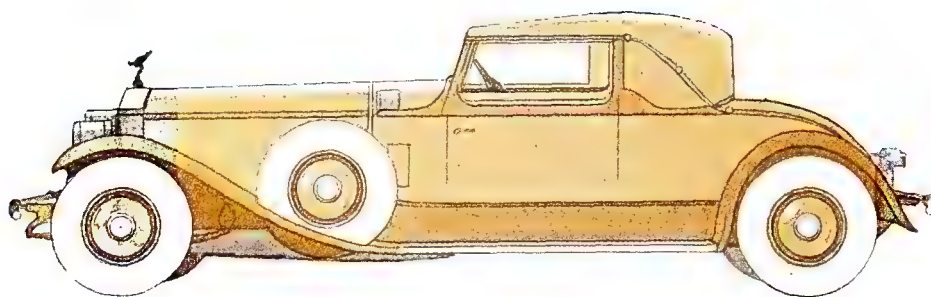
ROLLS-ROYCE COLLAPSIBLE SEDAN

An enclosed sedan and open phaeton in one. Slanting doors and canvas top. Designed and created in Paris.



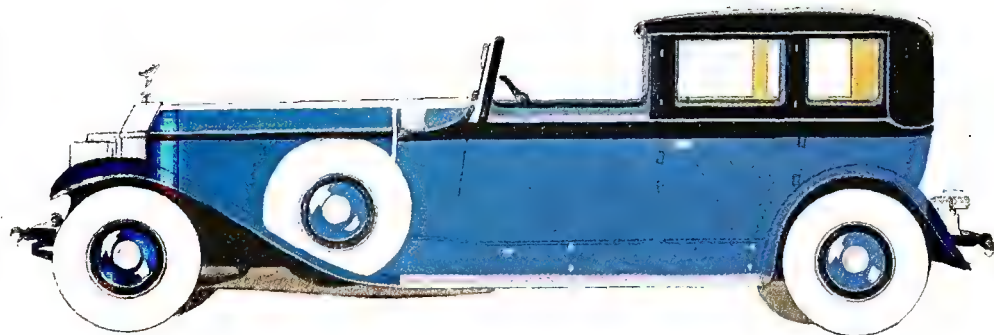
ROLLS-ROYCE NEWMARKET

Four-passenger convertible sport touring sedan. Canvas top. Upholstered in leather. Coachwork by Brewster.



ROLLS-ROYCE VENDOME

Four-passenger sport coupe with collapsible canvas top. Upholstered in leather. Designed and created in Paris.



ROLLS-ROYCE ST. ALBAN

Town Cabriolet with de ville front. Can be converted into enclosed drive limousine. Coachwork by Brewster.

ITS LANVIN AND ITS PATOU

national du Dessin, in Paris, which correlates the artists' drawings with Rolls-Royce manufacturing practice. These splendid designs are then forwarded to America and made available to Rolls-Royce patrons—to *you*. You may have one of them translated directly into wood and metal and soft broadcloth—or Rolls-Royce designers will adapt one to your own ideas. Either way, your car is as unimpeachably correct as a gown by Lanvin. Either way, it is an "original," created for you alone.

Reproduced on these two pages are eight of the newest conceptions of European designers, created exclusively for Rolls-Royce, and executed chiefly in Brewster coachwork. Your own good taste will tell you how very, very smart they are.

ROLLS-ROYCE





**CHENEY
SILKS**

**CHENEY
WEAVES**

This is to be a bright hued summer, at least so far as our clothes are concerned. For the colors of the flower garden will promenade every fashionable resort and country club : : : An important fabric will be Frostkrepe whose frosty sparkle gives every color a tingling lusciousness. It drapes exquisitely and

lends itself to the intricate detail of feminine tailored frocks.

A TROUSSEAU FROM PARIS

(Concluded from page 144)

the back. If the evening wrap is of the same color as the gown, the effect of the long fish-tail of skirt below it is much more harmonious. Brides should wear white, of course, and this will be in many respects a white summer. At Cannes, I saw many more white evening gowns than colored. The evening ensemble from Augustabernard is very bridal, indeed.

Of course, if a bride loves color, there is no reason why she should not wear it. The pale pinks, especially the flesh tones, pale blues, pale greens are still most acceptable for evening; brilliant reds are permissible; yellows are coming in, especially in the blended yellows and oranges of the new printed chiffons, that I called "autumn colorings" in the fabric number.

Thin black holds its own and a bit over. There is a lovely black tulle gown from Worth on page 71, with one of those charming little jackets, traced with strass embroidery, that are just as good as ever. Notice the length of the skirt, for tulle frocks are really long, even in the front, as you see in this model. One still sees great numbers of them, especially for dancing. The white gown, from Worth, makes one of these contrasts that are a feature of our piquant evening mode. It is as slim as possible, long only at one point, and that toward the front; and is made, in the original model, of wedding-ring velvet. The ornaments in the front are odd, for they are made of black marble! Worth shows this gown with black and white marble bracelets, perfectly plain, polished thick circles, to correspond. Here is a new idea in costume jewelry.

Another evening wrap, to wear over different gowns, should be added to this wardrobe. It may be of heavy satin, or of velvet, and a color that "goes" with the rest of one's frocks should be chosen. A serviceable color is beige, or tortoise-shell, with fur as handsome as one can afford, and lots of it.

Useful are the great scarfs, almost evening capes, of the type that Chéruit has made famous. They are lighter and cooler than fur-trimmed coats, take up little space in traveling trunks, and cost far less than elaborate wraps. I saw a pretty one in deepest dahlia velvet worn with a white gown with deep red flowers on the shoulder, red slippers, and red jewelry. They are made in all sorts of materials, such as chiffon and velvet, combined.

On the Last-Minute pages are evening gowns of several different types, all of which were chosen from the Spring Openings to be shown at the Bal de la Couture by the houses themselves, as representative of what they thought most interesting in their own collections. They illustrate several points in the latest evening mode, and are full of suggestions to a prospective bride; while among the sketches from Cannes are some of the most interesting types actually worn. You will also find a lot of information about details both for day and evening on the pages from Cannes.

AND now for the important question of millinery. You may cut the number of gowns in a trousseau to a minimum, if you like, but you will want to splurge on hats. There is no reason why you should not, even if you are to spend a honeymoon in traveling, for most modern hats are easily packed, and a moderate hat-box will contain a great many of them, especially if you pack them one inside the other. Felt, fabrics, and the new soft flexible straws all stand this treatment very well. Of course, a wider brimmed straw hat will take more space, but it may occupy the center of the box, with the less fragile models set close around it.

Agnès has invented one of the cleverest hats I ever saw, which Baron de Meyer has photographed on page 78. It is in heavy black satin, lined with white or cream, or even pale rose satin, and it is modeled on the shape of the skiing caps that one wears at St. Moritz. The side flaps that come down over the face are

adjustable, and can be bent and turned in any way that is becoming, close down over the ears, or rolled back, perhaps on one side only. The strings may tie in the back, or be brought up round the head, and tied in the front. She makes this same hat in supple antelope for motoring, when it may be tied under the chin. This Protean shape allows a woman infinite latitude in arrangement, and is becoming to all faces on this account. She is also making new turbans of a shiny black straw braid (you see one on the pages from Cannes); new felts trimmed with silk scarfs in several shades of the same color (also sketched); and a charming moderate sized *capeline* in black parasol (linen weave straw) trimmed with heavy black satin ribbon. Every day there is something new in her salons, which are crowded with eager clients from morning to night.

At Reboux's the salon has been completely transformed. It is now one big room, with fluted cream walls, and a new parquet floor. The windows are hung with straight curtains of plain brown, and at intervals all round the walls are set standard mirrors, with triple glasses, before which the hats are fitted. The chairs are plain light wood, upholstered in brown like the curtains. At one end of the room is a great wooden table, with a mirror top, on which are strewn attractive bunches of flowers, wallflowers, narcissus, and combinations of blossoms that look as if they came from an old-fashioned garden. The lighting is particularly interesting. It comes from two huge white vases, set in the center of the room, exactly like the ones on the Ile de France. They are an invention, I believe, of Sue et Mare. This gives a flood of soft light, which hits the ceiling and is reflected back in a fashion that flatters any face, young or old. At the end of the room are glass *vitrines*, also brilliantly lit with invisible lamps, in which are bags and scarfs, and chiffon handkerchiefs, decorated with applications of fish, antelopes, triple hearts in three shades of red, or a cock; all set in the center, one color on the other.

HERE, in this ultra-modern setting, the hats are shown to special clients. They are no longer hung on a forest of racks for all the world to see and paw over. Your *venduse* brings you a big box full of the type you want to see, and you try them on, one after the other, to the great detriment of your coiffure. The new feeling is piratical—that is the only word for it. Felt and flexible straws alike are turned up sharply in the front, with points over each shoulder, one invariably longer than the other. Even the thin feather of a typical rover of the Spanish Main sometimes decorates one side, limp and bedraggled, as he would have worn it.

There are quantities of little black hats, made of the new flexible straws, usually turned back off the face, and long on one side, almost guiltless of trimming. There are rough mixed straws, black and white for choice, close fitting, brimless on one side, with quite a brim on the other, usually at the right. There are little felts cut in a hundred variations; and felts decorated with applications, oddly shaped, of another color; also *Moyen Age* looking affairs, turned up, trimmed with scalloped velvet cockscombs in two colors. Quantities of sets of scarf, hat and bag, often black and white spotted, or checked, with an application of bright color at one end of the scarf, circles, or modernistic triangles. Scarfs of all kinds, many in three and four colors, of *crêpe de Chine* beautifully patched together. Important straws, smooth, supple, exotic, one turned up off the face, pointed at each side, and trimmed at the left with a twisted knot of two shades of pink chiffon that hangs to touch the shoulder. Another in golden tan straw, with a twist of matching velvet, and a velvet pretzel over one ear, under the brim. Vagaries to suit all tastes, you see. It is out of this welter of hats that will come the three or four models which will be known as the Reboux's of the season.

Carlin Comforts



A Woman's Bedroom by John W. Root

Selected for
the Metropolitan Museum
of Art

We are permitted to announce that by invitation of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City, we participated in the recent Exhibition of Contemporary American Design. In the illustrated setting the Bedspread, Pillow and Chaise Longue Throw, which received so much favourable comment from interior decorators and the visiting public, were designed and created by the Carlin Shops. We are devoted exclusively to intimate and divine feminine things—Silken Puffs and Pillows, Couch Throws, Chaise Longue Covers and Blankets, Pajamas and Bed Jackets and Travel Accessories—lovely beyond expression but modestly priced.

CHICAGO
662 N. MICHIGAN AVE.
at Erie St. Original from
UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

NEW YORK
528 MADISON AVE.
at 54th St.

IN THE ROYAL DAYS OF EDWARD VII.

(Continued from page 93)

of Herr Merey, who decreed that henceforth Prince and Princess di Teano would no longer be received at the Austrian Embassy.

It appears we were in disgrace three months before we discovered it, as the hospitality of Palazzo Chigi was then very different from what it had been in Count Lutzuw's day, and no noticeable entertaining went on there. Then a young attaché of the Austrian Embassy, Comte S., who had just received the news of his appointment to another post, decided to give a farewell ball at the Grand Hotel. We were not invited and we failed to notice the fact. I knew him very little and there was no particular reason why he should ask us. But the youth, who did not shine in the way of brains, instead of keeping quiet and obeying his Ambassador's orders without attracting any attention to the matter, began to go about telling everyone in Rome that he had not been able to ask us to his party because his Ambassador had forbidden it; he regretted it, but we were taboo at the Embassy!

This stirred up a regular hornet's nest, and all the young men of Rome banded together and said as they considered this statement to be an insult to Italy, they would not attend the ball. Herr Merey realized that he had made a *gaffe* in trying to wage war for political reasons against a representative Roman and one of the Queen's ladies-in-waiting, so he lost his nerve. At the last moment I received a very humble letter from Comte S., saying that by an inexcusable misunderstanding our invitation to his ball had gone astray, and that he hoped my husband and I would come. I answered, thanking, but alleging a previous engagement, and there the matter ended.

Herr Merey used to try to bow rather anxiously whenever he met me, but my eyes were always fixed on a point a few inches above his head.

Soon afterward we were invited to an official dinner at the Foreign Office, given by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Marchese di San Guiliano. All the ambassadors were present and the Austrian Ambassador and I seemed fated always to be bumping into each other. He complained bitterly to a colleague that he had never meant the *brouille* to go as far as not bowing; he simply meant not to receive us, and this subtle distinction seemed to make the story still funnier.

Next winter all the nice Austrians at the Embassy, Prince and Princess Lichtenstein, Comte and Comtesse Thurn and others began calling on me again. I was very glad to see them, as they were all quite charming, but I could not resist a little chaff. "How is it that you are allowed to associate with me this year?" I asked.

"Oh!" they said, "we just decided to do as we liked. *Nous n'en pouvons plus de ce petit rond de cuir!*"

And then the war came and swept them all out of Rome. But I must now go back to earlier years.

IN THE Spring of 1903 I was appointed *Dama di Palazzo* to the Queen of Italy, which for political reasons annoyed my father very much.

Fortunately it was done very quickly and by the time he got to know of it the appointment was already *un fait accompli*, so beyond scolding me severely for not having consulted him in the matter, there was nothing more for him to do. My father argued that as he held the hereditary charge of Prince Assistant to the Holy See, it was a want of consideration on my part to accept an appointment at the King's Court which placed me officially in the "White" camp. He pointed out how absurd it was not to be able to invite me to his house when he gave an official reception.

On the other hand, my new family not only was "White" but violently anticlerical, and my father-in-law, who had been greatly devoted to the late King Humbert and was a personal friend of the Queen Mother, would never have al-

lowed me to refuse the appointment. So I found myself between two fires of family arguments.

I have always been thankful that my father's political feelings were not able to influence the matter, as it has been a great joy and honor to be at the service of my Queen, whose affectionate kindness has never failed me in all these years.

But not long afterward Leo XIII. died and the new Pope, Pius X., had very different ideas and gave no importance to the "Black" and "White" distinctions that had divided Roman society for so many years. Consequently he granted a collective family audience to my father with his daughters and their husbands. After I had been thus received by the Pope my father was pacified and felt he could also receive me, even on official occasions!

Soon after my appointment at Court, the Kaiser and the Crown Prince of Germany came to Rome on an official visit, and I started Court duties at the Quirinal for the first time. According to the usual etiquette, the King and his suite drove through the gaily decorated streets to the station to meet the Kaiser, while the Queen and her ladies-in-waiting stood in the *Sala dei Corazzieri*, the long hall at the top of the staircase, to receive the royal guest on his arrival.

I remember, while we waited, the Queen lectured her ladies on the necessity of being extremely serious and dignified during their presentation to the Emperor and his suite. It seemed that during the last royal visit—that of an Eastern potentate—the King had noticed a certain amount of smiling and giggling in the groups of the Queen's ladies, which had been a contrast to Her Majesty's extreme seriousness and dignity. He had requested her to tell them that this was not to occur again. Her lecture had the desired effect, for on that occasion and on all similar ones during this long stretch of years, I have always noticed that the Court ladies looked preternaturally solemn.

THE Kaiser's arrival was a very magnificent affair, though somewhat theatrical. His suite consisted of about thirty officers, all at least seven feet high and wearing very gorgeous uniforms. Their appearance was more impressive than their conversation, for I remember struggling hard to find some topic which would "go", when I had some of those beautiful creatures near me at lunch and dinner. But beyond a few stock phrases nothing could be extracted from them.

On the other hand, the Kaiser and the Crown Prince were of quite another style, full of conversation and jokes, and it seemed to me that the royal visit went off very merrily.

The official reception given by the Mayor of Rome at the Capitol was a very grand affair. The beautiful palaces on the three sides of the Piazza were linked together on this occasion by specially built covered bridges, so that space was practically unlimited. The museum of statues was also thrown open and looked wonderfully well, all brilliantly illuminated.

My uncle, Prince Prospero Colonna, younger brother of my father, was then Mayor of Rome, and though we all solemnly paraded arm-in-arm through the many halls, between serried lines of bowing guests, all sorts of little jokes were being whispered from one exalted personage to the other in the procession. Finally, while all the guests remained outside, the Royal party was conducted to the little room where stands enshrined the gem of the Capitol Museum: the Venus Capitolina, which for the occasion had been specially lit with rose-colored lights.

The papers of the next day reported that the Mayor of Rome had attracted the Kaiser's attention to this world-famous masterpiece, and that the visiting Monarch, much impressed, had remained some time in silent admiration before it. What

(Continued on page 148)



Sunni a Gladsome Shade for Early Summer Wearing

Imagine a stocking that has caught and held the mellow gold of sunlight in its meshes. Such a shade is Sunni—the glorious new McCallum triumph. Styled to follow summer's favored colors, Sunni is keyed to those lovely bright-hued costume tones: the radiant blues and yellows, chartreuse; to colorful prints; to beiges; and to white and black ensembles. A shade of surpassing beauty—worthy of the famous sheen that is *parallel-knit* into every pair of McCallum stockings.

Sunni is but one of many style-tested McCallum shades for summer—shades that offer an unfailing guide to hosiery smartness.

Presented in the best shops, conveniently priced at \$1.65 to \$6.00 the pair. McCallum Hosiery Company, Northampton, Massachusetts. McCallum Hosiery may be had in Paris at Bayard, 12 Rue de la Paix.

McCALLUM HOSIERY

"YOU JUST KNOW SHE WEARS THEM"

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

IN THE ROYAL DAYS OF EDWARD VII.

(Continued from page 147)

really happened and what I heard was this:

My uncle said: "Your Majesty, may I present my official wife?" And the Kaiser, putting his hands on his knees, doubled up in roars of schoolboy laughter.

Meanwhile I was having quite an amusing time in the background with the Crown Prince, who had developed a childish admiration for me and was nervously tugging at my dress and whispering: "I've got a rose in my helmet for you; I've been keeping it all the evening. Can I pass it to you now? But for goodness sake, don't let Papa see us!"

The feat was successfully performed without King, Queen or Emperor finding out our behavior!

How undreamed of was the war in those days! The great Court banquet ended with the most cordial speeches pronounced by the King and the Kaiser and everybody's health was drunk.

The Kaiser's speech, being in German, was lost on me, but I remember distinctly the last words, spoken in excellent Italian:

"Bevo al bel sole d'Italia, e al gentile popolo italiano!" (I drink to the beautiful sun of Italy, and to the charming Italian people.)

THE Crown Prince remained in Rome for a few days after the Kaiser's official visit had ended, and he spent his coming-of-age birthday in Rome. In those days he was a nice boy, extremely young for his age, with a "gutter-snipe" face which inspired gaiety. He celebrated his birthday with a dinner given at the German Embassy at Palazzo Caffarelli, which now exists no more, having been pulled down during the war. He had stipulated that he was to ask only the people he wanted to ask and no "duties". My husband and I were invited, but I do not remember that it was a particularly amusing evening. After that I never saw the Crown Prince again, but he continued to write to me and send little gifts for some time after he left Rome. I find among my papers this letter from Herr von Jagow who was then Ambassador in Rome, and later Prime Minister in Berlin during the war.

Kaiserlich Deutsche Botschaft,
Palazzo Caffarelli,
Rome,
ce Vendredi.

Madame:
Voici l'adresse que vous m'avez
demandé:

Seiner Kaiserlichen und Koniglichen Hoheit dem Kronprinzen des Deutschen Reichs und von Preussen—Potsdam.

Cela vous paraîtra un peu long et barbare, mais vous vous y habituerez vite, car le petit Prince est un bon épistolier et ne permettra pas à votre plume de secher.

Mille hommages
Jagow.

The next time I saw the Kaiser was in Norway, when the steamer I was touring on anchored near his yacht in the port of Odde. He found out that my husband and I were on board and sent for us to come to tea with him, entertaining us most cordially. I must say he was the only German I ever met who was agreeable and light on hand. His spirits were rather too boisterous.

There was an old gentleman on board the royal yacht who had been very friendly with my father-in-law in the past, and was therefore interested in meeting us. When the moment came for us to leave, he had wandered off and was not to be found. The Emperor yelled for him and search parties were organized. Finally he came hurrying along the deck of the Hohenzollern.

"Hurry up!" said the Emperor. "They are just off." And he aimed a kick at the old gentleman, nearly precipitating him down the companionway. This mark of imperial condescension convulsed his suite.

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

I saw the Kaiser again in London in 1901, when he and the Kaiserin and their daughter visited King George and Queen Mary.

The ball in their honor at Buckingham Palace was a very magnificent affair and the Kaiserin was evidently got up for great effect. She certainly looked extremely well. Her white hair was well arranged, and she wore crimson velvet with an exceptionally long train. As she sat on the Royal dais, it covered a considerable part of it and swept over the edge on to the parquet floor beneath, getting in the way of all the other Royalists, but certainly making her a very prominent figure.

On the occasion of this royal visit the monument to the late Queen Victoria in front of Buckingham Palace, was unveiled. I had seats with some friends quite close to it, and it was an impressive sight when the gates of Buckingham Palace opened and the King and Queen, Kaiser and Kaiserin, Queen Alexandra and a host of minor royalties all streamed out together. In the light of subsequent events it is curious to remember them all very "chummy" on that lovely summer morning, chatting together, and the best of friends!

But to return to the official royal visits in Rome.

A week after the Kaiser's in 1903 came the late King Edward's, and I was then presented for the first time to him who for several years afterwards, in fact until his death, gave me so many proofs of kindly friendliness, and whom I always remember with the utmost devotion.

King Edward's official visit was utterly different from the Kaiser's. There were no theatrical effects of gigantic officers and glittering uniforms; the key-note was simplicity with impressive personal dignity. His suite only numbered seven, and among them were Lord Hardinge (afterwards Viceroy of India), Sir Frederick Ponsonby and Sir Hedworth Lambton (now Lord Meux), and a more charming group of typical British gentlemen it would be hard to find.

King Edward was not very well in health that year, and found the heat of the opera house on gala nights very trying. In fact, one of his suite told me he nearly collapsed on reaching the privacy of his room after one performance. But his splendid pluck carried him through, and no word of complaint ever let our King and Queen or anyone else know of his fatigue and discomfort.

He was particularly gracious to me on learning who I was, as he had been a friend of my grandmother's and had often stayed at Lord Walsingham's country place in Norfolk when he was the Prince of Wales.

So the first evening at the Quirinal, King Edward asked me to come and sit near him after dinner and spoke to me for a long time about my English relations. I was very young then and rather shy, as I had only just been appointed at Court, but his wonderfully courtly manner put me at my ease. He ended by saying: "I would so like your photograph, as I have always been such friends with your people. I wonder if you have one you can spare me?"

LATER a member of his suite told me that the King had said very nice things to him about my personal appearance, and had added: "But it runs in the family, for her grandmother and her mother were two of the loveliest women I have ever seen."

In the summer of that year, 1903, I went as usual to London to stay with my grandmother, for happily it was now an understood thing in the Caetani family that I should be allowed to continue this habit of all my life. An American friend, Mrs. John Drexel, whom I had met in Rome in the winter and had come across again in London, suggested our going together to the Ascot races and there I met King Edward for the second time. As soon as he recognized me in the crowd

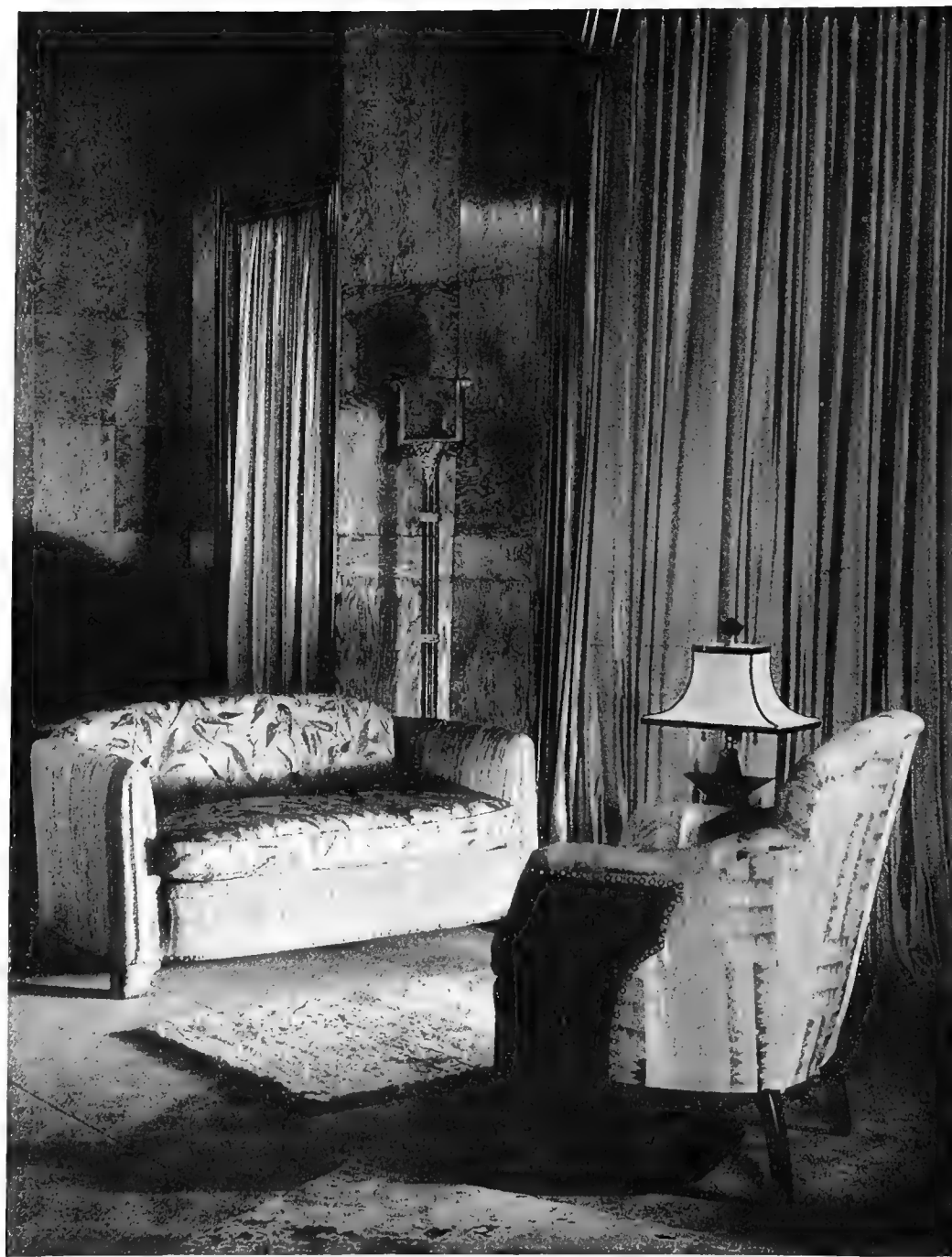
(Continued on page 150)

"LE DANDY"

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TWO FURNITURE PIECES expressive of Valentine-Seaver artistry are illustrated . . . A love-seat of exclusive lines, covered with imported frieze fabric, most exquisite in its quality and coloring. The single, full width, down cushion and unusually low seat are suggestive of deep lounging comfort . . . In the chair, *modern lines* have been deftly suggested, without the *extreme flare* so commonly seen. Covering is of a rich frieze. The cushion is filled with soft, resilient down. The side panels are of beautifully grained mahogany . . . Valentine-Seaver furniture is, of course, for those who can tell quality without assistance from the price tag. Considering the long years of its life, the cost is of secondary importance . . . Better dealers everywhere feature Valentine-Seaver. If you do not know where to see it in your community, please write us.

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IN THE ROYAL DAYS OF EDWARD VII.

(Continued from page 148)



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for Women of Fashion
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Ensembles • Dresses
At Exclusive Shops

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he came down to speak to me, and asked me to come up and lunch with his party. I remember he placed me on his right hand and Mrs. George Keppel, who was afterward to become an intimate friend of mine, sat on his left. This was the beginning of my first real London season. I made new friends at every step and invitations simply rained, and after that I "did" the season for six weeks every year up to the time of the war.

The memory of King Edward remains as a golden ray in my picture of English life, and I am glad I saw the last years of his reign, for with his passing something died which can never return. He had the grand manner of Louis XIV.—the tact, the courtesy and the same enjoyment of the best things of life as "le Roi Soleil". Knowing this, people offered him their best and were glad to have it to give.

For him, the beloved sovereign and guest, were the most beautiful old houses, the most perfect of English gardens, the priceless pictures, the massive gold and silver plate. The best orchestras played softly throughout dinner, the most exquisite food was served in royal profusion. England's most delicious fruit, peaches, nectarines, white and purple grapes, scented raspberries and gigantic strawberries, were displayed before him. England's roses and her sweet-peas, her carnations and her lilies, were massed in his path. The loveliest women in England decked themselves in their most carefully chosen dresses and their most beautiful jewels to meet him. For King Edward the best only was good enough, and the best was joyfully provided. It was the luxury that money alone could never buy, for it was the luxury created and concentrated by centuries of blessed British ease and prosperity: the luxury of fastidious selection of the best.

I can still see King Edward at the State balls at Buckingham Palace, leading out his partner in the opening *Quadrille d'honneur*. I do not think any other man could walk through a quadrille with so much courtly grace as he did. Sometimes he wore gorgeous uniforms, sometimes a kilt, sometimes Court dress with breeches and the diamond Order of the Garter sparkling on his shapely leg, but the effect was always the same.

In those days quadrilles were still danced at balls in Italy, therefore I was one of the few people in London who knew all the figures and could go through them without a hitch. Whenever I was summoned to take part in the royal quadrille, this knowledge of mine made me very popular with my partner, who was thankful to be pushed and pulled through the ordeal, for there was nothing King Edward disliked more than seeing people make a muddle of the stately dance. And, on the other hand, as it was never performed anywhere else except at State balls, naturally none remembered its intricacies.

TALKING of this, I remember a rather amusing incident that occurred one year. I received my invitation to the Buckingham Palace ball, together with a special entrée card which gave me the right to go in by a private entrance reserved for "big-wigs", thus avoiding the crowd of other guests.

On the morning of the ball a special messenger came from Court to tell me that I was to take part in the opening royal quadrille—a very great honor—and that I was on no account to be late. In the afternoon a second messenger came with a large card on which the names of the people taking part in the royal quadrille were printed, together with their respective positions round the room. My partner was to be H.R.H., the Duke of Connaught, brother of King Edward.

When evening came I adorned myself with my best frock and jewels and sent for a humble "four-wheeler", as my extremely small allowance did not permit me to hire a carriage when in London. But as I approached Buckingham Palace an enormous crowd blocked the streets, gala coaches were passing with coachmen

in white wigs and groups of powdered footmen hanging on behind; every sort of smart carriage rolled by and the policemen were quite firm in not letting me pass. I parleyed with one through the window of my dusty "growler", showing him my entrée card, my voice shaking with fear at not being in time for the quadrille, which would have been too dreadfully rude for words.

The policeman was an angel to me—as they have always been, bless them.

"Well," he said, "no one is allowed to drive through the entrée gate in a cab and" (this with a certain tone of mild rebuke) "I don't know that anyone has ever tried, but it isn't nice for a lady to walk all alone through this crowd with her pretty jewels on, so I'll take you along."

So I skipped out of my "four-wheeler", and clung to the policeman's arm; he swam along, making a way through the mob with his other arm and got me into the precincts of Buckingham Palace. I remember running breathlessly up the stairs and reaching the ballroom just as the gentlemen-in-waiting were beginning to hunt for me all over the place.

I was subjected to a lot of teasing over this incident, but I found one fellow sufferer. Lord Kitchener told me that he also tried to drive through the entrée gate in a cab and was stopped by the police. But he was a big, strong man, and able to get through the crowd far more easily than I.

KING EDWARD loved racing, and bridge after dinner. In his later years, when I knew him, he also liked a game of croquet, which gave him a certain amount of gentle exercise. He was not at all a good player, and it was rather difficult to find people bad enough to play against him, so that he should sometimes have the pleasure of winning.

I once spent a few days at Sir Ernest Cassel's place at Newmarket, Moulton Paddocks, while the King was also a guest there, and croquet was played every evening after the races. When it was found out that I had not played since I was a child, my services were immediately required as the King's adversary, and I did my duty nobly, missing the easiest hoops and keeping him therefore in the best of tempers.

One day, though, I felt desperate and gave a mighty smack with my ball; it flew across the ground, straight through the right hoop (I didn't even know it was the right one!) and, continuing its glorious career, hit the King's ball straight into the rose bushes. But by the icy stillness that followed, I realized that never, never was such a thing to occur again.

I remember a week-end party at Mr. Alfred Rothschild's place, Holton, the King again being chief guest. Mr. Alfred was a darling little old gentleman with two big white curls on either side of his face and the most gentle manners imaginable. Everything at Holton was most carefully thought out for the comfort of his guests. He had a fleet of little pony carriages, each driven by a diminutive groom, and their mission was to follow guests walking in the gardens so that they could get in whenever they felt tired. I went for a stroll with a young man of the party and we tried our best to lose the pony carriage that was pursuing us, but with no success. We raced up every flight of steps we could find, but there was always a path which the pony could trot up, and he would reappear a few seconds later at our heels; after trying hard for some time and being reduced to hysterics, we gave up the struggle.

A servant made the round of the guests' rooms before dinner inquiring whether they wanted tea or coffee for breakfast. On my saying, "Tea, please," he asked gravely:

"Indian or China, my lady?"

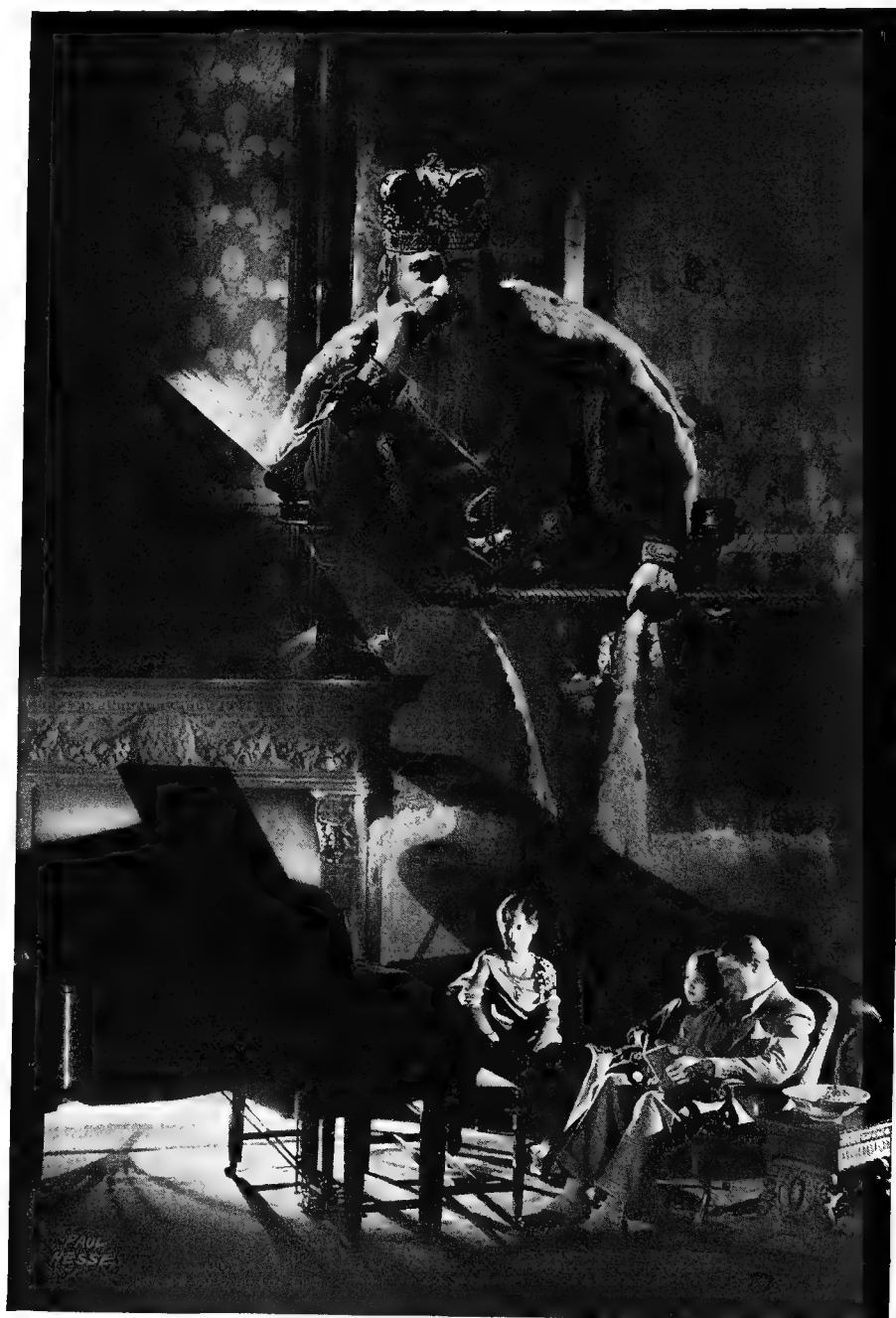
"China, I think," I answered, diffidently.

"Does your ladyship prefer Orange Pekoe, Lapsang Suchong or Oolong?"

(Continued on page 152)

Name your own price"

THE KING WOULD HAVE SAID



OFTEN have you read how, in the Middle Ages, it was the delight of Kings to entertain their banquet guests with the music of one of the great harpists who used to tour the land. Perhaps you recall a passage such as this from the old Chronicles:



"And when the news spread that great Raftery would be present, there came many noble folk who otherwise had remained at their own firesides. And without the castle walls there huddled many of the town gentry, hoping that they might hear a few strains of Raftery's music. And when great Raftery stepped into the banquet hall, a deep silence fell over all the gathering. And when he touched the strings of his harp, wondrous music came forth. And of those that heard him, they that were ill at heart, felt cheered; they that were troubled in mind, gained peace. And for many days thereafter, there remained with all the healing memory of Raftery's playing."

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UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

A sunbeam made her cry . . .

HER mirror was dimly lighted—a compassionate mirror that told only of lovely contours, charming hair and eyes, white teeth. But one morning a spying shaft of sunlight pitilessly revealed the truth. The skin of her face was *wearing out*! Rounded shoulders still kept the silky softness of girlhood, but the face! In spots it was actually *rough*. She had been proud of her skin—thought she had cared for it.

Why does the skin grow old?

The cause of roughened skin is really very simple and may be simply met. Your face is exposed to many drying conditions. Wind dries it. Dust is very harmful. Smoke, always in city air, is bad. Cooking over a hot stove is ruinous. Your face and hands constantly undergo a weathering process that robs them of their natural moisture. And it's the natural moisture that makes the skin velvety, dewy, soft.

What to do about it

Obviously, this natural moisture must be replaced, otherwise the skin is certain to become rough and coarse.

As a child, when your hands and face became almost brittle from chapping, didn't you always smooth on Hinds Honey & Almond Cream? And didn't the skin miraculously grow soft again—and stay soft?

The truth is that this wonderful liquid cream possesses just what dry skin needs. How else could it have remained a household necessity for generations? Will you be fair to your face—

your mirror? Examine your skin honestly in a strong light and then compare your face with the sweet delicacy of shoulder skin. When you are convinced, please try Hinds for a week or two. Smooth it in gently whenever your face is exposed to weathering conditions. We know you will be delighted. Your skin will grow softer day by day. That rose-petal texture will return.

Hinds Cream really never fails. Its many years of universal use for the more serious cases of skin drying (chapping) prove it to possess invaluable power to restore natural skin moisture.

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IN THE ROYAL DAYS OF EDWARD VII.

(Continued from page 150)

But I was absolutely bewildered, and fastened on to the last name on the list as a drowning man clings to a straw.

In the bathroom I found an array of at least twenty-five different kinds of bath-salts and fifty bottles of various scented toilet waters.

"Hooray!" I said to myself, "little Alfred pays for all this!" And I filled my bath with generous samples of the whole lot. I was punished, for my skin was nearly burnt off and I came out of that bath like a boiled lobster!

ALFRED ROTHSCHILD was devoted to animals, and it amused him to train them and then give an exhibition to his friends in a miniature circus he had built for the purpose. I don't know really that he trained them himself, in any case they never seemed to do anything in particular. The story went that once a white rabbit turned on him, and Alfred was so scared after that he had every animal doped before a performance. Anyhow, on that occasion we were ushered into the circus after dinner, and King Edward sat comfortably smoking his big cigar, with Mrs. George Keppel on one side and myself on the other. The other guests, and I think the servants of the party, completed the audience.

The circus was a very luxurious affair, with a good deal of gilding in the decorations and a fine Aubusson carpet spread all over the ring. Alfred Rothschild stood in the middle cracking his little whip, and shaking his white curls. Little ponies trotted in, went round the ring once and then trotted out again. Some doves were let out of a cage, and refused to do anything at all. The cats were even more supercilious. This went on for half an hour; the King had his eyes half shut and I think most of us had fallen into a comfortable stupor. Only Alfred Rothschild was having a lovely time.

Then a little dog rushed on the scene and assumed a curious attitude in the middle of the ring. I must say at once that I am extremely shortsighted. I fumbled for my eyeglass, exclaiming gaily: "Do look, Sir! Here is at last an animal that can do something!"

"Hush, my dear child!" said the King in an undertone. "That is exactly what is occurring . . ."

And how he laughed! One chuckle after another shook him all over, and he continued long after an enormous powdered footman in plush breeches had entered the ring and tidied everything up with a golden shovel.

King Edward very much disliked people having different tastes from his own, and it was not usual in his set for anyone to do anything he did not approve of. When I developed a passion for ballooning, it really annoyed him quite seriously, and no one could understand why I persisted in an amusement which he had qualified as foolish.

ONE rather curious story I must tell because it is so characteristic of his unflinching kindness toward me.

A certain Mrs. A., young and beautiful, came to Rome in the course of the winter of 1904, and we made each other's acquaintance. She told me her husband had a country place near Windsor and invited me to stay there in June for the Ascot races. I accepted, and came over to London to stay with my grandmother as usual about the beginning of June.

Then, the day before Ascot, I got a telegram from Mrs. A. saying that she regretted extremely, but owing to her grandmother's serious illness she was obliged to put off her party. I was terribly disappointed. In those days Ascot amused me very much, and at that late hour it was not likely that I would get an invitation to another house party, while to go down from London daily was not at all nice. However, I decided to go down by train on the first day of the meeting just to see my friends, and then probably not go again.

When the King saw me he came to speak to me, and I, in all innocence told

him how sad it was that Mrs. A., with whom I had been going to stay, had been obliged to throw over her party because of her old grandmother.

Queen Alexandra, ever gracious, sent for me and kept me in the royal stand by her side for some time. When I joined the crowd in the enclosure again my escorts were the Austrian Ambassador and the Portuguese Minister, Marquis de Soveral, who took turns in looking after me all day. More charming company could not be desired, so altogether in spite of my disappointment I had a very pleasant time. When I returned to my London home there on the hall table was a telegram from Mrs. A., saying that her grandmother had recovered, and would I go to their place at Windsor the next day. So the following morning I went again to Ascot and had early lunch with a friend in the Guards' tent, which meal I always remember, because on my return to the enclosure the King sent to ask me to have lunch with him. It was impossible to refuse, and I did not like to say that I had already lunched, and so with the last fat strawberry sticking in my throat I started another full course meal which my young and healthy appetite helped me to get through without disaster!

I told his Majesty the joyful news of the recovery of Mrs. A's grandmother, and though he smiled enigmatically and said nothing, I did not have an inkling of what had really occurred until later in the day a friend who was "in the know" told me the whole story. It seems that the year before Mrs. A. had been extremely anxious to be asked to the ball at Windsor Castle, and as she was a very beautiful woman but not very brilliant, she thought the best plan would be to stand about as near the King as possible during the whole of the Ascot race meeting, so as to be noticed by him, and so eventually get the longed for invitation. But this deep scheme produced the opposite effect. King Edward disliked being stared at, and when the following year the names of people who had applied for tickets for the royal enclosure at Ascot were submitted to him, he quietly gave instructions that Mrs. A's application should be refused.

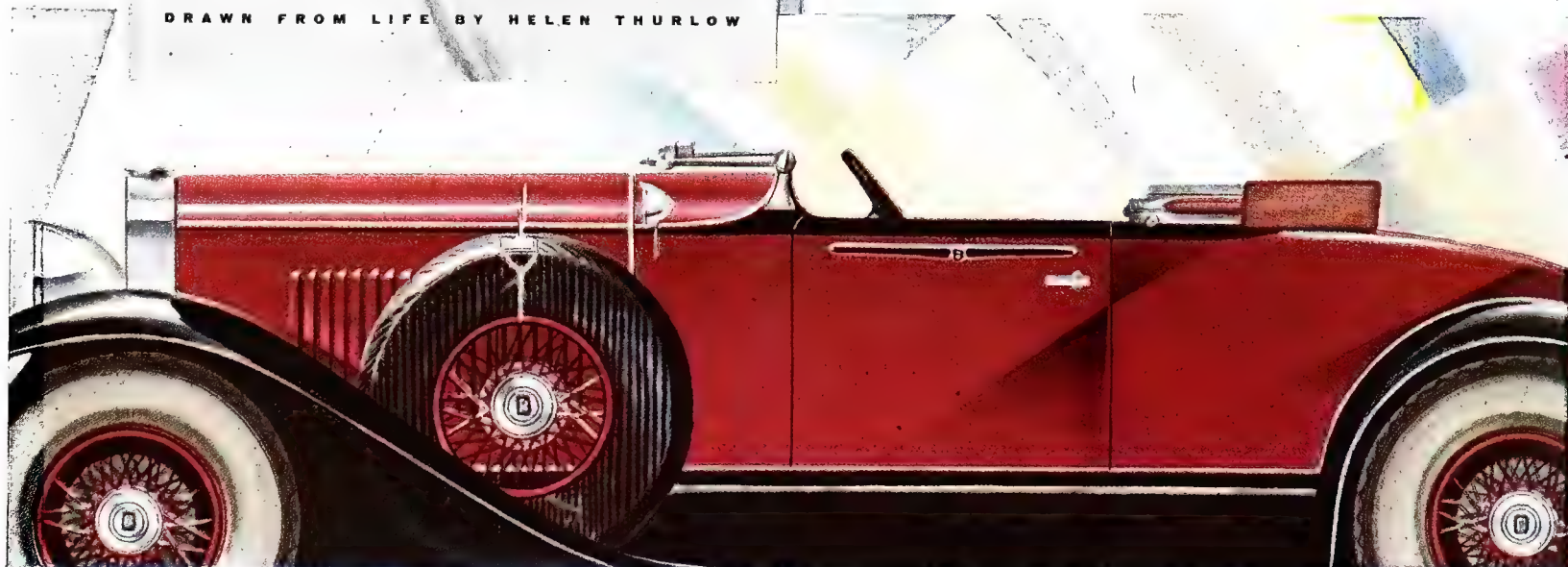
IT IS necessary to explain here, for the benefit of non-English readers, that though of course anyone can attend Ascot races by buying a ticket for one of the many excellent stands and frequenting the paddock where all the interest of the races is centered, no one can enter the Royal Enclosure who is not received at Court, or who has for some reason fallen into disfavor there. The Lord Chamberlain examines all requests for admittance, which have to be made at least a month beforehand, and if the applicants are approved of they receive a printed form with which it is then possible for them to buy their ticket for the meeting.

Poor Mrs. A.! What could she do but give up her party? It was impossible for her to see all her friends entering the sacred precincts and remain herself hanging over the palings of the paddock! But this is the nice part of the story: When the King heard I was to have been one of her guests he said that altered the case, and Mrs. A. could then be allowed to enter the Enclosure. So someone wired to her straight from the course, saying that if she came the next day she would be given her pass at the entrance gate. And thus we met there the second day and went back to her country house together. The grandmother was never referred to, and I often wondered if she ever existed! I felt very sorry for Mrs. A., as she was evidently terrified at being seen by the King and kept well to the other end of the enclosure all the time; but I remember Count Mensdorff was very kind in going back to look for her and walking her about a bit, which was then enough to send up any woman's shares!

Talking of racing makes me think of the
(Continued on page 156)



DRAWN FROM LIFE BY HELEN THURLOW

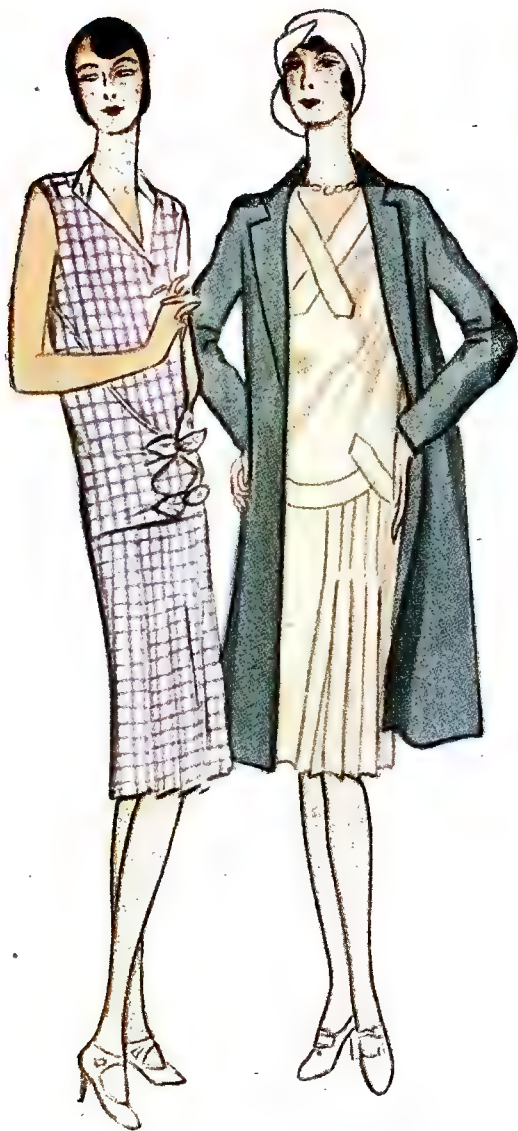


AMONG THE DISTINGUISHED DRIVERS
OF THE NEW CENTURY HUPMOBILE

Rosamond Pinchot
[MRS. WILLIAM GASTON]

She adores horses, motor cars, and crepes suzette . . . Peel of London makes her riding boots, and Nardi her habits . . . Her favorite luncheon place is the Voisin where she always has a certain corner table . . . They know her in Vienna, Prague, Salzburg, New York, and points west as the nun in *The Miracle*. And all over Europe as a member of Max Reinhardt's Repertoire company . . . She shuttles between New York and an island off the coast of Maine by train, car, and speed boat . . . Her personal car is HUPMOBILE. She drives it herself. One admiring Westchester motor cop has said . . . "and how!"

THESE SMART
COTTONS
ARE
COMING NORTH



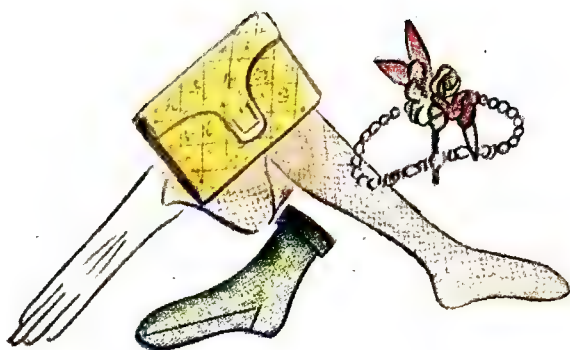
Gingham, that gay fabric of the day-time mode, has taken to bows for a charming note of youth and femininity. Sketched next to it is the adaptable velveteen coat that takes its place in all smart wardrobes. Here it is worn with a sleeveless broadcloth frock.



Antibes, the sportsman-like frock of wide-wale cotton piqué, quickly won the fashionables of two continents. Sketched with it is the newest of new hats . . . a copy of a Maria Guy in piqué to match the dress.



Chukker, like the famous Antibes shirt, is knitted of pure cotton . . . sheer, softly lustrous and washable in all its pastel colors. Shown above, it is worn with matching cotton socks and a white broadcloth skirt.



A sextet of correct accessories for the cotton mode includes sheer lisle hose and jewelry of bone or wood . . . tinted to blend with sun tan skins. Then, there are calico and gingham bags, white pull-ons to wear with sleeveless frocks, new canvas sandals . . . and, of course, cotton socks dyed to match each costume.

A beach coat of white cotton crepe, splashed with blue flowers and lined with white terry cloth, makes a gay spot in the sun. It is most becoming and practical, too, for it envelops a dripping bather like a great bath sheet.



The new beach cape above is made of coarse, twine-like cotton, called monks' cloth. It gains military dash by its use of bright tapes, and its distinguished lines are flattering to women of any age.

Sigrid Hony

Costumes shown through
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BEST AND COMPANY
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CHOOSE which you will — the strange sweetness of Mon Seul Ami, the richness of Gardenia, the enchantment of Mimosa...indeed, choose any of the exquisite floral odeurs of Isabey. And in each you will find that rare and captivating charm... the breath... the magic... of Paris.

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CALIFORNIA'S GOLDEN PLAYGROUNDS

(Continued from page 89)

Duo-Sette



Never in recent years has woman had such an opportunity to make her figure look young as now—in these Lily of France new creations! This season—if one be clever—and be fitted to the Duo-Sette—she can have all the curves of youth! Any quality store will fit you!

Lily of France

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America, where entertaining is constant and on the grand scale. The warm waters of the Channel are unrivalled for bathing.

The few old adobe houses, built when California was a province of Spain—notably the De la Guerra's, whose ancestor owned all Santa Barbara and three hundred thousand acres round about—are quite engulfed, although pointed out to sightseers. The town itself is as lively in its business district as a great city, and gone is the day when the conductor of the little one-horse car would wait for you while you ran into a drug store for an ice-cream soda. The great central street, State Street, looks like a glimpse of the Old World, for its façades are of Spanish design with little balconies and grilles, whitewashed walls and tiled roofs. In these façades are charming shops, and little restaurants that are like clubs for the young people, who gather there after their morning swim or drive. It is really a city of pleasure, and old and young look as if they had not a care in the world. Back in the cañon is a popular place for picnics, although I once sat down on a snake during one of those festive occasions, and have had no enthusiasm for it since.

It is little wonder that Santa Barbara and Montecito are fashionable for those that have more money than they know what to do with, for they have little difficulty in persuading themselves they are dwelling in Paradise. Like the rest of California there is no rain for eight months in the year, and life may be lived in the open amid colorful surroundings and every resource and luxury that wealth can command.

It is only in recent years that "The Desert" has become fashionable, although Mary Austin's "Land of Little Rain" sent many to stare at its arid but delicately tinted beauties, its vast brooding mystery, its lonely buttes, and remote encircling mountains. At first it was a mere resort for tuberculars, but now they are not admitted to the fashionable hotels, where people go to rest after too much gaiety in San Francisco or "Down the Peninsular," to get rid of bronchial colds, or merely to be dehydrated. The hotels are surrounded by cottages, for those who wish additional privacy. Life in these desert resorts not long since was very quiet, so quiet indeed that young people refused to accompany their weary parents, but there is now a new and very gay hotel with a jazz band and all the rest of it. Otherwise, there is little to do but eat and drive, sleep and bask in the sun. Here, too, one may meet many of one's Eastern friends in the course of a winter.

ONE of the most interesting resorts in Southern California is the Spa at Arrowhead Springs about two thousand feet up in the San Bernadino Mountains, between the coast and the desert. Here women go to indulge in the favorite pastime of reducing. An inexorable doctor prescribes a balanced régime—every calory strictly counted—and the patients soak daily in the hot waters of a medicinal spring picturesquely situated in a cave. Here they splash about in the steam until ordered out, when they are briskly massaged and then sent to bed for two hours. They are routed out in the morning for long walks, but otherwise may amuse themselves by motoring to the neighboring towns. As the pounds slip off visibly, no resort is more fashionable and all seem to be in a perpetual state of enjoyment. Some return every year, for the reaction is likely to be disastrous.

Del Monte, near the old Spanish town of Monterey, has been the most popular native resort for over forty years, largely because it is only four hours by motor from San Francisco, and in the old days could be reached in five by train. Situated in a pine grove, and riotously cultivated, it is close to the beach, and has a large swimming pool, which its patrons prefer to the cold waters of the bay. The hotel itself looks like a Moorish palace, and the whole effect, even to the cot-

tages, is subtropical. The golf-links are beautifully situated between the hotel grounds and a line of hills heavily wooded. On Sundays and holidays Del Monte literally swarms, and if visitors have not had the forethought to engage a table they must forage among the lesser hotelries and tea-rooms of Monterey. There is dancing every night in the grill, but for those visitors, mainly from the East, who would have quiet, there are the cottages or the remoter spaces of that vast hotel.

BUT famous and fashionable as Del Monte is, it has been eclipsed of late years—in reputation if not in character—by Pebble Beach, which rises above the ocean to a considerable height; a hill covered with pine woods, and cypresses along the shore. The sands of the beach are white, the water intensely blue; the red roofs of the houses may be seen among the dense green of the woods. Altogether it is very reminiscent of the Riviera, except that it is situated on a wild and rocky coast. The outlying masses of rocks are the home of the sea-gulls and barking seals, and the cypresses look as if fleeing before the storms of winter. No one knows where these cypresses came from, but there is a tradition that when the planet was more watery than it is to-day they floated straight from Phœnicia. That is as may be.

Pebble Beach in character is quite unlike anything else in California, possibly in America. Mary Borden, in a recent article in Harper's Magazine, expatiated upon the fact that there was nothing in this country that approached the country life of England; that the country houses were given over to jazz and a constant display of wealth. Like most critics of the United States she confined her observations to New York and Chicago.

There is no hotel life in Pebble Beach and little club life, although many of the houses are magnificent, notably the Harry Hunt's, the Wheeler's, the Irwin Crocker's and the Vincent's, and there is a great deal of quiet entertaining. You find here the real country life of the Old World. If there are wild parties no one ever hears of them, and I doubt if they take place, for the men and women are devoted to sport. There are eighty miles of dirt roads in the forest and the mornings are spent on horseback. Riding clothes or sports clothes are worn until it is time to dress for dinner. Many hours are devoted to golf and tennis. I do not venture to say that one may hear at the dinner table anything like the intellectual conversation so natural to the English country house, but no doubt that, too, will come in time.

There are few Easterners here; most of the houses were built by people whose homes are at Burlingame, San Mateo, Atherton and Menlo Park; or by San Franciscans, which amounts to the same thing. At first the idea was to have a week-end "cottage," or even another house, for it is fashionable to have several; but to-day many of these people are so fascinated by this life with its charm of rustic simplicity combined with luxury, that they live there altogether, motoring to the city for shops and theatres. The houses for the most part are built in the old Spanish—or what is now known as the Monterey—style. The Hunt house, which stands on the ridge, is approached through a cobbled court, and its blank façade and immense carved doors look as if they had been transported bodily from Spain, but even the iron work was made in Monterey. The Irwin Crocker house seems to be a mingling of Italian and Byzantine.

No one can buy property in Pebble Beach unless approved of by the Company, and the consequence is that every one knows everyone else, and it is like one large family. Even the famous Seventeen Mile Drive is now, for the most part, privately owned, and any outsider who wishes to enjoy its wild beauty must pay fifty cents admission at the entrance to Pebble Beach. Con-

(Concluded on page 156)

FOR WOMEN WHO CARE ENOUGH TO BE BEAUTIFUL

Primrose House offers the most luxurious toiletries in the world



Women who care enough to be beautiful realize that only the finest toiletries should ever touch the skin. ¶ That is why there is a steady trend toward Primrose House Preparations. That is why this institution is becoming the most famous of its kind in all the world. ¶ There is no other establishment quite like Primrose House. Once, the rendezvous only of the inner circle of New York society, now its fame has spread throughout the world. ¶ Headed by experts who have made a life study of the complexion and its needs, Primrose House insists that every preparation that bears its name be of the finest quality known to science. ¶ Purity and ability to bring desired results come first. The price is made accordingly.

TO CLEANSE THE PORES—Rose Leaf Cleansing Cream is a luxury no beauty-prizing woman can endure to be without, once it has served at her dressing table. Liquefying at skin contact, it searches dust and

grime from each tiny pore, soothing the skin and freshening the complexion. In four sizes from \$1.00. Write for "Here Dwells Youth," our booklet on the care of the complexion. It will be mailed post paid.

On sale throughout the country at leading drug and department stores

PRIMROSE HOUSE

5TH AVENUE AT 52ND STREET, NEW YORK CITY

"HERE DWELLS YOUTH"

IN THE ROYAL DAYS OF EDWARD VII.

(Continued from page 152)



IT'S A BOHN PORCELAIN EXTERIOR

Install the electric unit
of your choice in a
BOHN refrigerator.

FOR many years BOHN has been making refrigerators, not merely to provide a receptacle for ice and eatables; rather to create a sanitary refuge to which a housewife would commit the rarest of her handiwork, with confidence that it would retain all its daintiness when served hours later to her guests. Nothing would do for this finest of scientific refrigerators but white porcelain enamel. BOHN porcelain is as sheer and pure in its beauty as the marble of Paros.

The cover of a book or the case of a watch is not as important as its contents, but the public very properly demands that the case match the quality within.

With this in mind, BOHN refrigerators have never varied in quality,—except when changes have been made for the better. Every buyer of a BOHN Porcelain Refrigerator can have the utmost confidence in its lasting qualities; they can know that will not become unsightly or shabby, even with years of use, but will remain pure and unsullied for all time.

BOHN is the world's largest manufacturer of all-porcelain refrigerators.

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Saint Paul, Minnesota

Chicago New York Boston

BOHN SYMPHON REFRIGERATOR

old Duchess of Devonshire, who was a great personage in King Edward's set, and attended every race meeting. She was very old when I knew her and very stiffly corseted, while her face was highly colored and wore the fixed expression of a mask. I was very frightened of her, but fascinated at the same time as I had heard so much of her wonderful beauty and charm, so I used to study her from as near as I could to see if I could discover any traces of them.

At the races she always sat on a bench like a stone image, quite immovable and stupendously dignified. One day I was rewarded by seeing her pull up her skirt and produce a purse from a bag secreted among her petticoats. "Put two pounds for me on *Cream Tart*," she said to one of her satellites. It sounded like the voice of an oracle and it impressed me so much that it is the only name of a race-horse I can remember.

Only once was King Edward angry with me, and that was entirely due to a misunderstanding.

We received an invitation from Queen Alexandra and himself to stay at Windsor Castle for the Ascot races. Needless to say how honored and pleased we would have been to do so, as this invitation is eagerly sought by many and bestowed on few. But my mother's health at that moment was causing me great anxiety, and I could not leave Rome. I answered to that effect and received immediately a kind letter from the King.

Buckingham Palace,
May 18th.

DEAR PRINCESS DI TEANO:

I am indeed sorry that you and your husband will be unable to pay us a visit next month at Windsor Castle for Ascot races, but quite understand and appreciate the reasons you give for this determination.

Trusting that your mother will recover her health, believe me

Very sincerely yours,

EDWARD R.

A few days later I found it necessary to go to England on business connected with my mother's illness, and my dear little friend, Maudie Ashley, at once asked me for a week-end party at Broadlands, her husband's beautiful family place. I was glad to get two days of English country air, and when she told me that the King and Queen were coming over to lunch on Sunday I was still more pleased, for I thought I would have an opportunity of thanking Their Majesties once more for their gracious invitation. But when the King caught sight of me as he entered the drawing-room, I saw at once that he was very much annoyed. He frowned as he shook hands, and said, very curtly:

"I see, Princess, that you are able to visit other people, but not me!" And he turned away abruptly before I had time to explain that I had only come to England on business and was leaving for Rome the next day.

He did not speak to me again that afternoon and I left England feeling very miserable. It was already hard enough being obliged to forego my usual delightful stay in London.

When, after some weeks my mother's state of health improved, I was able to return to England, Mrs. Willie James asked me to meet His Majesty at dinner, but I had been so frightened by his severity at Broadlands that I didn't dare to accept until I found out how the land lay between us. I asked Mrs. George Keppel to find out for me. She has always been the best of friends, and wrote to me most reassuringly. She had seen the King and spoken of me; he had said that he was so glad my mother had recovered and that he was looking forward to meeting me at dinner at Mrs. Willie James', so I was most certainly to go and all would be well.

When I met the King he was more charming than ever, and the little incident was quite forgotten.

(To be continued)

CALIFORNIA'S GOLDEN PLAYGROUNDS

(Concluded from page 154)

quently there is no picnicking and no litter on the white sands. All the swimming, here also, is done in pools.

The great event of the year is the Polo Meet, for which participants come from all over the state, the country, and from England. The field is about three-quarters of a mile from Del Monte, and the most noted polo player in the neighborhood, and, with one exception, in the state, is Mr. Hunt, whose stables are on his grounds at Pebble Beach. On the days of an event each side of the enclosure is lined with automobiles which honk their approval. But whatever the inner excitement, there is no cheering. To me it is a tame performance, and after I have admired the horses sufficiently, I go home.

More and more rich people are building at Pebble Beach, and land, as I have said, is sold to none but the elect. (The price is \$30,000 an acre.) It is a good, sporting, healthy colony full of beautiful, slender women and sunburned, slender men, and a credit to the state. Burlingame is proud of the fact that it is largely responsible for its success and prestige, and no doubt in time will take on something of the same character, for as the years go by that rich man's colony is devoting itself more and more to out-door life, and polo is one of its passions. It now has a Polo Club, almost as well known as the famous Burlingame Club.

Carmel has never been fashionable,

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UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

although a few rich people, who really wish to escape from all social exactions, have built cottages there, as well as in Monterey. It remains a colony of artists and writers, whose unpretentious cottages are scattered among the pine woods; although perhaps not quite as famous as when Mary Austin wrote up in a tree with her red hair hanging down like Melisande, and George Sterling was its lord and master. Robinson Jeffers has built himself a rock tower—with his own hands—on the wildest part of the beach, and Gouverneur Morris lives near by in the town of Monterey. Carmel now boasts a hotel, patronized by those who want a few weeks of rustic quiet, and a main street, whose very shops are artistic, as might be expected. The cars are parked in the middle of the broad thoroughfare, and the sidewalks swarm with bare legs and picturesquely careless costumes. Consequently no visit to Del Monte is complete without a few hours in Carmel.

There are two other resorts that cannot be ignored, for although not in California, they are just over the border in Mexico, and owe their popularity to the thirsty citizens of the United States. At Tia Juana there is horse-racing besides unlimited drink, and of late a magnificent hotel and gambling Casino have been erected at Agua Caliente. The last is probably the gayest and most thriving town in Mexico. Enough said!



Even by running one's hand across the skin, absolutely no stubble can be felt this new way.



Neet

Cream Hair Remover

HERE'S THAT NEW WAY OF REMOVING ARM AND LEG HAIR

*So many women are
asking about*

*A new discovery that not only
removes every vestige of hair
instantly but utterly avoids
fostering bristly regrowth.*

A NEW way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair but delays its reappearance remarkably!

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

WHAT IT IS

It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt.

And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly.

When regrowth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the regrowth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

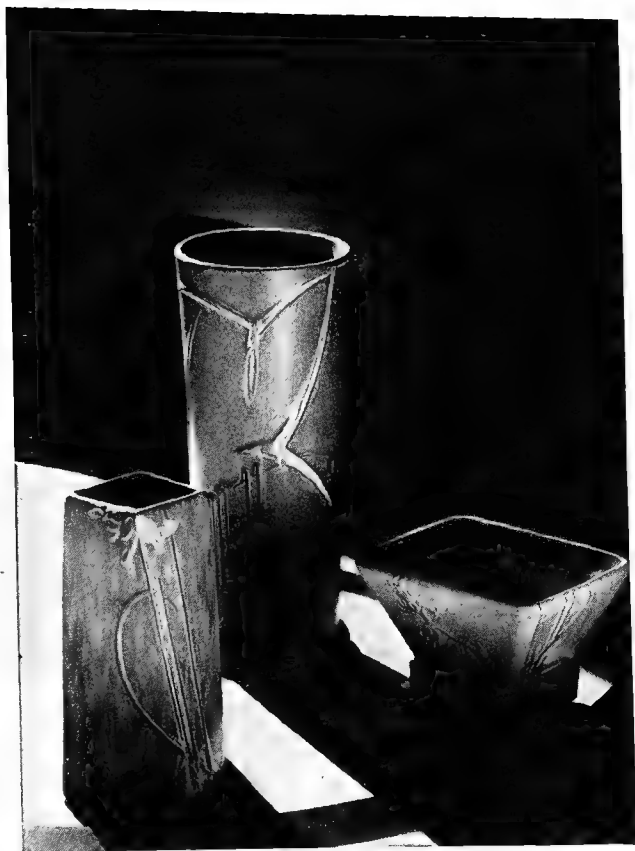
WHERE TO OBTAIN

It is called NEET—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors. In both \$1 and 60c sizes. The \$1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size.

WHAT COULD YOU EXPECT?

(Continued from page 95)

*"Beauty is created by the emotion of the artist"—SCHOEN*

ADVENTUROUS... modern... intriguing... are these creations of Roseville craftsmen. In them you see expressed through fascinating form the spirit of vital artistry... fashioned with today's appreciation of beauty.

How you will adore these Futura shapes! Picture flowers in them... wonderfully exquisite in your home... a touch of dashing charm in your living-room or hall or library... yes, in any number of places.

Many are the kinds of pieces to choose from... in several soft harmonies of delicate coloring... with tastefully modeled decorations... superb... distinctive... vastly interesting!

There are jars, vases, bowls, hanging baskets, jardinières, window boxes, wall pockets, candlesticks... scarcely any two alike. Displayed at leading stores, where you may make a selection for yourself, or remember some one with a cherished gift.

We will gladly send you a free copy of the beautifully illustrated booklet, "Pottery". Write for it.

THE ROSEVILLE POTTERY CO., Zanesville, Ohio

**ROSEVILLE
POTTERY**

door. She had her hand on the latch when a voice spoke behind her.

"I say, you can't do that!"

"What?" She turned, her hand still on the door.

"Bolt off and leave me. I didn't have any lunch, and I'm starved!" At first, all Nina saw was something very tall, with blue eyes. Next she saw two freckles, one on the extreme tip of his nose, the other just above it.

"Why, they're freckles—" she exclaimed.

"Sure, what did you think they were?"

"Dirt," said Nina.

"Everybody does, at first." He took her bare arm firmly. "Come on—you might as well—I'm not going to let you go."

"But there are no more tables," she protested.

"Sure there are. There's a prize behind that big bank of palms out there. Nobody spotted it, but I turned down the chairs in case."

"Restaurant manners," said Nina.

"Why not? It's a restaurant kind of party. I hope Mrs. Bingham's not a particular pal of yours, or anything."

"Not even anything," agreed Nina. Where was Denny Bentley hidden? "I think I'm just an emergency measure."

"Fat chance," he scoffed, "with that face and those clothes and things."

NINA laughed in spite of herself. She almost told him about the country minister, but thought better of it. It was funny though. She could think of dozens of things to say to this curious long creature. She suddenly realized they had finished two courses, and she didn't even know his name.

"As long as we're here, perhaps we'd better know who we are," she said. "I'm Nina Cunningham."

"That's a slick name—just like you. Mine's Boris Jones. Which part am I like, if any?"

"Neither," she laughed. "Boris is too grand-dukeish for freckles, and Jones is—well—"

"It is. You can't hurt my feelings. The Mater insists on Abingdon-Jones, and chucks anybody who cuts the A. B. Ab."

"And you?"

"Too long to fool with. Besides, what's the use of camouflage? Matter of fact, I just call myself B. Jones, and let it go at that. B. Jones, Jr. Dad was inculcated with Boris, too, but I don't see why it had to take on me!"

"Names are funny," agreed Nina absently. Where was he? They had come almost to the finish. One of Ling Lee's complicated, gooey, frozen desserts, rich and rather sickly. Was that a glint of blonde hair behind those massed roses? Low, intriguing, broken murmurs. Presently it would be over. The gang would break, the sentimental for the garden, the greedy for bridge and poker, the high-gear for a lively dance place five miles away. Into which class would Denny fall? Nina realized suddenly that B. Jones had spoken, and that she had not answered. He sat staring owlishly at her over his coffee.

"What's on your mind?" he asked.

"How do you know I've got one?" she parried.

"You've got one, all right. You've just been talking off the top of it. I'd like to know what's underneath."

"Only trying to remember if I turned the lights on in the car," she said lightly. "The last time I came to a party here, I forgot 'em, and somebody ripped a fender off for me. Annette's cocktails are—"

"They are!" he agreed. "If to-night's a sample. Known her long?"

"Annette? About a thousand years. We went to the same school. Why, have you?"

"What—known her long? I don't know her at all. I've just been taken into the firm—her husband's; he told her to ask me. I'm a heck of a good engineer, but no lounge lizard. I just thought I'd see what it was like."

"Well, this is a fair sample. What do you think of it now you've seen?"

"I'm no judge. I don't fit, I guess, outside the office. I just mess around with a car or a book. Are you crazy about it?"

"What, this? No, but what else is there to do?" There was a rustle behind the roses. The soft scrape of a chair. Nina rubbed out the cigarette she had just lighted, and jumped up. She was driven by an urge to see him—to speak to him again. B. Jones pushed back his chair, and came around the little table.

"What's the idea now?" he asked.

"I don't know—home, I guess. I can't play about—I have to be up early to-morrow. They'll never miss me—"

She was talking at random. How could she get rid of him?

FROM unexpected corners of the big veranda couples began to appear. Groups collected; one where card tables had been set up, another around a pile of wraps. Nina, watching, kept up a running fire of inanity. At last he appeared—alone. He met her eyes, smiled formally, passed her, and went to Annette, who emerged from the house, her sleek black hair a bit ruffled, her lip rouge a bit crooked.

"Sorry, Annette," said Denny, "but I've got to run. I'm getting the next train to town. Thanks for a jolly dinner—see you soon."

"Denny—wait—" wailed Annette shrilly. "You're not going to leave the party when the party's just begun? Don't be a prune! After all this time—"

"I'll be about for another month—you'll get sick of me. But I have to bolt now. You know I told you—"

"I don't believe all I'm told! Not rotten things like this. You haven't changed, you darned old Gibraltar!"

"Sorry—"

"You're not! You're bored frigid, or else you think we're all lost women. Well, wait till I order a car for you."

At last!

"I'm just leaving, Annette," said Nina quietly. "I'll drive Mr. Bentley to the station."

"It's a plant! I don't believe either of you! Where are you off to, Nina?" cried Annette.

"Be yourself, Annette," cut in Denny.

"Sure I sha'n't be in the way, Miss—"

"Cunningham," supplied Nina casually. "Not a bit—glad to give you a lift. By, B. Jones; thanks for the party. Look me up, the next time you come out—"

"You bet. It's been—I say, this is tough—you're not really—"

"Sorry, but I am—" said Nina, and slipped into the dark. She found the car quickly, got in, and looked back. Country minister! She'd show them. As she put out her hand to start the engine, Denny opened the porch door. From somewhere a voice cried, "Somebody's got my Denny! Who's run off with my Denny?" The blonde, in a swirl of tulle, appeared from the depths of the house. Nina opened the car door. He slipped in beside her. She started the engine and backed smoothly out. They were gone. Country minister, indeed!

"Friendly souls," commented Denny, getting his breath.

"Very," said Nina dryly. She shivered slightly.

"Cold?" asked Denny politely. If he only wouldn't be polite.

"Not a bit," she answered, shutting her teeth hard to keep them from chattering. It made her look depressingly determined. Heaven save him from a determined woman! He wished Annette had let him walk. Heaven save him from a cold, hard woman, even if she knew how to drive a car. She did know how to drive! He slumped down beside her, watched the dappled moonlight in the quiet streets, and longed for the roar of New York traffic. He got enough peace eleven months of the year. At last a turn of the road, and the smart little suburban station. Nina drew up beside the platform, and shut off her engine. She looked up and met his eyes. Now was the time for something arresting. She looked down and fumbled with her brake. She

(Continued on page 160)



“My jeweler’s timely advice saved
me years of regret”

A Bride’s Story

“I had so many things to do before my wedding,” a charming young bride told us recently. “One morning I dashed into my jeweler’s thinking I could pick out my silver pattern while a taxi waited outside to hurry me off to a luncheon!

“Naturally I wanted Sterling, but I had no idea there could be so many patterns. I looked at spoons and spoons. Finally, I eliminated all but two designs. Somehow, I just couldn’t decide between those. So I called for help.

“Instead of deciding for me, Mr. S...., my jeweler, laid out *all* the pieces of both patterns for me to see—even the serving pieces and some of the dishes and bowls.

“At first, all this array bewildered me more than ever. Then Mr. S... picked up the dinner knives of both patterns and let me handle them. I never believed there could be so much difference in balance and ‘feel’—one was so *much* better!

“Next he showed me the salad forks of

each pattern. One was far more graceful than the other. And Mr. S.... said the graceful one was better in another and more practical way, because the cutting-edge had so much better—beveling, I think he called it.

“He pointed out a lot of things about the serving pieces and the dishes, too, but long before that I knew I had found *my* pattern. I found a big taxi bill waiting for me, too, but what did *that* matter? Think of the regrets it saved me!”

In order that you may avoid the possible regrets incident to a hurried decision on the precious Sterling you will of *course* choose for *your* new home, may we suggest that you spare adequate time to profit by your jeweler’s best counsel?

He will probably tell you how *often* the final choice falls upon Towle patterns. Indeed, he will probably use a Towle pattern to illustrate how Sterling *should* be designed and finished.

TOWLE
Sterling Silver Exclusively

Emily Post’s Book for Brides:

Emily Post, famous author of “Etiquette; The Blue Book of Social Usage,” has written a new and charming little book on modern weddings. What one wears, what one does, how one chooses silver today—these are only a few of the subjects Mrs. Post talks about. We will be very glad to send you this book for 20¢ to cover handling and mailing.



The Towle Silversmiths, Dept. C-5,
Newburyport, Mass.

I enclose 20¢ in coin or stamps for Emily Post’s “Bridal Silver and Wedding Customs.”

Name _____

Address _____

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WHAT COULD YOU EXPECT?

(Continued from page 158)

was sick with disgust. She got him, and this was what she did. Everything she said, every move she made, was wrong. She might as well have been tongue-tied. She didn't know why, but he simply froze her. She might never have seen a man before. All the frivolity that had bubbled up for B. Jones sank like a stone in the silence between them. She wanted to cry suddenly, "I don't know what you've done to me! I'm not a bit like this. I think you're the most wonderful man in the world. You've got to like me—" What would he do? She ached to see. But the foot that belonged to a perfect lady stuck fast, and she couldn't get it loose. If she could only think of something—something dashing, arresting, provocative. Something a tulle blonde would say. The train would be here in another minute. She opened her mouth desperately. It was now or never.

"DO—DO you live in New York?" she asked inanely.

"I beg your pardon? Oh—do I—no, I don't live in New York—not any more. I live up-State. I'm having a month's vacation."

"Do you—plan to spend much time out here?"

"Here? No, I don't think so. Ted Bingham and I were classmates. He's a good scout. I may be out again. I'd like to see something of him before I go back."

"And of Cordelia Patterson," thought Nina viciously.

Denny opened the door and got out. Enough was enough.

"You mustn't let me keep you," he said with awful courtesy. "It must be getting late." He held out his hand, and there was nothing for Nina to do but put hers in it. He stood bareheaded beside the car in the moonlight, and Nina's heart did a daily dozen. Did he make everybody feel like this? He moved restlessly. Was the girl going to sit and stare at him all night?

"Thanks for the lift," he said at last. "Sure you don't mind going back alone?"

"Not a bit—I do it all the time."

He put his hat on, and turned definitely away. Nina started the car, and backed slowly out of the station drive. Down the tracks there was a faint whistle. The train was coming in. It would take him away, and she would never see him again. They were right—a country minister was about her class. She turned, and drove furiously up the road toward home.

"I'VE asked B. Jones out for the week-end," said Ted Bingham to Annette at breakfast, about a week after the party. She stared at him. Breakfast was off Annette's diet list, and it didn't improve her temper.

"You would!" she snapped.

"And Denny Bentley," he added amiably. He was used to Annette.

"For the love of heaven, will you please tell me why?" she asked, putting down her coffee cup.

"Because I happen to want them. After all, it's partly my house, isn't it?"

"Well keep them in your part, then. I've made other plans."

"All right—I choose the first floor, the second floor, and the garage. You can have the third floor, the garret and the cellar. How'll that be?"

"I wouldn't put it past you! Really Ted, it's a bit too much!"

"Sorry—I didn't know there was anything special on this week. You ought to have told me."

"You might ask!"

"Well, what's the objection?"

"Oh, nothing," she said sarcastically. "They ought to get on beautifully with De Lancey and his crowd. It's the first time I've been able to get them out."

"If you ask me, I hope it will be the last! What you women see in these soft-voiced, butter-muscled—"

"That's enough," snapped Annette angrily. "I can't expect you to understand the high-strung temperament, but you needn't be brutal."

"Brutal! I'd like to let a mouse loose

in De Lancey's room. I'll bet his screams would rouse the souse!"

"That's just vulgar. He doesn't drink any more than anybody else."

"I know—it only seems more."

"It's simply a matter of taste."

"You bet it is. And I'm glad mine runs to he-men like Jones and Denny!"

"I suppose you know this means asking two more girls," said Annette suddenly.

"Well, what's the objection to that?" asked Ted.

"It's not so easy to get them at a moment's notice. Anybody who's worth anything has her week-ends mortgaged all summer."

"I want Nina Cunningham for B. Jones. She's all he's talked about since he was here."

Annette laughed shrill derision. "Nina? You must be crazy. Nobody ever falls for Nina."

"Well, he's fallen, and fallen hard," said Ted stoutly. "You can ask that blonde—what's her name—for Denny."

"Cordelia Patterson? Don't be silly. I couldn't get her this late for anybody. You're a perfect pig, Ted, to ask Denny now. I want him myself when he comes out. You know how hard I've worked to get De Lancey. I'll simply have to play around with him."

"Tough, darling," said Ted getting up, "but life is like that. Good-by—I've got to drive myself to town. Cheer up, I'll take my part of the party in the boat all day Saturday, and leave you the cars. Sunday we'll switch. It won't be bad. We may not even see each other except for a meal or two."

HE WENT out through the hall, and Annette watched him get into his roadster and drive off. Then she went to the telephone. She called Cordelia. Cordelia was terribly sorry, but this particular week-end had been booked for months. Annette skilfully wove Denny's name into her regret. She could feel Cordelia brighten. It was funny how girls fell for Denny!

"Tell you what, darling," fluttered Cordelia. "I'll do a lot of telephoning, and see if I can fix it. I hate to let you down."

"That will be slick," purred Annette. "Perhaps I'd better not ask anybody in your place till I hear from you."

"Wait a minute—tell you what—we'll settle it now. I'll come. I can fix it. I'll do anything for you, darling."

"I knew you would, dear," said Annette cryptically, and hung up. One settled. She might as well call Nina now. She could get her any time, but she might forget. This time she mentioned B. Jones and Denny before the invitation. Nina wasn't doing anything special with her week-end, but Annette, and Annette's parties, her snobbery and her calculations bored her. She was phrasing her refusal when she heard Denny's name.

"Thanks very much," she said. "I'll be delighted."

NINA packed a week-end bag and drove over to the Bingham's Friday night. Annette, her pallid painter and his crowd had gone on some enterprise of their own. B. Jones corralled her at once with cries of glee, and sat with her in a shadowy corner of the veranda until Ted sent everybody off to bed. They were to get aboard the boat right after an early breakfast. Nina, for whom any old thing would do, woke at daybreak in an emergency guest-room, and wondered why she was so happy. Remembering, she scrambled out of the squeaky bed, found a bathroom, had her tub, and spent an hour dressing. She simply must be beautiful. Then she flew down stairs, and ran into Ted, who was rounding up his party.

"You look great, Nina," he told her, slipping his arm through hers. They had always been friends. "Breakfast's ready. Annette's gang won't be down before noon. How's your appetite?"

"I could eat you," she answered, slipping into a seat beside B. Jones. Cor-

(Continued on page 161)



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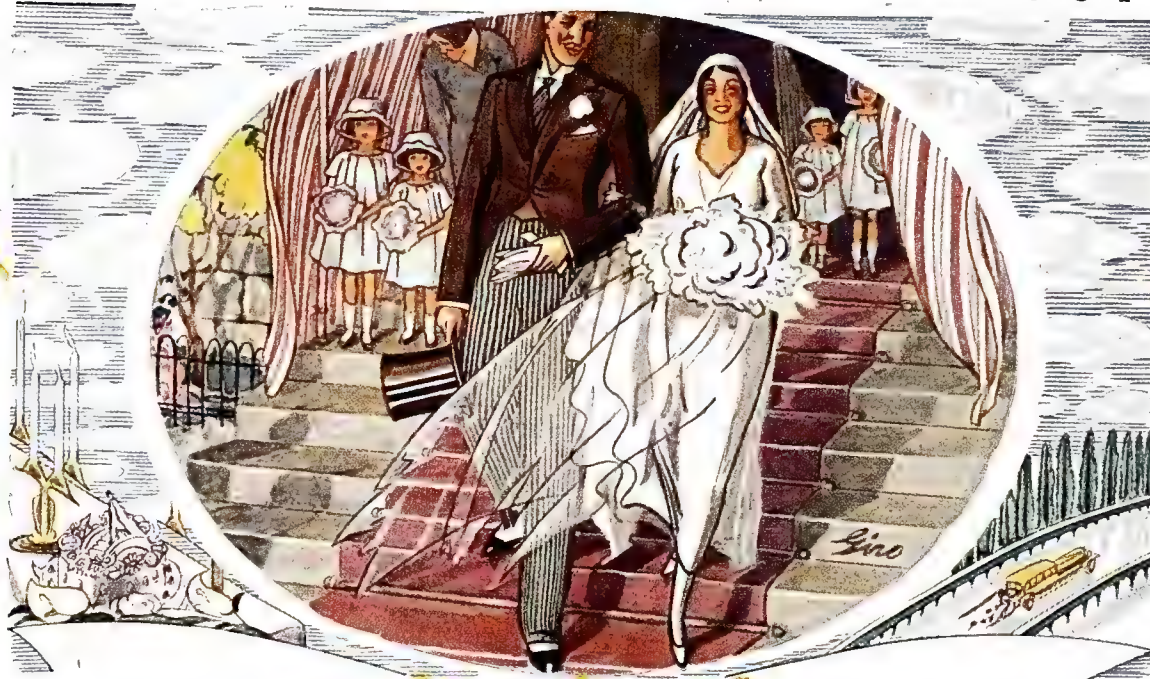
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IMPERIAL

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The modern decorator chooses rayon fabrics

AMONG the most beautiful of New York's new buildings is the clubhouse for college women known as the Panhellenic Tower. Modernistic throughout in its treatment, it offers many striking examples of the importance of rayon fabrics to modern decorative schemes. In the Tree of Life room which we have illustrated, John Mead Howells, the deco-

rator, has achieved an effect of distinguished beauty. Here he has used two rayon fabrics: A basket-weave Rodier fabric, in shades of gold and brown, for the window hangings and a large decorative panel on the wall. And for the upholstered furniture, in contrasting shades, a suede-finish rayon fabric which has the good looks and sturdy wearing quality of leather.

Decidedly, rayon is the *modern* textile, bringing new strength and beauty to a wealth of modern fabrics. From the hand looms of the famous Hélène Henri—from Bianchini—from Rodier—from our own distinguished designers—come exquisite materials in rich variety to enhance the charm of modern interiors.

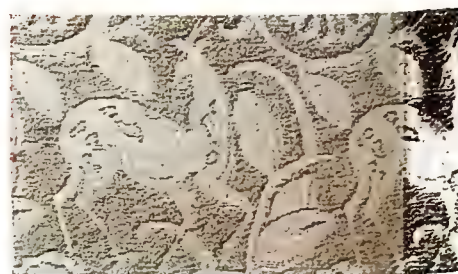
You will find in your own store a rayon fabric for every decorative purpose—from sunny window curtains to luxurious tapestries. And always you will find rayon adding suppleness of texture and novelty of patterning—new fast colors and a new wear-resisting durability. The Rayon Institute of America, Inc., 250 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



Rayon and cotton have been used to create two accompanying fabrics. The one above for upholstery, the one below for curtains.



These fabrics echo the Marie Antoinette period in design. The colors are exquisite shades of rose. Both from Lord & Taylor.



A chenille-type cotton fabric with flat gazelle pattern in rayon is extremely decorative. From Stern Brothers.

RAYON

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

WHAT COULD YOU EXPECT?

(Continued from page 160)

delia in white silk sports clothes—Cordelia's present line was being ethereal—had pulled a chair close to Denny, and was doing her best to spoil his breakfast. Nina, in her knitted dress, felt suddenly like a clumsy schoolgirl. She might have known, she told herself. She might at least have had sense enough to stay at home.

But later, tucked into the stern of the motor-boat, she began to brighten. The nice thing about mornings was, you never knew what would happen by night. She watched the clean blue-green of the water, racing by. It was as clear as sunshine, between the patches of sudsy foam flakes. She thrilled. The air was magical. It was a day for miracles. They were headed fifty or sixty miles up the Sound, with luncheon at a Yacht Club. Then a lazy cruise, dinner wherever they found themselves, and a late run home. Nothing exciting, but Ted was happier on water than on land, and took it for granted everybody else was too. He had reckoned without Cordelia. Having ditched a party for Denny, she intended to get her money's worth. It was a grand-stand play, and rather ridiculous, but Cordelia was beautiful, and unrivalled at getting her man. All through the morning, and at luncheon ashore, Nina manufactured chatter to B. Jones and Ted, and suffered pangs of contempt for Denny, and loathing for Cordelia. In the bow of the boat, Cordelia cuddled against Denny, and Denny seemed perfectly satisfied.

It was about five in the afternoon that fate took a hand for Nina. A soft haze had settled over the day. It lent a touch of languor to the air, and having lulled its victims, proceeded to launch a man-size fog, with the swiftness known only near the sea. One minute there were wooded shores and shining stretches of water; the next a streaming blanket of soggy white, and that was all.

"For Pete sake," called Cordelia suddenly, "look at my clothes—they're ruined!"

"What's the idea?" asked B. Jones of Ted. "I'm a land-lubber, and not up on sea-ethics."

"Bad fog," said Ted briefly. He was hazy about his sense of direction, and didn't want to admit it. "Better anchor, if I can get a bit nearer shore. Too deep here."

"Which way is shore?" asked Denny casually.

"Right," answered Ted, heading that way.

CORDELIA jumped up, and made a clumsy passage toward him. Her hair hung in lank, unbeautiful strings, and her large violet eyes were even now a bit wild.

"You're going the wrong way, you fool," she cried dropping down near him.

"Don't think so. Just be patient a minute—we'll be O. K." Cordelia made a fatal move. She grasped the wheel, and swung it out of his hands.

"This way—I know it's this way," she began hysterically.

"Take your hands off that wheel!" said Ted. None of them had ever heard him speak like that. It subdued even Cordelia. She dropped her hands with an uneven giggle. But the mischief was done. The boat had swerved, and Ted had lost his way. The fog settled like a quilt over them. Like a lid, clamped down. They could just make out each other's faces, and the dim outlines of the boat.

"Which way are we going?" asked Denny.

"I don't know," Ted admitted stolidly.

"What did you grab that wheel for?" B. Jones demanded suddenly of Cordelia. He had few social inhibitions, and he didn't like Cordelia, anyway.

"How dare you speak to me that way?" she countered venomously. "If Ted had let me alone, we'd have been ashore by now."

"Ashore on the bottom of the Sound," he spat out. "We'll be there anyway as soon as we get in the track of the steamers."

Cordelia screamed.

"Don't let's be silly," said Nina quietly,

who up to now had said nothing at all. "Everything's all right. We're probably headed straight in, if we only knew it."

The men looked at the vague outline of her gratefully. Even Cordelia subsided for a moment.

"No use just bumming around," said Ted. "I'll drop the anchor, anyway. I don't think it'll hold, but it might. You never can tell."

It didn't. They began to drift. It was better than steaming ahead without direction. The fog might lift as suddenly as it had fallen. They might pull through without a hitch. They might run into a small boat. They might be run down by a big one. It was an even chance. In the meantime, there was nothing to do but drift, and wait. And waiting, as everyone knows, is a destructive process. Cordelia was the only one who did much talking.

"What time is it?" she demanded once. Somebody struck a match, and somebody else told her it was half past eight. She yelped like a puppy someone had stepped on.

"Then it's dark now, anyway! I mean, even if it wasn't for this fog. Why did I ever come on this fool trip?"

"Anybody care if I beamed her?" whispered B. Jones to Nina. Nina snickered. She was really terribly frightened, but somehow she couldn't show it. Also, she was frightfully ashamed of Cordelia. Just for the sex. It seemed such a give-away. She wished Cordelia would faint, or something.

"Haven't you got any lights?" moaned Cordelia. "I know somebody'll run into us. Oh—h—h—"

"They're on," Ted assured her, "but nobody could see 'em in this." It wasn't so much that he was patient, but after all, he had got them into this. He politely squashed the answer that suggested itself—that if Cordelia hadn't changed his course they would probably have been in by now. A far-off reverberation came weirdly out of the wall of fog. It shut off his thoughts abruptly. He knew what it was. Should he tell them, or let them find it out?"

"Sound boat, isn't it?" said Denny quietly in his ear.

"Fraid so."

"What are you going to do?"

"Nothing to do but ride it out. If I start her, I may run into it. See if you can dig out some life-preservers—just in case. Locker in the stern."

"Right," said Denny.

"Where are you going?" wailed Cordelia. "Don't leave me, Denny! I can't bear—oh, what's that?"

"That," called B. Jones with malice, "is a Sound steamer. Maybe she'll hit us, and maybe she won't. She probably will. I hope you can swim." He put an arm around Nina, as Denny thrust something into their hands. Cordelia's voice, by now, from hearty use, should have given out. But she mustered one last ear-splitting scream, and fainted across Ted's arms.

"Hang!" said Ted vehemently. "Will somebody take this—this—"

"Bring her over here," said Nina. "I'll look after her."

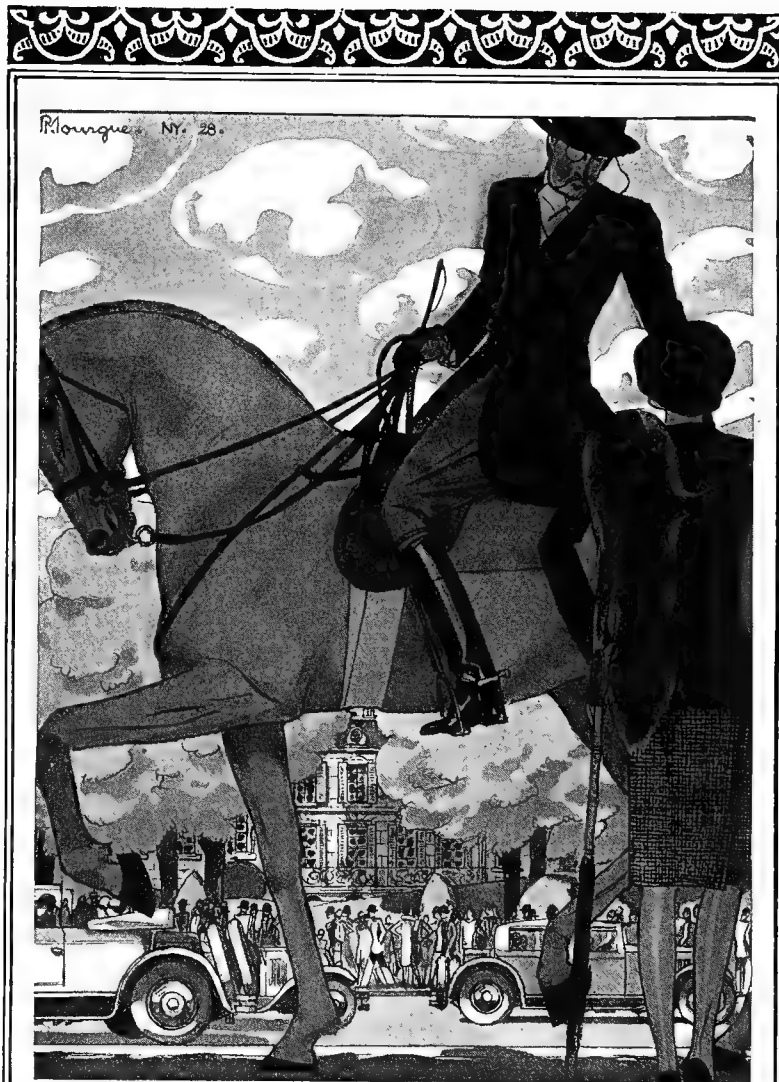
DENNY dumped her over like a sack of potatoes. Nina put out her hand, but there wasn't time to do much. The engine beats grew louder—they deafened her—and through the white wall rose the steamer. It's fog-horn bleating, lights smeared mistily along its sides, it reared hugely above them, while they held their breaths. It slithered past a hundred yards away. Not much, but enough. Ted, his engine humming, swung his boat to meet the swells head first. They came with a great wash, and rolled on. The little boat lay over sickeningly, but righted herself at last. Cordelia, drenched with spray, came to—still screaming.

"Oh, shut up!" said B. Jones, finding himself oddly alive.

"I'm dying—I'm soaked—I'll have pneumonia—"

"Put this on," said Nina, digging out

(Concluded on page 163)



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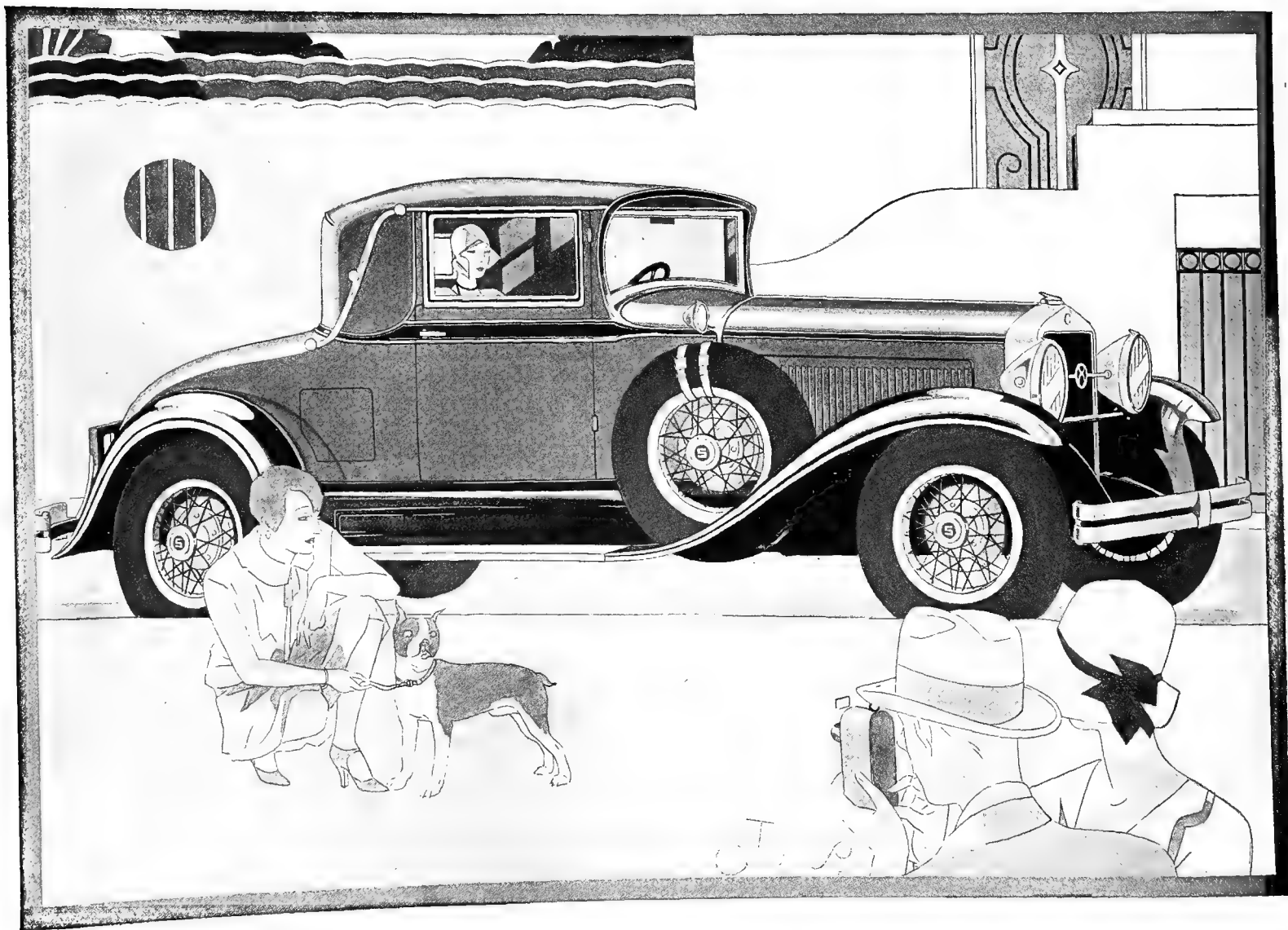
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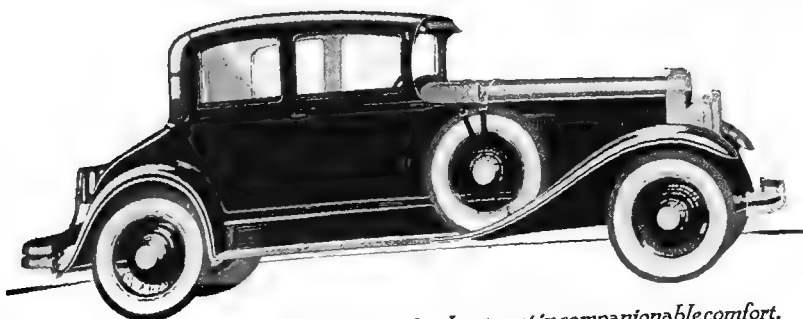
French Line Officers and Stewards Converse in English

EVER HIGHER IN KEY...SWIFTER IN TEMPO

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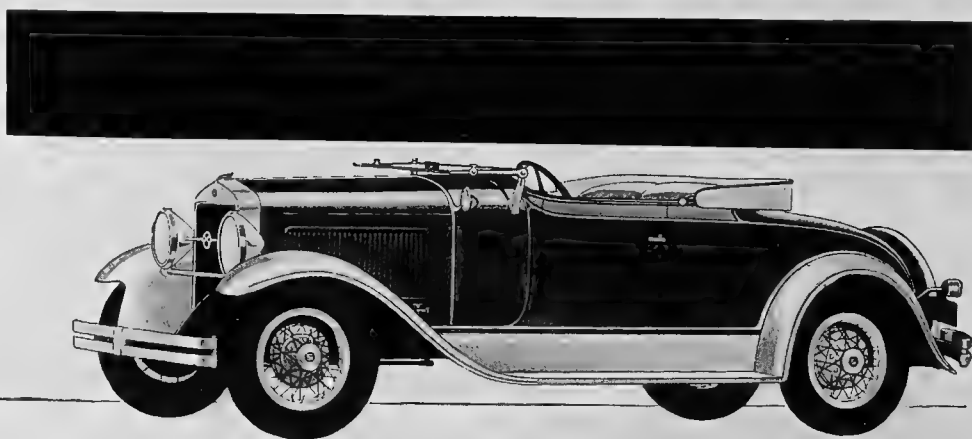
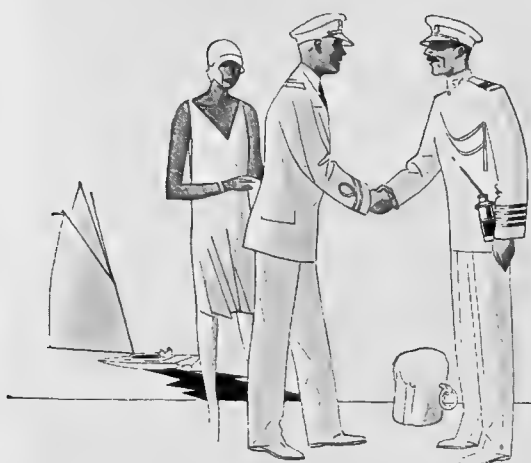
The new President Eight Convertible Cabriolet for Four beautifully combines on the 115-horsepower World-champion chassis, the roadster's racy lines with the all-weather comfort of an enclosed car. Windows raise and lower with top either up or down. \$1895. Commander Eight Cabriolet \$1645; Commander Six Cabriolet \$1495. Six wire wheels and luggage grid standard equipment.



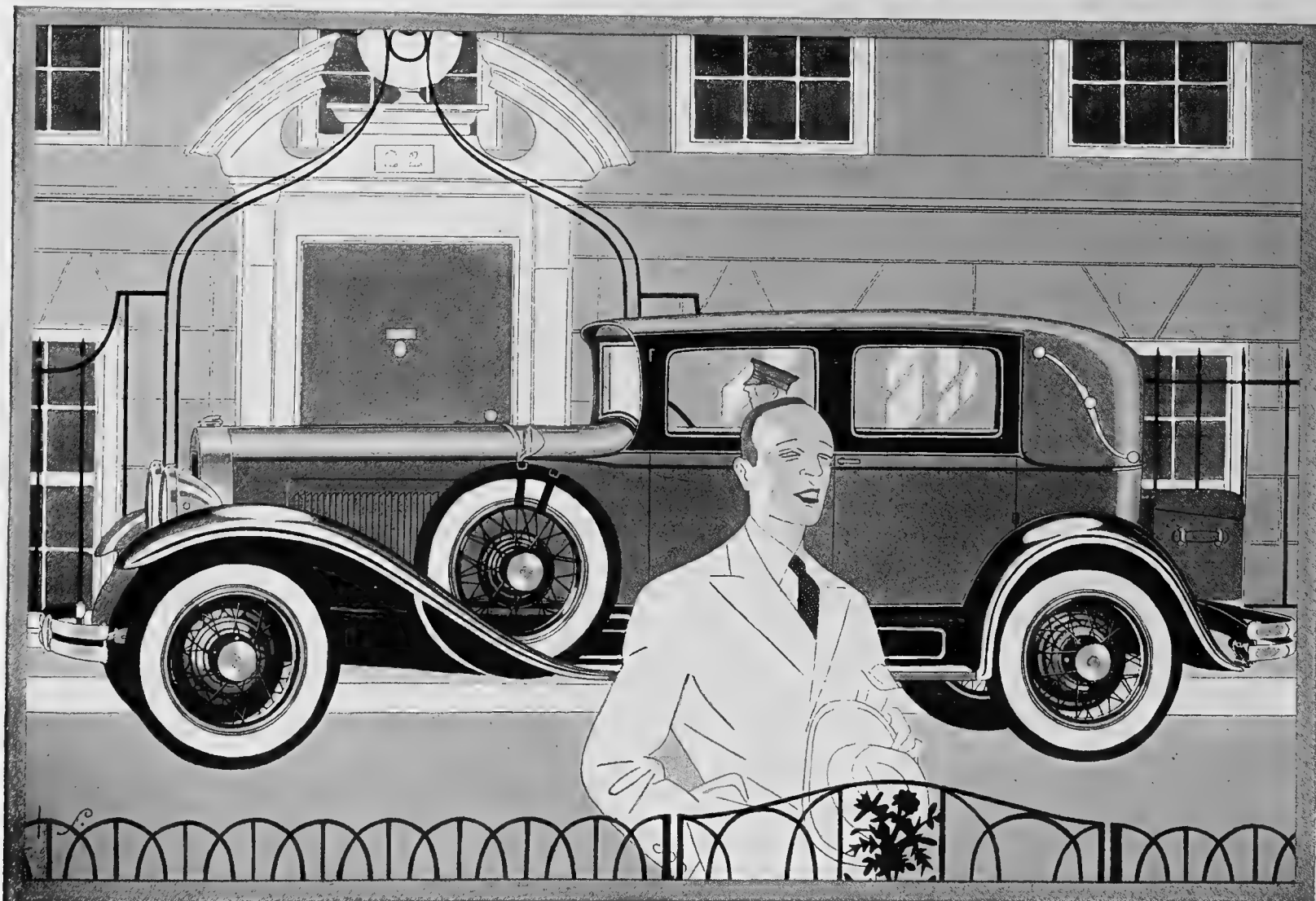
The new President Eight State Victoria provides the utmost in companionable comfort. Wider windows provide greater vision than is usual in this body type, which has become so popular for owner-driven social and business use. Six wire wheels and trunk rack standard equipment. Priced \$1895 at the factory. Commander Victoria, as an Eight, \$1525; as a Six \$1375. Prices at the factory. Bumpers and spare tires extra.

SWIFTER, keener, higher, rises the vibrant theme of modern motor modes. And most fittingly, Studebaker, holder of every official stock car record for speed and endurance, strikes the first fresh note of this new and finer motor car style.

Inspired by speed and stamina unmatched in all motordom, Studebaker's craftsmen have admirably interpreted these championship qualities in coachcraft of real distinction. Even in repose, these great new Studebaker eights and sixes proudly express their flashing fleetness and tireless energy.



The New Commander Eight Regal Roadster for Four abundantly fulfills the promise of thrilling speed and dauntless stamina. Hydraulic shock absorbers. Priced \$1595. Commander Six Regal Roadster, \$1450. Five wire wheels. Commander Six Business Roadster, \$1375.

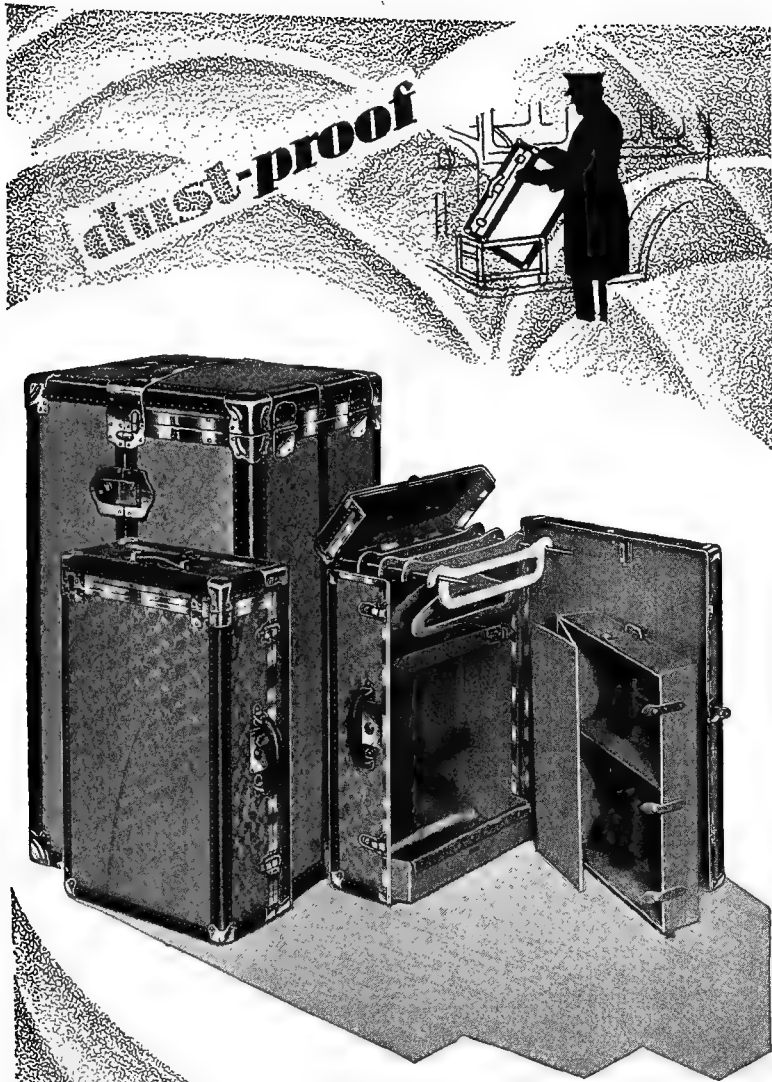


Worthily matching this spirited performance is the quiet comfort which only Studebaker-built cars provide. Poised on ball bearings, friction-free—low swung and steady, due to costlier double-drop frames—gentle and restful because of new type hydraulic shock absorbers. Your Studebaker motor car is a Champion—yet its cost is not excessive, the result of Studebaker's One-Profit manufacture.

The New President Eight Brougham for Five, a magnificent interpretation of championship performance. Broadcloth upholstery in French pillow fashion. Folding center arm rest in rear. Upholstered hassocks replace conventional footrest. Priced \$2350. Commander Eight Brougham, \$1675; Commander Six Brougham, \$1525. Six wire wheels and trunk standard all Broughams.

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MENDEL TOURIST

—the case for every travel need—

CAUGHT AT CANNES

(Continued from page 75)

tions of crêpe de Chine. Example sketched, a yoke of strips of beige, yellow and black crêpe on a black sweater, with yellow tie edged with black.

BLOUSES—A few white batiste blouses, some with starched collars, one with plaited jabot. The new very long blouses. Example sketched on page 75, long white sleeveless blouse of thin woolen material, dark blue skirt, scarf of white tricot with blue stripes, white felt hat dipping in the back, long heavy brown antelope gloves, matching the brown in the white and brown shoes. This was worn with a tailored three-quarter length dark blue coat, belted in the back, with pockets.

SCARFS—Still important. The newest are in several different colors of crêpe de Chine, pieced together in odd shapes. Example sketched on page 75, from Reboux in beige, bright yellow, pale gray, and pale chartreuse, with black and yellow Reboux hat. One example noted was worn with an iron gray tailleur, scarf of fine black and white dots tied in large bow under the chin, white felt hat banded with dotted crêpe, very large envelope bag to match. This ensemble is from Reboux. Some scarfs in chiffon noted, but very few prints used in this way.

Handkerchief shapes, triangles, and straight scarfs all seen, some of the straight ones long, others quite short.

HATS—Small felts most numerous, in both toque and cloche shape. Nearly always longer on one side. Often turned up sharply in front with dipping brim in back, the "sou'wester" line. Sometimes matching costume, sometimes accessories. The ribbon bands, using two or three colors, are revived for this type of hat. Some trimmed with scarfs, example sketched on page 75. Agnès felt cloche in navy blue, with scarf of thin silk printed in several blues. Many turbans, Agnès jerseys in one or two colors, also her new turban in shiny straw braid, sketched on page 75.

Some of the new flexible straw hats, the material treated like felt.

Brimmed hats on sunny days, moderate in size, often symmetric, often much longer on one side, usually the right. Example sketched on page 74, black parasol, heavy satin ribbon.

A few berets in felt, and one in the new flexible straw. Basque berets for sports.

In color, hats may match costumes, or accessories. Quite a number of white hats.

COLORS—DAYTIME: White, but not alone. Combined with black, navy blue, red, or brown, in strong contrast effects. For the first time in Cannes in the spring, black in sports types, combined with white, yellow or beige.

Many yellows, mimosa, buttercup, lemon, eggnog. Blues, navy, linen, and pale blues, often combined.

Considerable red, used both in ensembles and in combination with white for sports clothes. Beiges still important, both for sports clothes, and afternoon ensembles of coat and crêpe frock. Some pale ensembles, almond green, lighter blues, trimmed with lynx or fox.

Gray negligible for the daytime.

EVENING: A preponderance of white. Fourteen couples dancing at the Ambassadeurs during supper, nine of the women wearing white gowns.

Thin black.

Then the pale colors, flesh, pale green, pale blue.

Some midnight, middle and slate blues. Some bright and deep reds.

Some two-color gowns, pale blue and black for example. In printed chiffons, of which there were many combinations of several colors, orange, yellow and brown, or coral, beige and black, or several blues, et cetera. The printed chiffons have a tendency to be dark in color this year with the exception of the yellows, some of which are fresh and light.

Some gray for evening in thin materials.

SHOES—DAYTIME: In spite of the fact that the white and tan shoes may be

bought quite cheaply ready-made, this type is still smart.

There is a tendency toward new combinations, without the usual perforations.

Plain pumps, in kid, lizard, some in Russia leather.

Some plain highly polished brown calf oxfords.

Dark blue shoes with navy costumes. Few white shoes (too early).

Many beige shades with more formal type of ensembles.

All daytime shoes are very plain.

EVENING: Slippers and sandals. Some evening shoes in two colors, to match the two-colored evening gowns. Example sketched on page 75, in black suede and gilded leather from Greco.

A return to the pale rosy-beige satin slipper, with an important diamond buckle. Example sketched on page 74.

Very little foot jewelry otherwise. Many matching costumes, some contrasting, as for example red shoes with white evening gown, red flowers and jewelry.

BAGS—DAYTIME: The bag with a handle perhaps more numerous than the envelope, but both are seen.

Some enormous envelopes, in fabrics to match scarf.

Panama bag, edged with colored leather.

Some bags in materials matching costumes.

EVENING: Pouch and envelope shapes, moderate sized. Lamés and old brocades with handsome jeweled fastenings. Finest black antelope with marcasite or diamond monograms and fastenings with black gowns. Novelty, flat envelope in white velvet matching gown, with carved coral monogram, white chiffon handkerchief with same monogram embroidered in coral silk.

GLOVES—The antelope pull-on is still the smartest, in beige, matching the stockings, sometimes in white with special costumes. A tendency toward a darker brown, if the costume calls for it. A few of the new very heavy, much longer, handstitched gloves, as in example sketched on page 75, with long white blouse and navy skirt. A tendency to keep the gloves on, even while drinking tea or cocktails and frequently for afternoon dancing.

A few tan dogskin gloves to go with polished brown oxfords.

Occasionally a black glove, when the costume calls for it.

STOCKINGS—Sunburn shades in the daytime, except with costumes where white predominated, or with pale pastel costumes, when the stocking was often a lighter slightly yellowed beige. White only with tennis clothes.

Evening, majority matched the skin. With black gowns, a few of the grayed-mauve shade, if becoming. General tendency toward lighter shades with pale gowns, and darker with darker shades.

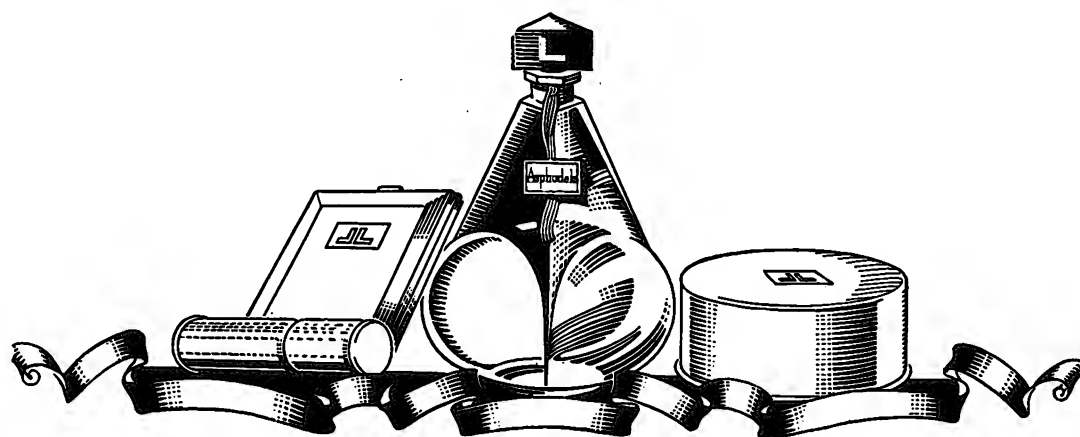
FLOWERS—Many natural flowers worn in the evening; camellias, gardenias, carnations most usual. Pretty arrangement of white lilac and big diamond brooch. Odd placing of two white camellias at tip of V décolleté on white velvet gown.

Almost no flowers in the daytime.

DOGS—More and better dogs is a Cannes motto. Sealyhams, wire-hairs, Pekingese, Airedales, and police dogs are the favorites. The dog's leash matches the accessories of his mistress's costume.

SOME SPECIAL COSTUMES—Mrs. Reginald Fellowes, sketched on page 75, wearing a Molyneux gown in brown tulle and chiffon, with huge fabric flower and one strass shoulder-strap. She also wore in the daytime a brownish-gray tweed, three-quarter coat with fluffy fur collar and fur cuffs running up the outside of the sleeve to the elbow, long crêpe scarf in brownish gray, and odd gray-white hat, rolled up over the ears like a

(Concluded on page 168)



TOUCHED WITH A FLOWER'S SORCERY

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In all the finer shops, as well as in the *Lenthéric* Salon, you will find a complete ensemble of fragrance in your favorite *Lenthéric* odeur, reflecting with rich fidelity the radiance of *Asphodèle*, *Miracle* or *le Pirate* . . . Soothing as scented pomade are the *Lenthéric* lipsticks in cases as gay as toys of pearl-and-gold . . . Each silver-misted powder box holds its own matching puff! . . . So slim and jewel-like is the silvery compact that you're surprised to discover it serves a double purpose—and each has its extra powder refill. At delightfully moderate prices.

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ENGRAVED STATIONERY MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION

THE WAY TO A MAN'S HEART

(Continued from page 87)

wallow in really authentic borsch in surroundings that haven't been doctored up in the hope of making the poor deluded tourist think he's seeing High Jinks in Russia. There is, in addition to the really excellent food, a haunting Balalaika orchestra and a floor entertainer who does not sing the Volga Boatman once during the entire evening, but who does wail in the characteristic Russian fashion like nothing I've ever heard.

Or if Peter has a preference for native viands out of a land that has long been Russia's traditional enemy, I'd suggest Miyako at 340 West 58th Street, where you can maul as nice a meal with a pair of chop-sticks as you've ever had before you—that is, if you like Oriental cooking, which the majority of people, I find, do not. The *plat de résistance* is prepared before your very eyes, I might say right in the middle of your table without fear of contradiction, and it is downright intriguing to watch the goings-on. The service is Japanese throughout and so are most of the guests. Foreign trade is accorded a warm welcome, but no play whatever is made for your patronage. Nazimova was making considerable headway with a bowl of native vegetables during one of my early visits, but up to last week they hadn't changed the name of the bamboo shoot to the Nazimova sprout.

If, on the other hand, Peter is bored with so-called "atmosphere" restaurants and enjoys sturdier fare, I strongly urge the Forty-Ninth Street Chop House in 49th Street, east of Sixth Avenue. Here they specialize in planked steaks, chops and pedigreed seafood. I defy you to find an oyster minus his identification disk. The quantity of shell-food consumed here in the course of an evening is pretty good anti-ptomaine insurance.

Mannie's, at 69 Forsythe Street, specializes in much the same kind of thing and serves besides a particularly good Schnitzel Holstein and an unbeatable Steak Tartare. Here you'll meet up with something you'll love or loathe. Dirty-faced urchins, who look not unlike the gangsters of to-morrow, insist on helping you out of your car and beg plaintively for tips, and the street itself, which is little more than an alley, makes you feel that if you hang around long enough you may see police history in the making. This, however, can only give your robust escort a plausible excuse for clutching your arm and saying, "There, there, little woman, I will protect you." So I'd say the result justified the risk, if any.

After two evenings of "men's victuals," Peter may be reconciled to trying something less hardy, in which event, I'd suggest a visit to Ka Lama at 56 West 51st Street. It is still the only Hawaiian eating place worth mentioning, and has really beautiful curries, guavas and coconut cake which defies description. Then, too, there are unique little jars of special chutney available, with which you can effectively placate mother when she scolds about the late hours you keep. Although Mrs. Gunn caters to mixed company, I must in all fairness add that Ka Lama is sometimes called The Hawaiian Tea House and men who object to a touch of the Ladies' Aid Society atmosphere will not be completely happy in these surroundings.

If Peter shares with me a hearty interest in hors d'oeuvres, the ingredients of which remain an unsolved mystery until the last chapter, take him to the Marguery at 270 Park Avenue where the stellar item on the menu is a hot appetizer that is made to sizzle invitingly before your eyes. Here you will be intrigued or annoyed by the seating arrangement which has been patterned after the best Paris tradition. As for me, I like to sit opposite my victim, so that I can indulge in a mental *touche* after each successful conversational sally, but you may be able to do your stuff to better advantage sitting in insinuating proximity at his side.

If you are one of those who have confidence in the old adage which sets forth that "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," I'd repair post haste to

the Sherry-Netherland at 59th Street and Fifth Avenue, where a violinist of no mean ability will cooperate with your laudable desire to make Peter give more concrete expression to some of the softer emotions. If the seductive gypsy strains, which I suspect he plays on his heart strings, don't make Peter meek, mellow and matrimonial in intention, nothing will.

Then there is the Park Lane at 47th Street and Park Avenue, which is a decided help to any young girl trying to get along. In addition to providing a charming room, beautifully cooked food, and very satisfactory music, they furnish you with a highly decorative pack of cards, after which all that is expected of you is that you play them well.

Perhaps you were one of those Louis Sherry enthusiasts who heralded the opening of the new shop at 62nd Street and Madison Avenue with clapping of hands and singing in the streets, in which event a trip to the latest addition to the Sherry chain will gladden your heart. It is the last word in food shops and well worth your consideration. In addition to its very apparent interior qualities, it enjoys the added distinction of having been awarded a prize for being the handsomest of the smaller uptown buildings. And whoever has installed the lighting system has done a singularly shrewd piece of work, let me add, for it is the one "store" that does not inflict a barrage of electricity that adds at least five years to the age of the youngest of us—and who, after all, are we to spurn such a palpable aid to nature.

If French cooking is his culinary passion, turn in at Perroquet at 35 East 51st Street and buy yourselves either *Proterolles* or *Crêpe Suzette* before leaving the premises. Here you may be as dressy or as informal as you like and be in step either way. I wouldn't recommend attendance on an evening when you've told your great-aunt that you couldn't accept her invitation to dinner because of severe migraine, for you are sure to run into at least one person who will innocently enlighten her.

If you both share my delight in the kind of salad one gets all over Europe and almost nowhere in America, salad that in the privacy of a bowl is seasoned with some magical condiments and "fatigued" until it is devoid of all crispness, journey to Le Mirliton in East 58th Street just off Fifth Avenue. The cuisine is generally excellent but the hors d'oeuvres and salad are the bait that invariably lure me to its doors.

If Peter is in a mood for mooning and is a bit sheepish about being caught at it, let him give you dinner at the Prince George Hotel at 28th Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues. Here, in thoroughly respectable surroundings (for it is a decidedly commercial caravansary) he will be able to display some of his best technique without fear of detection, for almost all of the illumination seems to emanate from cigarette butts that are conspicuously poised, as if to say, "See, those of you who are interested, I'm not misbehaving."

For a quiet meal in rooms that have none of the restaurant quality, I'd suggest any one of those I am about to enumerate. With a break of luck you may be one of those fortunate people who are permitted an intimate glimpse of one or two of those witty fellows who are so hilariously funny in the daily prints, for it is in these unobtrusive haunts that they make their innocuous whoopee in their own inimitable way:

The Egyptians, 168 West 58th Street.
Tony's, 42 East 53rd Street.
Julius, 109 East 61st Street.
Forty-two West Forty-Ninth Street.
Tony's, 65 West 49th Street.
Sixty-five East Fifty-fourth Street.
Don Juan, 38 East 53rd Street.

If you can get Peter down to the Grand Central Station without having him think that he is being railroaded into departing with you for another state, induce him to have a bowl of oyster-stew or some clam broth at the oyster bar there. At the first mouthful of either, all suspicion

(Concluded on page 168)

Grace the occasion with charm and character use Genuine Engraving

FOR this, the most important of all events, you are determined that everything must be in perfect taste. Wedding Announcements and Invitations will be closely scrutinized. In this important matter take no chance of substitution. Only *genuine engraving* is accepted by those who set social standards. You may identify *genuine engraving* by the symbol pictured here. Be sure that this mark is affixed to the engraved material you buy.



Genuine Engraved Business Cards Open Closed Doors

Do you know what this is ?



THIS, as a clever French-woman has said, is what goes on behind your back when you get a Eugène Permanent wave. . . . It is the Eugène Sachet. Your permanent waver uses 26 to 40 of them for each genuine Eugène Permanent Wave.

Note the perforated steam-tab of the Eugène Sachet. From its tiny perforations come countless jets of steam that gently, but permanently, impart your Eugène wave.

The perforated steam-tab controls, confines and concentrates the steam where the operator wants it, permitting infinite adaptability to every type and condition of hair.

There is no other sachet with this exclusive, patented feature — the secret of the beautifully natural Eugène Wave. . . . That is why your conscientious per-



manent waver gladly pays more for Eugène Sachets . . . for the wave's sake and for yours!

Avoid the Bargain Waver

Pay the price for expert skill and make sure that your hair is waved with the *genuine* Eugène Sachets. . . . Look for the famous Eugène trade mark symbol on each Sachet.

See What They Are Like—Send for one, Free!

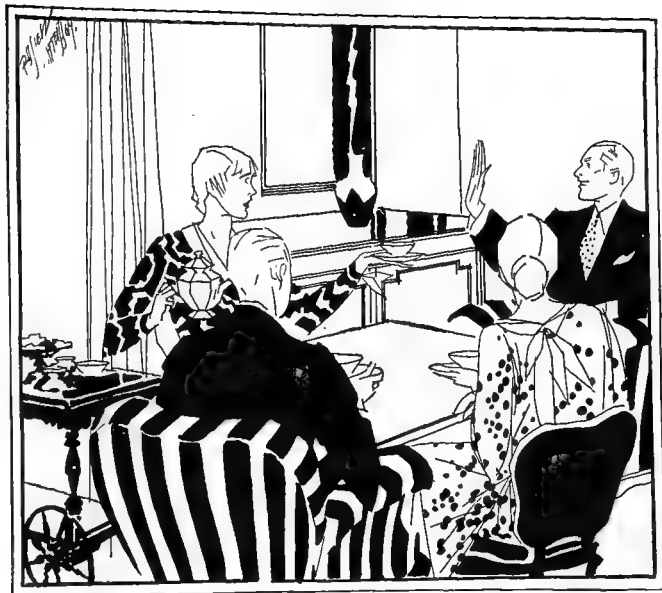
We will gladly send you a sample sachet for your inspection, together with our interesting booklet, "The Eugène Method," and a list of genuine Eugène Wavers in your vicinity. . . . Eugène, Ltd., 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City. London, Paris, Berlin, Sydney.

EUGÈNE

PERMANENT WAVES

WHAT COULD YOU EXPECT?

(Concluded from page 161)



Do you ever hesitate to drink coffee at night?

Try the coffee that lets you sleep

SO MANY people deny themselves the pleasure of coffee in the evening—and dinner loses a lot of cheer.

How unnecessary! You can enjoy all the coffee you want, no matter how late the hour, if it's Kaffee Hag Coffee.

Kaffee Hag Coffee will not keep you awake. It is 97% free of the drug caffeine—the drug that affects nerves and prevents sleep.

And what a delightful flavor and aroma! Several of the world's finest coffees are blended to produce one of the most satisfying coffees you ever tasted. Mellow, full-strength, heartening. No one ever knows the tasteless caffeine is gone.

Try Kellogg's* Kaffee Hag Coffee. Let the family enjoy it, breakfast, lunch, or supper. . . . What could be more welcome to the coffee lover who has been putting up with substitutes?

Kaffee Hag Coffee comes in sealed cans. Steel cut or in the bean. Served by hotels, restaurants, on diners. Sold by dealers everywhere. Let us send you a generous can today. Mail the coupon.

★ Now a *Kellogg* product

KAFFEE HAG CORPORATION
1881 Davenport Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me, postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag to make ten cups of good coffee. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin).

Name _____

Address _____



KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

The coffee that lets you sleep

her coat. She had kept it dry under some cushions, and was just reaching it for herself.

"Aren't you wet, my dear?" said Denny. He sat down suddenly beside her. She looked into his eyes through the mist. It was the first time, she felt, that he had ever really seen her.

"Wet? Of course, I'm wet," she told him.

"Put your coat on—I'll find her something—" Nina could see him tugging at his jacket.

"Keep it on, do you hear me?" she ordered sharply.

"But you need it—you're cold—"

"I'm not either," she lied happily. She would have suffered more than cold.

"You—you're wonderful—" he stumbled on. "I never saw anybody like you—"

It took you a long time to find it out, thought Nina.

"I haven't done anything," she said.

"That's it—" he began, "just looked at death and didn't do anything—"

"There wasn't anything to do," said Nina. Somehow he found her hand and held it hard.

"It's lifting," cried Ted suddenly. Cordelia began to sob strickenly.

"Shut up, can't you?" called B. Jones crossly. He had seen Nina and Denny hand in hand.

"You—you great brute—with no nerves—"

"Don't let's fight," commanded Ted cheerfully. "I'm beginning to get my bearings." He got up his anchor, and they started ahead. The fog thinned. It turned to fine rain. It was gone.

At midnight they landed, and climbed into a waiting car. Denny slid into a seat beside Nina, and put his arm around her. She tucked her head down on his shoulder as if it had never been anywhere else.

"I don't know how you'll stand my job," he whispered, "but you'll just have to, that's all."

"I can stand it," said Nina.

"But you don't even know what I am, do you?" He pushed back her wet hair, and kissed her.

"No."

"Don't you care?"

"If you want me to. What are you?"

"I—I'm a country minister," said Denny.

THE WAY TO A MAN'S HEART

(Concluded from page 166)

as to your motives will be dispelled, and you may be sure you will never be stood up by that young man unless it be at this bar.

After having spent the better part of the day in a stuffy office building, he may long to have his dinner in the country, in which event I'd plan to spend one evening at Joe Smallwood's at Roslyn, Long Island. The music is divine, the view even more so, and the food—well, I'm told it's just dandy, but by the time it arrives I'm having such a good time that "I wouldn't know about that."

Up Westchester way, where the Kensico Reservoir begins, if you "bear to the left" (and my remembering that old Blue Book expression will give you a rough idea of my real age) you will come upon a shack labeled Charlie's Inn. Here I've eaten the only shore dinner worthy of the name, other signs along the road to the contrary notwithstanding. A brother of the once famous Jack runs the place, and the food and service are on a par with the high standard he set at 44th Street and Sixth Avenue in other days. And in case you don't know, it's

a heavenly drive home along the Bronx River Parkway, and while I grant that in most things Colonel Lindbergh is unique, I can state with some little authority that there are others who can drive automobiles with one hand.

Then, of course, there are the Roofs—the Ritz, the St. Regis, and the Cascades at the Biltmore.

And now, my dear Hildegard, I believe I've done as well by you as I know how, so in my optimistic fashion I shall search the daily mails for a wedding invitation almost any time after you are in possession of these helpful hints, and I promise faithfully that when the minister says, "Who gives this bride away?" you can count on my unequivocal silence at that moment and for all time.

One thing more before I go—never, never, under any conditions, hand Peter your fork with your choicest mushroom perched on it, for in the end you will only find (probably on the way home that night) that he'll bite the hand that fed him.

Rich in experience,
EVE APPLETON.

CAUGHT AT CANNES

(Concluded from page 164)

Dutch bonnet.

Marquise de Paris sketched on page 75, in an Augustabernard gown of flesh colored satin with slippers to match. She wore in the daytime a white crêpe de Chine frock, with bright red cardigan, long necklace of red and white beads, white hat with a red band, white and tan shoes, tan lizard belt and bag, with a summer ermine coat.

Comtesse Jean de Polignac, simple two-piece in beige jersey, beige jersey turban, summer ermine coat.

A smart Parisienne, heavy off-white tussore coat with huge short-haired fur collar, bleached to yellow, bright chestnut felt hat with yellow and chestnut ribbon band, brown and white scarf, tan and white shoes.

Madame de Pana, pale almond green ensemble, lynx fur, green felt cloche turned up in front, gray lizard pumps and gray silk parasol.

A smart South American, three-quarter tailored coat of stiff smooth gray-brown fur, white flannel frock pin-tucked, plain white felt hat longer on one side of

the brim, sunburned stockings, white and tan Oxfords, white chamois pull-on gloves.

Remarked at the baccarat table, slim breitschwanz coat, black crêpe Vionnet gown, Reboux hat in black felt with fan-shaped section of Empire green at the side, black antelope envelope with carved green jade monogram, emerald bracelets.

COIFFURES—Little change. Hair worn somewhat longer in the back, finished in thick curls at the back of the neck in some cases.

An occasional diamond ornament, comb or pin, to hold a long lock.

JEWELS—Important earrings. Large diamond brooches, worn on the shoulder or the hip. Diamond chains and big pendants. Fewer bracelets worn together. Single-stone rings. Quite a number of women wearing pearls.

Beautiful mountings and fastenings on evening bags. In the daytime, little costume jewelry, and what there is always chosen to add color note, usually to carry out scheme of accessories.

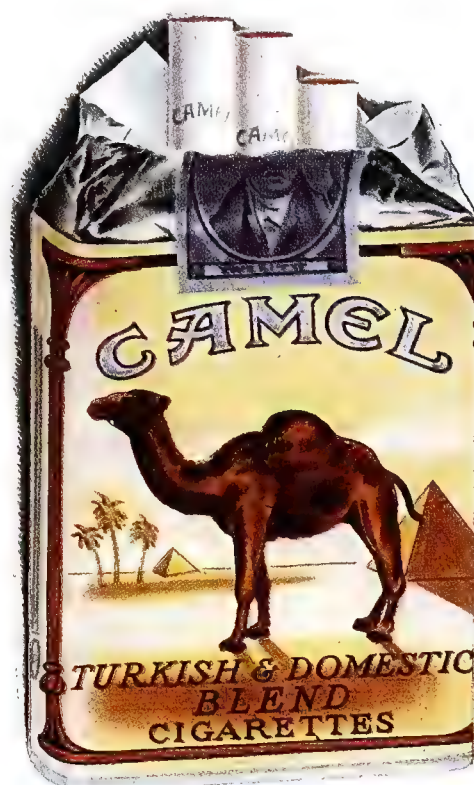
Original from

UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA



An odds-on favorite

Good things have a way of making themselves known in this world, whether at Longchamps, or Saratoga, or Epsom Downs. . . . And in these places, where people gather who are accustomed to rely upon their own taste and judgment, you will find Camels the odds-on favorite. . . . They have a winning way.

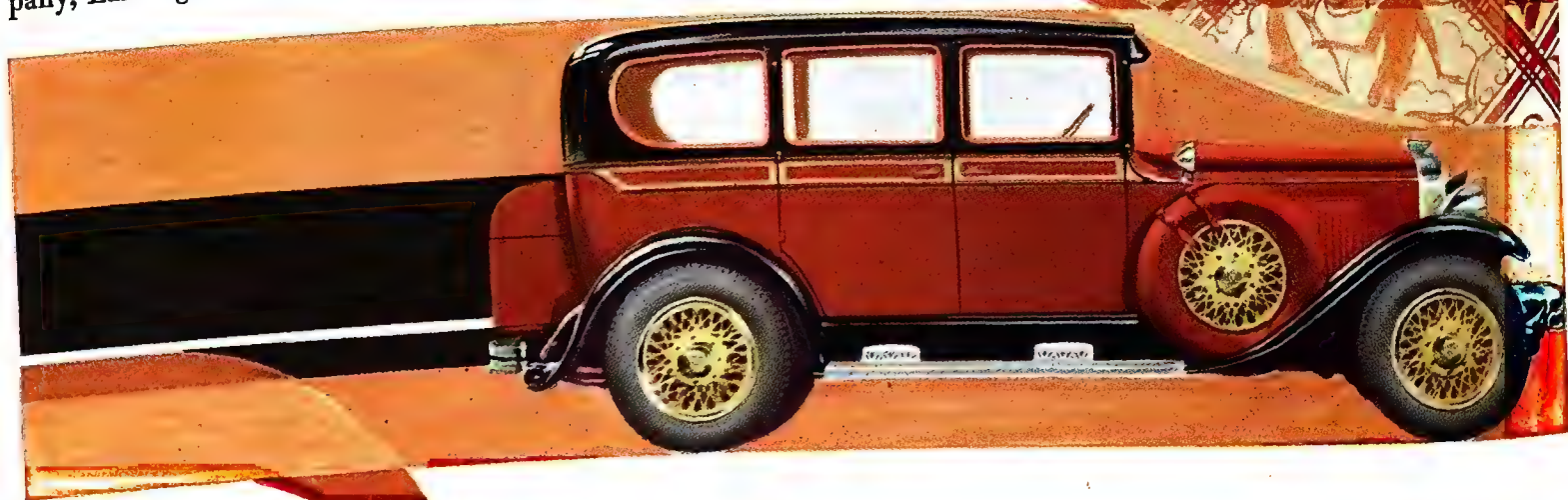


© 1929, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

ONLY 400 WOMEN IN THIS COUNTRY CAN OWN THIS CAR

It's a personal car, individual in the truest sense, this Reo Car of the Month for May . . . a limited de luxe edition of Reo Flying Cloud. An ensemble created by a famous stylist, in colors that have all the smartness and verve of the mode . . . upholstered in an exclusive fabric designed, loomed and produced by Cheney Brothers—a fabric obtainable in no other car.

The Reo Car of the Month for May is priced at only one hundred dollars more than the large Sport Sedan of Reo Flying Cloud. Only a very limited number of these special cars will be available in any community. The woman who drives one will but rarely meet its duplicate on the road. If you don't know the name of your nearest dealer, write or wire collect to the Reo Motor Car Company, Lansing, Mich.



This illustration shows the actual upholstery fabric made by Cheney Brothers on Jacquard looms exclusively for the Reo Car of the Month for May.

REO FLYING CLOUD OF THE MONTH

BRIGHT INTERVALS

(Continued from page 117)

was impossible! She did privately consider he looked rather like a crusader because he was as beautifully made as a carven knight on a tomb. She thought of him dimly as a rescuer because, outshone by the charms of her mother and aunts, she felt herself in danger of becoming a nonentity, but she never considered the family as anything but so incandescent, so obviously superior, that it would have been vulgar and ill-bred to boast of their superiorities.

If she had known that the young man sitting opposite her in the first-class carriage thought her people zanies—but she did not. She knew only that the love she felt for him, which had been concerned greatly with his charm as it was shown to her in particular, was now so all-embracing, so complete, that while with one part of her she could melt, down to her very bones, over his recollection of some childish stupidity, or an adult *gaffe* of devastating consequences, another part appreciated with agonizing acuteness his habit of wearing chammois gloves in the train. If John William's mind was cut to a conventional pattern, it was well cut. Some things his bright blue eyes and sharp brain did not choose to understand, but they saw everything. Not a change of expression passed over Lydia's volatile countenance that Bill missed. He was as delicately sensitive to them as a pointer dog to a scent.

Perhaps the first undivided attention she had ever received went to her head. At any rate, after long doubting that such a superlative person could love her, she accepted suddenly his caring for her and from then on believed implicitly that his was the same blinding passion as her own. Each day discovered to her new ways to love him with mind and soul, and her body was only waiting the ceremony which she felt he wanted, to take up the task.

THE unfolding of a hundred reasons for her tenderness, his light touch, his swift response, the way his eyelids were wonderfully made, with the same precision as Stephanyi Brothers' most perfect watches, the perfect co-ordination which commanded his body, his humor and his sudden laughing admissions of foolish imperfections of character (which served to make it seem the more perfect), all united to prove to her that it was possible to love reasonably as well as for no reason at all.

Bill thought himself extremely lucky. If a Norton fell thoroughly in love he did not repeat the process in a lifetime, but married the girl and settled down. He knew himself to be less standardized than his brothers and cousins and more difficult to please. It was providential that the girl he had succumbed to should be singularly engaging from the dashing young New Yorker's point of view, as well as perfectly suitable for his more atavistic purposes. If he had never left the ancestral farm at Hilltop he would have been worried by her almost idolatrous fondness, but years in Europe, of which three had been spent in France, had taught him to appreciate enthusiasm in a mate, and what was more important, the necessity for this enthusiasm being reciprocal.

HE really loved her. He loved her so much that he was continually amazed at his own emotion. He swallowed her crazy relations, her utterly alien opinions and schooling, her irritating passion for the unusual. It amazed him, his capacity for enduring trials that would formerly have exhausted his patience, never very great, in a few moments. The things he put up with, from her and her family! He, who had never stayed in a place that displeased him or listened for a minute to anyone who bored him! For the sake of holding this child's hands across an English railway carriage he had missed a race at Brooklands, from which wild horses could not have diverted him last summer.

It was ridiculous, this wedding business. A wedding, a necessary evil which he very well understood, although he found it tedious, was the final culmination

stone on an edifice which began with Cousin Amy sending a teacup and saucer to the fiancée from Briggs' in Boston; continued through the inevitable letters exchanged with young female relatives whom marriage had banished to Middle West college towns where they tried to keep up with their Junior League work and have babies, facts which made their letters to the new fiancée a little ominous; the presentation of certain heirlooms from each family; the discussions over invitation lists, clearly differentiated, for the church ceremony and the reception; the choice of college mates from Harvard and Northampton as ushers and bridesmaids; the one carefully conventional scene of pre-bridal hysterics; the gradual awful gathering of the clans from Boston and Springfield and Worcester, from various parts of the Berkshires, from Williamstown and Hartford, and Stamford, and the citified relatives from New York and the excessively "county" cousins from the Genesee Valley, and the dreadfully rich but still virtuously conformist uncle who had migrated to Saint Paul, all flocking to the wedding in the trail of their decently generous presents, which had arrived weeks before in little canton flannel sports jackets with the label of their home town's best jeweler sewn across the center. There would be a room set aside for these silver tributes, and a kid sister left to stand guard, discouraging Great Aunt Emma's natural desire to turn up the bottoms in search of the sterling mark.

That was a wedding; Bill loathed it, but granted that they existed. But this gabbling of bright-eyed women in tea-gowns of barbaric beauty; this hectic telephoning to people called Snooks or the Worsted Mouse or Tom, Dick and Harry, who afterwards turned out to be Sir Edwin Lutyens, Lydia Jopokova, Rosa Lewis or the Bishop of London; these curious telegrams and presents from Reinhardt, Gordon Craig, Jean Cocteau, suddenly spilling into the house! Why couldn't they let him go to a registry office and marry Lydia quietly? St. George's, Hanover Square, would be more like a rehearsal of the "Miracle" by the time this gang was through with it.

BUT he was rather taken by Lissa Arbuthnot and Thruxley. The car that met them at the preposterous toy station which they had reached by a circuitous route, involving two changes, was a car that his fingers longed to handle. Not, Lydia understood, that it was as fast as some of the special racing motors he'd driven, but a natural curiosity as to the powers of the latest model 70-120 H.P. Isotta prompted this desire.

The lawns at Thruxley were as close and green as Pullman car plush and far prettier. He liked the orderly policing of the garden with black yews clipped into great cakes and birds and towers; the numbers of earth-colored gardeners who lurked unobtrusively about what appeared an enchanted empty pleasance astonished him. When the motor approached the house along a path on fire with pink and mauve rhododendrons he let a rare exclamation of surprise escape. It was so beautiful, the warm Tudor house which seemed part of its gardens, so peacefully beautiful.

Lydia, as Cockney in her tastes as a sparrow, admired it, but would have swapped it with Ronald Grant for the Cheyne Row house any day.

They found Lissa with her husband and two sheep dogs on a terrace facing south. The charming tangled worsted of the animals intensified the air of polished good looks belonging to their masters. Lissa, a slim madonna in a Lelong sports dress, made Bill happy at once. He had seldom seen anyone more lovely, although he innocently did not know this and firmly believed he liked her for her excellent moral tone. Lydia had discovered that Bill always reacted to unusually pretty women by remarking on their look of intelligence or kindness, an idiosyncrasy she felt softly toward, being sure it was unconsciously adopted to save her from jealousy. (Continued on page 170)

Orna Link
FUR SCARFS

THE FINAL NOTE of luxury, in the glorifying of fine furs! Orna Link Fur Scarfs, exquisite in pelt and workmanship, are fastened with dainty gold or silver chains set with decorative enamel—a touch that gives them a charm and beauty all their own as well as providing an ingenious and secure safety catch. You will be quite enchanted with this exclusive feature—and with the quality and loveliness of the furs themselves. ♣ Your favorite shop will show them to you.

This tag is on every genuine
Orna Link Fur Scarf

Exclusive with
KAYE & EINSTEIN INC.
FURRIERS SINCE 1888
333 SEVENTH AVE. NEW YORK

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

BRIGHT INTERVALS

(Continued from page 169)



The trunk that never forgets

IF Oshkosh Trunks had eyes and ears and hands and feet, they could hardly serve you more skilfully.

"Keep this safe for me," you say, as you hang up your favorite evening dress in your Oshkosh Wardrobe. (It obeys.)

"Meet me in Southampton, and don't forget to bring my jewel case." (An Oshkosh never forgets!)

"I should appreciate it if you would keep this dinner coat nicely pressed until a week from Thursday. Bring it

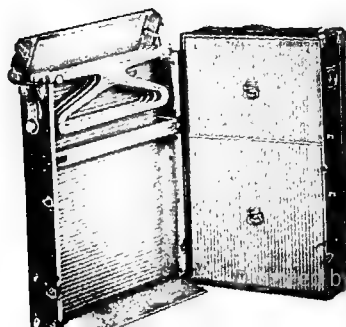
out to the Lorillards', and don't get it wet on the way." (The Lorillards will see you at your best.)

And your Oshkosh never needs to be fed, or coaxed or disciplined. It never has nerves, never gets tired of following you around.

Consult the nearest dealer in fine luggage or write us at 503 High Street, Oshkosh, Wisconsin, for a booklet that gives some of the reasons why these trunks are so uncanny in their ability to discover your particular needs and fill them.

OSHKOSH TRUNKS

THE OSHKOSH TRUNK COMPANY, Oshkosh, Wisconsin, and 8 East 34th St., New York City



The Oshkosh Pullman Wardrobe measures 29" x 20" x 9", just the right size to fit under a Pullman berth. Comes in several models, fibre, or duck-covered. It is ideal for short trips. The price ranges from \$30 to \$70.

Lissa, the youngest Stephanyi sister, was so beautiful that it was almost an impertinence the way she disregarded her beauty, dressing always for fashion and never to accentuate by anything becoming or picturesque her classic features. She was equal to putting on disfiguring make-up of bizarre shades if she found it smart.

"One gets so tired of the same face and, besides, look how many professional beauties lose their hold on their husbands! Simon groans but secretly loves it."

Simon obviously loved everything she did. Her disposition was easy-going and Bill found it not difficult to talk to her. He thought she was joking when she spoke of her sisters as creatures rather finer than herself. This lady who had everything in the world could not possibly feel awed admiration for those two who made him nervous.

"I'm the dunce, you know, the stupid one. I can't even sing decently any longer," she said.

But she did sing for them after dinner, and kept the easily-bored members of her house-party, always encouraged to wander far afield, spell-bound in the drawing-room like children playing statues, hardly breathing till she stopped and refused to go on.

The music sang on in Bill's head and was all tangled up with the smell of wall-flowers and the soft feeling of Lydia's hair when he kissed her dozens of times as they stood in the middle of a herbaceous border which was the gardener's particular pride. Under a moon so pale a silver that it was almost the enchanted blue variety, they might have wandered into the lake where the gardener wished them next day when he found their feet had crushed his gold and amber velvet wall-flowers.

"Oh, let's get married," said Bill into the nape of her neck.

"Darling, it's less than a month!"

She was almost too happy to speak distinctly.

BILL could not think Lady Arbuthnot quite so grand and thrilling as he would have found her if she had not been Lydia's Aunt Lissa, a quite familiar person who seemed no more impressive to his betrothed than Alix or Athene. But he did like her and her tall, silent husband, and vaguely imagined Lydia and himself in the same sort of setting, with the same cars and servants, without remembering that Simon Arbuthnot was the seventh baronet, Thruxley the family-seat for three hundred years and half a million pounds were in as safe securities as Simon or his wise old solicitors could choose.

Even the Arbuthnot offspring seemed made to order, for there were two boys in school and a small, decorative daughter of nine, who kept the whole household in a state of utter subjection. Yes, Bill thought, they could do very well, Lydia and himself, with something along the lines of Thruxley.

But Lydia, who had adored the weekend, yet appeared to find the interior of the only vacant carriage to town, a grimy, non-corridor "Smoking," almost more thrilling. She inspected all the framed photographs of picturesque England, was amused by the work of some ribald hand which had transformed the sober statement about pulling the window toward you into a joke about widows by the simple method of scratching away certain letters. She made a reference to My Uncle Toby and also something about Mr. Weller. Bill did not like quotations, and to retaliate put on an expression of doltish stupidity, pretending he thought she was mentioning members of her immediate family still unknown to him. He thought her eager delight in the commonplace a little tiresome, and besides he wanted to kiss her. This he did. Obediently she forgot the railway carriage and was in heaven.

FLYING visits for perhaps the very reason of their briefness, their attempt to snatch the concentrated essence of a city in a few days, are apt to give a more

accurate impression of the scale-map variety than a stay of any length, just as an observer from an airplane may see more comprehensively a town over which he passes in two minutes, than the oldest inhabitant who has spent a lifetime in or around the market-place. However, as it is almost invariably certain quarters which people mean when they say they "adore" London, or Paris, or Vienna, and not the city as a whole from the point of view of the postal authorities or an attacking general, it is only the long stay which grows in one the particular indulgent passion for one's own familiar *quartier*.

Lydia, who had half-a-dozen times been treated to snatches of Paris by her aunts, her grandfather or her mother, knew it only as a child knows the window of a particularly entrancing toy shop he is hurried past on the way to school. Either she was rushed to Champcommunal's for Lissa Arbuthnot's fittings; to various salons on the left bank by her mother and Alix, which seemed little different from those she had known in other cities, or to certain restaurants where her grandfather made a ritual of eating. All of her family, having long since enjoyed what Lydia called years of wallowing in Paris and its flavor, could not realize the agony with which their indifference to its more obvious charms filled her.

Wherefore, when Bill and she were given by a stroke of fate or a kindly employer a year there, while he had the pretext of helping his firm with a French bond issue, she was in the seventh heaven, a heaven which quite literally was very high, for their flat was on the fifth floor of one of the oldest houses on the Quai Bourbon. The building, at the exact point of the quay where the Ile St. Louis most resembles the prow of a majestic barge being towed down the Seine in the wake of the delicate Gothic of Notre Dame and its island, had a view so romantically perfect that Lydia found it perpetually exciting. By flinging open her bedroom window she was at once in the bow of a ship or surrounded by green and gold leaves of trees as aloofly distinguished as those of Chantilly, or, looking between their branches, was overwhelmed by a panorama of Paris which gave one all the round domes and frail spires and towers which decorated the city.

She could feel nothing but pity for anyone who lived in any other spot. The modern *hôtels* of the Avenue du Bois and Henri Martin with their attendant Hispanos did not seem to her enviable, nor the depressing aristocratic rabbit-warrens of the Faubourg where each flat was filled with some gradation of nobility. Leaning out of her window on the fifth floor of 40, Quai Bourbon, while the river slid past, showing each minute some new adornment to its complacent beauty, in the form of steamboats, coal barges, launches or simply the bobbing line of the inevitable angler under the stone wall, she felt a little sorry for all the unfortunate creatures who had not been lucky enough to have their hands stuffed full of such life as hers of the past six weeks.

SHE could not imagine a honeymoon which would start with anything other than the end coupé on the Golden Arrow, heaped with new pigskin luggage marked with exciting initials which one took good care to appear casual about, but which one had to glance at now and then to be sure they really existed. It would have been dreadful to have traveled away from the church and the organ and faintish trembling hurry of putting on the "going-away" dress in any other conveyance; the thought of an American Pullman chair-car made her shudder. The rush of satisfaction which flooded both their beings at the certain knowledge of being far the best-looking couple on the train or on the Channel boat was ingenuous but delicious, and the fact so self-evident that they had promenaded the platform or deck with an air of charming modesty almost deprecating, as if they were really not such wonders after all, though they saw that even the

(Continued on page 172)

Youth . . . now we may have it . . . now we may keep it . . . year after joyful year!



FRESH as a dewdrop, silken as a flower-petal, beguilingly young . . . how we all long for a skin like that!

And how we have dreaded the stinging winds and baking suns, the dust-laden air, the inevitable weary hours, that wipe the youth and sparkle from our faces!

How we have been appalled by the usual expensive combination treatments—so *uncertain* in their results, so *time-devouring*! . . . For indeed most of us simply cannot spare the time for them. We are busy, busy, busy, we modern women—whether it be babies, bridge or business or all three that crowd our days so breathlessly.

But now—delightfully—to our aid comes PINAUD, with one light, silken cream that does three astounding things at once:

—cleanses each tiny pore more thoroughly than ever was possible before—

—supplies the tissues to youthful pliancy with delicate, swiftly absorbed oils—

—then, as it WASHES AWAY, tones the whole underlying fretwork of tiny muscles and skin glands into vigorous life!

And it takes only half-a-minute to apply and remove.

NOW we need not fear the clogging bits of dirt and grime, the drying winds, the nervous hours, that prematurely age so many women's faces. For now—with *thirty seconds spent with PINAUD'S CREAM each day*—we can offset their cruel aging power! Can keep our skin velvet-soft, tenderly fresh as the morning! . . . You will find this amazing new cream at leading stores in Jars and Tubes. PINAUD, Paris and New York: Makers of French toilet preparations for over 150 years.

THIS extraordinary New Cream of PINAUD's triumphantly overcomes the common fault of ordinary preparations—a fault which skin specialists today are stressing with increasing emphasis. Instead of leaving waxy, fatty traces of itself deep down in the pores, as do ordinary creams—to clog and coarsen them slowly but surely—PINAUD'S CREAM gently 'floats' all the aging accumulations of dust and powder to the surface. For it has an actual magnetic attraction for dirt. Then—amazingly—dissolves instantly in clear, cool water. Before one's eyes, WASHES AWAY! . . . Even after the very first experience with PINAUD'S CREAM, you can see new, beguiling freshness waken in your face! Now it is smoother, softer, actually a-bloom with newborn youth!

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BRIGHT INTERVALS

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coarsened stewards and hoarse Calais porters immediately recognized their claim.

Then to have spent the first weeks of the honeymoon in any place but the hotel Bill had chosen was unthinkable. Lydia felt that those who were forced into accepting the loan of country-houses, vacated but still dreadfully tintured with family life and normal, every-day existence, must undergo tortures. To her there would have been something obscene in a house as the starting-place of a marriage. The ornate, impersonal dignity of the hotel salon where the marble mantel, gold ormolu clock and cupid-entwined ornaments were coldly reflected in a large mirror, made the table set with supper for two, charmingly theatrical, adorned by roses and its pink candles, all the more intimate and cozy. Bill's hat and gloves and her silver fox appeared to be enjoying a love affair of their own, pitched on to a primly elegant brocade sofa in a heap together. And no servants but these hotel servants, discreetly anonymous or, when you required it, effusively romantic, were fit to be cup-bearers to two people so unbearably in love with each other that only the French would have kept patience with them.

Like a girl who has tried to play a half-heard sonata by ear, and, growing nervous, skipped or improvised until some fond person presented her with the notes, Lydia, who had been hot and cold, frightened and ecstatic by turns during her engagement, found herself finally learning the method as well as the theory of best loving John William. She was glad that it was a thing requiring some time for study before complete perfection could be reached. Everything at once would have been too much! She had always been one who saved her asparagus tips. One began playing a little part well and one learned gradually the delicious difference taste and temperament and imagination could make. Nothing would escape her in the end, she thought; somehow she would possess all of Bill's thoughts and funny ways and know them as well as her lips knew every feature, as her sensitive finger-tips could recognize the now familiar muscles under his shoulders which she privately considered, although admitting a lack of material for comparison, the only perfect shoulders in the world.

Her fingers were attuned, like a safe-breaker's skinned to a delicacy of touch, to all the marvelous symmetry which God had chosen to bestow on this son of a Congregational Divine who mortified the flesh and admired only the colder facets of the brain. She knew that her grandfather felt the same way about pearls, letting them slip through his hand lovingly, that her mother could only have condoned or understood these emotions applied to a Waterford goblet or an association copy of Shelley. In herself these passions were for the animate, this flesh and blood that responded to her lips and confused her with an intolerable happiness by being quick-witted and charming as well as amiable and good-looking.

IF A miracle had endowed her with the genius of a sculptor, she could have carved a marble likeness of her husband without looking at him. He was more present to her in the warm dark, lit only by the recurrent glow of their cigarette ends, than by daylight; she knew the way he looked, visualized every dimension more clearly than when she saw him jump naked out of the bath into their bedroom, searching in bright sunlight for the white toweling robe she had forgotten to hang up again.

Bill loved good living, quick thinking and Lydia. He was perpetually pulled away from these by memories of Hilltop and the ideals of his first years at Harvard which, however, could never outweigh the new standards which the attrition of his English university and the war years had gathered. This structure of tastes and preferences super-imposed on the New England granite almost invariably won out, giving him a mind elastic enough to see no harm in public smoking

for women or the use of swear words and lip-stick. His strict sense of the necessity for personal continence had been little affected by two affairs in France during leaves, and one more permanent relation afterward; the former he disregarded and the latter he regularized by calling it a marriage in the sight of God, only prevented by the unkindness of destiny. Having fallen completely in love with Lydia and married her, he reduced the affair to absolutely nothing in the sight of God or anyone else.

Lydia, with the blind partisanship of someone who hears only one side of a story and that in the flame-lit darkness of midnight, surrounded by the narrator's arm, felt that the Russian woman could never have fully appreciated Bill, and dismissed the two transitory amours as utterly unimportant. She showed an unconscious ingratitude in this, for without these experiences her husband would never have known, when she was tired, how to enchant her with whispered love-making in a restaurant under cover of a correctly blank expression; the best way of shutting out the world and creating a new one, bound only by the walls of the bedroom, or even what to order for dinner. Such ingratitude to predecessors was only to be expected from her.

BUT Bill equally forgot the importance of his training and believed all his charm the result of a natural genius for marriage. As he was self-controlled, as well as in love, he made attractions out of Lydia's drawbacks, her incorrigible passion for disorder, a clean, well-washed messiness which consisted in strewing three rooms with garments which might well have all hung decorously from one hook, her inability to regard the clock as an exact authority which allowed of no varying interpretations.

It was true that after he had again started work in the brokerage office he found on his return, very late and tired from business, certain Stephany habits a little trying. It was difficult for him to understand why Lydia wished to discuss, after he had put out the light and sealed her mouth with a good-night kiss as one stamps a letter before slipping it into the post-box, in a tone of bright, disinterested curiosity, various impersonal subjects better suited to after-dinner conversation than the conjugal bedroom. Quite forgetting that for the first two weeks they had often talked until dawn turned the windows milky blue, he found it vaguely annoying to be held from much-needed sleep by an interminable exposition of why it was even harder on an incurably disorderly person to live with a really neat one, than for the meticulous person to adjust himself to strewn garments. Punctuated by sudden laughs, occasional epigrams and demands for attention, for all the world as if she were amusing guests in the drawing-room, Lydia would expect Bill to continue these talks indefinitely into the night. Nothing would stop her except the pretence of heavy sleep, possibly aided by a few snores which in the end proved even more wearing, for Lydia would burst into tears, badly stifled by a small baby-pillow she affected, and required ardent love-making before she was convinced that he really cared for her again.

He found it hard, also, to keep track of her sudden changes which would vary from a romantic and hopeless melancholy, caused, had he known it, by rising at eight o'clock instead of ten, which bade him farewell when he left in the morning to a teasing and bubbling gaiety which greeted him when he returned in the late afternoon from business. He would hurry across the bridge worrying about her health or her spirits and be met by the sight of her leaning out of the window attired in gold damask pyjamas whistling to him, throwing rice to attract his attention, her eyes and mouth crinkling and laughing as if they would spill over their precious content of mirth.

He was fond of jokes himself and would sometimes come up the interminable

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BY APPOINTMENT TO H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

LONDON is again wearing its "season" smile . . . and gorgeous Covent Garden opens its doors for the first opera of the year. Lady Muriel Lance*, looking remarkably lovely, can be found in her box on the first tier. She wears a gown from Callot and exquisite jewels. Her appearance is enhanced, as always, with one priceless possession that is hers, a complexion as clear and fair as the summer sky. ❖ ❖ Lady Muriel knows but one toilet soap, Yardley's Old English Lavender. From the beginning this soap has proved so pure, so soothing and stimulating to her skin that it seemed needless to use another. Yardley's sheer face powder protects her complexion from all types of weather. ❖ ❖ Many English women, as Lady Muriel, use Yardley products exclusively. Many of these exquisite toiletries carry the cool fragrance of lavender. They are England's best, obtainable anywhere in America. "The Luxury Soap of the World," box of three cakes \$1, or 35c the cake; "Old English Lavender," in sprinkler bottles from \$12 to \$1; Face Powder, \$1; Compact, \$1.25; Talc, 50c; Sachet Tablets, 25c; Shampoo, 15c the cartridge; Bath Salts, \$1; Dusting Powder, \$1.50. Yardley, 8 New Bond Street, London; 452 Fifth Avenue at Fortieth Street, New York; also Toronto and Paris. *Out of deference to our clientele we have refrained from using actual names.

Yardley's Old English Lavender Soap



Established 1770

BRIGHT INTERVALS

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stairs, wheezing and squeaking in exact imitation of the concierge, producing a very fair counterpart of her curses at climbing so far to deliver the Americans' letters, and burst into the bedroom just as Lydia was searching in all the drawers and scrabbling through pockets for a *pourboire* to appease the aged dame. Sometimes the flat, glowing with sunset light and full of the sound of Lydia's songs and the *bonne's* religious chanting over the soup pot, seemed to him a pleasant earthly paradise. A few of his pleasantries leaned toward the "practical," while Lydia, like all the Stephanyis, was amused chiefly by the strictly unpractical joke.

He wanted her to have friends, nice people, worth knowing, like the resident partner of the firm and his pretty wife, or some of the younger couples attached to the American Embassy. He really was anxious about her days, those long hours that stretched out while he was away, and, although he disapproved of the friends she already knew in Paris, some people called Castelli on the Rue Vaugirard and a crazy little half-French girl married to Jerry Green (a man he had considered since Harvard days rather a tick) just as little worth while, still he could have better understood her seeing these people incessantly than nobody at all. Lydia's passionate absorption in the doings of the *quartier*, the little island which was a curious survival of the Middle Ages set in the heart of Paris, her excited interest in the heart affairs of their servant Berthe, her hour-long chats with the concierge who knew every bit of gossip about the occupants of their house and practically all about the neighbors, was utterly incomprehensible.

He could not see why she liked to spend a sunny afternoon leaning against the doorway talking to that empurpled French Revolution figure, Madame Coignet, who sat knitting incessantly in a broken chair, while she gabbled scandal, or why she wanted to tease the old fisherman, the drone husband of another concierge, by chatting with him over the warm gray parapet about the prospects of a catch. Her French was less good than his own, yet at every shop on the island, the butcher and baker and candlestick maker regaled her with long and, to him, boring tales of their private lives.

Even the Castellis and Denise Green would have been more acceptable company to his mind.

HE DID not realize that her life was so filled to the brim with him that only these encounters were necessary to an existence already so rich in happiness. Once or twice, most unwillingly, she paid calls on Embassy people at his request. Afterward she explained how much less amusing these ladies were than Berthe or Madame Coignet. This he put down as another typical Stephanyi paradox.

Lydia, after a brave attempt to find stockings that matched, new beige gloves not yet furred or whitened by frequent cleanings, clean calling-cards and a fresh handkerchief, would return bedraggled and woebegone from these excursions into what Bill called decent society, having, somehow in the process, steeped her gloves in ink, torn her stockings and blanketed her exuberant spirits with a pall of gloom. She would describe her adventures vividly, always calling the lady in question (either the broker's wife, the consort of a visiting banker or an American Embassy lady) "Mrs. Puddle-duck," unless the slight variation of "Mrs. Poodleduck" took its place. To John William's annoyance, he found himself unconsciously adopting this arbitrary nomenclature even toward the wife of his chief, or the fantastically rich and therefore extremely impressive widow recently married to an acquaintance in the Foreign Service.

Why Lydia should be so inept at these social amenities puzzled him as much as her utter incapacity for learning bridge, which he happened to play rather well. It was particularly strange in view of the fact that twice, having met former friends of her family in their favorite Russian

restaurant, she had dined with them with every appearance of easy enjoyment and entertained them without any bridal timidity or hectic preparations in the Quai Bourbon flat. This, when the people in question were a semi-royal Hungarian count and countess and a younger couple called by an indisputably ancient Italian title.

How much more normal and pleasant it would have been had she gradually formed one of a Paris-American set who played golf at Saint-Cloud, bridge at home, hookey from their well-established businesses and shot all the smaller forms of fauna at the correct seasons. So burning a question did this last become that, after one occasion when Bill had remonstrated with Lydia, pointing out the attractions of rabbit shooting in the immense preserves of his diplomatic friend's hired chateau, she had gone forth at noon to the animal shops along the Chatelet and purchased four white Belgian hares with pink eyes, and a toy pop-gun, which greeted him in the dining-room on his return from work.

"If you want to do bunnies in, why not at home?" she asked. "I hate most house-parties worse than poison."

As they had been married slightly less than five months, he thought the episode charming. Matthew, Mark, Luke and John were swapped next day for a blue Persian kitten who finally decided, with infinite condescension, to adopt the Nortons permanently.

They were happiest of all on Friday and Saturday nights, when, after violent efforts to heat the "geezer" red hot (the plumbing was as antique as the furniture) for two supplementary baths much more exciting than the regulation morning ones, Bill and Lydia stole each other's pet toilet luxuries, used clouds of talcum, three bath sheets, floating bowls of expensive soap, and squabbled over the long mirror until, radiant as two highly elegant *automobiles de luxe* fresh from the coach-maker's, they strolled forth for the conquest of the town.

Across the gray stone bridge the proud eye of Berthe followed them, Lydia in swaying green taffeta hoops under a closely swathed gold and emerald shawl, Bill, smart as a magpie, in slim tails and a shining top-hat. All Berthe would say to them before the front door clicked, was a grudging, "*Pas mal, pas mal Bonsoir, Monsieur, Madame,*" but, once gone, she would point at Monsieur and murmur, "*C'est un beau plant,*" to the concierge, or nodding at Lydia's receding silks, say, "*Bien belle, assez de race, notre petite Madame Norton.*"

AH, THOSE nights out together—they were keen ecstasy, a quickening of the blood, a mutual pride sharp as a sword. From the moment they passed, in search of a taxi, the disintegrating, leprous public bathing boat marked *Bains chauds*, obviously never occupied for any purposes by anything but river rats, until another taxi faltered around the quay in search of their house while dawn flushed the sky behind Notre Dame, every moment was a pleasure.

They dined everywhere, Lapenouse when they felt rich, Rampanneau when they were greedy, Ciro's if they were wearing their best clothes. Some alchemy changed Lydia, the untidy and vague, into the most charming dinner companion imaginable, who could make John William forget all his *devoirs* toward the various middle-aged ladies in the room whom duty and self-interest told him to dance with. Her tongue, sharply spiced and swift as a little rapier, flashed over these people, turning them into nonentities who would bore him. Sometimes, afterward, he would regret his complete immersion in Lydia's charm, knowing that he should have obeyed the sign which Mrs. Alexander Burr made, telling him to bring his wife over and join the larger party. But at the time, her wit, her piquant prettiness in the best evening dress, the string of pearls, the eighteenth-century paste earrings swinging from ears pink with a scrubbing he had himself administered,

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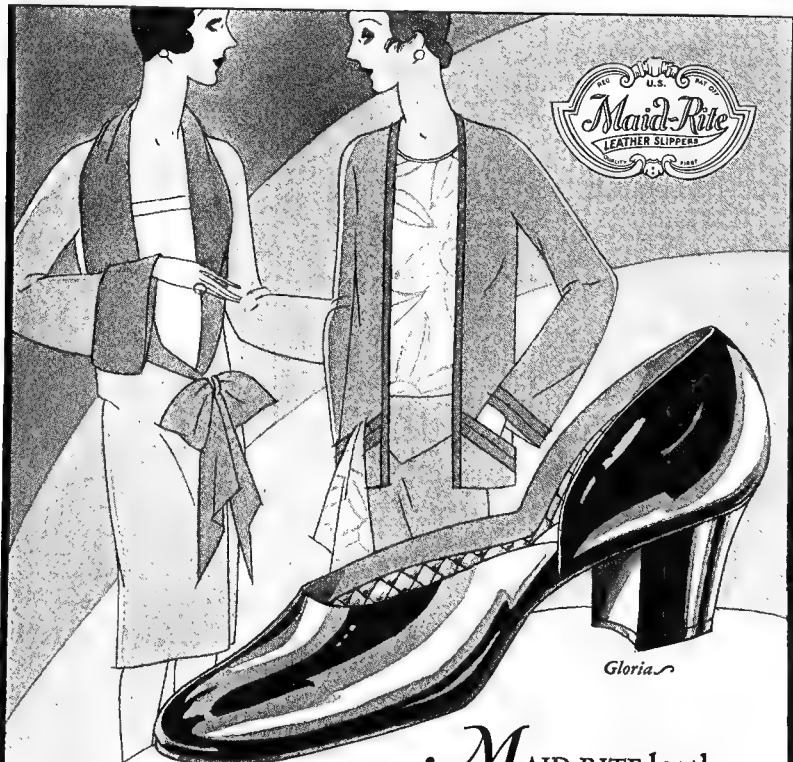
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BRIGHT INTERVALS

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seemed to enclose him in a sparkling net, blinding him with myriad twinkles and flashes. Neither he nor Lydia had any idea that she was unconsciously employing every charm she had herself ever learned from her mother and aunts. In fact Bill put down a great deal of this enslavement across the restaurant table to his natural talent for domesticity. His wife's violent dread of outside companionship was not apparent except in the flattering preference she showed for being alone with him. Even her own friends, people like Jerry and Denise, who would have been met with cries of joy before her marriage, now only received one of those cheerful but infinitely intangible smiles and a wave of the hand which in no way suggested joining up with them.

Lydia was carefully piling all her eggs in one basket, but for various reasons she seemed to find it worth while. If she preferred dancing always with the same partner, it was up to her to dance well. At the end of seven months, when someone asked her if she was not thrilled by the reconciliations which followed quarrels with Bill, she could have answered truthfully that as yet she had never had the opportunity to taste that pleasure. They never quarreled. Apparently his taste for cross-word puzzles and hers for Marcel Proust did not clash. As for the things that amused them, these drew closer, Lydia finding a source of innocent merriment in Bill's puns and "set pieces," dirty stories no longer dirty when told in a cross between a Cambridge-England and Cambridge-Massachusetts accent, and he began unconsciously to expect and enjoy her spontaneous verbal fireworks on any subject.

TIME which, for them, like Lydia's favorite clock, had stopped, brandished a scythe in the shape of a stern summons to Bill to return and take up his position again in the Wall Street office of the firm. "We'll be poor in New York," Bill told her.

"Poor?" Lydia's fork, lifted in the air, fell to her plate in astonishment. "How do you mean, poor?"

The question of poverty did not present itself in their ménage. There were the forty pounds a month from Donald Graeme, another twenty pounds which usually stretched to thirty from her grandfather, Bill's salary of three hundred dollars a month, and, as a reserve supply, the many checks they had gathered in as wedding presents. That made about two hundred thousand francs a year and who wanted more? They had no car, which was hard on Bill, but taxis were thick as blackberries across the bridge, and if one's purse was temporarily depleted, large snub-nosed 'buses hurtled all over the place. Berthe cooked like an angel and kept the place fairly clean for five hundred francs a month which she considered high wages. Chickens, and little steaks, mushrooms and green peas and baby carrots, endive and lettuce, and Camembert which not only ran but galloped, American coffee, and China tea, strawberries, apricots, cherries, asparagus, even caviar, had at various times adorned that kitchen, shining with copper and nickel pans, cheerful with checked curtains and Berthe's loud singing. The sheets on their immense double bed were linen, Lydia had added dozens of towels to the meager supply left by the *locataire*, there was always soap and powder and *Eau de Verveine* on the bathroom shelves.

In the tiny paneled dining-room the cupboards contained half-a-dozen Château Lafitte, some Meursault, a few bottles of bock, various jewel-like liqueurs, fiery Calvados and some old brandy. That Lydia and Bill usually stole Berthe's *ordinaire* and mixed its purplish acidity with water or drank a mixture of cheap Graves and Seltzer did not destroy the pleasure of owning this complete store, saved in honor of tremendous occasions, each month's private celebration of their wedding day or the night they had met. With everything that they could possibly desire at hand in the flat, and after this

was all paid for, a sufficient margin left for those glorious Friday and Saturday nights out, they were rich. These excursions would have been rather reckless had they not discovered that some of the cheaper Russian places thrilled them quite as much as the gilded haunts of luxury.

One night in the Caveau Muscovite, where they had repaired after a dinner unmistakably French and a good deal more digestible than the buttery Russian cuisine of the little *café chantant*, they noticed from their usual corner a newcomer among the groups of habitués who composed the clientele.

HE MIGHT have been forty or fifty; at one moment Lydia thought him thirty-five and, therefore, not so very much older than her sacred John William. But, noticing a certain tiredness about the predatory face, her opinion of its age jumped fifteen years. They had not long to speculate.

"Do you know, I believe you are my daughter," said the stranger, and before Bill's mouth could drop as completely as it evidently was going to drop he had seated himself opposite them and was staring at Lydia fiercely.

"You are very unlike your mother in appearance," he remarked at the end of the examination. This evidently seemed to relieve him, for presently the pint of champagne on their table was replaced by a quart, and Donald Graeme had accomplished the obviously difficult feat of smiling.

"Ah, you've been taught to regard me as the ogre from the North, have you not, now?" he asked. "'Hush ye, hush ye, dinna fret ye, the black Douglas shall not get ye?' It's like that, isn't it?"

Lydia denied this indignantly. "Though why I should be expected to love you particularly, when you've not laid eyes on me since I was eight, and more or less jettisoned me at four, I can't see!"

With somewhat the tactics of an examining counsel he cocked a wily Caledonian eye of cold gray at her and insisted:

"But no doubt, living about with your mother, you've heard what a terrible villain I am?"

"I've never lived about with my mother," she protested. "Why, she never comes near me, at least not if she can avoid it. Until Bill and I decided to get married, Grandfather and I'd not seen her for two years."

The legal light in Donald Graeme's eye gleamed brightly.

"If I'd known that fact, perhaps I'd have dropped in to tea with you one day. Your husband is giving me the most terrible glares. Tell him I'm harmless, child."

And indeed, Bill was horrified by the sudden re-appearance of a father whom he had regarded as dead in the sight of God. Fathers should not descend suddenly upon their offspring in Russian restaurants as the orchestra played "Dosvidanya." It was disturbing and unsuitable. But Lydia was attracted by this curious parent.

"How should I know whether you are harmless?" she laughed.

"You forgot to tell me whether you've always heard I was a black villain or not?"

"Is this the third degree or a cross-examination? Grandfather never talks against people; he says sooner or later one will be obliged to do business with them and then it's awkward. Besides, he has lovely manners—before he went to Harvard he was at Winchester—about a million years ago. 'Manners maketh man,' you know."

"Thank you for the subtle reproach, child. When you go squizzling up your eyes that way and letting the dragon pounce out of you with his fiery tongue, you look more like your mother. I mind when your mother would go stalking around in a wee white tunic thing all over the highlands, singing 'Hi, bonny boat like a bird on the wing.' And all the neighbors scandalized, and I worried, for she had a cold in her head, and was singing

(Continued on page 176)

REDUCE YOUR FLESH

Arms, Legs, Bust or Entire Body with

DR. WALTER'S RUBBER GARMENTS

MY GARMENTS have been worn for over twenty-five years. They are the original rubber reducing garments, made of the finest Para rubber, removing superfluous flesh from any part of the body.

GOLF PLAYERS! Protect your feet and legs.



THE LEGLETS There illustrated are worn under the stockings and protect your legs from mosquitos and moisture; also relieve varicose veins and stiffness of the joints almost immediately. They are of medicated rubber and reduce your limbs if too large. Guaranteed to fit perfectly. Send ankle and calf measure. Price per pair \$7.00



REDUCING CORSET

Heavy weight cream colored rubber, for reducing bust, waist, hips and thighs... Made to measure. Price \$17.00



HIP AND THIGH REDUCER

Cream colored rubber. Price \$12.00

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BRASSIERE

For reducing the bust and upper abdomen, and shaping the figure. Made of cream colored rubber in front and coult back. Send bust measure. Price \$7.00 Price \$2.50

CHIN REDUCER

PRETTY ANKLES \$3.75 AND CALVES per pair

almost immediately

DR. WALTER'S special extra strong Ankle Bands will support and shape the ankle and calf while reducing them.

They fit like a glove. May be worn under any kind of hose without detection. You can note the difference in shape of ankle at once. May be worn at night and reduce while you sleep, or during the day, deriving the extra benefit of the support.

Send ankle and calf measures.

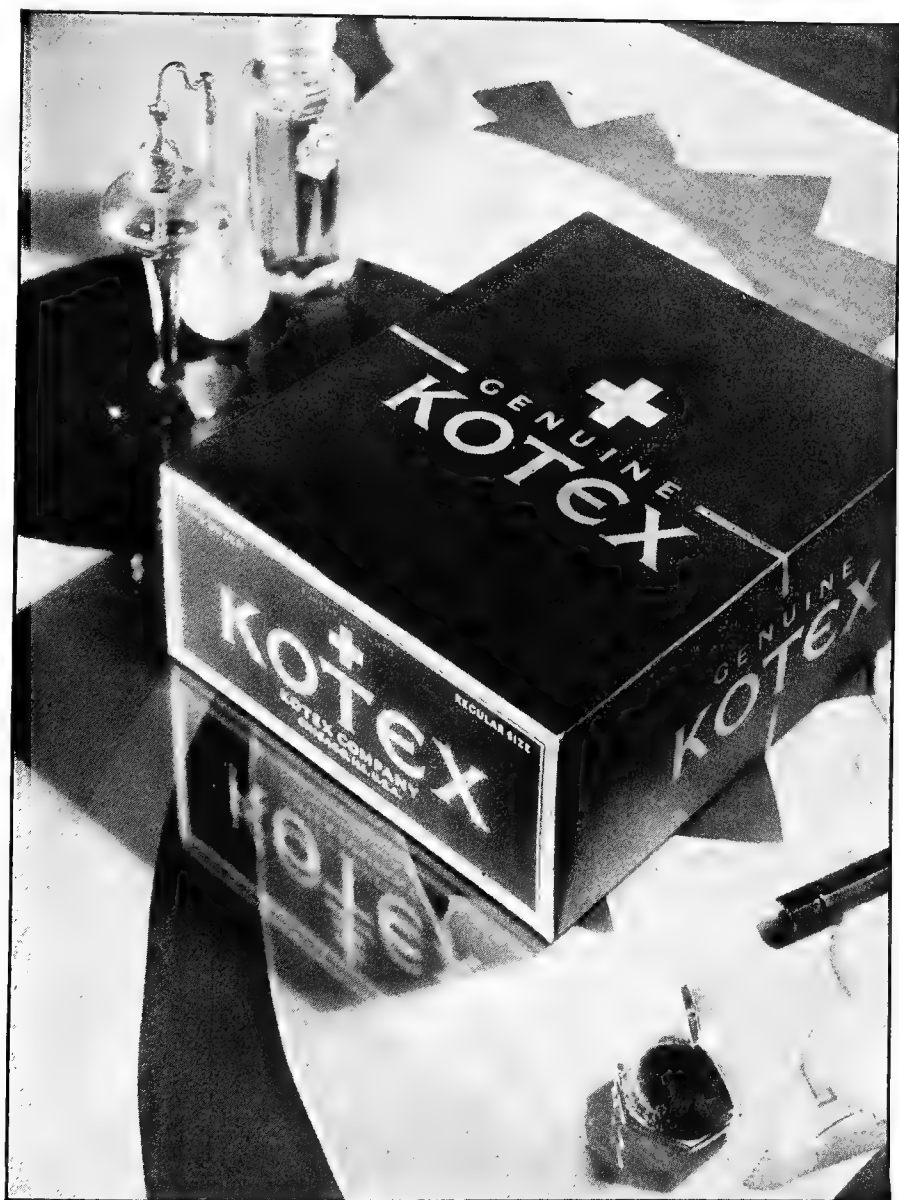
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THE vogue of the slim silhouette, the present tendency toward fitted effects and simple, revealing lines has necessitated an improvement in sanitary grooming. The new Kotex is now shaped so as to meet this need, and all smart women recognize it.

*Kotex Deodorizes Completely**

And another hindrance to fastidious grooming is finally removed: Kotex deodorizes thoroughly and safely—by a patented process.* Greater softness of texture; marvelous absorbency; instant disposability; the fact that you can add or remove layers of the filler—these things are of great importance for comfort and good health. Cellucotton absorbent wadding, which fills Kotex, actually takes up 16 times its own weight in moisture. That is 5 times more than cotton itself. Kotex scientists have tried every new way to achieve perfection in a sanitary pad. Improved Kotex is the result of their research.

Buy a box . . . 45c for twelve . . . at any drug, dry goods or department store. Also obtainable in vending cabinets by West Disinfecting Co.

*Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by patented process. (Patent No. 1,670,587.)

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

BRIGHT INTERVALS

(Continued from page 174)

in a sharp, and I never knew whether it was Bonny Prince Charlie or Anacreon she was in love with, but was pretty sure it was not me."

Suddenly Bill began to laugh. Every charming line of good-temper in his handsome face deepened and he could no longer restrain his roars. This might be no progenitor worthy of the Hilltop standard, but the man was amusing.

Lydia felt she must defend her mother. This tall, dark stranger was fearfully exciting, but family loyalty called for a fight.

"And what were you doing at the time?" she asked with asperity.

"Well, to tell you the truth, I was a bit irritating myself. There was a time when I told your mother's grand friends I was a veterinary, and all the contradicting she'd do would never make them believe different. Many's the dog I've doctored for them. But another time I said I was a dentist, and as I'm not strong on teeth-pulling, it was hardly a successful story. You've lost some of the Stephany looks, having me for a father, but I'll bet your husband has never found the house upset and no dinner for three days because it was the tercentenary of Philip Sydney's death. Now don't catch me up on that Sydney man, for it may have been Marlowe or that wee Welshman your mother was mourning. I know nothing about the poets except Heine."

"Why on earth Heine?"

"Because your mother wasn't the greatest living authority on him. I had to have one fellow of my own, didn't I?"

Lydia and Bill locked hands under the table-top. Their marriage was so close, so perfect and inviolable that these

(To be continued)

echoes of past strife were only amusing. Donald Graeme grinned at them.

"The two of you are in love, eh? I saw all the pictures of you in the papers and the list of guests, Lord this and the Countess of that, and the grand presents, which reminds me that I sent you a very handsome silver tea-set from the best shop in Edinburgh, which I'll be asking you to give me tea out of in a day or two. I'm over to try a racing car the Alfa-Romeo people are building me. It's a silly amusement, driving, but no worse than playing bridge."

Bill gave a start of pleasure. For weeks and months his love for Lydia and his work had shut out every other interest, but now he plunged with delight into a long technical discussion of motors with this extremely acute person who was, ridiculously, his father-in-law. They stopped being two bristling, antagonistic males of thirty and fifty and became small boys, breathing with excitement over a new toy engine. Lydia felt an obscure pride fill her at the sight of the fair head and the dark grizzled one bent over a diagram drawn with a fork on the table-cloth. Her father was grim and hawk-like, but undoubtedly good-looking and amusing. They parted at midnight, having arranged to go out with him in the new car the next day.

"He's not really a veterinary, Lydia?"

Bill asked a trifle uneasily as they climbed into a taxi. Did veterinaries go in for Bentleys and Alfa-Romeos? Or was the man joking?

"Bill, my great oaf, he's the most famous surgeon in Scotland!"

Which only proved to John William that of all crazy families, this one he was connected with was the craziest.

SPRINGTIME IN AIKEN

(Continued from page 97)

the evening they all turn into near-grown-ups and look adorable in floating chiffons and georgettes.

One pretty girl wore black lace that first night, with a great flower of Nile green on her shoulder and Nile green satin slippers.

I noticed again how well crêpe de Chine looks on the tall, slender sun-burned woman, how charming the newer fashions are in their elaborate simplicity. Any attempt at over-dressing in the evening, in a place of this kind, where one has spent the day in a riding-habit or sports clothes, would be out of key with the informality of the life.

Not only the rider is at home here, though a thread of horse interest runs through the atmosphere continually. Golf and tennis bring many devotees of those sports and the climate is ideal for them.

In the autumn, they tell me, among other things, they have dove shooting, a most difficult sport, as the doves are very quick in flight. Six or seven doves is a good afternoon's bag, because of this swiftness, so the massacre is not exaggerated.

Mrs. Hitchcock has put rabbits into her

woods and loves to go out with her beagles. She had an accident this winter, breaking her ankle in her own garden. It was set in a plaster cast and she rode with it that way till it was crushed again and broken in three places. Still she is most active and never a school event is organized that she does not distribute the prizes, lame as she is. She spends her time thinking up ways of encouraging and amusing the sporting younger set and the colony speaks of her, universally, with love and admiration. Truly a grand hostess of the old school.

The Skiddy von Stades come here every year, and both the boys are fine horsemen. Young Louis E. Stoddard is also a coming man in the saddle.

On Saturday afternoon we motored over to Augusta, Georgia, for tea, for it is only fifteen miles away. It is a flourishing city, with the traffic of New York and a gorgeous hotel on the heights. We had a delicious tea in the Sun Glow Tea Room, which is all done in sunset yellows and made me think, too, of a bed of yellow tea roses, in its dozen shades of that gay color.

(Concluded on page 178)

TREASURE

OF sparkling silver is the sea,
Beside the silver sand.
And 'neath a stately cypress tree
Two silver oxen stand.

Nor does it seem that there could be
More richness to behold,
Until the sun sinks in the sea
And turns them all to gold!

Dorothy Caruso

FOR THE
AMERICAN
MISS

at

GRADUATION
TIME

a

MEEKER
MADE

Vanity, Handbag or Underarm

SHE will thrill at receiving one of the "Madge Bellamy" Vanities—a Meeker Made novelty of imported steerhide. The "Madge Bellamy" is a practical little accessory having a compact or powder-puff pocket, comb pocket and comb, coin pocket, detachable beveled edge plate mirror, two card or memo pockets and pencil. Artistically hand colored. Hand laced edges.

The larger illustration below shows this vanity. The handbag illustrated is No. 4522 with silver finished turnlock frame. All Meeker Made leather goods are the finest on the market. Dozens of different styles and new designs from which to make selection.

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The jeweler's art reaches its consummate perfection in Deltah Pearls, which flawlessly simulate Nature's loveliest gems... The choice of Deltah Fashion Necklaces at the current openings of leading Parisian couturiers speaks eloquently of the rare beauty of these new Heller creations. Everywhere women of good taste select them as the final touch of smartness.

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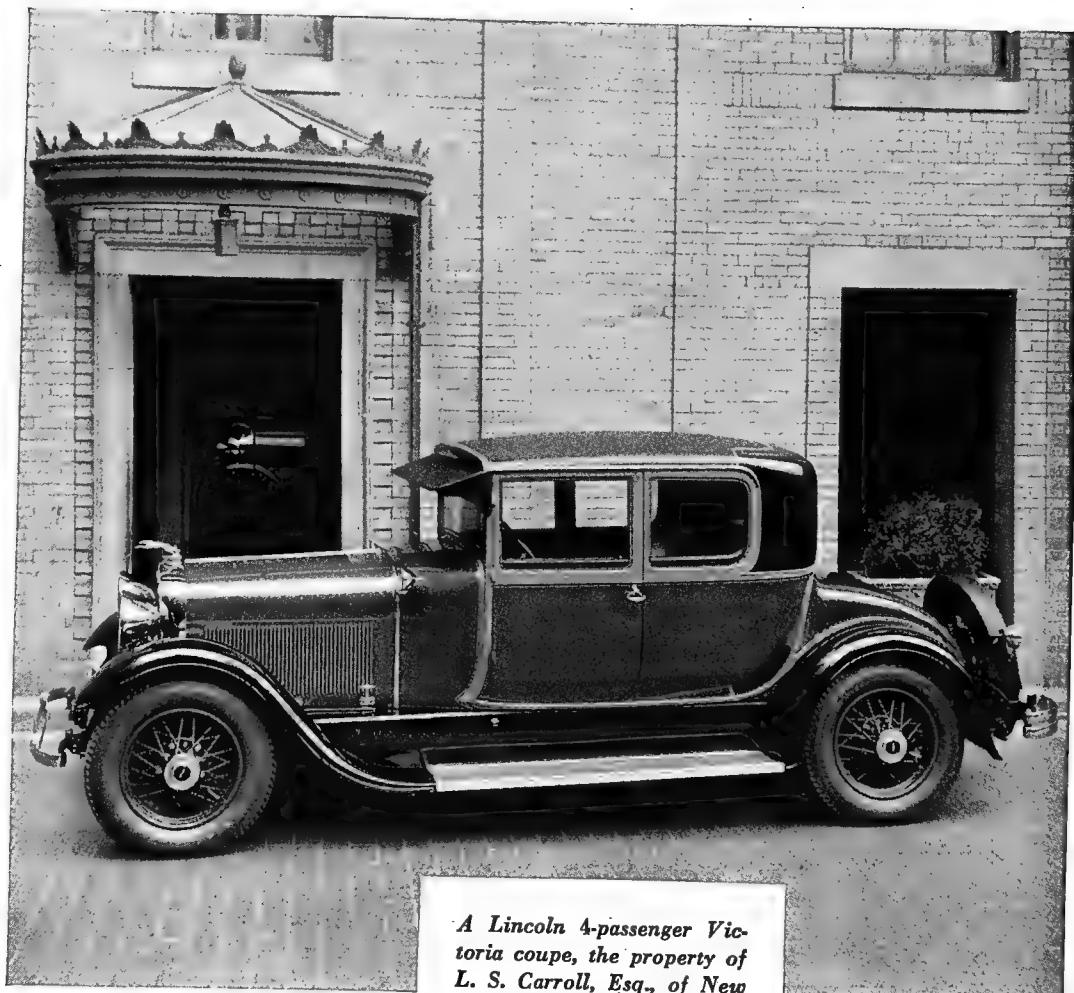


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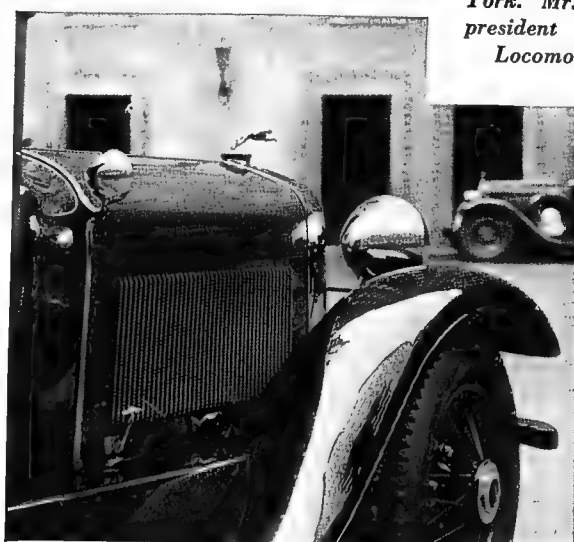
A CAR IS KNOWN BY THE COMPANY IT KEEPS

IF YOU were to examine the list of prominent Lincoln owners (and they are to be found in every corner of the world) you could not fail to gain a new respect for this very individual motor car. For that list includes a great many royal personages, high governmental officials, foreign dignitaries and diplomats, well-known figures in business and society . . . names familiar in every corner of the world . . . people of substance and standing, knowing the best, and as a matter of course obtaining it. A most distinguished patronage.

Such people turn naturally to the Lincoln, because it is built for them . . . because it is at once beautiful and dignified . . . because it is smart . . . because it is so admirably made that it will bear them swiftly, silently, smoothly, season after season, wherever they wish to go. . . . Because, in its insistence upon excellence, in its unswerving fidelity to the highest ideals and traditions, it represents all that they value most.



A Lincoln 4-passenger Victoria coupe, the property of L. S. Carroll, Esq., of New York. Mr. Carroll is Vice-president of the American Locomotive Company.



"AS NEARLY PERFECT A MOTOR CAR AS IT IS POSSIBLE TO PRODUCE"

THE LINCOLN

Exquisite
Footwear



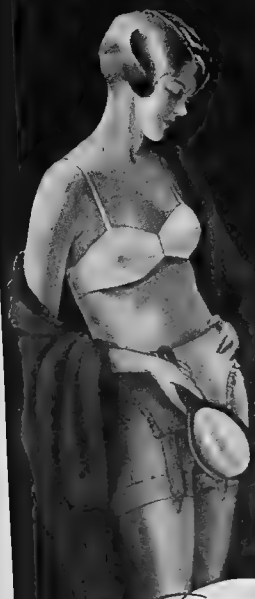
RAQUEL . . . A step-in pump featuring an interestingly conceived panel insert . . . Another Andrew Geller creation accorded instant fashionable favor at the new Andrew Geller Fifth Avenue Shop.

ANDREW GELLER
exquisite footwear
— FIFTH AVENUE at FORTY-THIRD —

A New Ideal of Youthful Grace

Never before has woman's form been so perfectly and comfortably moulded into the youthful silhouette as in the New Maidenette brassiere. Everywhere it is welcomed by women who find in it grace, ease and absolute comfort. On the seated figure, the Maiden Form Double Support brassiere, a very popular model, is designed to slenderize and give extra support to the fuller figure.

At Leading Shops
Everywhere



DEMAND THIS LABEL

The **Maiden Form**
BRASSIERE

"The Original Uplift Brassiere"

ENID MFG. CO.
248 Fifth Ave.
New York



Girls' polo at Aiken.

SPRINGTIME IN AIKEN

(Concluded from page 176)

The informality of Aiken is its great charm. It has none of the resort quality one finds in so many places. People, the same people, come year after year and take houses and settle down to life out-of-doors, in the sun. There never was a place where sport was less commercialized. You may come or go as you will, and, through a great lady's generosity, all out-doors is yours to enjoy.

It reminds me of the life my Irish hunting cousins used to tell me about before the war. They lived on horseback, and a habit was much more important than an evening gown. They courted and proposed on horseback; they may even have been married on horseback, for all I know.

On Sunday evening I went for a picnic in the woods. We had a buggy which seemed in momentary danger of tipping over as we struck deep ruts driving through the pines; indeed, my delightful hostess told me, with a flash of her teeth as we came back in the dark, that they often *did* turn over. But I was so happy with sandwiches and cocoa joggling inside me, and so enchanted at the thought of a picnic in bleak March, and with the stars above the pines and the swarms of stagey fireflies, that I only giggled at the thought.

In the daytime cardinals call in these woods, blue jays flash across your way and woodpeckers perch on the dizziest heights. One friend of mine told me a cardinal dashed himself to death against the wire screening of their veranda, and they gave him a real funeral, with tears, as they felt they had lost a friend.

A delicious sense of *laissez aller* creeps into one's veins here. It is true my New York nerves, used to flying taxis, wanted to push the horse along bodily the first day I drove. But in a day or two that sensation wears off and one becomes gentle and relaxed in spirit.

The riding horses for hire are astonishingly good-looking beasts, quite the best collection I have ever seen.

There was splendid polo on Saturday with Hitchcock, McCoy and other first-rate men to watch, and on Sunday the small boys held the field. There is always something to watch or do. As Mrs. George Mead said, it is hard to keep to your dates, for no sooner have you made a tennis appointment than you hear of something exciting going on somewhere which you must take in.

The sporting instinct persists, for as we sat at tea on Mrs. Mead's veranda the children were having a bee hunt with air rifles, below us, among the flowering azaleas. Great trees covered with purple, drooping plumes of wistaria, towered above the azaleas. I have never known which is more beautiful, purple or white wistaria, and here both dangle their

feathers before you, waiting for admiration.

On Monday we drove out to Steeple Field in the Hitchcock woods for the Aiken Hunter Trials. It was a glorious morning with a strong wind chasing the clouds high above us. After a long drive we came to the rendezvous and found many buggies and riders drawn up in front of the jumps. One woman rode in the classic side-saddle habit of dark blue cloth, with bowler hat and close black veil, but the majority of the women wore brown tweed coats with matching or lighter, plain skirts, when they did not wear breeches. Soft brown felt hats were pulled well over their eyes and here and there a pink or blue shirt showed in place of the white crash stock.

The girls wore blue or white shirts, or high-necked sweaters of yellow, beige or cream and very few of them bothered with hats. Yellow string gloves looked very smart.

Josefa Hofmann, daughter of the famous pianist, took the jumps alone in the middle- and heavy-weight hunters class, and went over in excellent form. Her mother stood under a tree near me, watching every move, her fingers anxiously at her lips, relieved and smiling when it was all over and Josefa had won a round of applause.

Again the horses were superb, and only a few refusals marred the jumping.

The spectators in buggies were mostly charmingly dressed, short-sleeved frocks being especially in place as the sun was really hot.

Behind the trees colored men were preparing luncheon, for the jumping was to continue into the afternoon.

All along the trail, on the way out and in, John Henry and I turned out from time to time, to let groups of riders pass us, and always there were courteous thanks.

You feel like being polite and kind down here, it is in the atmosphere of the place. After the jostling, pushing hurry of New York where manners in public often go by the board, it is a joy to sun oneself in this spirit of kindness, of gentleman's sport and hospitality.

A charming expedition at this time of year is to motor over to Charleston, about three hours, they tell me, to see the mar-velous azalea and magnolia gardens. The white Cherokee roses of the South and the big petaled, single yellow ones leave an undying picture in one's mind.

It is good to get away to unsophisticated people, once in a while. I asked a waiter one day if he had any cigarettes, naming only the Turkish name of them. "No, m'am," he said, "we only got seed an' raisin cake."

That was quite all right with me.



**Everybody's
Talking**

Everybody's talking about
the marvelous whiteness of
teeth after using Listerine
Tooth Paste a short time.
You will be delighted.

**Large Tube,
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This antiseptic shampoo gets rid of dandruff quickly

BE on guard against dandruff. Don't let it get the upper hand. Treat it immediately with Listerine as a precaution against thin hair and baldness.

Literally tens of thousands have been benefited by this simple pleasant treatment.

Once you realize that dandruff is a highly infectious condition caused by germs, you can appreciate the effectiveness of full strength Listerine in checking it.

Because used this way, Listerine is an effective germicide—so active it even destroys 200,000,000 of the stubborn *Bacillus Typhosus* (typhoid) and *Staphylococcus Aureus* (pus) germs in 15 seconds.

We could not make such a statement unless we were prepared to prove it to the entire satisfaction of the medical profession and the U. S. Government.

Though powerful, Listerine, at the same time, is so safe, that it will not harm the tenderest tissues. Indeed, it has a soothing effect. Actually balm to burning, itching scalps. After a Listerine treatment your head feels simply great.

At the first sign of dandruff, simply douse full strength Listerine on the scalp and massage vigorously, keeping the treatment up several days. If scalp is excessively dry a little castor or olive oil may be used in connection with the shampoo. It is the combination of antiseptic and massage that does the work. You will simply be delighted by results. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

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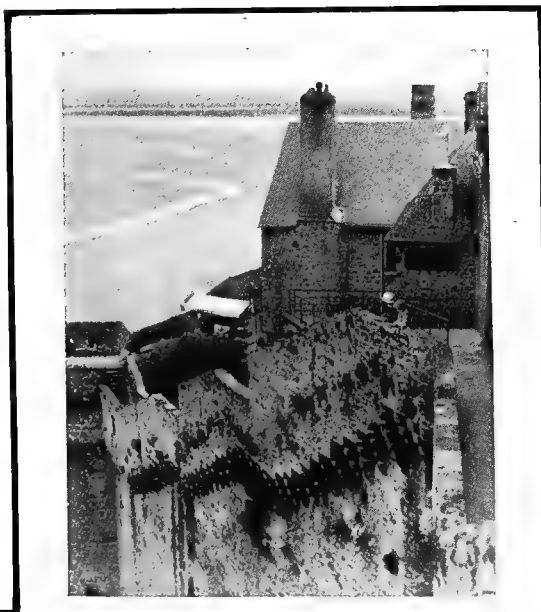
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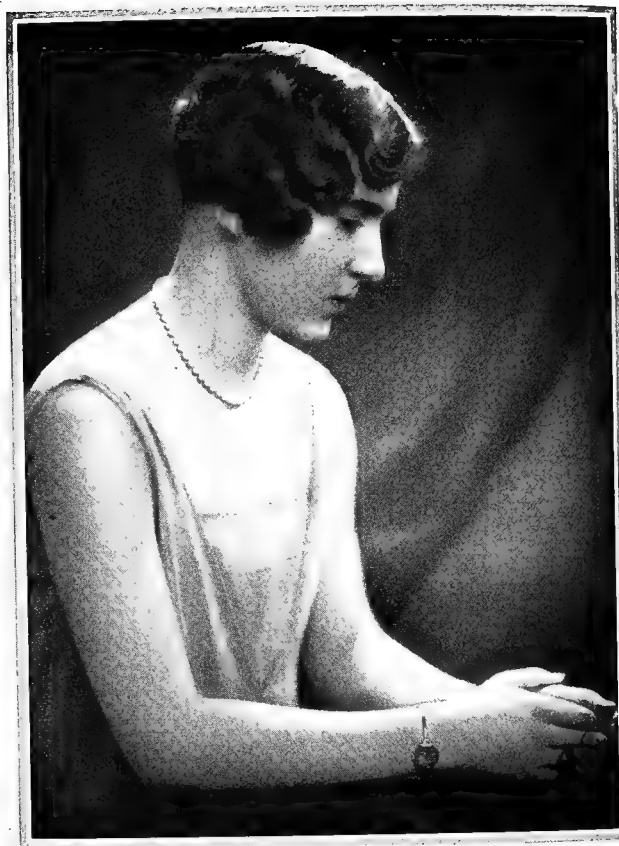
Mont St. Michel is literally a high spot in your jaunt to Normandy and Brittany, and Normandy is just right after Paris . . . it's all a part of a trip abroad, and you're planning one, aren't you? Most everybody is! Won't you let our Travel Bureau assist you with your plans? We answer with alacrity telephone calls, letters, and questions in person.

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Princess Ingrid of Sweden.

A PRINCESS IN THE MAKING

By KATHERINE GLOVER

TALES of princesses used to begin with once-upon-a-time, but this is a tale of a very modern now and a princess who upsets most of one's traditional notions. With the shifting scene and temper of the people of kingdoms to-day, being a royal personage requires more ingenuity than almost any other conceivable calling. With all the trappings of majesty to foster the illusion, it was comparatively easy to be tyrant or despot, or exalted sovereign, but stripped of most of the trappings and with veneration as out of date as pompadours, it is not so simple to play the part of king or prince or princess gracefully and effectively.

No country in Europe takes its royal family more democratically and casually, but with more genuine affection, than Sweden. And the family of King Gustaf has learned the trick of translating sovereignty into modern terms. The Swede will say to an American, defending the persistence of the royal system: "After all, it costs us very little more than your presidents cost you. And we like our royal family. They are so terribly decent."

I rarely passed the beautiful royal palace in Stockholm, which is so reminiscent of older, statelier days, but with an extremely modern life swirling close to its doors, without thinking of the young Princess Ingrid living there, like a butterfly in the chrysalis, waiting to unfold her wings—to what possible fate? Why is it that romance weaves its web so much more about a princess than a prince? Perhaps the spell of the fairy-tale persists. For long, princes have mingled freely in the world but princesses have retained until very recently an aloofness that creates mystery.

Sweden has four royal princesses, Princess Ingrid, the only princess in the direct line, daughter of the Crown Prince. The other three: daughters of Prince Carl, Princess Margareta, wife of Prince Axel, of Denmark, Princess Astrid, wife of the Belgian Crown Prince, and the Princess Martha, the recent bride of Crown Prince Olaf of Norway. The two daughters of Prince Oscar, another brother of the king, because he married outside the bounds of royalty, are known merely as countesses, the Countesses Bernadotte, sisters of Count Bernadotte, recently married to Miss Manville.

Many a princess has turned into a queen and ruled a kingdom at eighteen, but in Sweden eighteen years is not considered long enough to educate a princess for her future job. As a matter of fact in spite of having made her first formal appearance—at the opening of Parliament last year—the princess has not altogether grown up. She is not yet very well known to her countrymen. When one asks about her, the answer is: "She is hardly more than a child yet. She hasn't finished her education."

The princess, it so happens, is rather shy, with a curious mixture of modern independence and reserve. With some, because she has not yet mingled very much with the world, the shyness passes for haughtiness. In reality, beneath her shyness, she is a very healthy, active, sports-loving young girl of the day. As the only girl, with two older and two younger brothers, she has had a lot of devotion showered upon her and some ragging, which has made her a good sport and playfellow. She loves tennis and is an excellent player, and is also an expert skater and loves skiing and all of the winter sports that abound in Sweden. When she is in Stockholm she always begins her day with a canter in the beautiful Djurgården on her favorite mount, which is one of the special charges of the dwindling royal stables.

As soon as she was eighteen, the princess took her examination for a driver's license like any ordinary aspirant, and since then has had her own motor-car, which she drives about Stockholm and the vicinity, often quite alone.

The education of the princess was a concern very close to the heart of her parents. Her mother, the Crown Princess, was a very wise and devoted mother in every respect and personally supervised the education of her children. She saw to it that the education of the princess should be of such character as to fit her for any rôle she might be called upon to fill—whether a royal consort, a queen, or simply the mistress of a modest household. Princess Margaret started for her two older boys a small class to which she invited a group of other children of their age, so that the royal children might not be without companionship in their studies. When Princess Ingrid was six years old she joined (Continued on page 181)



A NEW Ciné-Kodak

LIGHT · SMALL · BEAUTIFUL · EFFICIENT
and at a remarkable price

In Ciné-Kodak stores everywhere you may now examine the last word in home movie cameras.

It is convenient, good looking, and possesses unique operating advantages.

It is the new Ciné-Kodak, Model BB.

Unparalleled Convenience!

The lighter a movie camera is the more you will want to use it, and the Model BB is the lightest spring-driven camera made in the 16 m/m field, film capacity considered.

It is small and compact. Oblong in shape, its body measurements are only 7 inches long, 4 3/8 inches high, and 2 3/16 inches wide. It is no bigger than a medium-sized Kodak.

A handy carrying case comes with the f.1.9 model. Besides the compartment for the camera, it contains several convenient niches. Into one of them two rolls of film fit neatly; into another the Kodacolor attachments; and into a third, the new lens for telephoto effects which enables you to take close-ups even though you are many feet from your subject.

Exquisite in Appearance!

Both case and camera win your eye at once. They are covered with rich, lustrous, fine-grained leathers. They come in three smart shades—blue, brown and gray—as well as black. (f.3.5 model comes in black only.)

Almost always improvements as great as these not only justify a high price, but make that high price necessary in order to cover their cost. Model BB, however, instead of being given a high price, has been given a LOW one.

Metal fittings are either exquisitely lacquered or gleam with non-tarnishing chromium plate.



Model BB comes in black with f.3.5 lens at \$75 (case \$9 extra); with f.1.9 lens, in three colors and black, including felt lined leather carrying case to match, and with leather shoulder strap, at \$140. Kodacolor filter and neutral density filter (for colored movies) cost \$15 extra. New f.4.5 long-focus lens for telephoto effects is furnished as extra equipment, if desired.

KODACOLOR
FILTER



LENS FOR
TELEPHOTO EFFECTS



Furthermore, these splendid materials are combined with a beautiful simplicity of line and a refreshing absence of non-essential detail.

Improved Operating Efficiency!

This ultra-attractiveness, this graceful modernity of Model BB, has not been allowed to interfere with the camera's *raison d'être*.

The same simplicity that makes it beautiful adds to its strength and efficiency.

This you will instantly appreciate when your dealer shows you the camera. Sight it for yourself. Press the release. Listen to the quiet purr of the spring motor. Press the half-speed button, a feature which enables you to take portraits, landscapes, and still life with much less light than normal speed requires, particularly when using the f.1.9 lens for Kodacolor films.

Movies in Natural Color!

The development of Kodacolor has made the Ciné-Kodak with f.1.9 lens an even more precious possession. With this camera, a filter and Kodacolor Film you can make the most beautiful *living* portraits. When you project the film you see your dear ones as they actually are, with all the color, even the delicate flesh tones, absolutely true to life. You simply use a color filter when making or projecting Kodacolor.

Original Eastman KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y.



The AIRPLANE FEEL of the Franklin opens the road to new motoring thrills

You are driving the Franklin for the first time. "Incomparable," you say, as you start ahead in second speed, mounting to fifty-five miles an hour—as quietly as in high.

There's a short, easy shift to high and you are even more thrilled! Actually you feel as though you were piloting an airplane. Such a surge of power. The acceleration is amazingly fast. How smooth—like a gliding gull. Relax—you can be more relaxed in the Franklin

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FRANKLIN

A PRINCESS IN THE MAKING

(Continued from page 180)

the class. A special room in the children's apartments of the wing of the palace devoted to the Crown Prince's family was fitted up as a schoolroom.

Just as in any other school, classes went on for some years with the Crown Princess always close at hand to watch over the progress of the studies. No laxness or liberties were permitted and the strict standards of the regular schooling in Sweden, which is stiff beyond words, were adhered to.

Every child in Sweden to-day must add to the regular course of studies two or three languages, but with a princess whose contacts will be many, languages are almost more important than anything else, and they must be thoroughly learned. As soon as she could talk at all the princess began speaking English with her mother so that she speaks it now as fluently as her native language. At nine she began with French and a year or two later started German. And lately she has begun the study of Italian. Fortunately, she loves languages and finds it no hardship to start on a new one.

And there were music and dancing lessons which began when she was very young. A special class in Dalcroze was arranged to which the princess and her little friends, accompanied by their mothers, like little girls the world over, went and learned the intricacies of modern rhythm.

When the princess was ten, her mother died. It was a great sorrow, for the tie between the two was very close. The Crown Princess had long had a devoted lady-in-waiting who, at the death of the princess, helped to mother the little girl and to carry on as Princess Margaret had planned the supervision of Ingrid's education under the Crown Prince's direction.

Five years ago, when Princess Ingrid was thirteen, the Crown Prince was married again, to Princess Louise Mountbatten, also of England. The princess, like any other little girl, dreaded the thought of a stepmother. The story is told that when the new Crown Princess came to the palace some of the gifts that had poured in to the royal couple were spread out for her to see. Conspicuously among them on a grand piano, where it could not fail to attract attention, Ingrid had placed enshrined a portrait of her

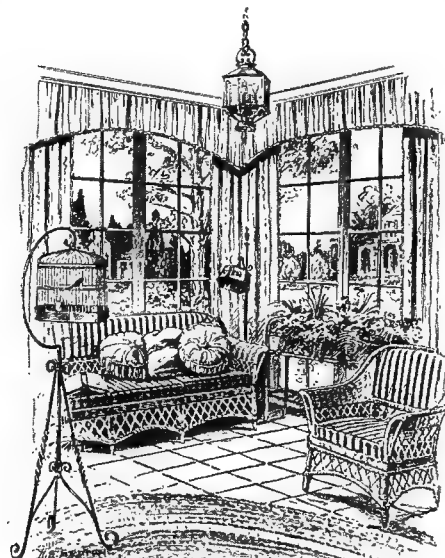
mother, the late Crown Princess.

When the Princess Louise, who is most gracious and generous in all her actions, saw it she went at once to the little princess and said to her simply, "Ingrid, since you have given me the gift which you prize the most, I know it means that you and I are going to be friends." And friends they have been, for not only the children of the Crown Prince but everyone in the kingdom has melted to the graciousness of the present Crown Princess.

Two years ago when Princess Ingrid was sixteen, all of her young companions of the schoolroom deserted her. The reason for the desertion gives a hint of what is happening in Sweden to-day—they one and all felt they must have a diploma in order to be ready to enter upon some profession or career. So, quite like Cinderella, the princess was left alone to continue her studies under private tutors. Since then she has had a little more latitude in selecting what subjects interested her most. It is to languages and history that she devotes herself with the greatest zest, with particular fondness for the history of art and music. The old schoolroom has been deserted and her tutors come for several hours each morning to the writing room of her private suite.

The education of the princess is by no means confined to that which comes from books. In the practical arts as well she has been meticulously trained, in sewing and home-making, although she frankly has no love of sewing a plain seam. In the finer needlework she has something of the skill which has made the crafts of Sweden—both old and modern—distinctive. Had she lived in earlier days, from her needle might have come some of those beautiful old ecclesiastical embroideries that once absorbed the energies and emotions of young ladies of royal blood. Now, with dancing and skating and skiing and riding, needlework must be for the occasional spare hour, although it still forms a part of every Swedish girl's education, be she royal or peasant. The princess has, in fact, started upon a very beautiful piece of embroidery for the altar of the palace chapel.

That suggests how closely the old and the new dovetail in the modern life in Sweden. In no (Concluded on page 186)



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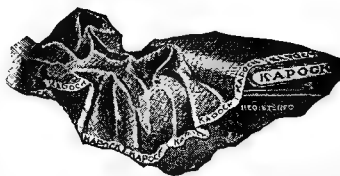
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Princess Ingrid, only daughter of the Crown Prince of Sweden, wearing the traditional court costume.

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And lovely thing, it cannot hold a grief
More permanent than they. Your very name
That now I speak no more is no more dear
Than any name, and your remembered words
Are less disturbing than the wings of birds
Brushing across the soft, dark silence here.

Oh, if I mourn for that lost ecstasy
It is for all lost ecstasy I sigh;
And if I think of our love wistfully
It is that any perfect thing should die.
I keep the pact we swore to, when I do.
No tears—I promised you, I *promised you!*
Eleanor Chase

THE VESPER BELL

THERE is a bell that sounds the quiet hour;
It tolls the evening star into the west:
For it the winds and seas fall into rest;
Peace opens like the petals of a flower;
Clouds put on glories, in its solemn power,
And they become day's marvelous palimpsest;
While dusk hangs roses on the lintel night.
He hates his soul who cannot find delight
In this bell tolling as earth weds the skies;
Whence once again the million stars get birth
From very love of heaven for the earth,
From love of earth for heaven that never dies!
Harry Kemp

THE DEAD LOVER SPEAKS

OH! do not take her where we used to go—
Our little secret places green and dear—
The leafy lane that only we did know—
The meadow, lovely with the changing year.
There are so many paths your feet can trace,
To lovers, all earth's ways are heaven-bright,
And each reads beauty in the other's face,
So leave our glades to dream of past delight.
But if you wander there and hear a sound—
A little whisper like a wistful sigh—
And she will say with wonderment profound,
"The leaves are still, and yet the wind went by."
You will not answer, though you seem unkind,
For you will know that it was not the wind.
Helen Blodgett Erwin

OLD LETTERS

HOW great my love for you I only knew
When my old letters brought you back again,
Some written on mauve paper, some on blue,
The pages scribbled lightly by my pen.

I think that when I gave yours back to you,
Their burning passion so alive and bright,
Through crowded pages flamed, amazing, new,
Until you could not see me for the light.
Elizabeth Leslie Roos

COOL STRANGER

WHO was that girl I was last week, last year?
People judge us as one,
But I do not know her.
Helen DeForest Hansen

The Weaver-Jackson Company

Hollywood's famous beauty experts advise daily use of Palmolive Soap

"Society here is very cosmopolitan. So is our clientele. We must know all the beauty treatments in vogue on the continent. Among these, the most famous is the Palmolive Soap treatment...used by famous beauties throughout Europe."

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By Willard Jacobs U.P.*

HOLLYWOOD—LOS ANGELES
—PASADENA



Interior of one of the ten famous Weaver-Jackson Shops in Hollywood—patronized by more than half of the celebrities of the moving picture world. The Weaver-Jackson Company Shops are known throughout Los Angeles, Pasadena and Hollywood.

HOLLYWOOD, mecca of beauty, listens to its beauty specialists with the same respect accorded its physicians.

For in Hollywood beauty means success, and a lovely skin means more than anywhere in the world. And what those experts say is vital beauty news!

Listen, then, to what the Weaver-Jackson Company experts say...who number among their patrons half of the famous stars of Cinema Land.

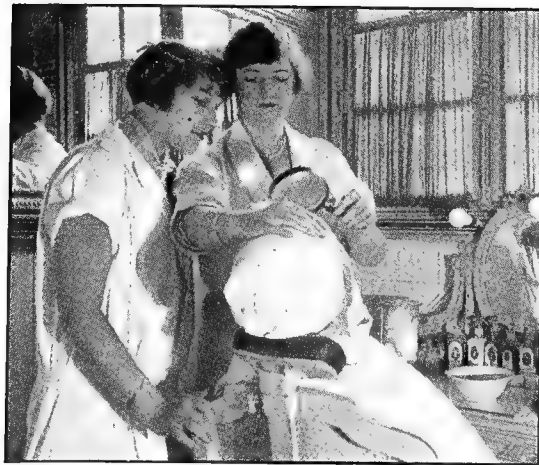
Where Hollywood is beautified

"Among our patrons are the smartest, the most fastidious, the most prominent women in Hollywood, Los Angeles and Pasadena. We take pride in serving fully half of the women in the motion picture industry.

"We operate a system of ten distinguished shops which form the largest one city beauty service unit in the world, and prominent among our shops is the well-known unit in the Ambassador Hotel.

"Society here is very cosmopolitan. So is our clientele. So we must know all the beauty treatments in vogue on the continent.

"Among these the most famous is the Palmolive Soap treatment. You take this soap which is made from the oils of the Palm tree and the Olive tree. You massage it gently into the face—so (with some warm water, of course), until you see the skin is clean. Then wash it off, still with gentle warm water following with cold. There you have a beauty treatment used by famous beauties throughout Europe."



Operators working in the Paris salon of L'Institut de Beauté, presided over by the distinguished Madame Valentin le Brun. Madame le Brun advises all her smart patrons to use one soap—and one only—Palmolive.

Dozens of experts in Hollywood recommend this famous treatment involving Palmolive Soap! And hundreds—hundreds—of specialists all over the country give their patrons this same advice.

In Paris, home of beauty, all the experts tell you the same thing. Lina Cavalieri, for instance, the former opera star, who now tells the smartest women in Paris how to keep their priceless beauty; Madame Valentin le Brun, the acknowledged dean of all Parisienne beauty specialists; Massé, Vincent, Delord et Bion, Payot—all the beauty specialists of note in the beauty loving capital of France recommend Palmolive Soap to their distinguished patrons; and in Vienna, Berlin, Budapest, Rome, Madrid, London—in all the great capitals of Europe you hear this same advice, "safeguard beauty with Palmolive Soap."

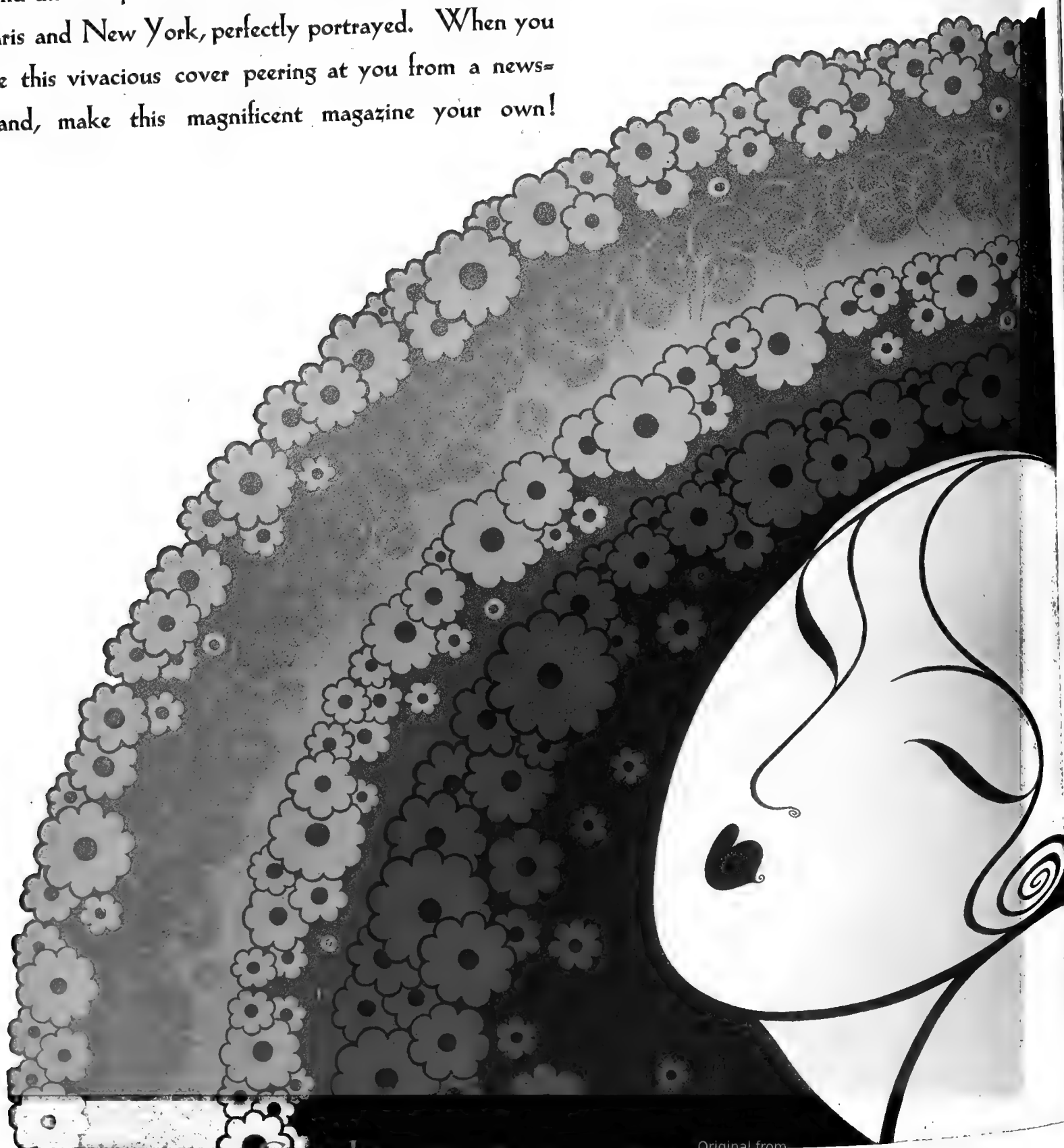


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Something to look forward to—Harper's Bazar for June! Harford Powel, Jr., begins a new serial, "Married Money," concerning social life in Boston and spending money in New York. "Commencement" is an appropriate short story by Robert Emmet Sherwood. Two gorgeous color pages of wraps done by Bénigni in Paris. An all-important article on the ways and means of following the sun=tan vogue.

And all the sports and travel clothes of summer, from Paris and New York, perfectly portrayed. When you see this vivacious cover peering at you from a newsstand, make this magnificent magazine your own!



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[[Four Speeds Forward]]
Standard Gear Shift

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Apple Green with emerald green collar and parchment piping.

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A PRINCESS IN THE MAKING

(Concluded from page 181)

country is life freer for a young girl to-day and yet with all the modern liberties, they retain a firm hold upon the older virtues of home-making.

It is significant that the education of the princess is not considered complete at eighteen. With her academic studies and the arts rounding to completion, she will later start in on specialized training in cooking and household management and in social and humanitarian activities. It happened to be in Brussels in the fall of 1927 when the heiress to the Crown Prince and Princess was born, and in an interview, the Queen of Belgium spoke with great pride of how the Princess Astrid had been trained in the care of children by practical experience in hospitals and institutions in her own country. Both she and the Princess Martha, under the very scrupulous direction of their mother, Princess Ingeborg, received the most exacting training in cooking and sewing and in the care of children.

THE Crown Prince has believed it better to wait until the Princess Ingrid is fully grounded in her academic education before she widens her activities.

One can imagine many a young American considering such an education as that of the princess a hardship. But she has been brought up in the general atmosphere of a family accustomed to take its responsibilities seriously. She has been surrounded by a simple and very genuine home life. The Crown Prince and his family divide their time between the palace in Stockholm and a smaller but very beautiful palace at Ulriksdals, a little way out from Stockholm. In the grounds of their palace, which is surrounded by a beautiful forest, is a lake set like a deep basin beneath overhanging trees. It is there during the winter that the princess and princes enjoy skating. On the southern coast of Sweden at Sofiero, the Crown Prince has a summer home and when the family retires there life loses its formality and becomes very much that of an English country-house, with a swarm of young people always busy with tennis or swimming or motoring.

It is hard to imagine a royal family more intimately linked with the modern life of their country than that of Sweden. On state occasions they fit harmoniously into the traditional picture and uphold all the ancient traditions of the kingdom but in their daily lives they abandon their pedestals and serve their people faithfully. The King, greatly beloved in his country, has reached the age where outside the duties of state, he spends most of his leisure time in sports, his prowess at tennis when he sheds his title and becomes simply "Mr. G.", being well known; and equally as a huntsman. Last year on his seventieth birthday a popular subscription of five million Swedish crowns (\$1,225,000) which came from all parts of the world, was turned over to him as a token of regard and he has devoted it to the study and eradication of cancer.

THE Crown Prince, whose visit to America two years ago is well remembered, is an archeologist of distinction. He has taken part in important excavations and researches in Greece and is very genuinely interested in the subject. Prince Carl, father of Princess Astrid and Martha, is the head of the Red Cross in Sweden, not a nominal but an extremely active head, giving his time daily to its direction. And under his régime the Red Cross has greatly expanded and developed many interesting features such as airplane ambulances to penetrate to the white wilderness in the north of Sweden during the winter where the Lapps live, and to reach the islands in the archipelago of the Baltic, in cases of emergency.

Prince Carl and his family, due to reverses just after the war, gave up their beautiful residence in the Djurgården and live very modestly in an apartment in Stockholm.

Prince Eugen, another brother of the King, is a painter and an extremely skilful one. Some of his murals decorate one room in Sweden's city hall, which ranks as one of the most beautiful buildings of

modern times. Prince Eugen has never married.

The third brother of the King, Prince Oscar, who by his marriage to a lady not of royal blood, renounced his right to the throne, is the acting head of the Swedish Young Men's Christian Association and both he and his wife are very deeply and actively interested in the welfare of that and other similar organizations. Prince Oscar is the father of Count Bernadotte whose marriage has made a bond between America and the Swedish royal family.

A brother of the Crown Prince, Prince Wilhelm, who recently visited the United States, is a well known writer, poet and traveler, a delightful personality, and in American parlance "a good mixer."

In her hard-working and extremely active family the princess has a great deal to live up to. There is as yet not a whisper of any possible marriage for the young Ingrid except the inevitable one of an alliance with the evasive Prince of Wales. She goes happily and busily along her way preparing for what the future may hold. Last year the King gave a ball for her at the palace, a small and informal affair although it was somewhat in the nature of a début. Queen Victoria, who has been in frail health for a long time and spends little time in Sweden, was not there or the occasion might have been more formal and no doubt only those of noble families would have been included in the list of guests. For the queen, being German, a Princess of Baden, is much more ceremonious than the rest of the royal family. There were perhaps a hundred and fifty or two hundred guests—the boys and girls who had gone to school with the princess and her brothers, now grown up; the sons and daughters of families known to the royal family, and friends of the young princes, a healthy, jolly lot of youths.

The orchestra was made up of the best jazz players to be found in Stockholm and except for the setting of one of the beautiful smaller state rooms of the palace, it might have been a dance for any modern young débutante.

AS YET the princess has not traveled extensively, beyond her yearly visit in England each fall, where she spends several weeks visiting her grandfather. Last year she went to France and spent three months visiting there, for the perfection of her accent in French, and incidentally to buy a few Paris clothes. The princess, who is of more than medium height and of the decided blonde, Scandinavian type, with fair hair and blue eyes, very pretty, has a healthy, youthful love of dress and very decided tastes of her own. Some of her things are made in Stockholm but for the most part her wardrobe is designed by Crampton of London.

Until she was eighteen the princess shared the services of the lady-in-waiting to the Crown Princess but on coming of age she annexed a lady-in-waiting of her own, a young woman versed in the social arts who serves as a sort of companion and chaperone, accompanying the princess when she goes to teas and parties or for a shopping expedition.

One day I happened to be in Stockholm's largest shop and the small daughter of the American friend who was with me whispered to her mother eagerly, "Doesn't that young lady look like the Princess Ingrid?"

The clerk who was waiting on us said something in Swedish which my friend translated: "It is the Princess Ingrid."

Near by at the hosiery counter was a tall, fair young girl, modestly dressed, who seemed very much intent upon the selection of some silk stockings. In a very few minutes she had melted into the crowd of the store, practically unobserved, she and her companion, and out to the street. No waiting lackeys, not even a motor-car. Just on foot, like ordinary folk, bound no doubt for her four-o'clock cup of tea.

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"EXQUISITE"—her last glance in the mirror had told her! Four years away from home and her old friends had found her lovelier than ever!

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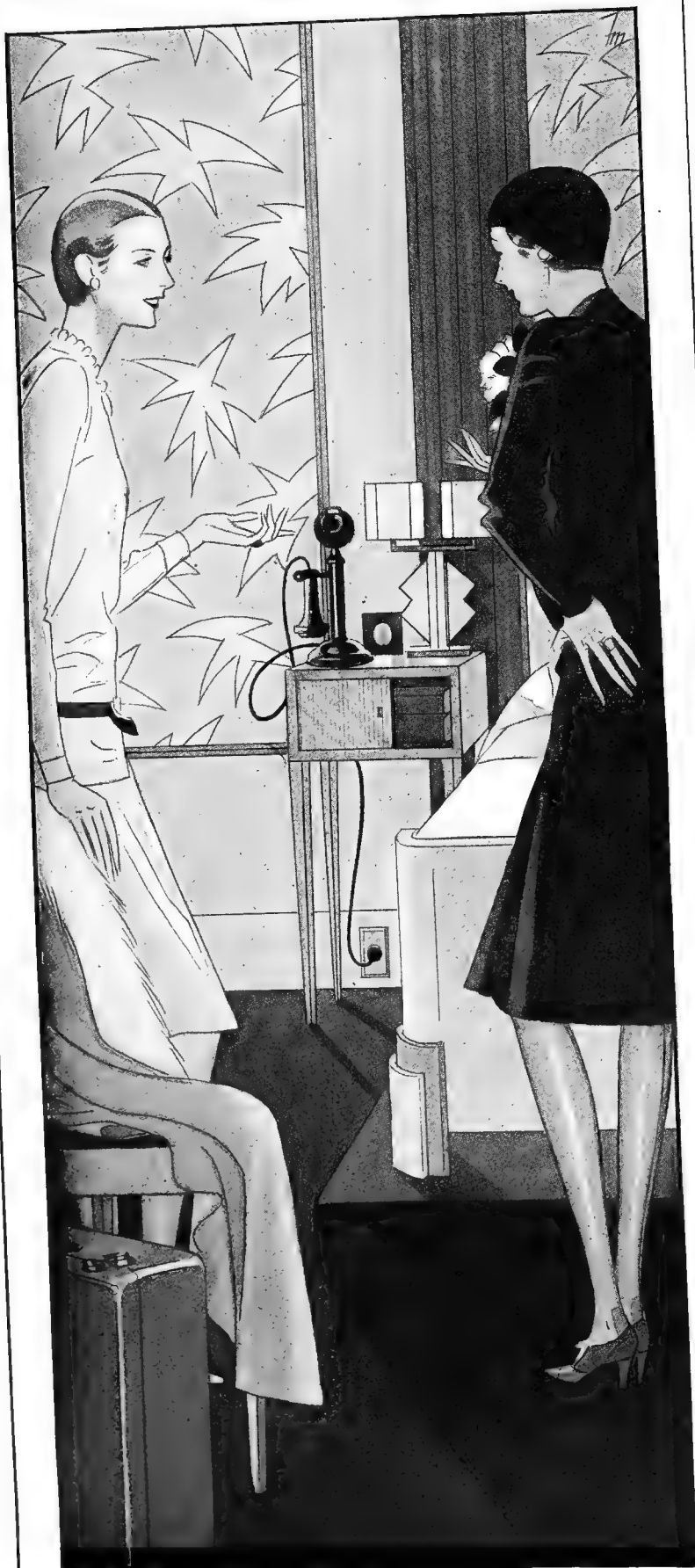
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than all the rest"



The CASTLE of CONTENTMENT in the PRINCIPALITY of LOVE!

The sweet visions of this happy Wedding Day hold the dearest dream of all...the age-old dream of youth and love!...The Dream of Home!...trysting place of hearts and hopes united...that Castle of Contentment which a man protects...that Principality of Love in which a woman rules...but even married couples must be practical...winter months follow the Wedding March...home must be made secure against the rigors of storm and cold...cheeks that glowed with health in June must not languish for warmth in January...suffering must not dim those eyes that now sparkle with love...give your home, however simple or however fine, the blessings of radiator heating...Marriage is the promise of Perpetual Happiness...American Radiator Heating is the supreme Wedding Gift of Perpetual Summer!

You can own the home of your dreams.
Consult your local Building and Loan
Association; let them show you how.
There is no obligation whatsoever.

If you will sign your name below and send it to the
American Radiator Company, 40 West 40th Street,
New York, N. Y., we will send you particulars of our

convenient plan by which you may have your home
heated at a uniform temperature of 70° by an Amer-
ican Radiator Heating Unit at less than \$75 a room!

My name is _____ My address is _____

1

TIFFANY & Co.

JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE

*Quality and Value
A Tradition*

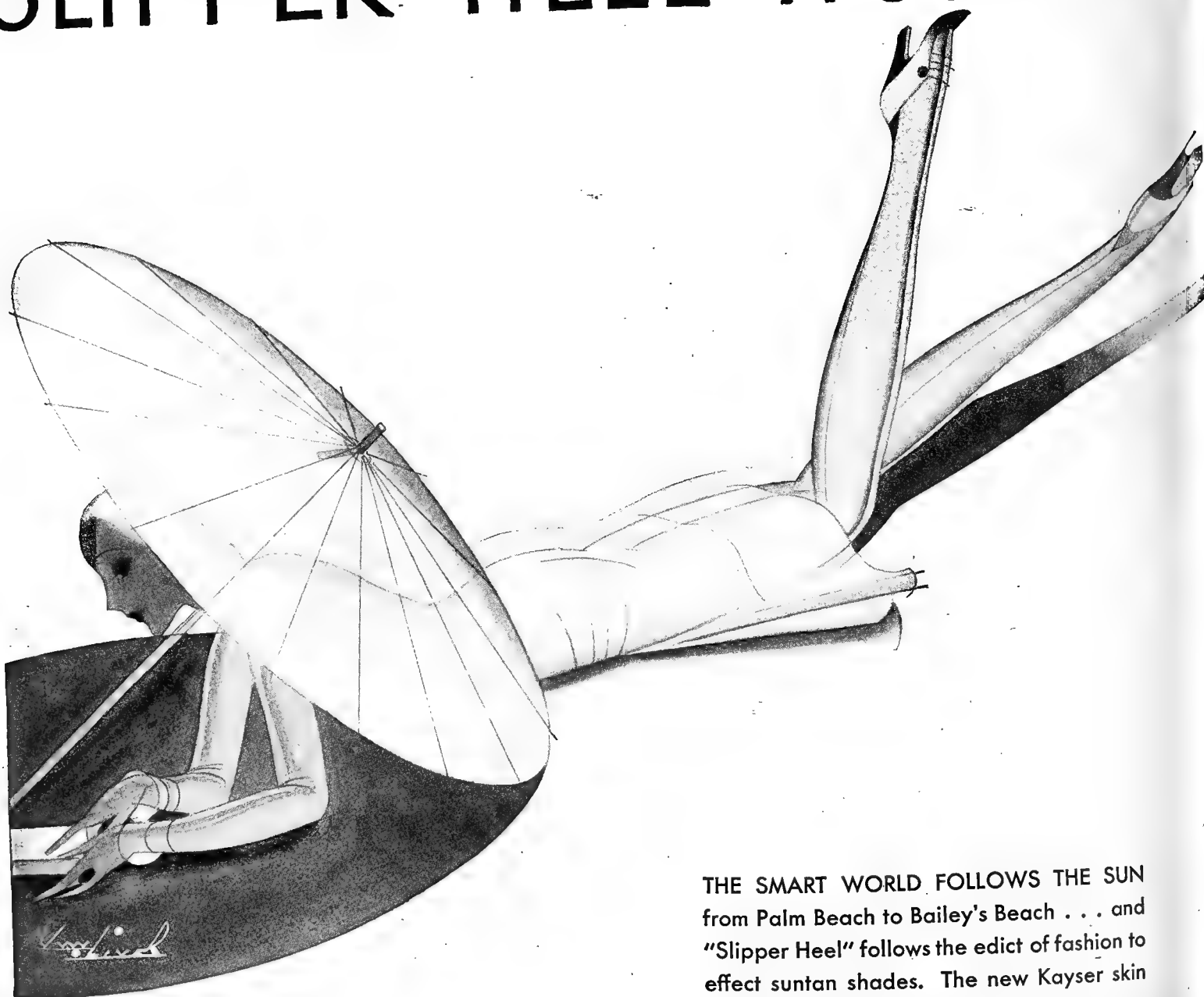
FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET

PARIS NEW YORK LONDON

25 RUE DE LA PAIX

44 NEW BOND STREET

SLIPPER HEEL* HOSIERY



THE SEASON'S SMART SHADES

Sunskin Clearskin
Bareskin Roseskin
Beachskin Fairskin
Suntan

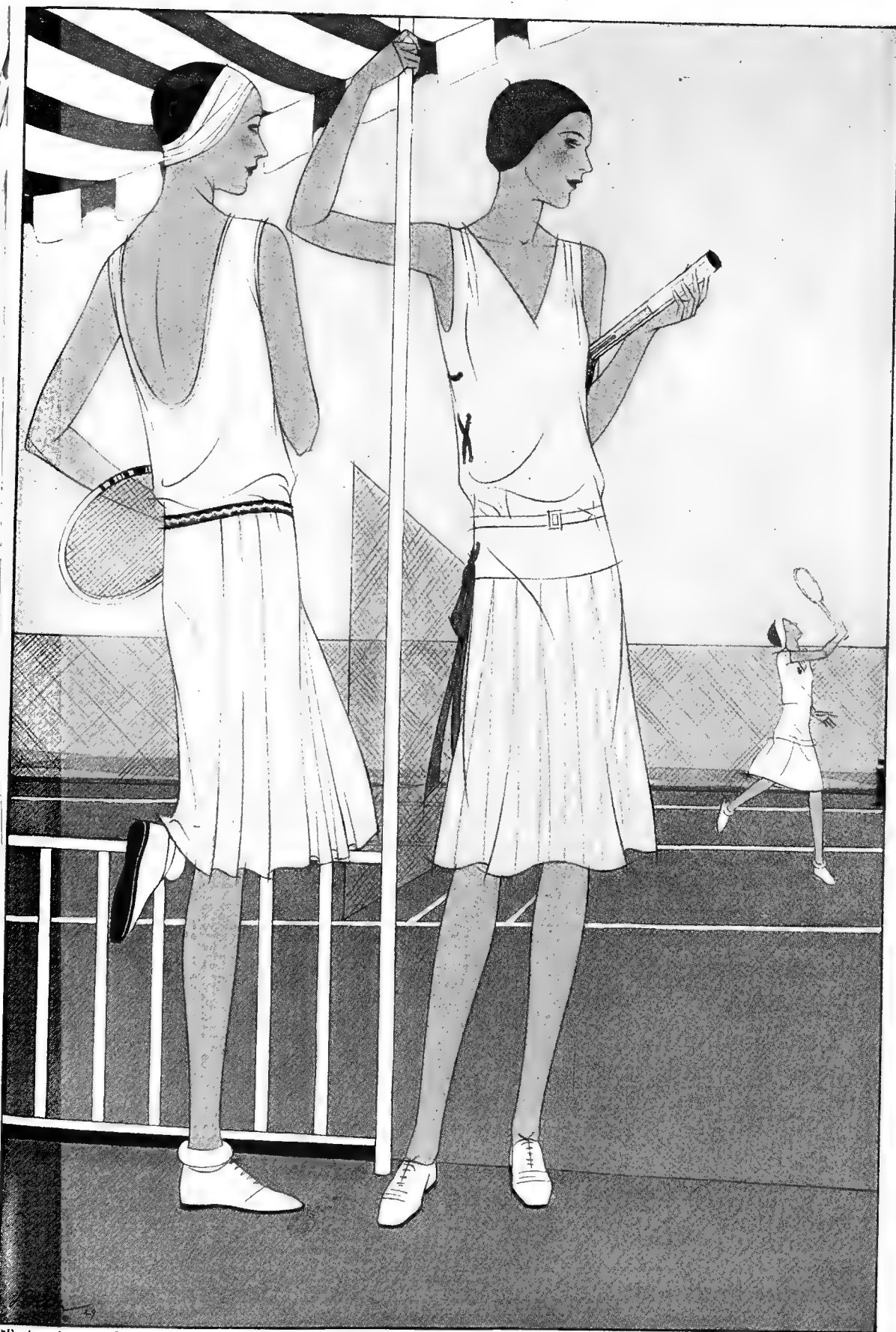
THE SMART WORLD FOLLOWS THE SUN from Palm Beach to Bailey's Beach . . . and "Slipper Heel" follows the edict of fashion to effect suntan shades. The new Kayser skin shades match or harmonize with your own skin to achieve the smart background for the costume. The smartness of the hose itself goes without saying, for it creates a slimmer, trimmer, ankle line . . . and its texture is so fine and clear that it creates the illusion of fine, satiny skin.

For service sheer weight 88X is the choice, \$1.50. For all-occasion wear, No. 157X all silk chiffon is only \$1.65. For formal wear 141X a 45 gauge, picot edge, at \$1.95.

Kayser

You may purchase Kayser Silk Products at all the better shops and at the Kayser Store, Fifth Avenue at 41st Street, opposite the Library.

OUR "EVENING BACK" TENNIS FROCKS OF 1926 BECAME THE TAN-MODE* OF 1929



We stress the fact of our "firstness" because we know that it takes both art and experience to make the kind of tan-mode* frocks that are recognized as right from Antibes to Southampton.

Illustrated are two silk crêpe tan-mode frocks from the largest collection in New York. In white or pastel colors.*
Price 29.50

The Sports Shop for
Madame and Mademoiselle
Fifth Floor

Franklin Simon & Co.

A Store of Individual Shops
FIFTH AVENUE, 37th and 38th STREETS
NEW YORK



A Bronze, "Descending Night," by Adolph Alexander Weinmann

The fine distinction of Caldwell watches is indicated by the high esteem in which they are held by those who appreciate the smart, the unusual.

The bracelet watch in which a beautiful diamond serves as the crystal. The brooch watch—a movable centre concealing the watch. The cover watch and platinum-mesh bracelet with jeweled ends.

J. E. CALDWELL & CO.
Philadelphia



**BONWIT
TELLER**

FIFTH AVENUE AT 38TH STREET

NEW YORK

PARIS LONDON
PHILADELPHIA

TENNIS AND ITS FASHIONS

AND, EVEN IF ONE DOES NOT INDULGE IN TENNIS, ONE CAN WEAR THESE FASHIONS FOR OTHER SUMMER OCCASIONS. LEFT, IS THE NEWEST BACKLESS TENNIS MODEL; CENTER IS THE FROCK WITH ATTACHED, MATCHING SHORTS; AND, RIGHT IS THE FROCK THAT CLEVERLY HIDES THE FACT THAT ITS FULL PLEATED SKIRT SIMULATES PANTIES.

FOR EVERY WOMAN UNDER THE SUN ... THESE SKIN-TONE STOCKINGS

The sun has contributed much to fashion these several seasons past . . . but the outstanding contribution is the vogue of wearing stockings that complement one's complexion. It originated, of course, with those who were sun-tanned, but women quickly realized that it was equally flattering for natural, un-tanned skins. So, today, Gordon Skin-Tone Stockings — in shades that harmonize with one's face and hands — are the important third of the ensemble.

FOR THE FAIR-SKINNED WOMAN: "Champagne" to match her natural coloring; "Noon" to lend it warmth of tone; "Fair Tan" to match her suntan; and "Circe" for evening.

FOR THE WOMAN OF MEDIUM COMPLEXION: In the same order of use—"Rachelle," "Soudan," "Blush Tan," and "Cymbeline."

FOR THE BRUNETTE: In the same order of use—"Ormond," "Coronado," "Pandora," and "Casino."

FOUR VERY NEW deep suntan tones are "Alamo Tan" and "Sonora," with a golden cast; "Pocahontas," a coppery tone; and "Ramona" for the suntan of brilliant complexions.



Gordon
HOSIERY



The little Nada hat in stitched pique may be worn with any frock, and is so practical because it can be washed. White, pink, light blue, yellow, or green. Headsizes 21 to 23. 3.75

MODEL 826

MODEL 827



The ghillie oxford in white pique is smart for sports or general country wear with cotton frocks. Low covered heel. Sizes 3½ to 7. 12.50. Cotton tennis socks. 1.50

MODEL 825

MODEL 828

From head to foot
we're dressed in
PIQUE
this Summer

Model 825—Square neck pique frock with box pleats in skirt. White, pink, or yellow. Misses' sizes. 10.75

Model 828—Copy of a French model in pique with pleated circular skirt. White, pink or yellow. Misses' sizes. 10.75

Model 826—Pique frock with two Chanel bows in front and one in back. Pleats all round. White, pink, or yellow. Misses' sizes. 15.00

Model 829—Cotton pique coat quilted in a scroll design. Pink, yellow, green or white. Misses' sizes. 19.50

Model 827—The Nada frock in pique with bows on shoulders. Slightly circular skirt with pleats. Misses' sizes. 10.75

Model 830—Polka dot pique jacket to wear over Summer frocks. Orange, green, or black with large white dot. Misses' sizes. 7.50

MAIL ORDERS FILLED

Best & Co.

PARIS

LONDON

Fifth Avenue at 35th St.—N. Y.

MODEL 830

MODEL 829

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Palm Beach

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

DO YOU KNOW WHAT CAUSES SUNBURN?



© D. G., 1929

MOST people do not understand the cause of the painful sunburn from which they suffer every summer in order to acquire a becoming tan.

Scientists agree that the burning and blistering part of sunburn is caused by a certain narrow band in the sun's ultra-violet ray. Your problem is to get the health-giving effect of this ultra-violet ray without the painful burning it entails.

The obvious answer to this problem is a preparation to absorb that part of the ultra-violet ray which causes sunburn. *The new Dorothy Gray Sunburn Cream is that answer!* It is a creamy, fragrant liquid which, upon being smoothed over the skin, absorbs that

part of the sun's rays which are responsible for burning. *It does not prevent tanning*, but instead encourages a rich, golden skin-tone. If you will just smooth Dorothy Gray Sunburn Cream plentifully over your skin before exposure to the sun you will take on a beautiful, healthy tan, with no discomfort whatsoever. This Sunburn Cream is particularly delightful to use because it sinks quickly into the skin, leaving it soft and lightly fragrant, without a trace of greasiness.

A bottle of Dorothy Gray Sunburn Cream costs only two dollars and will ordinarily last you an entire season. You will find it on sale at leading shops everywhere and also at the Dorothy Gray salons.



DOROTHY GRAY

Dorothy Gray Building

683 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

CHICAGO

LOS ANGELES

SAN FRANCISCO

WASHINGTON
UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

ATLANTIC CITY

B. ALTMAN & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE AT THIRTY-FOURTH STREET

TELEPHONE: MURRAY HILL 7000

NEW YORK

SEA TOGS

for the
Modern Mermaid



Printed silk bathing
suit, jersey combina-
tion . . . \$26.50

Jersey beach pajamas with
gayly printed silk blouse
. \$39.50

Two piece French jersey suit
with sailor pants . . \$14.50

One piece low back suit of
French jersey \$14.75

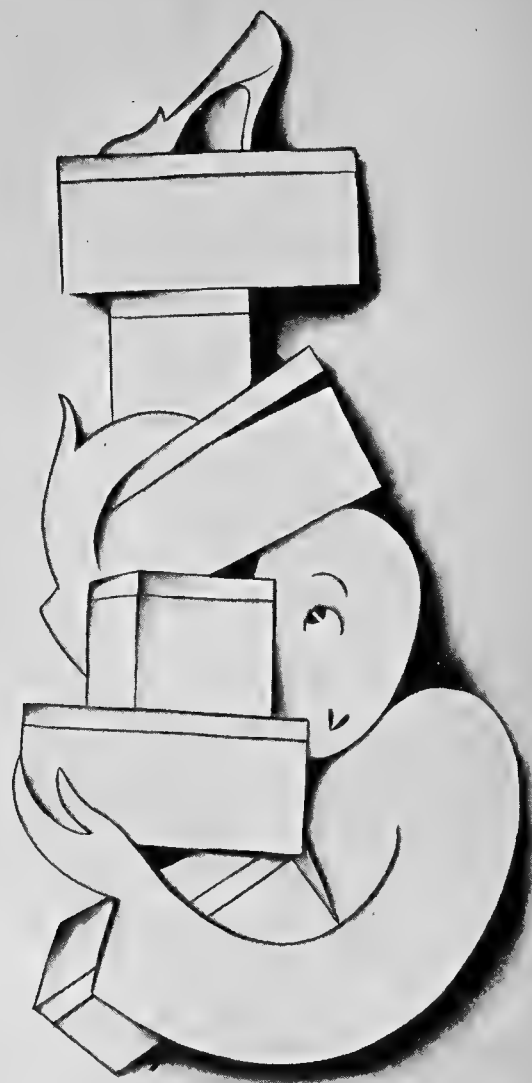
Wool jersey suit with jumper in
tweed design \$10.50

Wool jersey tweed coat to match \$12.50

*Selected from a delightfully varied
collection of*

Bathing Suits and Accessories — on the Third Floor

institution **I. MILLER** International



Quite **HOPELESS**
to bring them all to you

Quite too many new Summer footwear fashions to compress their descriptions into a single advertisement! The colors alone would take a page. The new fabrics would take another. It's too bad, but we're afraid you'll have to supplement the limitations of our space and pen with a visit to an I. Miller shoeshop. If you do, we are sure the following, alone, will make the jaunt worth while.



Shantilla
Crepe de Fleur
Flower-toned kidskin

Pettipolka
Maroon kidskin
Eggshell kidskin

Broiderie
Chinese Red
Summer Reptiles



SHOPS AND AGENCIES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES



summer night fashions

... a charming collection which features only the distinguished new models ... only the "important" printed chiffons ... and pays special attention to that informal evening fashion... "roof-garden frocks."

women's dresses — fifth floor
misses' dresses — third floor

saks-fifth avenue
new york

LE POMPIER



The flashing casques of Parisian pompiers inspired this captivating felt by Dunlap. Adjust its intriguing little strap and—voilà!—it fits one's coiffure snugly, be it long or short or in that awkward state of being neither. \$20. Other Dunlap hats from \$12.50 up.

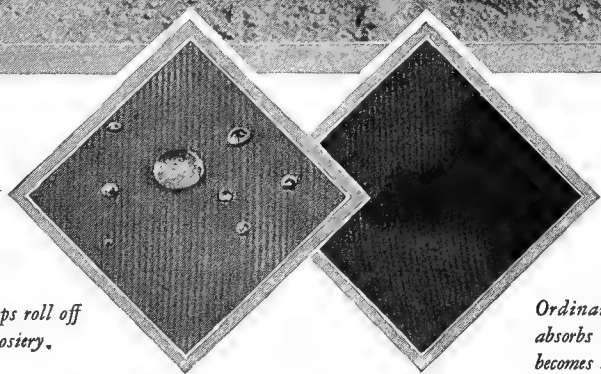


DUNLAP HATS are made to meet every social demand of America's most discriminating women. Be it Southampton, Newport or Forest Hills, on lawns, tennis courts or golf courses, Dunlap Hats are proper for every occasion.

DUNLAP HATS

ARE FEATURED IN THE SMART SHOPS OF

KASKEL & KASKEL ~ 567 Fifth Avenue, New York
304 So. Michigan Avenue, Chicago
AND OTHER DISCRIMINATING SHOPS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY



Water drops roll off
Dexdale hosiery.

Ordinary hosiery
absorbs water and
becomes spotted.

HERE is visible evidence of "Silk-Sealing"

Water or rain drops will roll off Dexdale Hosiery. Yet Dexdales wash as readily as ordinary hose. "Silk-Sealing" repels perspiration acids, giving extra wear.

"SILK-SEALING" an amazing new Hosiery *discovery!*

*Now, even the filmiest chiffon
hosiery will give you longer wear*

HERE is welcome news, indeed, to the thoughtful women of America. At last a way has been found to retain all the delicate, fragile beauty—all the smartness—of the finest hosiery—yet give to it extra wearing qualities.

This new discovery is called "Silk-Sealing"—and is found exclusively in Dexdale Hosiery. Each individual pure silk thread has been carefully sealed—made smooth and exceedingly strong. This means that "runs" will find it much harder to start. Water, rain drops and most liquids roll off without absorbing or staining. Perspiration acids are resisted. In short, you don't have to treat your filmiest Dexdale Hosiery as daintily as orchids. Yet never, have you had such luxurious wear in hosiery.

This new Dexdale Hosiery has an exceptionally clear color—a sheen, a lustre and an evenness of fabric found only in the most expensive hosiery.

Wear your Dexdale "Silk-Sealed" Hose confidently. Sure of their beauty—their extra strength and wear—you forget your stockings. Try one of the new sun-burn shades—so delicate in color—so crystal clear and even in tone. Yours will suggest sophisticated, graceful, stockingless legs just back from idle basking in the Antibes sun—nonchalant legs that know how to wear their clothing.

Beyond its new beauty and long wear, Dexdale "Silk-Sealed" Hosiery costs no more than ordinary hose. It ranges in price all the way from \$1.95 to \$2.75. If you cannot find the Dexdale retailer in your city, write us. We will send you his name. Also a copy of the descriptive booklet "Wear comes to lovely hosiery". Address:—Dexdale Hosiery Mills, Lansdale, Pa.

DEXDALE HOSIERY

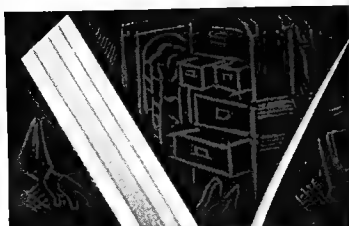
SHEER LOVELINESS—SEALED IN



BERKSHIRE—Especially for the spectator at sports events. Smartly developed in white buckskin and black calf.



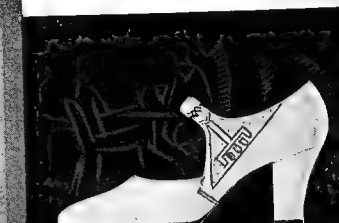
JANZIA—An afternoon model in Lido sand kid, accented with perlustre kid strap in stone color and brown piping.



ROMANY—Sunburned beige individualized with decorative strap underlay of brown perlustre kid.



CADET—Swagger sports shoe showing a new combination of white buckskin and mocha bisque lizard calf.



ROSALYN—A chic version of the indispensable all-white shoe for summer, in kid and lizard.

Vacation Shoes

in these smart new

and you will leave your foot aches at home!

STYLED by the Selby Fashion Studios in Paris and New York, they augment the beauty of your gala warm weather wardrobe. Having all the exclusive Arch Preserver foot comfort features, they give your feet the care-free zest that speeds you joyously from one recreation to another.

Although the heels are raised most gracefully, your feet suffer no strain—the Arch Preserver hidden arch-bridge keeps the foot from sagging and preserves the beautiful curve of the instep. There is none of the pinching, swelling, or distortion that you might expect in such extremely smart shoes—the flat inner sole allows the feet perfect freedom of movement. And though you walk or stand for hours, these trim, glove-like shoes never let your feet become a drag on your spirits—the metatarsal support gives tireless buoyancy to every step.

Fitted to each foot by the Arch Preserver individual method of heel-to-ball measuring as if custom made. Always shapely because the inbuilt construction preserves their trim, graceful lines until the shoes are worn out.



Look for trade-mark. Sold by 2000 dealers. Made for women, juniors, misses, and children by only The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio. For men and boys by only E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Mass.

\$10 to \$15 will give you a pair of fashionably-styled Arch Preserver Shoes and real summer foot comfort. Ask your local dealer to show you the latest designs for every occasion. If you do not know him, write us for his name; our interesting booklet and pictures of other modish Arch Preserver models.

THE
ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

Supports where support is needed—bends where the foot bends



© 1929
The Selby
Shoe Co.

The Selby Shoe Company,
172 Seventh St., Portsmouth, Ohio.
Please send me, postpaid, your new booklet, No. B-72, and advance pictures of the Summer Shoe Styles from your Paris and New York Studios.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....



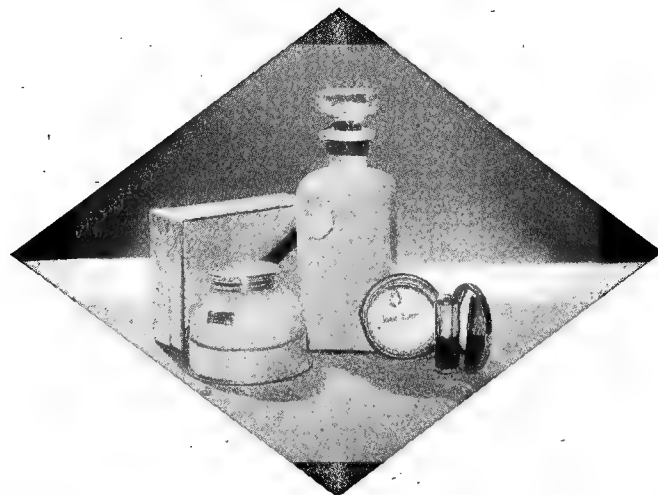
JEAN STUART'S ROMANY TAN

The sun-caressed complexion effect, first the vogue on the Riviera, now is an established mode on both continents....Jean Stuart is proud to announce the perfection of this new cosmetic technique in her Romany Tan make-up ensemble. The JEAN STUART ROMANY TAN SUN SET comprises lotion, rouge, powder, lip-stick, and cream....

Art flatters nature in terms of real beauty, a complexion softly glowing with the true blush of tinted bronze. Romany tan will not discolor nor fade.

It is more natural than nature—and lovelier.

535 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK....PARIS



Mallory makes use of tri-color grosgrain ribbon, traversing the crown, on this felt hat that dips so becomingly on the sides. All hand made, to fit almost as if you had it made to your order in a French shop—a Mallory characteristic. You'll find a selection of sizes and costume colorings in the smarter shops.

Florence
Blecker



MALLORY

Hats of Quality since 1823
302 FIFTH AVENUE ~ NEW YORK



THE PRONOUNCED FAVORITES IN THE SMARTEST AND MOST EXCLUSIVE CIRCLES



*La Salle is priced from \$2295 to \$2875;
Cadillac from \$3295 to \$3995; Fleetwoods
up to \$7000—all prices f. o. b. Detroit.*

That there are no other cars in all the world like Cadillac and La Salle is eloquently confirmed by the character of the Cadillac-La Salle clientele... Wherever the celebrated and the sophisticated are gathered, the preponderance of Cadillacs and La Salles is impressive evidence of their popularity with particular people... The simple truth about this is that those who know motor-cars know just as certainly that there is no substitute for the immaculate individuality and the joyous satisfaction of a Cadillac-built car... De luxe Fisher and Fleetwood coachwork render Cadillac and La Salle the finest and smartest cars on the streets of the world.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Division of General Motors*, Detroit, Michigan; Oshawa, Canada

CADILLAC LA SALLE FLEETWOOD

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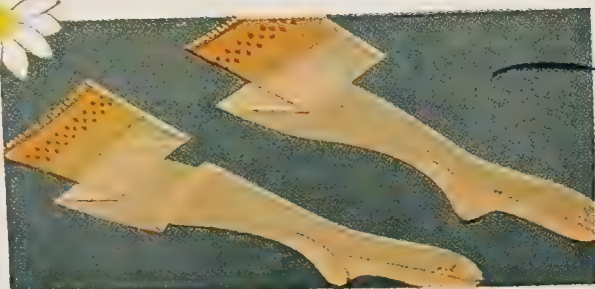
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA



Giving your body a firm beauty that penetrates sports silks or evening tulle—Singlette No. 9665 of glove silk (above) \$8. Of V-R Tex—\$4. Silk Stockings No. 678—with lacey circlets over exquisitely colored hem linings, typically Van Raalte—are of sheerest chiffon silk, ingrain dyed, \$4. Picot tops from—\$1.95

There still may be a few women who like their lingerie in quantity, but if you seek slenderness and simplicity, you'll wear a Singlette. Such delight to have only one set of straps over one's shoulders, and no bands to break the lovely curve of the waist! Your Stockings, too, should bear Van Raalte's proud cachet—for then they'll be of finest silk, lustrously lovely, uniformly clear and sheer—fashioned to flatter ankle lines.

At good stores — or write: Van Raalte, 295 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.



VAN RAALTE
 "— BECAUSE YOU LOVE
 NICE THINGS "



Twenty eventful years

... summed up in this black and silver booklet about

FROMM PEDIGREED SILVER FOXES

THE snows of twenty winters have padded the foot paths of the forests of Wisconsin since the Fromm Brothers settled there with the avowed intention of producing the finest strain of silver fox that man's intelligence, coupled with nature, could create. ¶ Twenty generations of swift and graceful silver foxes have flashed beneath the towering pines of these primeval wilds—to evolve the regal pelt now known to the world as Fromm Pedigreed Silver Fox. These foxes have a depth of ebony blackness with the silver glinting through like the sparkle of crystal northern snow among the leafy shadows of the gale swept trees. ¶ The quest of twenty years is over—its purpose realized in these full and silky masterpieces of fur, now made up into aristocratic scarfs. Like all real treasures, these scarfs are rare. To assure yourself the opportunity of owning one—return the coupon. You will be directed to a store which carries Fromm Pedigreed Silver Fox scarfs—and will receive a fascinating black and silver booklet—telling you the interesting story of this miracle of twenty eventful years in the far north woods. Fromm Bros., Nieman & Co., Thiensville, Wisconsin.



ABOVE are shown the black and silver booklet—and the Medallion which identifies the genuine Fromm Pedigreed Silver Fox scarf. Return this Medallion to Fromm—and receive a Pedigree—describing the scarf you have purchased. Fromm Pedigreed Silver Foxes are limited in quantity.

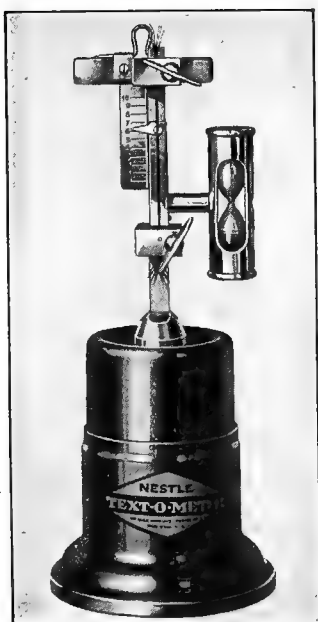
MAIL THE COUPON NOW!

FROMM BROS., NIEMAN & CO.		H.B.-6-29
Thiensville, Wisconsin		
GENTLEMEN:		
Send me booklet on Fromm Pedigreed Silver Foxes.		
This entails no obligation on my part.		
My Furrier is _____		
Address _____		
My Name _____		
Address _____		



WHAT IS YOUR "NUMBER"?

On it depends Your Perfect Permanent Wave



Every industry has its pioneer and leader — electricity its Thomas Edison; the aeroplane, the Wright Brothers; the automobile, Henry Ford; in hair science, Charles Nessler (C. Nestle). He is the originator of permanent waving, author of "The Story of Hair" and one of the world's foremost authorities on hair. Mr. Nessler's revolutionary invention, the Nestle Text-o-Meter—the instrument that reads your hair and finds your "number"—is the result of his thirty years of research, during which time he tested over 30,000 samples of hair.

If you go to a dressmaker to have a frock made, she first takes your measurements. For you know and she knows that people vary in size—she cannot guess at your measurements if the frock is to fit you perfectly.

Hair varies, too! And your hairdresser must know the kind of hair you have before you can be sure of a truly perfect permanent wave—without "frizzes" or hair-breakage. The kind of hair you have is classified by a "number"—discovered by a 60-seconds test of a tiny strand of your hair on the Nestle Text-o-Meter—the only instrument of its kind in the world.

No longer need a hairdresser guess about your hair. Now, she uses the Nestle Text-o-Meter to "read" your hair in advance. Then she permanently waves it according to its *individual* requirements—and in the size wave you prefer: wide, medium or tight.

This *tested* wave is revolutionizing permanent waving. It is sweeping the country because it at last replaces *guesswork* with *Science!* Today, thousands of progressive beauty shops are equipped with the Nestle Text-o-Meter. Your own hairdresser is probably among them. Let her discover your "number." Phone for an appointment tomorrow morning!



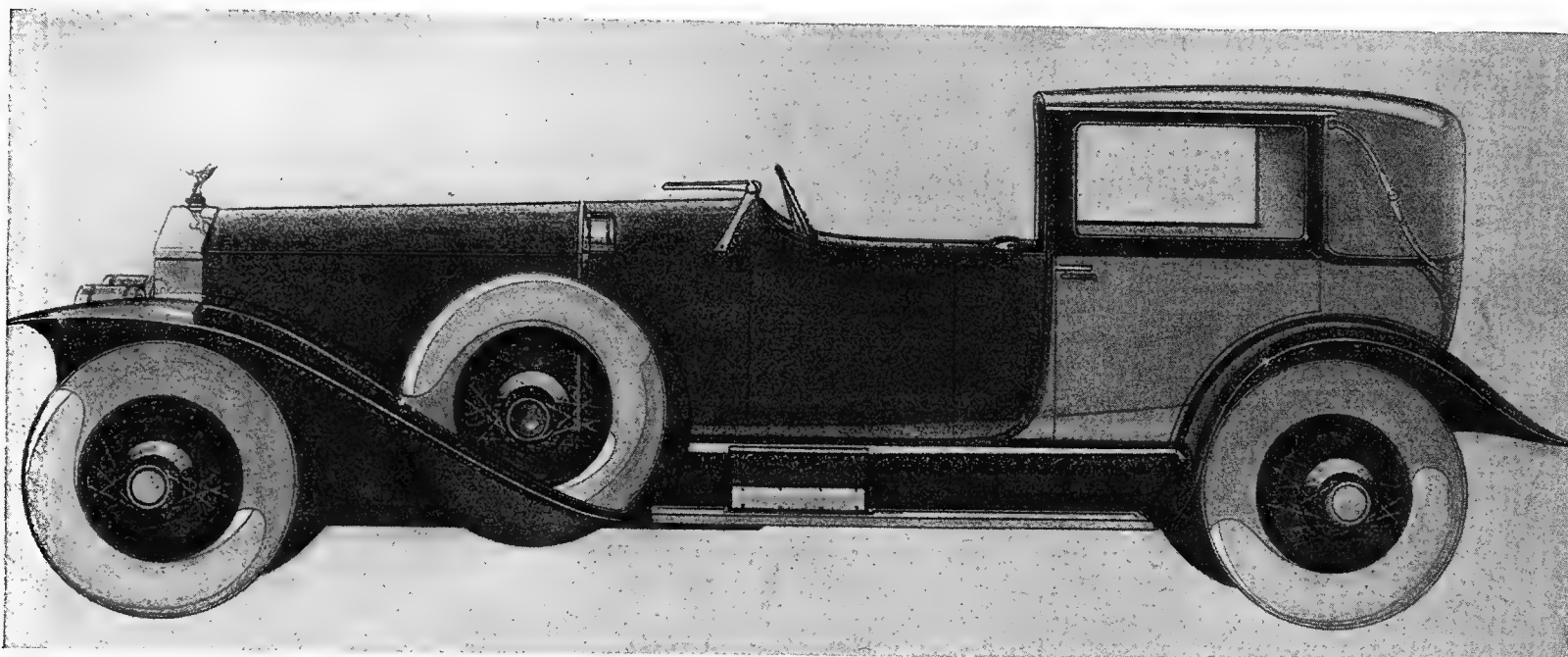
The different strength waving agents used in this scientific method of permanent waving are contained in little flannel strips called "Nestle Circulines." Make sure that your hairdresser uses GENUINE Nestle Circulines, as only the genuine are keyed to the findings of the Nestle Text-o-Meter. You are then also sure that no harmful chemicals—such as lye, borax, ammonia—are being used on your hair.

A fascinating booklet on the Nestle Tested Wave has just been published. Ask your hairdresser for a copy—or write to The Nestle-LeMur Co., 10F East 49th Street, New York City.

INSIST ON A NESTLE



TESTED PERMANENT WAVE



ROLLS-ROYCE TOWN BROUGHAM, COACHWORK BY BREWSTER, SHOWING THE NEWEST STREAM-LINE EFFECT IN FENDERS.

How is Paris wearing its fenders?

AND not only fenders. What does Paris say about the cut of doors, about the slant of the windshield? What upholstery does Paris favor? What colors does it prefer?

Important questions, these, to the woman about to purchase a motor car. For she knows that the most unique, the most daring styles in automobiles, like the smartest fashions in gowns, originate on the Continent. There, custom coachwork is the rule, not the exception.

But the woman who seeks originality in her motor, need not go to Paris to find it. She need only come to Rolls-Royce. For Rolls-Royce, through the exclusive Bureau International du Dessin which it maintains in Paris, brings to you in America the newest and best ideas of all the Old World designers.

This Bureau has entree into all the leading coachworks of Europe—it is in close and con-

stant touch with the foremost designers. Indeed, these artists find in the Rolls-Royce clientele the inspiration for their finest efforts, their most brilliant creations. For in this clientele, they have men and women who can both appreciate and afford the most splendid designs. At the Bureau, the sketches of these masters are correlated with Rolls-Royce manufacturing practice, and become available to you.

From among them, you may choose one



Photograph of interior, executed by Brewster craftsmen. Period carvings and inlay work form a brilliant feature of the newest designs.

which is a perfect interpretation of your own ideas. Or you may choose the best features of several designs—the flare of the fenders of one, the sweep of the molding of another, the interior finish of a third—and to these you may add original touches until the finished design is truly your own creation.

In either case, the craftsmen of Brewster & Company, the coachwork division of Rolls-Royce, and the most famous coach-builders in the world, will translate your design into a motor car that is not only a Rolls-Royce in every detail—but a Rolls-Royce as intimately and individually yours as the reflection in your mirror!

ROLLS-ROYCE Direct Works Branches in all principal cities . . . Executive Sales Offices: Long Island City, New York. . . . Chassis Works: Springfield, Massachusetts.

ROLLS-ROYCE

TO THE MEDITERRANEAN

BY THE SCYTHIA

From New York, Jan. 28, 1930, exclusively chartered for Frank's Eighth Annual Mediterranean Cruise De Luxé . . . eighth because its predecessors have met the exacting demands of experienced travelers . . . those who expect the utmost in everything . . . in shore arrangements, in food and in service. It is a cruise conducted by a staff skilfully schooled in the deeper matters of travel . . . and guided by the Frank Tourist Company's 54 years of experience.

Her 67 day itinerary is the most comprehensive cycle of the world's glittering playgrounds . . . reached at the height of their seasons . . . when Cairo is officiating as Oriental rendezvous of smart nomads . . . when Nice, Naples and Algiers glow with that sophisticated sheen lent by Continentals on a holiday.

Cunard First Class Service and cuisine . . . membership limited to 390 guests. Rates including shore excursions from \$950. Free stopover in Europe and return by any Cunard steamer.

Fascinating Literature on Request.



FRANK
TOURIST
COMPANY
Established 1875

542 FIFTH AVENUE
at FORTY-FIFTH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

PHILADELPHIA . . . 1529 Locust Street
CHICAGO . . . 175 No. Michigan Avenue
SAN FRANCISCO . . . 29 Geary Street



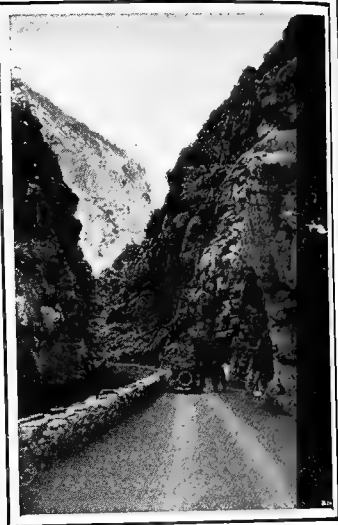
It Speaks for Itself . . . !

Look at the delectable procession of *capannas* up the beach . . . at the Scheveningen chairs . . . at the *dolce far niente* both in the water and out . . . And round the corner there is water-tobogganing . . . aquaplaning . . . bubble-boat bathing . . . every known variety of water exuberance . . .

When sports go Swiss they go all the way . . . Just as St. Moritz is a winter magnet, so is Lausanne-Ouchy—Plage top-hole for aquatic diversion . . . And Lac Leman is as sapphire as its Aunt Mediterranean . . . the trees are as green as the poplars of Lombardy . . . the hotels have the famous Swiss-French hospitality . . .

At the Harper's Bazar Travel Bureau, you will find information of all the European Rivas . . . The Bureau does not rest on its reputation for being the smartest place in New York in which to plan travel . . . It is constantly adding affirmation to information. This makes it unique. And its service . . . a household word with travelling America . . . is free

Harper's Bazar Travel Bureau
572 Madison Avenue, at 56th Street, New York City



Where motoring is an
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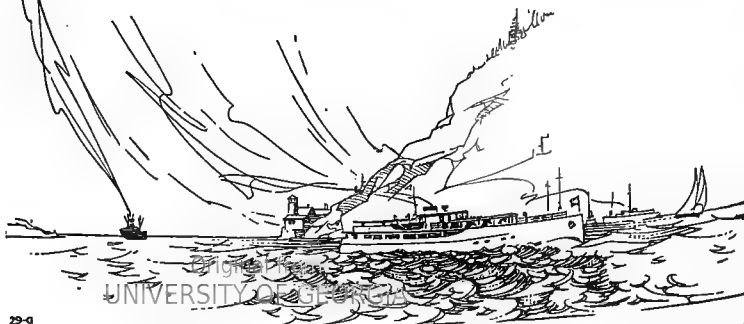
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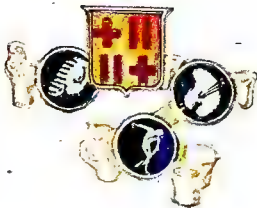
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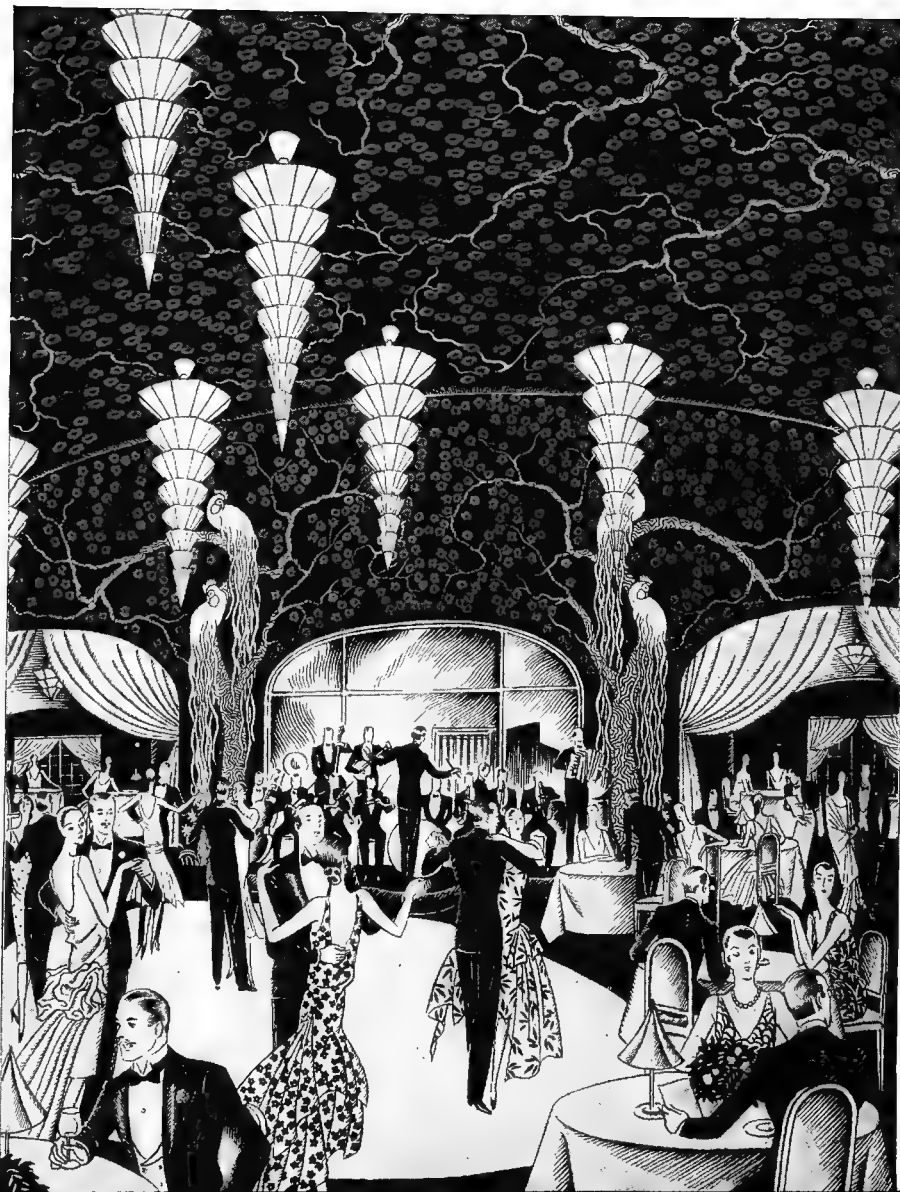


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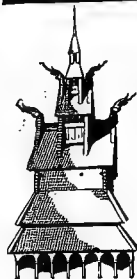
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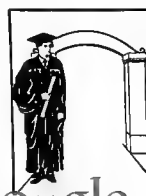
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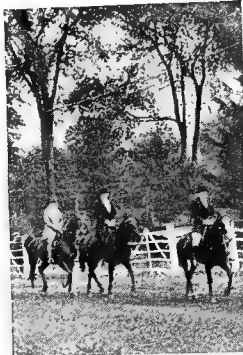
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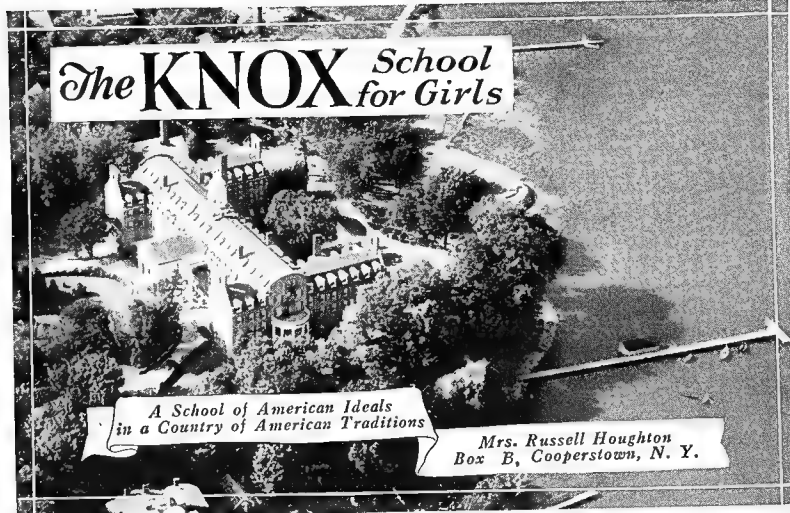
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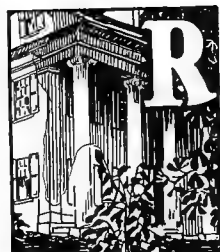
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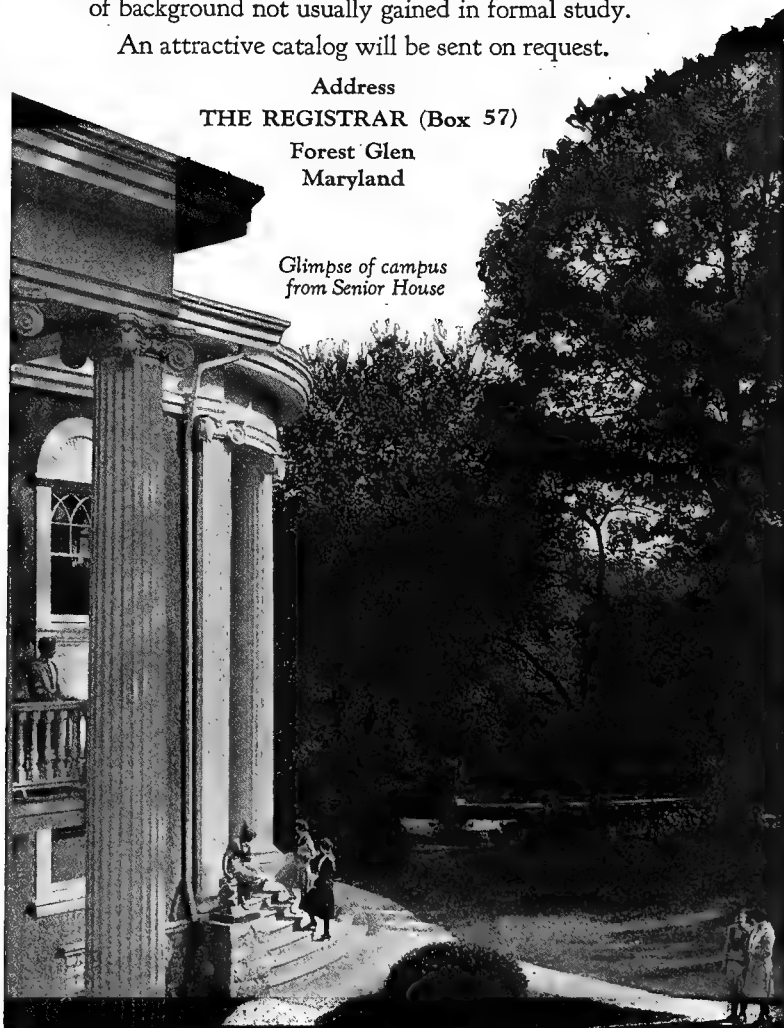
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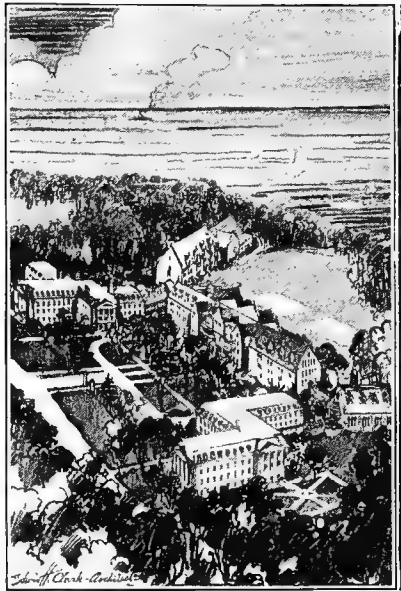
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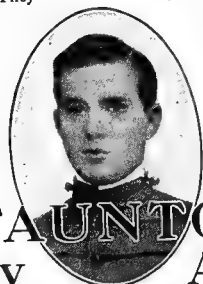
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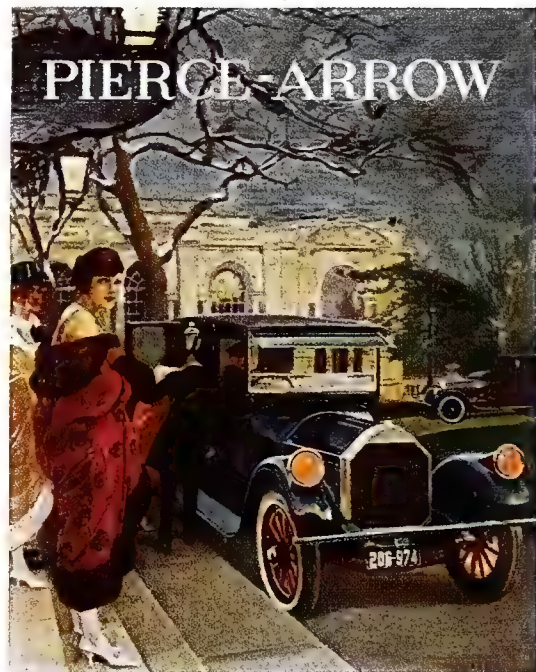
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Pierce-Arrow, in short, has brought forth a new automobile out of its finest tradition, its richest experience. And that it arrives at the psychological moment is evidenced by the greatest waiting demand in Pierce-Arrow history.

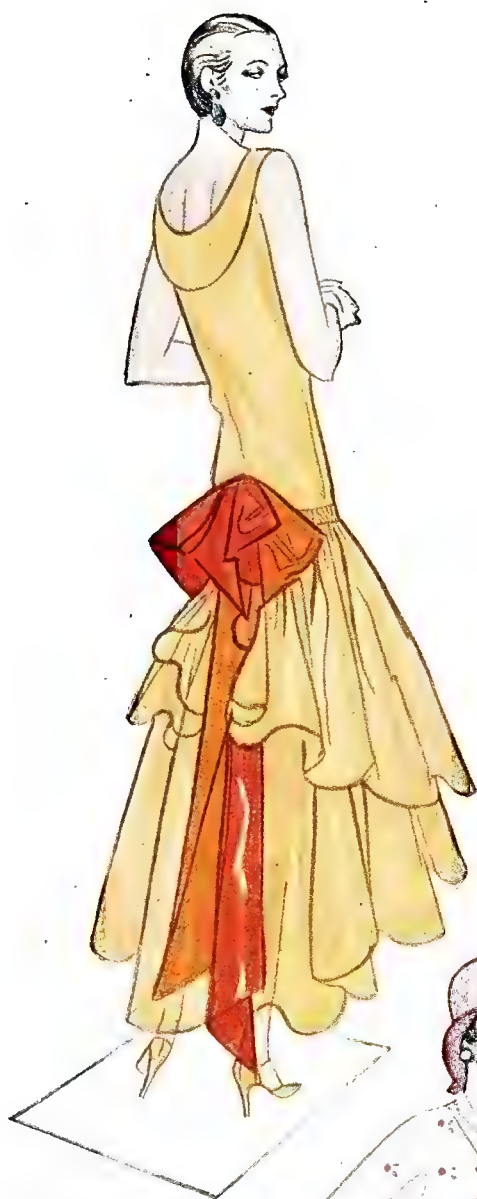
Prices from \$2775 to \$8200, at Buffalo. In the purchase of a car from income, the average allowance usually more than covers the initial Pierce-Arrow payment.

PIERCE-ARROW

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SHEER SMARTNESS IN FORMAL COTTON FROCKS



Organdie, important in the mode for stiffened fabrics, gains billowy coolness by subtle treatment of its bouffant skirt. Organdies printed in large, widely spaced floral patterns are equally smart for formal frocks of this type.

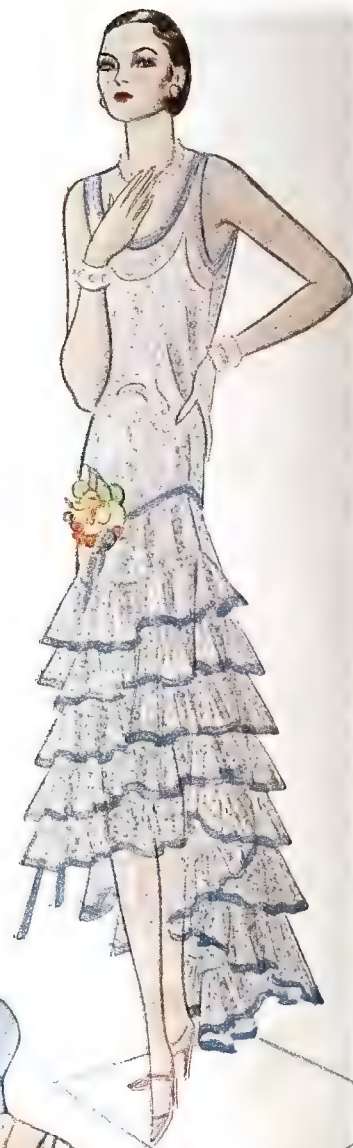


Embroidered Cotton Crepe . . . so sheer that it is almost opalescent . . . makes this frock with a snug hip-line and a mere flutter of a cape. Naïve flowers scatter in an all-over design. A rose at the V-neck and the girdle are color accents.



Black Organdie—used by Maggy Rouff for her thrilling gown, *Les Ailes* . . . makes the model above. Here this sophisticated fabric joins organdie in off-white . . . almost a flesh tint. Mauve and green grapes embroidered flat and the straight hem-line are distinctive notes.

Organdies, Cotton Net and Cotton Crepe—courtesy of J. Wise Co., Inc.



Printed Cotton Net is a smart new fabric used above in yielding, wispy lines. Plain net footing in a new shade of blue outlines the ruffled skirt and square décolleté. The dusty blue and green print is heightened by a prim nose-gay in red, blue and yellow.



A Hand-made Voile from Grande Maison de Blanc always makes a charming entrance at tea time. Bluet binds the skirt three times around and outlines the collar. Tucks as thin as a pin and embroidered cornflowers are the only other adornment.

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SOCIAL CALENDAR

for JUNE 1929



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BOOKLET UPON REQUEST

MANUEL
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SATURDAY, JUNE 1—Wedding of Miss Edith Claire May, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Oliver May of No. 53 East Ninety-first street, to Burton Wakeman Taylor in Trinity Church, Southport, Conn. Reception to follow at the summer home of the bride's parents.
Wedding of Miss Jean Moore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Small Moore of No. 4 East Sixty-sixth street, and Roslyn, L. I., to the Hon. Oliver Malcolm Wallop, in the Cathedral of the Incarnation. Reception to follow at the country home of the bride's parents.
Wedding of Miss Helen Talmadge Runkle, daughter of Mrs. Frederick Palmer of No. 969 Park Avenue, to Bertrand Faugeres Bell, in the chapel of St. Bartholomew's. Reception to follow at Sherry's.
Wedding of Miss Helen Anita Treadwell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William A. Treadwell of Jamaica, L. I., to Carleton Jay Anderson, at the Hotel Plaza.
Wedding of Miss Martha Tuck Caldwell, daughter of Mrs. Theodore Grand Caldwell of Brooklyn, to Ernest St. Clair Bijou in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Brooklyn. Reception at the Ambassador.
Wedding of Miss Dorothy Campbell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward B. Campbell of Brooklyn, to F. Anson Sheill in Grace Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn.
Wedding of Miss Marguerite C. Budd, daughter of Mrs. William Hardenbergh Budd of Yonkers, to Dr. Burton L. Sterner in St. John's Episcopal Church, Yonkers.

TUESDAY, JUNE 4—Wedding of Miss Katherine Steele, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Nelson Steele, Jr., of No. 103 East Eightieth street, to Antonio Ponvert, Jr., in the Church of the Resurrection. Reception to follow at the home of the bride's parents.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 5—Wedding of Miss Barbara Meserve, to Frederic H. Wood in the First Parish Church, Chestnut Hill, Mass.
Wedding of Miss Geraldine Theodora Swimm, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Frazier Swimm of Brooklyn, to John James Van Nostrand King, at the Park Lane.
(Concluded on page 186)



A SUMMER COIFFURE

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... have a permanent wave
or a modern lightweight

transformation by

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WHERE
TO SHOP
IN



LORSQU'UN Parisien de Paris veut prendre l'air et se reposer de ses soucis journaliers, où songe-t-il tout d'abord à se rendre? sans doute au Boix aux Champs Elysées, ou dans les calmes allées du Luxembourg? Non pas, il va flâner durant une heure sur les grands boulevards, car cette atmosphère de vie intense, cette griserie légère, cette animation incessante, lui sont plus nécessaires que l'oxygène.

Les boulevards! c'est là que depuis plusieurs siècles, bat le coeur de Paris. Mas les anciennes artères sont devenues insuffisantes, et dans sa poussée vers l'Ouest, la ville a ouvert une nouvelle voie. Le boulevard Haussmann n'a pas de passé, mais il a tout l'avenir et le contraste est curieux entre ses bâtiments neufs et les maisons déjà vieilles du Boulevard des Italiens ou Montmartre.

Juste à l'angle formé par l'ancien et le nouveau boulevard, se dresse une imposante construction, le ROYAL HAUSSMANN, dans laquelle l'on a ingénieusement réuni toutes les commodités et les attraits de la vie parisienne. C'est tout d'abord un magasin de luxe et de qualité dédié à l'homme et la femme élégants, où, en une présentation très neuve, se trouve tout ce qui compose la toilette masculine et féminine dans leur plus précieux raffinement. Puis l'hôtel le plus moderne et le plus confortable de Paris et enfin cette galerie souterraine si séduisante, avec ses marbres de couleur, ses lumières adoucies, ses vitrines, son bar et son restaurant au service impeccable et à la cuisine savoureuse. Chaque soir après le dîner, un orchestre hongrois magistralement dirigé, initie les parisiens aux fougues passionnées et aux langueurs veloutées de la musique tzigane. Et il semble que désormais les Champs Elysées, séjour des bienheureux, aient été transportés sous les boulevards.

Alice Baudouin -

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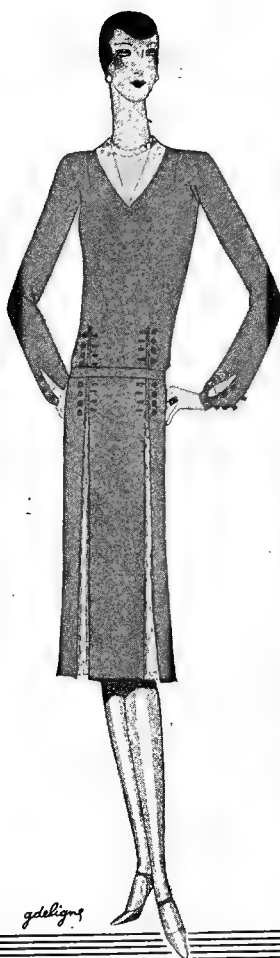
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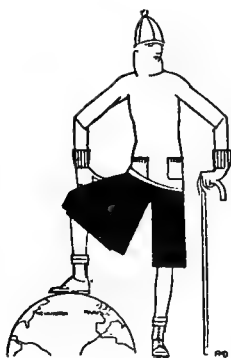
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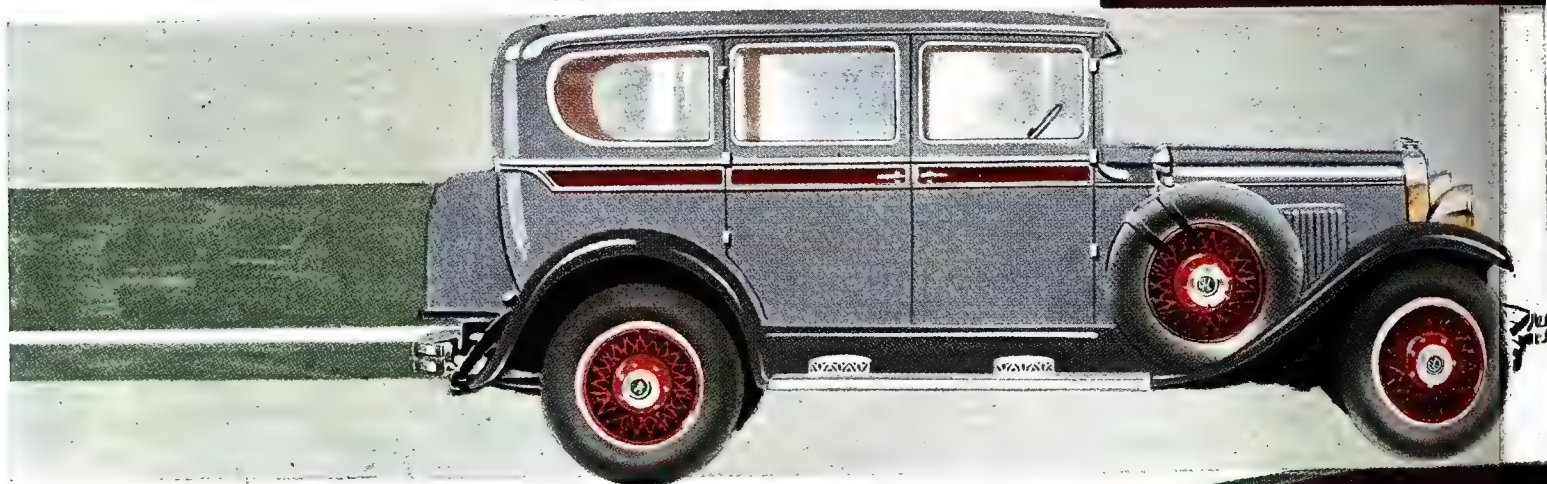
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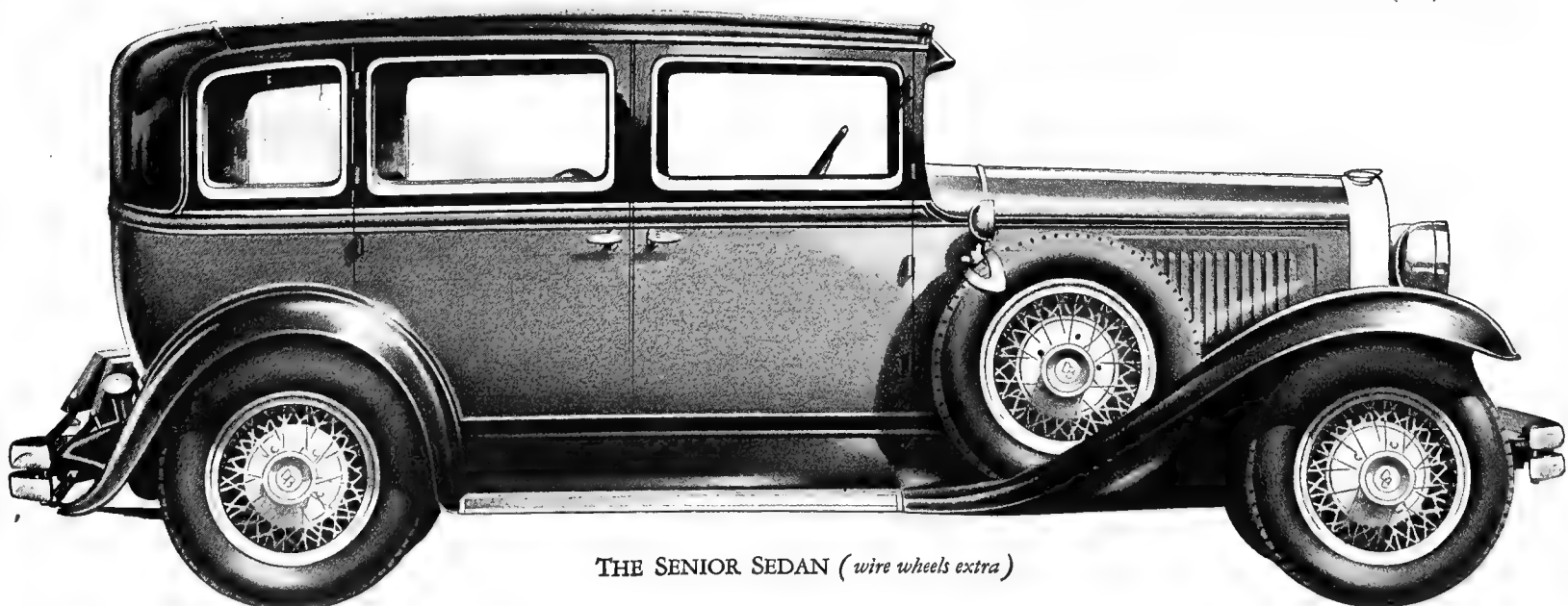
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HARPER'S BAZAR

Number 2600 JUNE 1929 63rd Year

Summer Fashions Number

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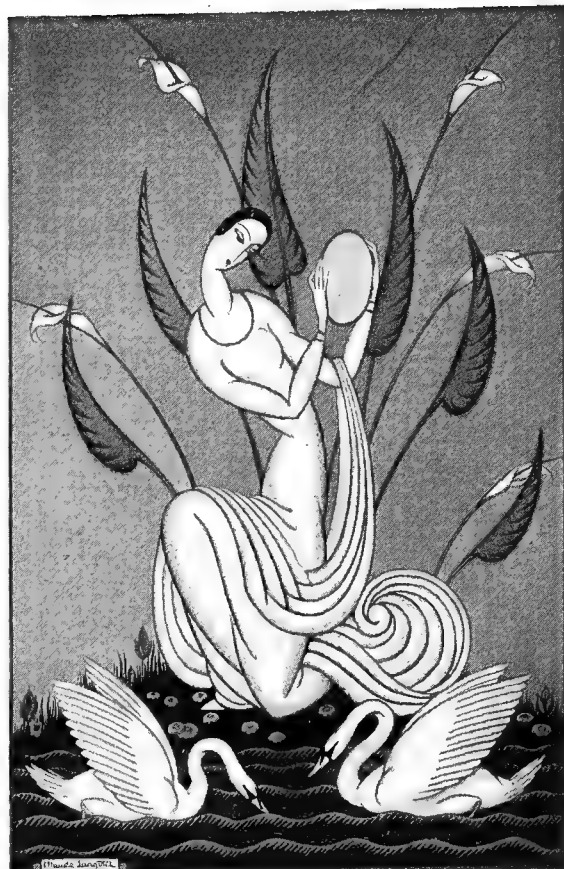
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IN THE July issue evening dresses, sports clothes, and hats will be presented. The difficult question of corsets for sports and evening wear will be handled, and the woman who is past her first youth will find some pages of interest to her. High lights from the New York shops will have representation, and special yachting clothes will receive attention. From Paris the mid-season collections will be discussed and the latest sports and garden party models will be drawn.

Zona Gale and Isa Glenn head the list of distinguished authors who will be contributors to the July fiction. The second instalment of "Married Money," the novel of a Boston girl by Harford Powel, Jr., will appear, and Nancy Hoyt's novel, "Bright Intervals," will be continued.

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PERTINENT FASHION PARAGRAPHS

BY

KATHLEEN HOWARD



TROUSERS again are discussed and worn by women. For tennis they have many advantages, connected with *dessous*, besides being quite fascinating on a young, slim figure. From Paris comes word that Chanel's pantalette frock is actually being worn at smart gatherings.

DO YOU remember, years ago, how we avoided the terrible danger of draughts on our ankles? We wore high shoes and long skirts, and worried enormously at draughts along floors and on trains. Now we love them. The trouser idea so prevalent this season may be likened to this, in its innovation quality. From distaste and prejudice we are passing to accepting them in many forms.

WHAT with capes, trailing fluttering dress points, big hats, curls in the back of the neck, and small, shining feet—one is going to be romantic this summer, as has not been possible in so great a degree for some time past. Youth and simplicity in the morning, typified by short skirts; romance and sophisticated femininity at night, when floating tissues swirl round one's ankles, are the amusing changes offered to women.

ONE of the greatest possible comforts in traveling is to have a smaller edition of all your cosmetic requirements packed in a compact box. You avoid bulk, spilling and groping by this simple expedient.

IT IS not an easy matter to be a perfectly groomed woman. It is an affair of more than just buying good clothes. The woman who claims the title justly, visits her corsetière, her shoemaker, her dressmaker, her milliner, her skin specialist, her chiropodist, her manicurist, her physical trainer and her lingère with regularity. Her jeweler also contributes his bit and, of course, her coiffeur's guidance is eagerly sought.

EYEBROWS must not be neglected these days. While exaggerated shaping is to be deplored they must be cared for, if they are to look their best under the revealing hat brims of the spring and summer.

TINY Basque bérets have been seen in the evening at the theatres of Paris. They are made entirely of black spangles and are extremely chic and practical.

INFORMALITY seems to be the note for this summer's dressing. Comfort is stressed, and common sense. This does not mean negligence, but a sophisticated, astute blending of chic and serviceable qualities, a happy, apparently accidental air of being "just right".

REALIZING that some types of the masculine mind object to the word "pyjama" for women's wear, with its suggestion of informality and masculinity, Mary Nowitzky has coined the word "Beaja" to apply to that now universally adopted, bifurcated beach garment.

DARK brown stockings have been seen in Paris, worn by very smart women with black gowns, in the evening, though they are not yet universally accepted. They are extremely sheer in quality and are also still new for daytime wear. The beiges have forgotten pink entirely, and the blue fox tones are good.

WOMEN, sophisticated women, are endeavoring to look "different" this year. The Famous Forty are turning more and more to very individual, not to say eccentric evening gowns for great occasions. Baron de Meyer, who dines at the greatest houses in Paris, says that women of marked personality are wearing gowns which may even be described as "odd".



Prestige

The glory of past triumphs and the power to win fresh laurels. The word that stands for reputation based on ability, success and service.

Fit name then for the chocolates that sum up the best skill and tradition of 87 years' fine candy making—Whitman's PRESTIGE CHOCOLATES.

At \$2.00 a pound, Prestige Chocolates give value plus the pleasant consciousness that you are getting absolutely the finest thing of its kind. Every piece of chocolate in the package is a Prestige special. When you wish to give a very particular gift—send a Prestige.

Whitman's

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CHOCOLATES**

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WORDS ARE FLOWERS

IF OUR Congressmen are ever at a loss (which I doubt) to think of a new law to put in our statutes, I can give them an idea.

I wish they would make it a misdemeanor, or, better still, a felony, with a penalty of ten years in jail and \$25,000 fine, to misspell any good old Anglo-Saxon word in any electric sign, on any billboard, or on any street-car placard. Likewise all words appropriated from foreign languages.

Stepping down the street the other evening I was dismayed at the number of words I found it difficult to read. It was as though I were in a strange country—Central Europe, let us say; and I was not a little confused when I realized I was not dreaming, but wide awake in the good old U. S. A.

Theatre managers sought to lure me in to see "vodvil" and "burlesk." They did not receive my patronage. I felt that the performance would be as discreditable as the words over the entrance of these palaces of art.

Now, it was inevitable that the cinema should come to be called the movies. One can't help that. But at least it was an honest change of words, with something to be said in its favor. Cinema is a mouthful, and not an easy group of syllables for the man in the street to utter. To the American mind it seems affected. "Movies" is descriptive, and a truly American path of least resistance. A child would know what it means; and after all, our people are children, though some of them are six feet tall.

Before another "palace" I was confounded by a sign which told the world that there would be a good show "tonite." Once, in motoring, I had seen a sign, crudely enough printed, insisting that if one cared to reach a certain town, one should "turn to the rite." And I wondered, as I deciphered it, if a foreigner, happening to turn to the left, and meeting with disaster, would not have a good chance of getting substantial damages from that little township. For after all, he must have learned, in studying our language, that right is spelled "right," and would be justified in contending that any other spelling confused his astonished brain.

There are other abominations all about us. A restaurant, perhaps to save the expense of a larger electric sign, will announce brazenly, "Eats." And "luncheonette"—a dire word—I have seen abbreviated into "lunchette", as ugly a combination of letters as I have come across. "Tas-tee" candy does not seem more tasty to me because the adjective has been distorted out of all resemblance to itself. The type of mind which glories in bringing such illegitimate verbal children into an already troubled world is beyond my comprehension. The day may come, alas! when the opera will be called "op'ra"; and then not a few of us will be glad to leave this planet.

The lowliest French peasant has veneration for his mother tongue. He is not slipshod in his speech, and when he writes he places the correct accents over his letters, and does not omit the apostrophes. The English refuse, even in this hurried age, to leave the "u" out of such words as "honour" and "labour." The purist rebels and winces when words like "thoroughly" are so cut to pieces that the root is not recognizable. And though we may smile when "Cholmondeley" is pronounced "Chumley," let us rejoice that it is still *spelled* as it was generations ago.

Words are flowers. And they should be treated as gently as we treat roses. One hears it said that English is not a beautiful language. That is nonsense. The late David Bispham always contended that ours was a lovely language in which to sing. He fought valiantly for clear enunciation; and he deplored the baritone who made the exquisite words of "The Rosary" a jumble that could not be understood by any listener. Foreign languages have a way of sounding sweeter to us, even when we do not understand them, because Italian, German and French singers care exceedingly for their native tongues; and strive always to preserve the beauty of their syllables. Edna St. Vincent Millay proved that opera could be sung in English. What lovelier lines than these were ever written for the composer of "The King's Henchman"?

"We shall not meet again,
In any wood or any weather."

One would scarcely wish to have supper, after hearing such flowerlike words, at a place labeled "Eats."

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE





PATOU

*A yellow straw Hat
Worn with a yellow
Frock of crêpe
Romain*

DEMEYER _L

_L



BY *Baron de Meyer*:

A GREAT LADY DISCUSSES FASHION

18 rue Vaneau, Paris.
AMONG the many foreigners settled in Paris, Milady occupies the most privileged position of all.

American by birth, she is identified in Europe with American luxury, expressed, by the way, in the best possible taste.

Legends are being woven around this luxury-loving woman, so entirely devoted to France, whose knowledge of exquisite surroundings suitable for the individual woman has become well-nigh proverbial.

Among the stories told of Milady's childhood days are those of fairy-godmothers assembled at her christening, bestowing valuable gifts. Science of life, eternal youth, and the gentle art of discrimination are but a few I remember hearing about.

Her Paris home, not a stone's throw from the Arc de Triomphe, expresses love of modern comfort combined with the overtones of luxury, cleverly displayed against a background of harmony.

Selected with rare discrimination, most of Milady's furnishings are priceless; chosen, however, for their decorative qualities rather than because of intrinsic value.

Her reception rooms are paneled in ancient oak. Her floors, mellowed by time-honored usage in some famous French château, are only partly hidden by rugs of cream and rusty black. As to hangings and textures, they all show infinite restraint; are, in fact, almost colorless.

Of rare beauty is Milady's chamber. With its ivory colored paneling harmonizes her great ivory satin *lit de parade*, surmounted by its square canopy completed by bunches of snowy white plumes. Lovely is her coverlet, as well. (Continued on page 66)



JANE RÉGNY

*Ecru cotton Drill, rubberized,
Makes a new Yachting Costume*

DEMEYER

4



CHANEL

DEMEYER

4

*A jersey Sports Suit in beige
With red Design and high Belt*

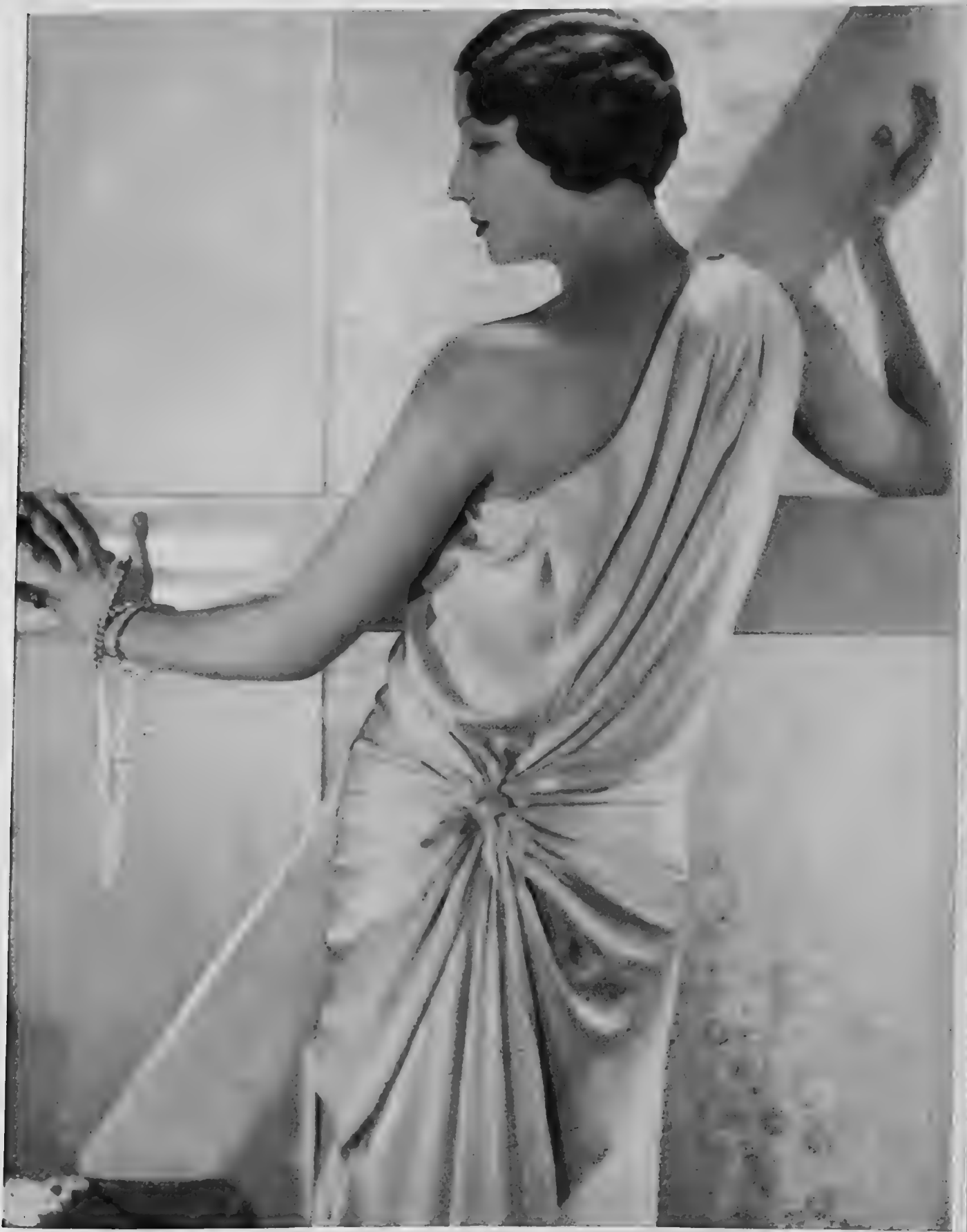


AUGUSTABERNARD

DEMMEYER

L

*White Chiffon floats in Charming
Silhouette for Summer evening Wear*



VIONNET

DEMEYER

*Draped by a great Artist, White
Satin offers a new Shoulder-line*

as the bed hangings of delicately quilted cream satin.

Even more individual is Milady's bath and dressing-room. Were it not for the white marble bath and its solid silver plumbing, it might, because of its many mirrored walls, be called Milady's *Galerie de Glaces*!

Her dressing-table, her bureau and book-cases are all rare specimens of modern cabinet-makers' art, as are some very special cases designed to hold Milady's most valued treasures, reminiscences of war-time days on the front, medals and orders, the rewards of heroic deeds; *La croix de Guerre*, the Legion of Honor.

In this holiest of holies, Milady's importance takes on its fullest proportions! From here she rules Sartorial Paris as its arbiter of fashion; dressmakers, modistes, French *fournisseurs* in general implore to be permitted to call on Milady. This favor is granted on four days of the week: at 10:00 a. m., at 10:30, at 11:00 and at 11:30, no one ever having been known to have been kept waiting.

First thing, on reaching Paris from America, my Cousin Alice had said: "I must meet Milady, have her advice, her views, her opinion."

"Ask for an interview."

The secretary's message had been "9:30 to-morrow morning. Milady's only free time, after her physical culture and before an appointment at 10."

"A most inconvenient hour," was all Alice had volunteered, though she, of course, had made up her mind to go.

"Excuse my receiving you in my dressing-room," Milady, on our arrival next morning, had graciously said; "I never leave my private suite before noon."

To which Alice, visibly impressed by Milady's trim figure, her velvet knickers, her short suède gloves, had found nothing civil to reply, most likely overcome by shyness.

MILADY: Do not let us waste time, dear young lady. Don't be shy. What is it you wish to know?

ALICE: My cousin, Baron de Meyer, always favors the newest tone in new fashions.

MILADY: Of course, he does! It's part of his job.

ALICE: What I therefore want you to tell me is, shall I, or shall I not, order clothes which, because new even in Paris, are likely to look extreme at home? The workings of a Paris fashion brain are sure to differ from my friends' home-town mentality.

MILADY: There seems to me no need for our compatriots to acquire any new mentality in order to appreciate your clothes. They should accept the new note in new fashions, provided you have chosen with discrimination and tact. What, however, they may require might well be a set of new glasses, for the Mode seen through time-honored, but dulled spectacles, may easily spell disillusion and premature age.

ALICE: I somehow should not care for my friends at home to imagine that most of my time over here was spent getting clothes.

MILADY: And why not? It is but the poor women in the world who say that anyone interested in fashions must necessarily be frivolous!

ALICE: Oh! I had never thought of that.

MILADY: What else do you want me to tell you?

ALICE: For one thing, if you approve of the new clinging bodices. Somehow, what is termed the normal waist-line, doesn't seem to suit me at all.

MILADY: I am surprised to hear you say so. Young, and built

as you are, there seems to be no reason for your not looking charming, with a waist-line either high or low. Strange—all women start by believing they are not built to suit what they eventually wear as a matter of course.

ALICE: Might it possibly be a matter of tradition?

MILADY: On principle, traditions are excellent, provided they have not outlived themselves. May I point out to you, young woman, that formality in dress is among the traditions which have?

ALICE: Is this meant for me? Is black satin too formal?

MILADY: It certainly is at this early hour of the day. Remember, elaborate looking clothes are quite out of date.

ALICE: I imagined black satin, for a sensible gown—

MILADY (Interrupting): Far more important than good sense in matters of dress is to preserve good taste.

ALICE: I generally dress very simply.

MILADY: Excellent; simplicity being, as you know, the keynote to elegance. The mere fact of dressing plainly, however, is of less importance than full comprehension of the term itself. Its meaning is, never to hesitate, when dressing simply, to buy what is most expensive, as women who avoid what is costly merely succeed in looking shabby. As a matter of fact, only the uninitiated should mistake simplicity for what it is now.

ALICE: Alas, too much sophisticated Paris simplicity is not always appreciated at home.

MILADY: And yet, the kind of simplification of style your friends seem to complain of, means complication of cut to Paris technicians. To the élite it, of course, conveys luxury.

ALICE: Modern simplicity, in its last analysis, therefore—

MILADY: —means perfect cut and design. Costly details with nothing conspicuous, yet with nothing lacking. Bear in mind, dear young lady, that the subdued overtones of luxurious simplicity have a way of singing out far louder than the high-pitched voices of blatant splendor.

Let me, therefore, before we part, give you a message for our countrywomen across the Atlantic. My subject shall be: "The Gentle Art of Dressing" (nowadays almost a science). Tell them that perfect expression, in clothes, requires discrimination, restraint and tact, as well as leisure.

Much time given to sartorial problems, combined with a fair amount of worldly goods.

Absolute knowledge of what constitutes the most suitable attire, for every moment of both day and night, and greatest consideration to be given to one's background.

To which should be added the importance of being seen wearing the right gown at the right moment (as great an achievement as finding the right man to fill the right place!).

This is my summing up: That to single out the right thing is but the beginning. The assurance that this very thing is adapted to one's type, the next step, is a gift which few women possess. Because of it, many women have fine clothes, but only a very small number are really elegant.

Then come the finishing touches, details. A small art in itself. This requires study of one's person; time spent enhancing natural beauty, as well as correcting natural defects.

HERE an interruption from the Secretary, entering with note-book and pencil.

"Madame Vera waiting, Milady."

"Show her in. Sorry, Baron de Meyer, it's my first appoint-



AGNÈS

Baron de Meyer

Madame Schiaparelli wears Agnès' two-piece turban in white shantung. The band is tied around the cap in a bow at the nape of the neck.

ment: ten o'clock. There are no fittings this morning, merely new models presented for me to select from. Stay on, should you have nothing better to do. You don't disturb me at all."

Both Alice and I promise to be as silent as mice. Madame Vera is shown in.

"*Bonjour*, Milady. I've brought the white cape Milady asked for, finest unborn baby-lamb on the market, as supple as a glove."

Madame Vera affirms that, in anticipation of Milady's decision, seven identical white baby-lamb capes have almost been settled upon, the ladies having said, "We'll order the cape if Milady does."

"Very well, have it started at once, provided you promise not to deliver it to anyone else until a month after I've worn mine. The garment, by then, will no more be new. I shall, most likely, have ceased to wear it."

"Line it with nut-brown *crêpe de Chine*, dotted with white. Use the same material for a scarf-like collar, which I myself shall tie into a big bow at the throat."

"To wear beneath this white cape, I want a very simple *havana marocain* gown, the color to match the shade of the scarf."

"The bodice is to be sleeveless, cut very low in front, almost into a half circle, the *decolleté* to be edged with a flat cream net frill."

"I must have my skirt very clinging in the back but flaring in front, *godets* cut circular, on the bias, *en forme*."

(Alice whispers, "Isn't she marvelous? Knows just what she wants." I whisper back, "Silence! You've promised to be dumb!")

"May I show Milady a new draped white satin evening gown, the drapery all drawn from both front and back into slanting folds, converging into one central knot on the left hip?"

Madame Vera presents the gown on the mannequin who accompanies her.

Milady, however, does not approve of the model. She says: "Gowns cut with no apparent seams at all are hardly ever, in spite of their scientific cut, particularly becoming."

"Beautiful in repose, such garments get all out of shape when in motion. Designed by an artist, they are only wearable when transformed by a clever fitter, with practical notions."

"Besides, slanting *décolletés* do not suit me at all. One shoulder entirely bare is much too extreme for me."

"I consider eccentricity in dress to be woman's last resource to disguise her absence of chic. A method I so far refuse to revert to."

"Do you remember, Madame Vera, last week when you called we spoke of a white satin dress with long sleeves, the duplicate of the black satin one you recently made me?"

Madame Vera says she has brought the original model.

IT IS a slender looking black satin gown with long, tight sleeves, with the scarf cut all in one with the bodice. This hangs over the left shoulder. The hem of the skirt is even, except in the front, which is cut immensely full, and hangs down apronwise, in low hanging points.

The mannequin showing the gown has her low waist-line indicated by a narrow band of black satin.

To this Milady strongly objects, tells Madame Vera that while wearing this very model a few days ago she caught sight of herself in a mirror.

"My silhouette looked old fashioned, so, finding an old back leather belt handy, I placed it in its normal position. To my surprise, my image reflected unmistakable chic."

Madame Vera says that a black satin princess gown and a black leather sports belt, worn high above the hip-bone, is undoubtedly an unexpected combination. Decidedly new.

Milady has settled on having her own black satin gown copied in white.

"I intend wearing it with a gold belt, a one-and-a-half-inch wide band of embroidery, gold beads, gold threads and gold spangles."

"In white satin, high-necked and with long sleeves, which I shall wear with a close-fitting hat tied on in the nape of the neck, and some jewels, I mean to look far smarter at casinos this summer than in full evening dress."

"To complete my white ensemble, I require a knee-length wrap of some splendid looking metal texture."

"Send me some samples of patterned gold tissue, to harmonize with red fox."

"I shall want a wide band of fox at the hem and big cuffs, but

no collar at all, the neck merely to be finished off by a plain scarf of gold."

Madame Vera wants to know if Milady might be interested in spangles.

"We are at present showing tailored looking ensembles, consisting of coat, skirt and jumper, the three pieces made of a fish-scale spangled texture. These models are being made in all colors. Does Milady care to be shown some of these costumes next time I call on her?"

"On principle," says Milady, "I feel like saying no, for spangles are certainly vulgar. However, I say this on principle only, for who, more than I, has adored the spangled smoking?"

"Do you remember the lovely pink jacket you made me, to wear with a cloudy black net skirt? Even though two seasons old and impossible to be worn again, I've so far not been able to part with it."

"Therefore, who knows if, in time, I shall not decide to give the spangled *robe de sport pour le soir* its chance?"

Madame Vera says she has been told of the new spangled *béret basque*. She thinks it sounds most unbecoming.

"Yes," Milady says, "it does sound dreadful. I have myself called it an atrocity, yet I admit to having ordered three of these *bérets* in different shades. Who knows if some day, with a special costume on a particularly dull day away from Paris the spangled *béret basque* may not prove amusing."

THE secretary reappears: "May I remind Milady, Madame Adrienne is due at 10:30?"

"By appointment, of course."

Milady, having graciously dismissed Madame Vera, greets Madame Adrienne with effusion.

She introduces her to Alice and myself, calling her *grande artiste*.

"How perfectly stunning, the hat you are wearing. Let me have a good look at it. It appears to be quite a novelty."

Madame Adrienne tells us: "It is, to start with, a tight-fitting cap of white shantung, which covers the hair entirely. There is a separate band of the same texture placed over the forehead and tied into a bow at the nape of the neck."

Milady calls this a real Adrienne invention. "The two-piece hat."

"One of my favorite theories," she says, "has always been that to be well hatted is far more important than to be well dressed. Alas, we women are fully aware of there being no compromise with a face."

"Madame Adrienne's creation," Milady says, "is a pure gem, not merely smart, but becoming into the bargain. A rare combination to be found nowadays in one single hat."

Madame Adrienne has brought a similar *chapeau* for Milady to try on herself. "Suited for casino wear in the evening. Much the same shape as my own, only carried out in coral velvet."

Into the bow, at the nape of the neck, clever Madame Adrienne has pinned a small bunch of ospreys. Being an expert in color harmonies, she has selected a deep shade of Nattier blue for the aigrette.

Milady seems delighted. "Marvelous," she calls out. "A model to be copied in all shades. I shall be faithful to it all through the season."

"To my mind the only sensible method of being well hatted is to select one shape, have it, if necessary, repeated in twelve different colors, and never wear another. Far better than ordering twelve different models, most of them unsuccessful, doomed to be shelved."

Madame Adrienne tells us that every one of her hats is, of course, made to order and can only fit the one head in the world it is meant for. In the same way, she says, as a custom-made shoe fits but one foot only.

"I always wonder why people take chances of losing their hat, more than losing their slipper."

"May I show Milady a charming new shape, with a brim?"

Milady replies that the mere sound of the word "brim" enchants her.

"I am only too anxious to find a smart hat with a shade for my eyes. Alas, for women like myself, past, let us say, twenty-five, brims are real benefactors."

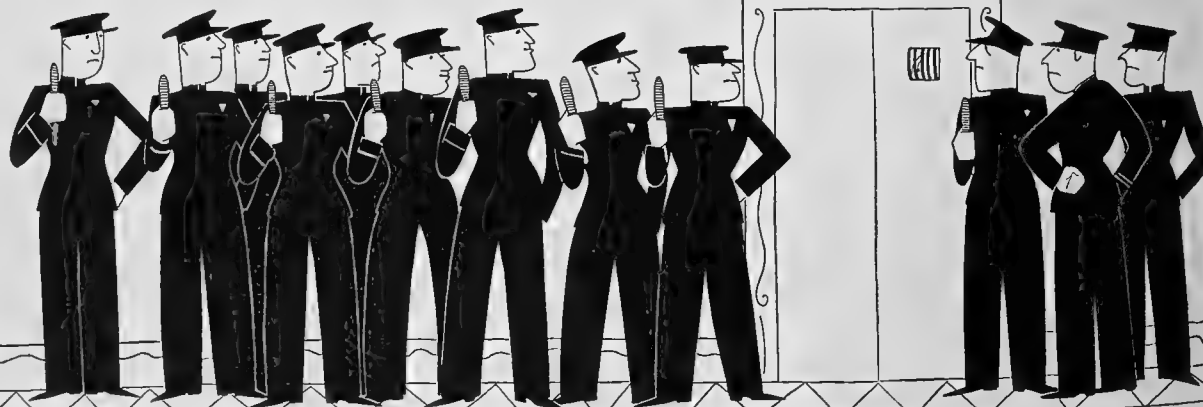
"May I give you my candid opinion, Madame Adrienne, on the kind of brimless hats I know you were the first to invent and we all of us continue to wear? I refer to the tight-fitting hat, cut straight across the forehead, hiding one's hair, which has never been really becoming to anyone."

"It was undoubtedly chic several seasons ago (I said chic, not becoming), but merely because (Concluded on page 158)



THE KNOCK AT THE NIGHT CLUB DOOR!

DRAWN BY
FISH



FISH

A New Novel by Harford Powel, jr.:



"'Yea bo!' called Jerry, 'I want to announce to you that this young lady and I are engaged.'"

MARRIED MONEY

Beginning the Romance of a Boston Girl with Too Many Beacon Street Traditions

Illustrations by Wallace Morgan

I CAN'T bear to see a Bostonian marrying out of Boston. Dear papa always used to say that foreign marriages never turn out happily."

Mrs. Joshua Easeman sighed, and pointed with her umbrella at an aged Pope-Hartford touring car that was rattling its way down the street, with huge clouds of kerosene smoke coming from its exhaust. Seldom is the passing of such a dilapidated car a matter of burning interest to the bystanders. But the street was Beacon, and the city was Boston, and it was no wonder that Mrs. Easeman looked hard at Wee Legg, who drove the car, and at Jerry McCoy, the enormous young man who sat beside her.

Spying her old friend, Colonel Thomas Truman Shackley, across the street, Mrs. Easeman had trotted nimbly over to share her anxieties with him.

Colonel Shackley was walking slowly home from his club, favoring the leg that had been broken by a gray-clad sharpshooter at Antietam. He wore a black slouch hat, a frock coat with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor in its buttonhole, gray striped trousers and brown sneakers. His friends and relatives had long since ceased to notice the sneakers, knowing that an elderly New England celebrity who can afford the best bootmaker in the world can also afford to wear any footgear that he chooses.

"That was our dear Wee Legg who has just driven by," said Mrs. Easeman. "It is the

fourth afternoon that she has taken that young man driving just at this time. There is something in it, I'm sure."

"Something in what?" asked the Colonel. Despite his eighty-seven years, he offered his arm gallantly to his almost equally venerable friend.

"Wee Legg has never looked twice at any young man," said Mrs. Easeman. "Most of us thought she would follow the example of so many well-bred Boston girls, and remain single. But along comes this enormous young man, Jerry McCoy, and it almost looks as if she were showing him off to us."

"Did you say he's a foreigner?"

"He comes from New Brunswick, New Jersey."

"Then he's not foreign. New Jersey is not far away from Boston."

"Spiritually, it is a million miles away."

Mrs. Easeman nodded her head with such force that all the ostrich tips in her bonnet quivered like ferns in a gale.

"I have never been to New Brunswick," she went on, "and it may still be a delightful old city, full of well-connected people. But I doubt it, True. All the other cities have decayed so sadly. Philadelphia reeks with the smoke of its factories, and all the best families have been driven far out of town. Baltimore is no better, and we all know to what a pass New York has come. Dear papa always foretold its fate. I popped over last week for Addie

Brownell's funeral, and the crowds on the streets are like the people we used to shudder at in Cairo and Constantinople. Why don't you write a paper on the degradation of New York?"

"I'm not writing papers for the magazines any more," said Colonel Shackley. "Only a sonnet, from time to time. Here is your house, Martha. Good afternoon, my dear."

"Won't you come in? It's raw and cold, and I will give you tea."

He hesitated, and then followed her into her drawing-room, cluttered with the loot of three centuries.

"I keep good fires going, to drive out the damp," she said. "Dear papa used to say that it isn't safe to put out the furnace, in Boston, until the Fourth of July."

"I've heard him say that," said the Colonel. "But you were speaking about Wee Legg. How time flies! It seems only yesterday I used to flirt with her in her baby carriage, in the Public Gardens. Tell me about this alarming young man of hers. He looks strong and well grown."

"I hear," said Mrs. Easeman, solemnly, "that he has all his clothes made to order, because his feet won't pass through the trousers of ready-made suits. He was a famous athlete at Harvard, True. Wee has never encouraged any young man before—not since she was a bud, four years ago."

"I was at Taormina that winter. Did Roger

Legg give her a ball?" asked Colonel Shackley.

"Only a tea," said Mrs. Easeman, with the ghost of a sniff. "But she was the sweetest and prettiest bud of her year."

"I believe it," said the Colonel. "Her father and mother were popular. Pick may have been a scapegrace, but he had charm. It seems as if a pestilence had carried off the Leggs. All dead now, except Roger. Time flies!"

"I've been going to Legg funerals all my life," agreed the lady. "There is heart trouble in that family, True. Wee's grandfather and great-grandfather were comparatively young men when they died, and dear papa always said that the original Leggs were sickly people who seldom lived to eighty, or even seventy years."

"Tell me more about this young Irishman of Wee's," asked Colonel Shackley. "Maybe he'll put some needed stamina into the family. You were talking about him, Martha, not climbing the Legg family tree."

"But family trees are so fascinating! I can't find out much about the McCoy's of New

Brunswick. This boy's father is said to be abroad."

Mrs. Easeman took the New York Social Register from her superb knee-hole desk.

"The boy is always called Jerry, but I learn to my surprise that the first name is Jeroboam, and not the common Irish Jeremiah. Doesn't the name Jeroboam suggest Puritan blood, True?"

"Possibly," said the Colonel. "There was an excellent Jeroboam in the Bible, who regained much lost territory, including Damascus."

"How wonderful your mind is! You are never at a loss for a fact or a reference."

SHE smiled at him affectionately, and gave him another cup of her Lapsang Suchong tea.

"The Social Register means nothing, nowadays," she said. "Such incredible people get their names in it! But I'm glad to see that Jeroboam's mother was one of the Neilsons of Stuyvesant Square. If I hadn't discovered

that, I should consider it my duty to warn Roger Legg."

"I think," said the Colonel, dryly, "that the glories of Stuyvesant Square have departed. As you say, New York has changed. But people regard the changes as progress. The erection of a tradesman's shop on the site of an Astor or Vanderbilt residence is considered a glory to the community."

"But Boston is still Boston," said Mrs. Easeman.

"Boston," said the Colonel, in the kind tone of an eighteenth-century gentleman explaining something to a little child, "is the American Pompeii. Our effort is to keep things as they used to be. Boston drowns on her hilltop and in her reclaimed swamp, taking a proper antiquarian pride in her rusting railways and rotting wharves. New York is El Dorado. Any longshoreman in New York can aspire to prodigious wealth to-morrow. One day an immigrant comes barefooted down the gang-plank; the next day he invites you to his box at the opera. And you go, Martha. You are exceedingly glad to eat his plover and drink his champagne. That is progress. That is the triumph of democracy. In Boston we inherit money and nurse it all our lives. In New York they make money by the barrel, and throw it away by the bucketful. Convince yourself, Martha, that New Yorkers understand the art of living far better than we Bostonians do."

"If you joke like that any more," said Mrs. Easeman, indignantly, "I shall convince myself that you should be under restraint."

Colonel Shackley laughed, and took his hat up from the floor.

"I must fly!" he said, rising stiffly to his feet. "You're a most ineluctable woman, Martha—hard to escape from. Let's hope that Boston will always be Boston, and that Wee will marry some young sobersides who will be worthy of her in every way."

"And not this common young man from New Jersey," said Mrs. Easeman. "I'm deeply worried about Wee. She's so fine, so good. She is just as sweet as if she had stepped down from the frame of a Copley portrait. The modern spirit of extravagance and bad manners hasn't touched her, True. She has been brought up so simply. Her automobile cost less than a hundred dollars, and it uses kerosene and not gasoline."

"While Roger Legg lives, she won't drive a better one," said the Colonel, shrewdly. "Good-by, Martha, my dear."

She detained his hand. "I wish Wee would pick out a Boston man," she said, "like Caleb Spinney, for instance."

"Caleb's my grand-nephew," said the Colonel. "A cut-and-dried young chap who'll never set the Charles River afire. But capable, capable."

"I'm sure Wee will behave properly," said Mrs. Easeman, addressing her visitor's retreating coat-tails. "She's to be trusted. She's not one of the flibberty-gibbet young girls who allow common young men to take liberties. Come soon again, dear True."

TWENTY miles from the scene of this conversation, in a quiet lane near Concord, Wee Legg disentangled herself from Jerry McCoy's arms and said:

"Jerry, I know you've broken my favorite rib."

"God, woman, can't you stand a little pain?" She pressed her nose deeply into his shabby coonskin overcoat, enjoying its mingled odor of tobacco and fur. They were still sitting in the dilapidated touring car, of an almost forgotten make: but it was now buried so deeply in thick



"I love you, Jerry," breathed Wee. "Whither thou goest, I will go, and thy people shall be my people. Come along in."



"Mr. Legg and Jerry had the air of conspirators when Wee came in. 'You seem to be hobnobbing,' she said, nervously. 'I told you Jerry was a pleasant young man.'"

bushes and overhanging branches that its battered body could not have been seen by an observer ten feet away.

There was a great clamor of frogs from the marsh in front of them, and beyond the marsh the Concord River meandered in great loops toward the bridge. At the bridge, no doubt, parties of motor trippers were reading in the living stone or monumental bronze about the shot heard round the world. But nobody heard Jerry and Wee, and nobody saw them except a tiny rabbit, born so early in the spring that it looked as if it wanted to be picked up and warmed.

This was the fourth afternoon that Jerry and Wee had explored the roads and lanes around Concord. But things had gone differently this time. At the Battle Green, in Lexington, Wee's right hand had dropped from the steering-wheel, and Jerry had shyly covered it with his left. In front of the Old Manse, the fingers of those two hands had been tightly intertwined. And now, in the cool green privacy of this disused lane, Jerry and Wee were locked in each other's arms.

One imagines, nowadays, that young people are only too well accustomed to such scenes, and that it is their constant habit to embrace each other as violently as sailors grapple with

their sweethearts on the benches of the park. Middle-aged persons, inflamed by too much reading of our younger novelists, presume that this love-making is part of the normal routine of life; and we may wish them joy of the presumption. As a matter of fact, neither Jerry nor Wee had ever been through such a scene before.

It left them gasping and dazed. Wee's hands and feet slowly turned to ice. They tried at first, by speaking with their usual flippancy, to make light of this great new wave of emotion, but it would not grow light.

"I love you," Jerry whispered, and there was something in his deep, husky murmur that told her he was speaking true. Womanlike, Wee was bewitched by the joy of the moment. Manlike, Jerry was already beginning to count the cost.

HIS mind, even in the thick of the embrace, wavered from one thought to another. He was earning his own living none too well. What right had he to ask this impoverished girl to marry him? She was not a pauper, of course. She had a car—but what a car! She lived with her old aunt in one of those hideous little brick houses with mansard roofs, on Marlboro Street. She dressed plainly. Could

he give her a decent home, good-looking clothes? A more vital thought stabbed him. What about children? Big families are modish in Boston. He almost groaned aloud as he conjured up a vision of a large and ragged brood.

"Jerry," he said to himself, "you've got to sit up and tell this girl you can't see this thing through."

But he didn't. He crushed her with his arms, and she smiled up at him. She had wondered, for a second, if she ought to abandon herself so frankly. It wasn't Puritan. It wasn't Back Bay. But something told her, deep inside, that it *was* aristocratic, and that only a peasant tries to disguise emotion, when the emotion is honorable and fine. She pushed his face away, and looked at him with her black eyes dancing. He had flung off his hat and his hair was standing on end. No matter how disheveled, Jerry McCoy was something to see. She loved his blue eyes, set so far apart, and his square-cut jaw. He looked like what he was—a man covered with all the laurels Harvard reserves for her athletic and well-born sons.

"I love you," she said. "It makes me feel very queer. When you kiss me I feel as if I were being hugged by a grizzly bear; and in between times, I feel as if there were a knife stuck through my (Continued on page 120)



VUITTON

VUITTON

LELONG

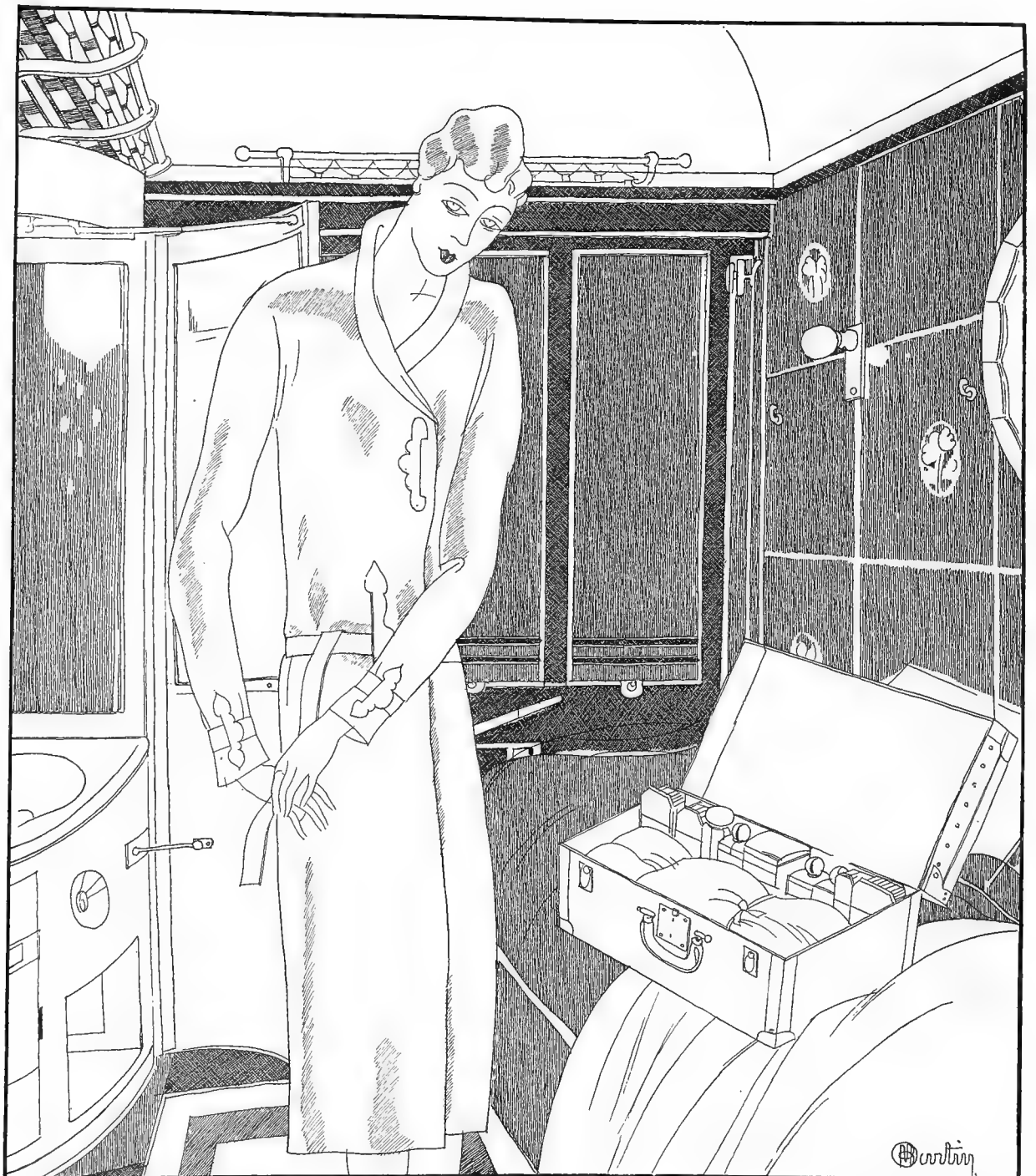
THE SMART PARISIENNE EN ROUTE

The porter carries the traveler's luggage for the sleeping-car. An important item is her fitted bag, in sole leather lined with moire. It is about eighty centimeters long, and is made on a new system, all the brushes and bottles being placed in the back, with a shallow tray, that lifts out, in front of them. The things for the night may be placed in the tray, while underneath is room for other articles wanted on arrival. Vuitton.

He also carries her hatbox, a very new type, compact and convenient, from Vuitton. It is thirty centimeters square, just big enough to take two or three hats, placed one inside the other, the brims up. At the sides, one may put a book, a fresh pair of gloves, or a folded scarf. The box is covered in leather of any color one likes, and lined with moire, matching the linings of all the rest of the luggage. A requisite for traveling.

The traveler is dressed by Lelong in a jacket and skirt of dark colored alpaca, an ideal material for summer travel. She wears a sweater blouse of thin wool and silk, woven in one of the new plaids, in three shades. Her hat is a small felt, with the "sou'wester" line, trimmed with a triple ribbon in the three colors of the sweater. Her shoes are lizard pumps, and her bag, from Vuitton, is black antelope and tortoise-shell.

The traveler is wearing a nightgown and dressing-gown designed for her by Worth. They are in pale colored *toile de soie*, with simple incrustated design in *crêpe satin*. The dressing-gown is manly in form, and the nightgown is long sleeved. Both are contained in the traveling case, which also has room for monogrammed *crêpe de Chine* sheets and pillow-cases.



WORTH

Paris, Lyons et Méditerranée

PARIS PREPARES TO TRAVEL

*A smart Costume, Ultra-smart Luggage, and Money in her Purse
Are the Requisites of the Chic Traveler*

BY MARJORIE HOWARD

15 rue de la Paix, Paris.

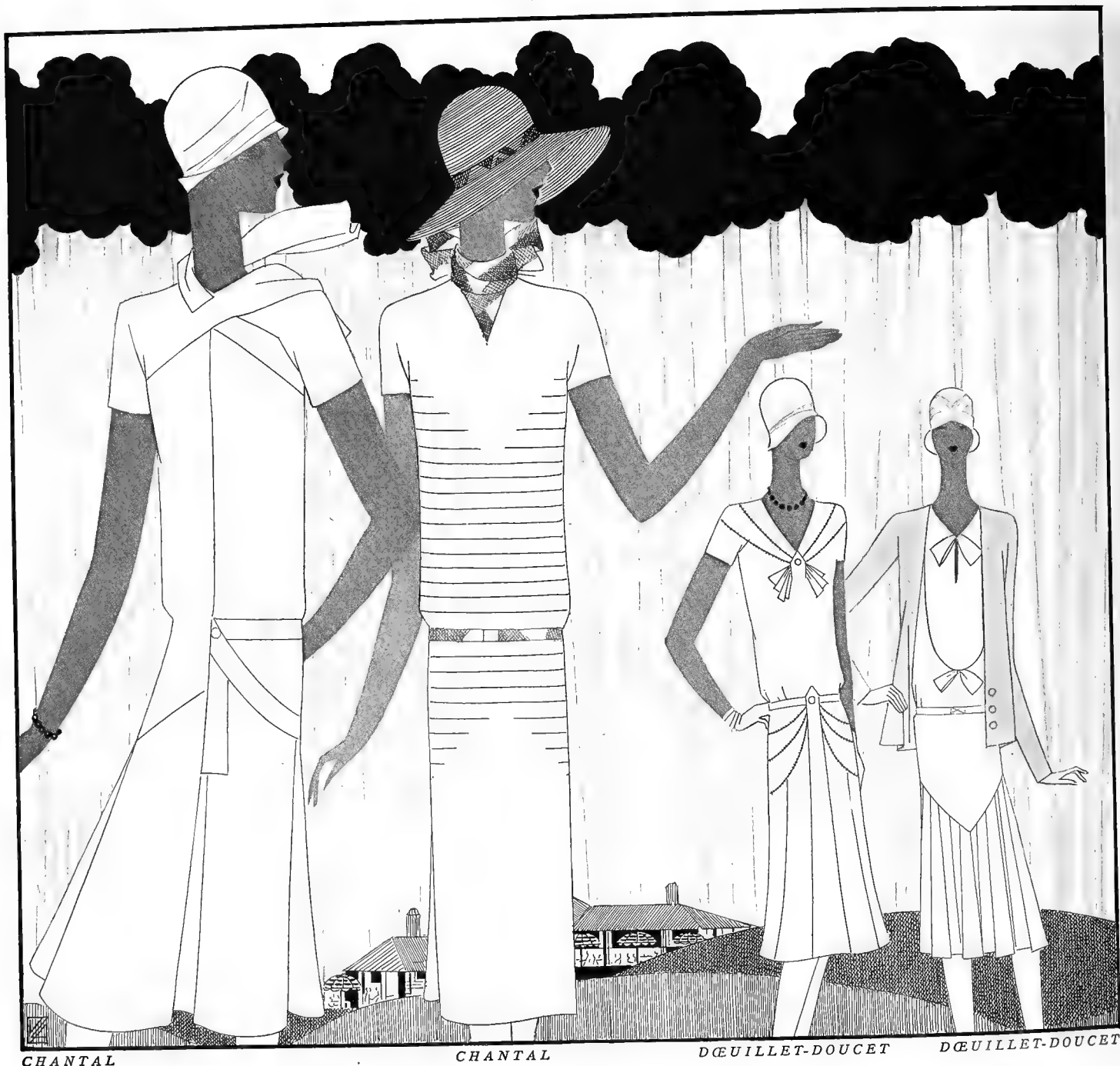
EVERYONE I meet, at present, seems to be just arriving from somewhere, or just departing for somewhere else. All the world is on the move, and distance is annihilated. Summer resorts used to have regular seasons, and people prepared for weeks beforehand to visit them in state pilgrimages. Nowadays, they rush to Monte Carlo at the oddest times, to attend one of Miss Elsa Maxwell's famous dinners, with pre-views of the new ballets by the Diaghileff troupe; over to London for a first night; and even as far as Palermo for a

costume ball. There will be three of these affairs in Sicily this spring, one given by the Duca de la Verdura, representing the time of Lady Hamilton's life at Naples; the second by the Baronessa Lo Monaco, and the third, the most important of all, a Second Empire affair, given by the Comte and Comtesse d'Assaro, in their wonderful palace.

Spain is making a determined bid for visitors with two exhibitions, one in Seville, and the other in Barcelona. I hear that many of our greatest dress designers are planning to see

the latter, on account of the wonderful collection of Spanish costumes, of all times and classes of society, that are to be shown there. The mode is already tinged with Spanish red and yellow; next winter may see a still stronger Iberian influence, when the creators return full of new-old inspiration from their travels.

Those who are not in too great a hurry travel by preference in their own cars, where they can; but the railroads are providing for the accommodation of the de luxe type of traveler. The smartest thing in sleeping-cars that any country



LINENS AND COTTONS AROUND AT BIARRITZ

Chantal makes a frock of Rodier's "toile meshra", a crisp linen woven with two threads—in this case rose and white. The yoke is cut with cravatte collar, the skirt circular.

A Chantal pin-tucked frock with belt and scarf of crêpe in several tones. Rodier's "linécla" is used, a square weave of linen and rayon in blue with brilliant surface.

A frock of white linen from Dœuillet-Doucet in pale rose linen trimmed with wide hemstitching. The flaring skirt is cut in sections. There is a jacket of the same linen.

Part of the skirt of this sleeveless white linen is box-plaited; the chemisette finished in bows, with colored linen cardigan in delft blue or bright brown. From Dœuillet-Doucet.

has yet invented is found on the new P.L.M. trains to the Riviera—the latest type of *train bleu*. These cars are called "super-luxe," and are made up of only ten compartments instead of sixteen, each one entirely finished in colored lacquer, one car red, another blue, or green, or beige, or brown. Martin has drawn one of them on page 73.

Coming up from Cannes, recently, I spent the most comfortable night I can ever remember on a train, in a beautiful green and silver compartment, the bed a good four inches wider than that on any other Continental train. Martin's traveler is wearing a Worth nightgown and dressing-gown, designed especially for the sleeper, which fold up and go into the

sole-leather case that is drawn on the Last-Minute pages. This case also holds the crêpe de Chine sheets and pillow cases with which really fastidious travelers provide themselves for a night in the train. Nightgown or pajamas, dressing-gown and slippers match the sheets, and the whole is carried most compactly and conveniently in the same container.

The modern traveler is as particular about her luggage as about her costume, and the makers are always thinking out new dodges for her. On the page opposite the sleeping-car scene, Martin has drawn our voyager, wearing a suit from Lelong, made of alpaca, an ideal fabric for summer European travel. Her porter is carrying her sleeping-car equipment, a new

fitted suit-case from Vuitton, made of sole-leather, lined with moire in her chosen color. This case is larger than usual for a fitted bag, and has several new features. There is a tray in the top which takes just the things that one wants for the night, without disturbing the rest of the bag, and all the fittings are in a removable section behind it, so that they may be lifted out and stood upon the table, leaving plenty of space under the tray for an extra costume or a coat. Besides her new suit-case, our traveler is provided with Vuitton's newest hat-box, a really small affair at last; thirty centimeters square, just big enough to take two or three hats, placed one inside the other, the brims up. At the sides, one may put a book, a fresh pair



SMART CLOTHES AT THE GOLF DE CHIBERTA

A frock of Rodier's "rodelic", a cotton-like wool in oyster-white with shiny rayon dot. The plaited chemisette has a standing collar and tie which are new. Drecoll-Beer.

Very complicated in cut is a Drecoll-Beer frock of Rodier's white piqué in which a raised line makes a check. The skirt has a triple scalloped yoke, flatly plaited below.

An ensemble in which a white linen frock is combined with coat of indigo and white printed linen. Both belt and hem-stitched line above give a short-waisted effect. Redfern.

A Redfern ensemble in which a plaited skirt of black etamine is used with a blouse and coat of yellow, dotted and banded with black; a good combination for summer.

of gloves, a scarf, extra handkerchiefs, or any trifle. The box is covered with leather in any color one chooses and lined with moire to match the rest of the luggage.

The suit-case is fitted with tortoise-shell. Vuitton is making a specialty of this delightful material. He makes complete dressing-table sets in it, some of them especially for brides. He suggests, as it is very expensive, that her friends should combine to give her a complete outfit, one buying the brushes, the other the mirror, and so on. I had a long talk about tortoise-shell with Monsieur Singerie of Vuitton's, and I never knew before what an interesting material it is. The best shell comes from the turtles called "Carret," which are found all

over the earth near the equator. Their life-habits are most unexpected, but I am not writing a treatise on tortoises. The French method of preparing the shell is much superior to the Italian. It is sawed into shape, scraped and polished and then molded under boiling water. Plunging it into cold water fixes the shape, while joins are made in boiling water, salted to the same density as the ocean in which the turtles are caught. With all possible precaution taken, this work is so delicate that there is a loss of ninety percent. of the raw material, in obtaining a finished product. In Italy, tortoise-shell is still molded in excessive heat, which makes it brittle and destroys some of the color. Vuitton's sets are all made of shell

from the same turtle, so that the delicate markings match. The lighter in color the shell, the more rare and valuable it is. It has been highly prized as a *matière de luxe* ever since it was introduced from Japan in the sixteenth century.

All through the spring and early summer, a fine week-end will send Parisians hurrying to the country, either to friends or to one of the well-known resorts. Our modern fire-worshippers follow the sun with the devotion of an ancient Persian. Deauville has its beach, Le Touquet its golf, while the South of France calls its disciples to its sunny shores, from Biarritz on one side, to Menton on the other. Cannes offers an

(Continued on page 78)



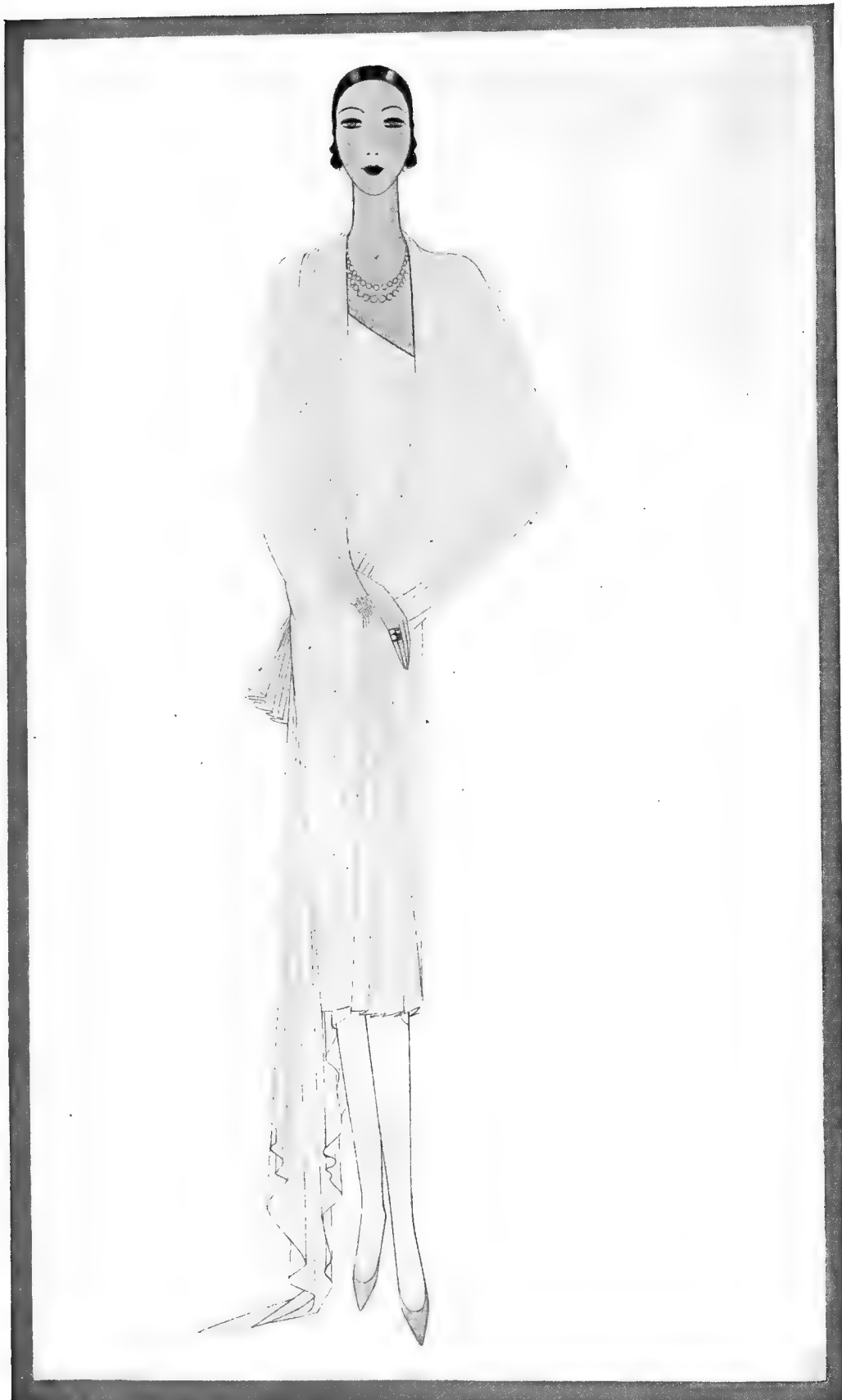
A gown for a personality is this one of Poiret's, quite different back and front, made of black satin. The front shows a long sheath line, ornamented with bretelle embroidery of silver tube beads outlined in black and red beads. The back has a full gathered panel, touching the slipper, and the beaded bands are crossed in a low V décolleté and finished with an ornament of tube beads which looks like feathers.

POIRET



CHÉRUIT

Chéruit makes an evening gown of marked individuality in a printed taffeta. The color scheme is the new one of yellow, gray, green and a soft deep red, very blurred and indistinct; the design, vague poppies on a gray ground. The skirt is very long in the back, full, and has a deep ruffle. The typical revers of the décolleté and the bow in the back are 1929 points of Madame Wormser's collection.



JENNY

Jenny has an evening ensemble of maize colored *crêpe romain*. The gown is a draped one, following the lines of the wrap. The wrap is really a cape, with a long scarf rever, held at the waist by shirring. This long scarflike section goes over the right shoulder, crosses the back, and finishes on the left hip with a soft shirred bow and trailing ends.

Jenny also makes this evening ensemble in pale rose *crêpe de Chine*. The frock is a simple one, contrasting with the magnificence of the coat, which is lavishly trimmed with sable. The coat is unlined and is made with heavy flounces at the side, forming a dipping line. The sleeves have elbow bands of sable, with wide graceful frills below.



JENNY

added attraction in the new "*Casino d'été*", built on the very tip of a promontory, with restaurant, playing rooms, and an immense outdoor swimming pool. Its recent opening was quite a smart occasion.

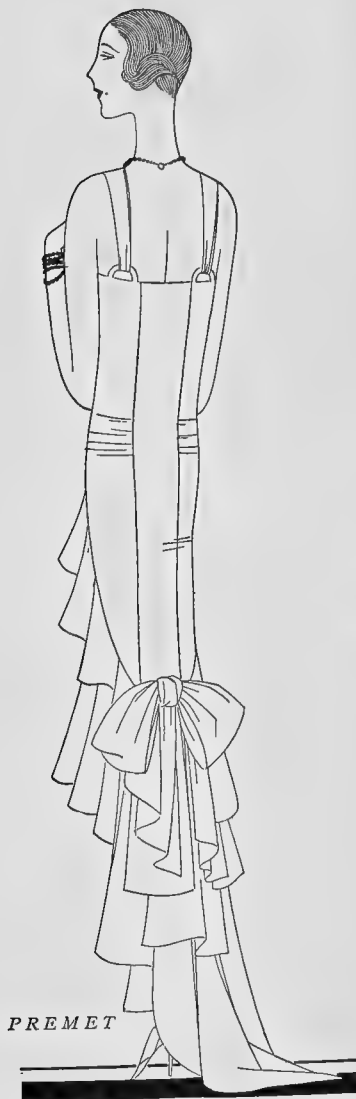
On pages 74 and 75, Luza has drawn some frocks in linen and cotton, designed especially for Harper's Bazar, with a background of the Golf de Chiberta at Biarritz, one of the few places where one may always count upon seeing smart women. Paris designers are growing really interested in these fabrics. Molyneux showed a little supplementary collection the other day, of which a decided feature was the

short-jacket costumes in linen, sometimes plain, in indigo or rose; sometimes in *toile de Jouy*, cream and blue, or cream with rose-red, sometimes combining plain and printed fabrics. If we have a hot summer, over here, such as we had last year, these materials will come into their own. I expect the colored linen jacket to take an important place substituting for the cardigan. It may be plain or printed as you like; personally I incline to plain materials, in becoming, "different" color combinations, this season.

I have some late news from the pre-summer season at Biarritz, which, like all other resorts,

Premet makes an interesting summer evening ensemble in printed satin and printed chiffon of the same design, scattered flowers in red and white on a black ground. The little satin jacket is smocked on the shoulders and at the elbows. It opens to one side. The chiffon gown has a diagonal movement, and a long slim sheath effect to the knees.

A gown in chartreuse satin with most of its interest in the back, also from Premet. The line is a modified "tie back", such as might have been worn in the 'seventies. There is a slight break almost at the natural waist, where a crushed belt of the satin passes under the back section. A bow set low in the back of the skirt trails long ends almost to the floor.



PREMET

draws record numbers of visitors on holiday week-ends. The types we call sports clothes were worn all day. People were even seen dining in them at the Bar Basque, which is once again much frequented at the morning *apéritif* hour. The most popular materials were tweeds, or jerseys that are so like tweeds that there is no telling the difference at a little distance. Their main colors were those of men's sports suits, pale grayish-blues, very neutral beiges, or grays.

There is no getting women out of beige; it is still one of the most popular of all colors worn in the country. The cardigan type remains

the leader, the jackets somewhat longer than they were last season, with skirts cut circular, sometimes laid in wide box plaits. Quantities of Chanel jerseys, like the beige one with red lines making diamonds, photographed by Baron de Meyer on page 63. Madame de San Carlos wore this in beige with stripes in green and red, and a hat in openwork straw in two-inch diamonds of the same colors.

Almost every woman was wearing a scarf, not the jersey ones that we saw earlier in the season, but of heavy silk or crêpe de Chine. Madame Santos Suarez looked very smart in a gray speckled tweed (Continued on page 181)



AGNÈS

MADAME AGNÈS IN ONE OF HER OWN MODELS

Madame Agnès wears a summer costume in grayed-white and rosy coral color. The point of departure is a string of old hand-cut coral beads, several yards long, worn several times round the neck. With these she wears coral ball earrings, and a ring in coral and polished platinum from Raymond Templier. Her gown, from Louise-boulangier, is in small herring-bone wool jersey, in off-white, slightly grayed. The bag, her own invention, is in the same material, fastened with a coral silk handkerchief, run through large buttonholes. Her hat is in a new open-mesh coral-colored straw, simply trimmed with Rodier braid in coral and white cotton. She wears low-heeled sandals from Greco, in soft grayed-white kid piped with coral color.



REBOUX

MISS HALLIE STILES SELECTS REBOUX

Miss Hallie Stiles, long of the Opéra Comique, wears a costume in a color scheme of cream, light brown and a rather deep red. Her hat, from Reboux, is an interesting model in natural colored leghorn, wide-brimmed, turned directly up in front, where it is held with two tabs of brown and red grosgrain ribbon. The crown is covered with melon-sections of cream, brown and red grosgrain. Her gown is a printed chiffon, a vague leaf pattern in cream and brown, with some red, recalling the hat ribbons. It is interestingly cut, with an asymmetric décolleté, one end finished in a scarf which passes across the back and is twined round the left arm. Her ring is a huge cat's-eye, set in red enamel and platinum in a striking modern design.



MAX-LEROY

Drawn in color by Léon Bénigni

FURS FOR WOMEN OF REGAL BEAUTY

From the house of Max-Leroy comes an ermine cape, trimmed with white fox. Fillets are worked across in the body of the cape, and down in the pointed godets which are set into the back. The lining is white velvet.

The same house makes a slim coat in velvet, here in a red-brown shade, luxuriously trimmed with mink or sable. The hem-line dips in the back, in accordance with the long, trailing skirts of the present mode.

A Max-Leroy cape in pink and gold lamé, a sort of deep old rose with a brownish cast, is trimmed with a big sable collar which is finished in the back with two velvet ends lined with gold. The cape lining is velvet.



Drawn in color by Léon Bénigni

HEIM

WRAPS FOR GLAMOUROUS EVENINGS

Heim makes an evening wrap for summer in heavy georgette, cut with three circular flounces on one side, and a dolman effect on the other. The collar is fox in a deep brown shade to contrast with the beige cape.

Another striking Heim model is this draped cape in chiffon velvet, with a small ermine collar. In addition to the color pictured here, the cape is made in many shades of velvet, in white crêpe romain and metal lamé.

In the background is a lovely dolman wrap in white and gold lamé, one thread of each, woven without a design. It is piped and lined with beige satin, and the soft, luxurious collar is of mink. Also from Heim.

By Isabel Leighton:

WE LIVE ONLY ONCE

*How a Proud little Girl Discovered that sweet Revenge
May become Self-inflicted Punishment*

Illustrated by Addison Burbank

ANNE was riding for a fall, but she was doing it in exquisite style—in a fourteen thousand dollar balloon-tired, fore and aft braked, wire-wheeled sports model roadster, booming down the Albany Post Road toward the city. If there was a smarter car in the world, she didn't know about it, but if she had, the Rolls would have been junked—or relegated to the stock of choice bribes by which her kid sister, Babs, was silenced—more often than Anne cared to admit. Babs had rather a gift for sisterly blackmail, and it looked to Anne as if to-day Babs had a pretty clear case against her.

It was just the rottenest luck, Anne decided as she sped along—rather too fast for anybody

who has been built up in the last hour with several cocktails—just the rottenest luck that Babs should have dashed out of the wet into the one room among the twenty-seven of which the clubhouse was composed, where Hobey Winthrop was giving a still wetter party, and should have discovered Anne emptying her fourth Baccardi.

Anne wouldn't have cared a whoop ordinarily, but it was undeniably a humiliating business, having your kid sister catch you in the act of breaking your word. Only two days before, in a weak moment, and under parental pressure, true enough, she had promised—well, not exactly promised, but something very like it—to

foreswear the grape, and stick to soft stuff. So when Babs romped into the room like the hoyden she was, with a mockingly devilish glint in her wide gray eyes, Anne, for probably the first time in her life, felt that peculiarly disagreeable sense of shame which follows getting caught in a lie. Just at this particular moment, as the thread of blue-gray road dived under the roadster's nose, Anne was feeling rather fed up with herself, a little disconsolate, a little reckless. How was she to redeem that innate sense of sportsmanship which had never before been outraged? Babs could be bought off, no doubt of that, but the still, small voice deep down inside that was already giving indication of being



"It was a humiliating business, having your sister catch you in the act of breaking

fully aroused—that wouldn't be so easy! All she could do at the moment, it seemed, was to push the shiny accelerator a little harder.

She swerved sharply to the right, and narrowly missed a truck that had the right of way. Somehow it made her feel better—like her leave-taking of Hobey. That had pepped her up considerably too, though only Heaven knows why; she had only known that she wanted to get out, and quickly, before she'd cry and make a holy show of herself. She had been abrupt, positively rude to Hobey, but she supposed he'd come back for more. They always do, she mused cynically.

CLANG! tolled a bell from a considerable distance behind her. She continued in the middle of the highway not one whit disturbed. Clang! this time more insistently and at closer range. Sounded like one of those highfalutin taxicabs with their new-fangled fancy horns, she reflected, and continued evenly on her way.

Again that penetrating peal, this time impatiently, angrily. She settled down in her seat and prepared for a battle; she'd give him a race, if that was what he wanted, one that he'd never forget, and as the bell rent the air with still greater persistence she shrugged her shoulders characteristically, and stepped on the gas.

Twenty, thirty, now forty miles an hour, and still her speedometer mounted. Ninety-sixth Street whizzed by only to give way to Eighty-sixth a moment later; and lamp posts seemed suddenly to multiply and pass in maddening numbers. Shops along the way became so

many spots of color, and the traffic policeman at Seventy-second Street, who shouted after her with an amazing show of lung power, took on the appearance of an extraordinarily active fly.

She thought she'd just about tired her ambitious competitor of the boulevards, when that selfsame bell, resounding stridently, in aggravating proximity, gave complete evidence to the contrary, and the race was on in real earnest.

Forty-five, forty-seven—what a little gem, how it responded to the smallest pressure of Anne's competent foot. Fifty! The half century mark, and she could do better by a great deal if he forced her hand; but she supposed he'd have sense enough to realize the futility of going on with it, and would slacken into the nice comfortable pace that was prescribed for well behaved taxicabs.

But her conclusions, reliable though they were as a general rule, were woefully wrong in this instance. What went with the swanky bell was still in the running, and it was just beyond belief. She must have a look at this bold, brave fool, who, in his supreme ignorance, dared to test out the quality of her mettle. She turned swiftly—then blanched, as an incoherent jumble of letters seemed suddenly to spread out and spell St. Vincent's Hospital. Someone behind shouted something that she couldn't understand, but he was being very forceful and excited, that was certain! Somehow her heart seemed to jump to her throat, choking her and making her gasp for breath. She quivered, and her internal trembling transmitted itself to

the hand that, until a moment ago, had grasped the wheel with reckless assurance.

What had come over her? What was this light-headed, numbing sensation that left her timid and faint? In an instant she knew, and the realization sickened her. She was afraid—how ghastly—she had lost her nerve! Already an escort of motor-cycle police, corralled along the way, had begun to form a vanguard, augmented by a traffic man who was hanging off the running board of a pleasure car that had joined in the pursuit. Her antics had at last borne fruit, and that they'd taste none too sweet she sensed without having to give further thought to the matter. Well, she thought quickly, the only thing to do was to face the music; but it would take some tall talking to convince these numerous purveyors of justice that the proper place for her not to be was the cooler. Well, she'd try anything once! She jammed on her brakes. The asphalt fairly oozed from under her. Slide—skid—crash . . . then blackness, grim and absolute.

"NOW you've done it, you darned little fool!"

Anne opened her eyes and tried to turn her head in the direction from which the sound emanated, only to sink back on a very flat hospital pillow with a moan which was as much of a surprise to her as it was to the surly voice that continued.

"Good!" it went on vindictively. "I hope you've given yourself a good, hard bump."

"Thanks," Anne replied weakly, but not without a trace of (Continued on page 133)



your word, since only two days before you had promised to forswear the grape."

By the Duchess of Sermoneta:



The gallery in the Palazzo Orsini, now Palazzo Sermoneta.

HAPPY RECOLLECTIONS OF A TRAGIC EMPRESS

The gay Riviera Took to its warm Heart the lovely Exile, Eugénie

Part Three:

TO the ex-Empress of the French, Eugénie, I owe the recollection of many happy days spent under her hospitable roof, either at Farnborough Hill or at Villa Cynos, Cap Martin. She was extremely clannish, and loved having her Spanish and Italian relations around her. She knew to her finger-tips how many relations she had and exactly how her family was connected with other families. In fact, she was very shocked when she discovered that I could not exactly define how I happened to be her great-great-niece, except that my Colonna grandmother was an Alvarez de Toledo, and had been a cousin of hers. Next day she presented me with a sheet of note-paper on which she had written out part of the family tree, all in her own neat handwriting, and she told me to learn it by heart. It is too sad to have to confess that I did not do so, and that now I have lost the paper!

I first saw the Empress at Farnborough Hill, when I was still a child, and visited her with my

father and sister. We children were petrified with shyness. I remember the delightfully tactful way in which she received us, for, leaving our father to talk to Monsieur Pietri, she passed a hand through both our arms and led us down the gallery to a drawing-room where we were alone, and there, talking gaily, she soon put us at our ease.

We were muffled up in veils, an absurd fashion which existed in those days for little girls. The Empress said: "Now, how are you going to put up your veils for luncheon?"

My sister hurriedly pushed hers up just anyhow, exposing her mouth and the tip of her nose, and the Empress exclaimed: "*Mais non! C'est très laid comme ça, tu caches tes yeux et tes cheveux!*" and she arranged our veils for us herself.

Already then she was quite an old woman, with white hair neatly coiled at the top of her head, regular little features and ears laid back

extremely flat. The only trace of vanity remaining from old days was the touch of black at the corner of her eyes and the carefully penciled eyebrows. She invariably wore a black coat and skirt during the daytime, and no jewelry except several plain gold rings all exactly alike, which she wore on the same finger and used often to play with, passing them from one hand to another when she spoke.

With my father she was very intimate. When he had been a very young man he had formed an unfortunate attachment in Rome, and my Spanish grandmother asked her cousin, the Empress, to help her in the matter. It was in the brief, brilliant years of the Second Empire, and young Marcantonio Colonna was sent to Paris where he spent several months at Court under the Empress's care; alternating between the splendors of the Tuileries and the delights of Compiègne where, needless to say, he soon recovered from his ill-chosen love affair.

It was only after my marriage that an annual visit to Farnborough Hill became our custom.

The Empress's hospitality was on a noble scale, for she loved her grand-nephews and grand-nieces to make very long stays, and some of them would bring a friend along as well, who would be welcomed just as charmingly as the relations themselves.

The Empress never kissed her nieces on the cheek, as she said it was not nice for them to be embraced by an old woman, and she greeted us always with a touching little kiss on the shoulder. I have never known any other person of her age who understood and sympathized with youth and the tastes of youth as thoroughly as she did. She led her own quiet life and did not see much of her guests except at luncheon, tea and dinner, when the food was excellent and extraordinarily copious, for the Empress had a good appetite and enjoyed certain dishes, notably a "peach-fed" Spanish ham sent her from the estates of her nephew, the Duke of Alba, which certainly was a dream.

During meals she was interested to know how every one had spent his time. The young people had horses at their



EVA BARDETT

The stately beauty of the Duchess of Sermoneta has graced European society for a quarter of a century.

Mrs. William Locke, the English great-grandmother of the Duchess, and mother of Lady Walsingham.

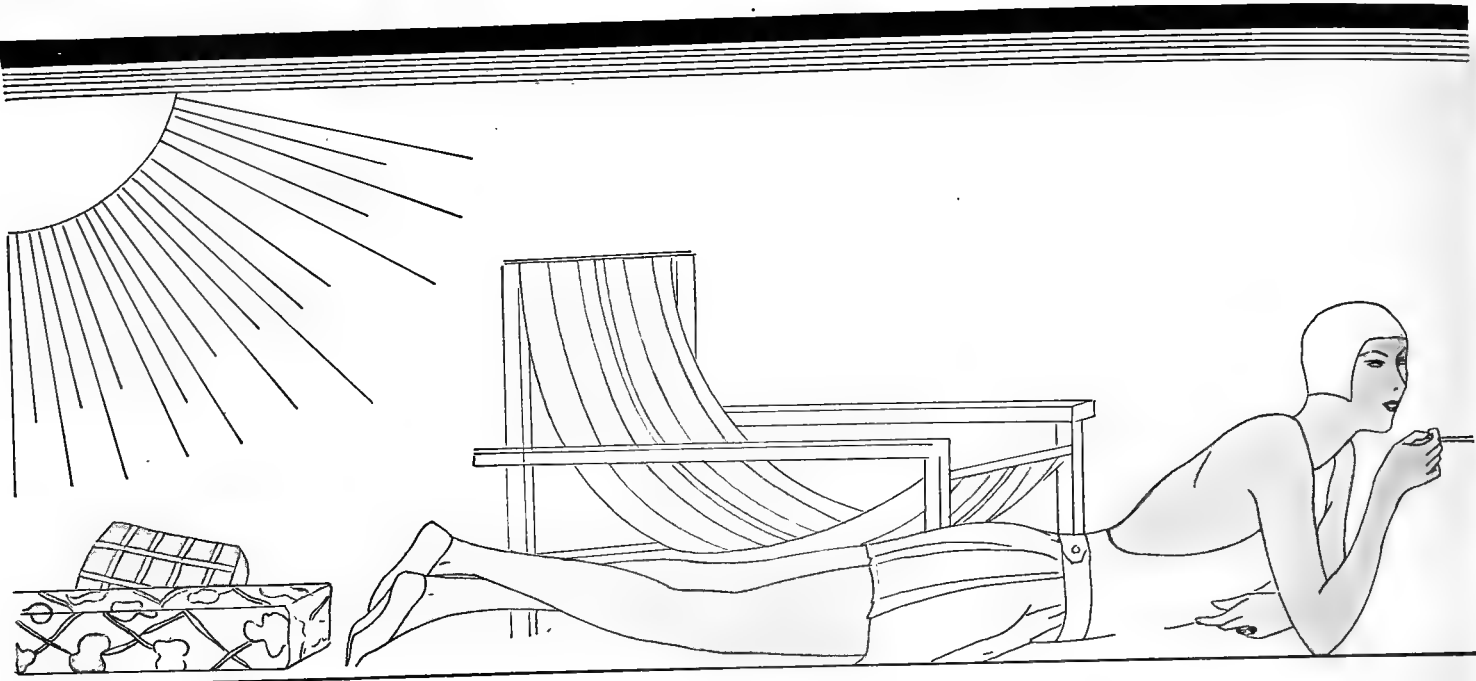


BROWN BROS.

Eugénie, ex-Empress of the French, at whose residences in England and on the Riviera the Duchess of Sermoneta spent many happy days.

disposal, both for riding and driving, plenty of bicycles, lawn-tennis courts and, later, a hockey ground was made for them in the bit of land the Empress bought on the other side of the high road. This charming little property, consisting of a wood with pine trees, a lake and stretches of sandy soil with a profusion of heather, the Empress, with the calm philosophy so characteristic of her, had named Compiègne, as she said it reminded her of the Forest in which she hunted during the days of the Empire.

Among the habitués of Farnborough Hill were the Duke of Alba and his brother, the Duke of Penranda, both then unmarried; their sister, the delightful Dona Sol, now Duquesa di Santona, who after her marriage used also to come for long stays with her husband and babies; Solange de Lesseps, who charmed the Empress with her pleasant company and afterwards married a nephew of hers, the Conde de Mora; Solange's brother, the handsome Jacques de Lesseps, who lately died in an aeroplane crash in wildest Canada; Prince and Princess Clement Metternich—she was a Spaniard, daughter of the Duque de San Carlos and very beautiful; Comte Clary, who was amusing and artistic, and who died a tragic death a few years ago; my compatriot, Conte Guiseppe Priniolo, whose mother had been a Bonaparte and who belonged to another generation; my uncle, Prospero Colonna, whose gaiety always made him the life of every party. I must not forget dear (Continued on page 142)



SHALL WE GILD THE LILY?

*There is a Technique to a good Tan—whether
By fair Means or Faked!*

BY REBECCA STICKNEY

ENFIN! There is no doubt about it. If you haven't a tanned look about you, you aren't part of the rage of the moment. This "precious little thing" called Sun Tan has been creeping up on us unawares, particularly as far as we hibernating Northerners are concerned, who stubbornly have been heard muttering to ourselves all along, "Oh, there's nothing in it, really!"

As if there weren't a million little straws to show us the way the wind was blowing!

Each Spring, smart habitués of Palm Beach, Nassau or other points South have returned browner and handsomer, never failing to arouse secret acute pangs of envy and make us all feel positively anemic by contrast. Each year, the Southern season has started earlier and lasted longer, and the interim in town before going to Southampton or Newport for still more sun has become briefer and briefer. This year the two have practically overlapped.

So, suddenly, we scoffers have awakened to the fact that the smartest women here and abroad are brown almost the entire year around, and accordingly we are no longer satisfied with our own pale mien. Nor do we have to be for a moment more than it takes us to go into our favorite beauty salon or visit a shop which carries our pet brand of cosmetics, for such marvelous new artificial tans are to be found there in bottles and jars. It would seem that this is a synthetic age! All the leading beauty specialists have added three to ten bronze preparations to their line, have definitely sponsored and encouraged this movement, and report that from coast to coast the Sun Tan vogue is spreading like wild fire. These new cosmetics have been perfected either to enhance a natural

tan or produce a marvelous imitation one.

Sports clothes and bathing-suits are designed with deep décolletés, with an eye to aiding Old Sol, and one's stockings exactly match one's coffee-colored skin. Gloves, jewelry, hats, shoes, bags are all created and displayed with a defi-

nite relation to the bronzed hue of the prospective wearer.

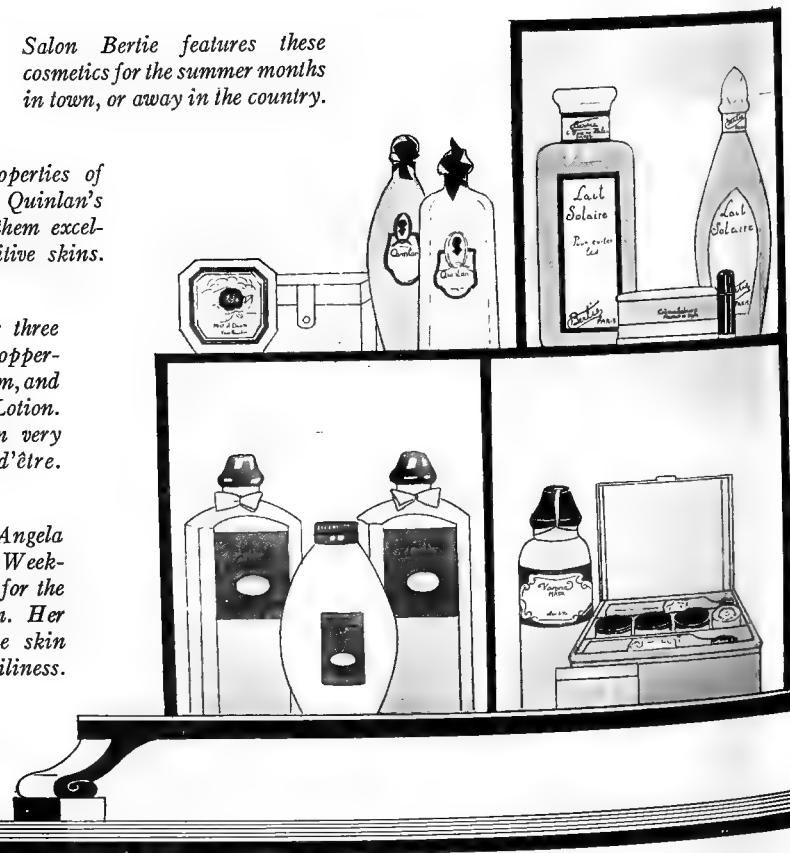
There is a lot of art behind a good brown, whether it is faked or real. The secret of a nice natural tan is keeping your skin thoroughly oiled, and never allowing it to dry out when

*Salon Bertie features these
cosmetics for the summer months
in town, or away in the country.*

*The antiseptic properties of
Kathleen Mary Quinlan's
tan lotions make them excel-
lent for very sensitive skins.*

*Dorothy Gray has three
new cosmetics, Copper-
tan, Sunburn Cream, and
Bronze Finishing Lotion.
Each has its own very
definite raison d'être.*

*(Extreme right) Angela
Varona's Sun Tan Week-
end Box provides for the
care of a faked tan. Her
mask bleaches the skin
and corrects oiliness.*





This Country Club Beauty Box from Marie Earle will be welcomed by the active sportswoman. It contains preparations for cleaning and refreshing the skin, and a clever pink rubber apron and headband.

spending long hours toasting in the sun. Way back three years ago, Madame Rubinstein came home from Europe with an oil she had manufactured for clients of hers who sunned themselves for hours on the sands of the Riviera or the Lido. It permitted the skin to bronze gradually without burning an angry red, and was sold in Paris, but not in this country. Patou, the famous couturier, was also among the first to sense a definite fashionable demand for darkened skins among his clientele and accordingly brought out Huile de Patou.

However, some women with very sensitive skins cannot stand long exposure to the sun, no matter how assiduously they apply oil. The net result is over-weathering, which adds unwanted years. These women have to choose between trying to preserve their lily-white

skins, which means staying out of the sun and wearing a large hat, scarf and gloves and always using a heavy powder base to ward off stray sunbeams, or acquiring a more healthy outdoor appearance by delving into the mysteries of the new sunburn make-up and becoming skilful manipulators of this art.

After talking with most of the leading beauty specialists here in New York and looking over their preparations carefully, it would seem that they all agree on a few very definite underlying principles which make for a successful Sun Tan make-up. First, the skin must be thoroughly cleansed, toned and nourished night and morning to a condition of perfect smoothness, for the simplicity of brown make-up reveals every imperfection of the skin. (Don't forget that any skin in summer needs plenty of nourishing

creams to counteract the inevitable drying up of its natural oil by the wind and sun. The best beauty salons have special cosmetics to care for the skin during these trying months.)

As for the definite technique of this Sun Tan make-up, practically all the preparations on the market should be applied quickly and evenly. Purse up the lips so that no white line remains at the corners or around the mouth; be especially careful around the hair-line of the face and neck and watch out for the hollows in the neck and the lines on each side of the nose and mouth lest they look too dark or cakey. Also, don't forget the ears. Imagine the contrast of two dainty coral shells attached to a frankly swarthy countenance. No, the ears must be tanned as well. The general effect is usually smarter if very little rouge is used on the cheeks, but if it is, it should be vivid. The lips and eyes need a lot of attention—the most brilliant color for the lips, and for the eyes, mascara, and blue or green eye shadow. Put the eye shadow on carefully, just above the lashes of the upper lid and blend lightly up toward the eyebrow. Just try neglecting the eyes—you will look positively jaundiced, and Heaven knows that isn't the desired effect!

CHEZ ELIZABETH ARDEN

ELIZABETH ARDEN has taken her already famous powder bases, Lille Lotion, Protecta Cream and Ultra-Amoretta and brought them out in a new tan shade. By so doing, she has removed whatever fear a woman might have of hurting her skin by using a different type of make-up. Exactly the same old favorites may be retained, for it is only the color which has been changed. Lille Lotion is a light liquid finish for the normal skin; Ultra-Amoretta, a cream and therefore particularly suitable for dry skins. Protecta Cream is a heavier powder base, excellent for sports and dancing, and as the name indicates, protects the skin from freckles or a natural sunburn or tan. It is splendid for motoring.

The ideal way is to go into the salon for your first make-up, for the whole thing depends on the color you start with. If this is not possible, decide (Continued on page 152)



Helena Rubinstein has three distinct shades of sunburn make-up and a harmonizing powder.

Huile Gypsy is a coppery tan; Gypsy Liquid Powder a dark brown, and Gypsy Tan a yellow tan. Your choice will depend on your coloring.

Ardena Bronze is a new liquid finish. Miss Arden's famous powder bases, Protecta Cream, Lille Lotion and Ultra-Amoretta come in tan.

(Extreme left) Among the new Sun Tan group from Primrose House is bronze Petal Bloom Liquid Powder. Smooth Skin Oil prevents sunburn.



By Richard Le Gallienne:

THE GIRL WHO WAS THE MOON

*And the Man who Reached out and
Caught her on a Silver Thread*

Illustrations by Austin Eugene Briggs



WE ALL like Pierre Amyot for three reasons, and we envy him for at least two of them. No one could help liking him for himself—that goes without saying—and a man would have to be very happily married, indeed, not to envy him his wife, and very fortunately housed not to envy him his studio as well.

As for his studio, it concentrates pretty well all the advantages of living in Paris, that is, for those who realize that the true Paris is almost entirely to be found on the Left Bank. It is situated in the Luxembourg Quarter, near enough to that incomparable old haunted garden, at once so stately and so natural in its formal avenues and its dewy boskage, to be penetrated with the breath of its verdure.

Close by, also, for those to whom one of the meanings of Paris is good food, are two long-pedigreed restaurants, to which gourmets from all parts of the world come on pilgrimage as to Mecca. The dome of the Sorbonne is in easy reach of the eye for those who think of Paris as the ancient alma mater of learning, and antiquarian book-shops and the friendly arcades of the Odeon Theatre are near at hand for the

bookish wanderer; while for those for whom Paris is still, as it has been for centuries, the *Fons et Origo* of all the latest heresies of the mind, and the newest fantastic cults of literature and painting, there are cafés thronged with perfervid students declaiming the last gospels of art, companioned by the latest blossoms on the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, in the form of very wise and sometimes very pretty young women.

And, being at the very top of a tall old building, Pierre's studio commands a sweeping view of the whole of Paris. From some one of its many windows you can supply all its time-stained, tear-stained and blood-stained Past, from Notre Dame to the Louvre and the Conciergerie on to Les Invalides and Napoleon's tomb; and some winding stairs in one corner of the vast shadowy room, filled with books and pictures and bits of sculpture, leads up to a

little roof-garden from which you can descry the green far-away country as well. But most curious to contemplate is the network of narrow old streets twisting everyway, and burrowing underneath a vast wilderness of russet tiled roofs, wavy with age and weather, queer chimney-pots and windows stuck everywhere and anyhow, with here and there the tree-tops of some hidden garden, or the domed belfry of some ancient convent: a tumbled haphazard maze of stone and brick and tile, all closely grown, rather than built, together, it might seem, like some continuous coral reef. Looking down on it, one has a feeling that one could walk and climb half over Paris without descending once into the street; and so oddly mortised together are the buildings of all sizes and shapes and so interlocked the streets, that one might wager on doing it with little fear of being the loser.

NATURALLY, one envied Pierre Amyot his studio. It had all the romance of the traditional garret, with none of its drawbacks. It was at once picturesque and comfortable,

and combined the attractions of various ideal abodes; the isolation of a lighthouse with a suggestion of monastic peace; there was something, too, of an old-fashioned sailing ship about it, with its great old oaken beams like bulkheads, its aerial freshness and the murmur of the tides of human life below, and it was so near the stars that an astrologer could have asked for no more secluded observatory. Generally it was a place where one would expect dreams to come drifting in of their own accord. To live in it, one could hardly have escaped being a poet, and it was only necessary to throw out the nets of one's receptive reverie to draw out of space some fluttering wildness, some shiny, mysterious thing.

No wonder, then, that Pierre Amyot was a poet. And to live in such a place, with such a wife! Yes, indeed, such a wife! How had Pierre come by her? Where had he found her? His friends had often asked that, looking with envy at the mysterious girlish woman, lithe and long as a mermaid, with her oval green-gold eyes, her leaf-like helmet of bronze hair, her slim nut-shaped face, with its firm pointed chin, and large, mobile, amused and rather mocking mouth. She was said to be American, and there was a boyish freedom about her figure, and a certain challenging independence of manner suggesting ranches, wide plains, and high-spirited western ponies, that bore out the suggestion, but, at the same time, she not only talked French as if it were her own language, but she had that world-wise, self-contained, rather cold, rather skeptical, very expert look which particularly characterizes the French wife.

THE very embodiment of common sense, almost harshly unsentimental, there were times when a look would come stealing over her face which suggested suppressed romance and hidden wings. Her love for her husband was notorious. She was said to take as much care of the big, good-natured, careless fellow, as if he were a baby, and it was known that she looked after all his affairs like a business manager. But her affection seldom stepped out in public. An amused irony was her usual attitude toward him, as indeed it appeared to be toward life generally. Yet, when a friend had need of her, Jeanne was found to be the kindest and simplest of human beings. All agreed that she was an enigma, a very charming one, and not the least attractive thing about her was that

she seemed never to give a thought to herself, to be entirely without vanity. It is not surprising that men envied Pierre his wife, and wondered where he had found her.

One evening a friend put the question to him pointblank. The spring moonlight was flooding the strange old city and the perfume of lilacs floated up from the Luxembourg Gardens as a group of us sat over our coffee and cigarettes in the little roof-garden.

Pierre laughed his big chuckling laugh for reply.

"Shall I tell them, Jeanne," he said, turning to his wife, "where I first saw you?"

Jeanne shrugged.

"As you please," she said, "but I cannot imagine them wanting to hear such a foolish story. They will only think us both crazy."

"We know that anyway, Jeanne," said someone, "and one more proof will do no harm."

JEANNE shrugged again, but our collective curiosity was too strong for her, and her husband, taking courage from it, rose with massive grace from his chair, and, motioning with his pipe, led us to a corner of the roof where the moonlight fell sharply, as on a dial, on one angle of a cluster of old brick chimneys, crowning a ridge of roofs immediately beneath the wall of his little garden. Triangular shadows, cut sharply as with a knife, made diagrams of ink and silver all about us, at once mathematical and apparitional. The roofs were merely a fantastic pattern of black and white, a pattern very hard and precise, as in a world without atmosphere, and yet with a sort of frozen dreaminess about it.

"Do you see the moonlight there on that chimney?" said Pierre, pointing with his beautiful, strong hand. "Just exactly where it falls. Well, it was a night like this, only later in the year, August, and the moonlight was warmer, more gold than silver. It was near midnight, and I had been sitting dreaming, down-stairs, over a book, and I thought I would take a look at the night before turning in. Then, as I came out here, the moonlight caught my eye, falling on that chimney exactly as it is falling now, but there was something strange about it that I confess startled me."

"In spite of your well-known reputation for courage," interrupted a voice. It was Jeanne's!

"It was moonlight," continued Pierre, laughing good-naturedly at his wife's interruption, "that seemed to have eyes, and, as I looked closer, seemed to have arms—and the eyes seemed to be frightened—Jeanne!—and the arms to be clinging rather desperately to the chimney . . . and the eyes looked at me a long time, and I looked at the eyes . . . and, well, as we drank absinthe in those days, I thought, that perhaps something had gone wrong with my nervous system, and that I had better . . ."

"Take another," once more interrupted the mocking voice that was Jeanne's.

"BUT as I continued looking," went on Pierre, entirely unperturbed, "two pearls fell from the eyes I was looking at, and I said to myself, but evidently loud enough to be heard, for the night was very still, 'I must be the only man in the world who has ever seen the moon shed tears.' And, as I said that, the moon with its big tear-filled eyes and its arms around the chimney, found a voice too, and the voice

—Jeanne!—was exactly as I had always dreamed the voice of the moon would be. It said—and as it spoke, there was something very like laughter in it, and I thought, 'Did any other man but myself ever hear the moon laugh?'—well, it said, 'Is the age of chivalry dead? Is it possible that a Frenchman can see a woman hanging like grim death to a chimney-stack, without immediately risking his life to bring her first aid?'

"*Princesse la Lune,*" I answered, 'I have been your slave since my eyes first saw the light. You have but to command for me to obey.' Then the moonshine—for as yet I could not believe my eyes or my ears—answered, as she still clung to the chimney-stack, 'Will you help me with this?' And the moonbeam that was her arm slung up to me a little satchel, which I took and placed just where I am standing now; and then spoke again, 'I am a maiden in distress, and I rely upon your honor as a French gentleman . . .' With that, her arms abandoned the chimney-stack, and I suddenly found myself wound round and blinded with moonlight. In other words, Jeanne was in my arms, just where I am standing now, and as she looked up at me, her eyes were filled with laughter, and

she drew closer to me with a little shiver . . ."

"Absolutely untrue," interrupted the voice of Jeanne once more.

"With a little shiver," Pierre repeated, "and she said, and I am sure no one ever heard the moon say just that before, 'You don't happen to have a cup of coffee in your outfit, do you?' And she shivered again, and laughed as well, and with that I took up her satchel and her too, and carried them both down to the fireplace, where I happened to have a fire of logs going for company, and I laid her down, with a rug over her, while I made the coffee, and I slipped into it a little tasse of old cognac—for, as I said to her, it must be very cold up there in the sky, and she must be very tired after her journey. It did not take her long to recover. The color came back to her cheeks, and by kissing her hands I realized that her blood was all warm and rosy again. Then suddenly she sat up, and said: 'You are very kind. I like you. I am glad I ran away. I believe we shall be good friends. Now tell me, is it too late to take me to the Moulin Rouge?'"

At this unexpected, not to say unconventional climax, we all applauded. Pierre was well known among us (Continued on page 157)



"*Princesse la Lune,*" I answered, 'I have been your slave since my eyes first saw the light. You have but to command for me to obey.'



JUNE . . WEDDINGS . . AND SILVER . .

NOW AND FOREVER

*Photographed by Ralph Steiner
in the Harper's Bazar Galleries*



Silverware is like art, all things to all men. At the top of the page is an example of antique silver from Caldwell of Philadelphia. It is an authentic George III. tea and coffee set, hall-marked London 1808. Georgian silver is for modern silversmithing the great accepted classic model.

On the other hand, the silver designer of to-day is very conscious of the modern movement. Above appears the newest pattern of Rogers, Lunt & Bowlen, suave and gracious in outline, and practical in use. It is produced in a number of dishes adapted for most of the serving purposes.

Vigorous and daring is the design based upon a series of inverted conic sections and named the Ritz pattern by Towle. The high-lights and shadows created by the play of illumination add a dramatic sense of ornament to the table. This also comes in a variety of sizes and shapes.



In their new Rhythm pattern, just appearing in the shops, Wallace has created a silver ensemble. Coffee sets and sandwich trays appear in a design matching the pattern of knives, forks, and spoons.

Two very modern designs are shown from Reed and Barton. The tea and coffee set may be contrasted with the Georgian original shown opposite. The compote dish, candlesticks, and various serving trays and dishes are in a radically modern design deriving its inspiration from the structural steel of the skyscraper.

For other silverware, turn to page 118.



Modernism in table silver frequently takes the unexpected form of reverting to type, to the days when table silver started, when knives had pistol handles. The collection at the left, one of the newest, is based on profiles popular with our great-great-grandparents. It is named after the charming wife of President Madison. From Gorham.



COTTON'S CRISP CHIC

BY KATHLEEN HOWARD

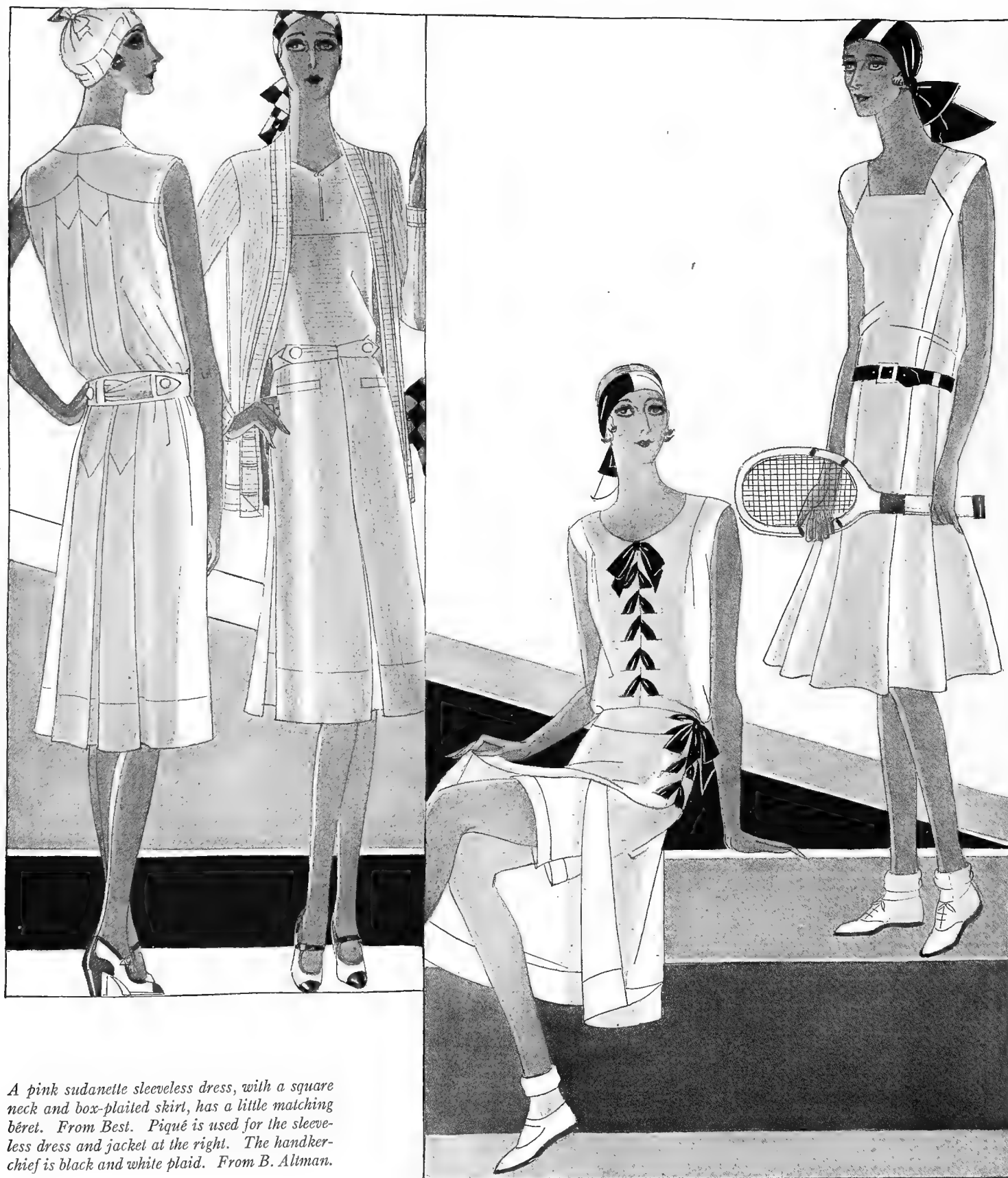
THE story of cotton's growth in popularity may be told in one long crescendo of delight of which the end is not yet. Every year this home product of ours grows in beauty of quality and practicality and commands more and more admiration and, one may well say—affection. For it is easy to find romantic associations with the words "calico," "organdie," "bandanna," "gingham" and "dotted swiss" in one's recollection. These names call up to our minds pictures of young heroines of stories and poems, of plantations, sunbonnets and summer curtains swaying in country breezes.

But cotton is not only romantic—it is practical in the extreme, and inexpensive also. This year cottons seem to be more charming than ever and more important.

White organdie makes this robe de style from Milgrim, with its very bouffant skirt in petal shaped panels of uneven length. A spray of cherries crosses the shoulder, and small bunches of the same fruit are used at intervals on the skirt.

Maggy Rouff originates an interesting frock of black organdie and puts a quaint black-edged fichu of beige lace about the shoulders. The very full skirt dips in two quite definite points toward the back. Imported by B. Altman.

Three shades of green organdie in dégradé effect are used by Joseph in this summery frock. Interest centers at the back, with the V neck outlined in organdie flowers and two long moiré ribbon streamers depending from the center.



A pink sudanette sleeveless dress, with a square neck and box-plaited skirt, has a little matching b  ret. From Best. Piqu   is used for the sleeveless dress and jacket at the right. The handkerchief is black and white plaid. From B. Altman.

Schiaparelli makes a charming tennis frock in a heavy white cotton material with wide black lacings in the blouse and skirt. The jumper and trousers are made in one piece, and the straight wrap-around skirt is separate. Bonwit Teller.

A very simple white piqu   frock, suitable for tennis, comes from Abercrombie and Fitch. The bodice is tight fitting and plaited godets in the skirt afford ample fulness for activity. The smart narrow belt is of bright red patent leather.

There are the sheer voiles, light yet strong, suitable for afternoon frocks and young girls' dresses; there are delightful organdies in charming shades; there are piqu  s, superb in quality and weave, with white ribs of creamy softness.

Piqu   velveteen is to be found in several interesting shades; velveteen is sponsored by Paris and by America; percales, calicos are printed in amusing old-time patterns and adapt themselves to the short jackets, both quilted and unquilted, which are so useful and quaint.

At Bergdorf Goodman's I saw short and three-quarter length coats of cotton, with the hand-blocked patterns outlined by hand-run quilting, which were as gay and smart as any Frenchwoman's quilted petticoat of the eighteenth century.

Embroidered cottons are webbed over their surfaces in lacy designs of gleaming threads, or heavily worked in eyelet patterns.

Artists are paying particular attention to cotton designs, some of the hand-blocked ones being particularly lovely. Even the plain broadcloths are growing in beauty and were much seen at Palm Beach, in cardigan ensembles. Now the designers have added a b  ret of matching fabric to the top of one's head, and beach sandals of heavy striped or plaid canvas, with or without heels, so that one (Concluded on page 158)



OLD IVORY TAFFETA BLENDS
WITH DEEP CREAM ALENÇON

Deep tones of écru give this lovely bridal frock the feeling of an heirloom. A circular skirt of faille taffeta is accompanied by a bodice and peplum of Alençon lace. Hallie Carnegie.

Hair of shoulder length is made into a coiffure of charming simplicity by use of a very loose circuline permanent wave. Nestlé.

Short hair parted on the side and softly waved back from the brow is chic for the woman with iron-gray hair. Angela Varona.

For hair in the process of growing, Pierre makes a very neat roll at the nape of the neck, leaving short hair at the sides.

Another picturesque coiffure for the growing hair has a small knot coiled low at the back of the neck. Created by Charles Bock.



Like a coronet is this coiffure created by Miss Emma with tiny ringlets across the top of the head.

A very loose wave close to the head is often becoming to the woman with short white hair. Arnold.

Drawn by Florence Blecker

A CHIC COIFFURE FOR EVERY TYPE OF HEAD

At the top center, Charles of the Ritz achieves a flattering effect with an indefinite wave and ends which are curled about the face.

Constantine creates a very modern bob, off the face and brushed down flat, relieved by a series of soft curls framing the face.

For the growing-out bob, Emile makes large waves on the head and holds the tightly curled ends in a loose, becoming chignon.

To furnish a more formal type of head-dress, lower center, Paul makes a transformation with a roll across the back of the neck.

Manuel solves the problem of the woman with white hair, who may achieve softness with loose waves and an undulating contour.

Senegas evolves a youthful coiffure for shoulder length hair, tucked behind the ears with curled ends gathered in a knot.



Drawn by Florence Blecker

HAIR OF ANY LENGTH MAY BE SMARTLY COIFFED

At the top center is a coiffure for the very young person, with tiny ringlets brushed out and made into a fluff. Louis Parme.

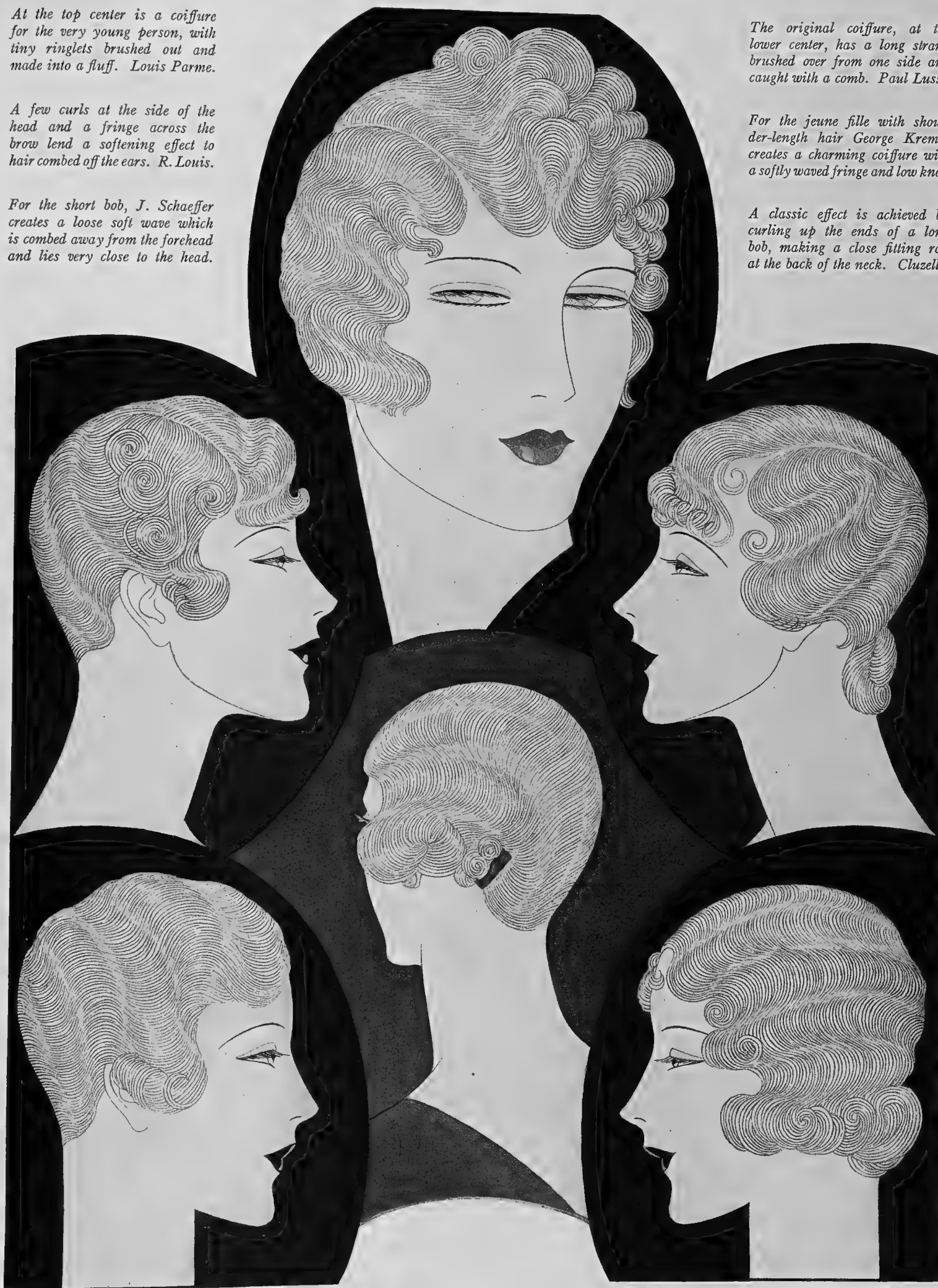
A few curls at the side of the head and a fringe across the brow lend a softening effect to hair combed off the ears. R. Louis.

For the short bob, J. Schaeffer creates a loose soft wave which is combed away from the forehead and lies very close to the head.

The original coiffure, at the lower center, has a long strand brushed over from one side and caught with a comb. Paul Lussi.

For the jeune fille with shoulder-length hair George Kremer creates a charming coiffure with a softly waved fringe and low knot.

A classic effect is achieved by curling up the ends of a long bob, making a close fitting roll at the back of the neck. Cluzelle.



Drawn by Florence Blecker

MODERN HEADS ADOPT A SCULPTURED LINE



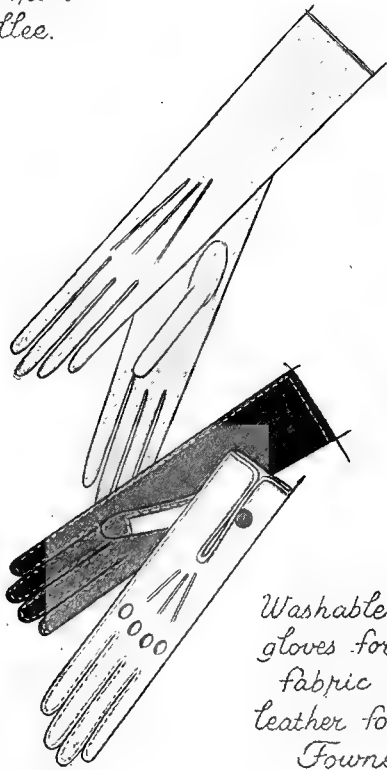
*Red baku
hat from
Rollee.*



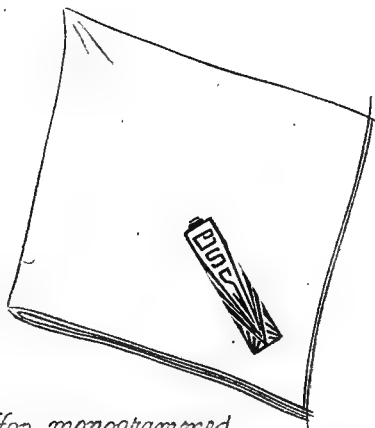
*Zipper evening bag,
antique embroidery.
Saks - Fifth Avenue.*



*Marie Christiane hat
of black baku; Paris-
Même inset, Franklin Simon.*



*Washable suede
gloves for street;
fabric and
leather for golf.
Fownes.*



*Chiffon monogrammed
handkerchief.
Saks - Fifth Avenue.*



*Black and white
plaid straw hat
from Marie
Christiane; dull
crystal jewelry.
Saks-Fifth Avenue.*



*Hand-made chiffon
handkerchief; white,
red and black
Wanamaker.*

From the New York Shops



White flannel tennis
trousers; white silk shirt.
Lord and Taylor.



Reboux pirate
leghorn hat.
Saks-Fifth Avenue



Coarse Italian
straw garden hat,
blue corn-flowers.
Kurzman.



Agnès hat, brown baku,
ostrich feather fantasy.
Wanamaker.



Patou crêpe
Elizabeth ruffle,
hand-tucked,
hemstitched.
Saks-Fifth Avenue.



Cotton polo shirt,
openwork weave,
short sleeves.
Franklin Simon.

Victoria E. Kelly



A feather-weight wool sweater, imported by Bonwit Teller, of such gossamer texture that it will tuck in a handbag. This one of white has zigzag stripes in pale tones of the same three colors which edge the white silk skirt and scarf; yellow, red, black.

Eldridge Manning imports a Patou ensemble of tweed woven jersey from Rodier in a black and white herring-bone stripe. The black and white coat and the white jumper show their kinship by bands of the one on the other. A red inset encircles the neck.

An excellent example of the smart coat-dress for summer is this one from Franklin Simon, developed in a heavy quality of banana-colored shantung. The scarf collar, surplice closing, brown leather belt, and smoked pearl buttons are all good details.



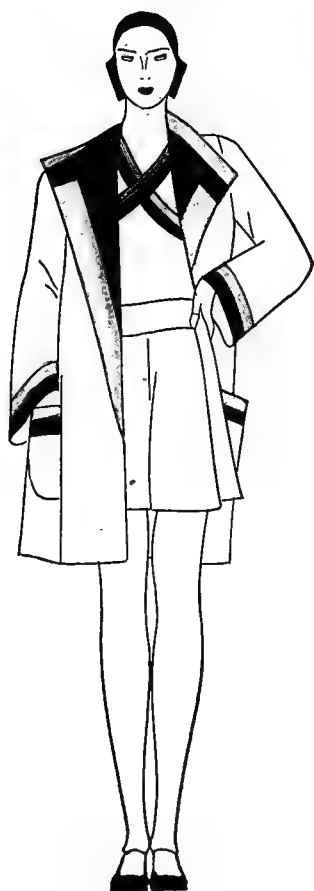
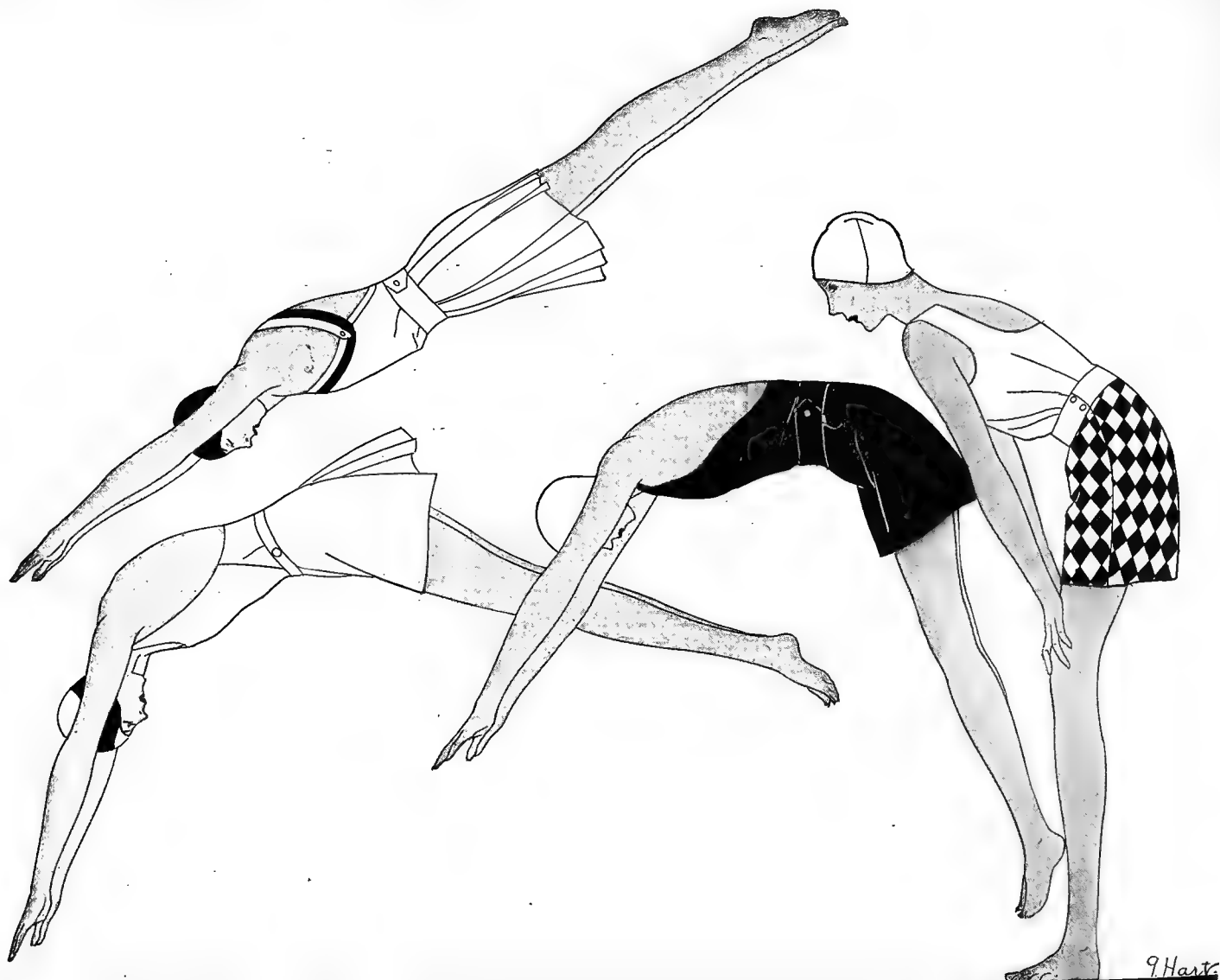
COATS OF
THREE
LENGTHS

Fine hand work lends distinction to this midsummer ensemble for daytime wear, imported by Kurzman. The sleeveless frock of white crêpe is ornamented with hem-stitched tucks and is complemented by a short, loose jacket of peach-colored crêpe.

In this useful type of quilted jacket Bergdorf Goodman employs Rodier's lovely tusli-kasha in a faded French blue with white dots, banded in a deeper shade of blue. The frock is a sleeveless one of white cotton poplin, with skirt of tucked godets.

Admirable for steamer or seashore wear is a Vionnet coat from H. Jaeckel and Sons. Fashioned of extremely light-weight imported wool in a putty color, the typical diagonal seams of Vionnet give slenderizing lines. Collar and cuffs of Russian lynx.

SUN-TANNED BACKS FLASH ON SUMMER BATHERS



To the left is a three-piece bathing ensemble from Lord and Taylor of light-weight jersey in white, trimmed with bandings of gray and black. The shorts are plaited and fastened with an overlapped Patou closing. The same suit appears in action on the upper diving figure, showing the crossed bands in the back. Beach cap in contrasting shades from Agnès.

The single figure at the right wears a Jane Régné suit of orange jersey banded with brown, from Saks-Fifth Avenue. The coat closes in a diagonal line, held by a buttoned belt at the natural waist-line. A single pocket at the right is outlined with brown. The lower diving figure at the left shows the same suit cut very low in the back without a coat.

An excellent example of the low-back suit for actual swimming or sun-baths is one of tan woolen jersey from Saks-Fifth Avenue, shown on the dark clad diving figure above. The low-back type of swimming suit will undoubtedly be the choice of the real bathing enthusiast this summer, inducing the sun-burned back of perfect line and symmetry.

An unusually striking ensemble for the bona-fide swimmer is this one of blue and white linen from Franklin Simon. The jumper and coat are of a pale blue, and a blue and white check linen in bold design is used for trimming on the coat and for the shorts which button at the side. The same outfit appears at the left on the opposite page.



BEACH WEAR IS STRIKING IN COLOR AND DESIGN



From Best and Co. is this bathing ensemble at the left, a copy of Lelong. Of white jersey, the jumper and coat are both ornamented with skyscraper design in yellow and orange. The long coat is made double for warmth and has an attached scarf collar. The knitted turban is from Agnès.

The figure at the right wears a Schiaparelli suit from Saks-Fifth Avenue. The black alpaca water frock is banded with beige. The coat of black crêpe has a fan plaiting set in the side. The jumper has an inside brassière. Coat and suit shown above in reversed colors.

Above, the figure with anchors and nautical devices is a Dreccoll-Beer jersey ensemble from Bonwit Teller. The coat is of navy blue with brass buttons and a light blue linen sailor collar. The navy blue shorts lace up the front and button onto a jumper of white, with red-banded V neck.

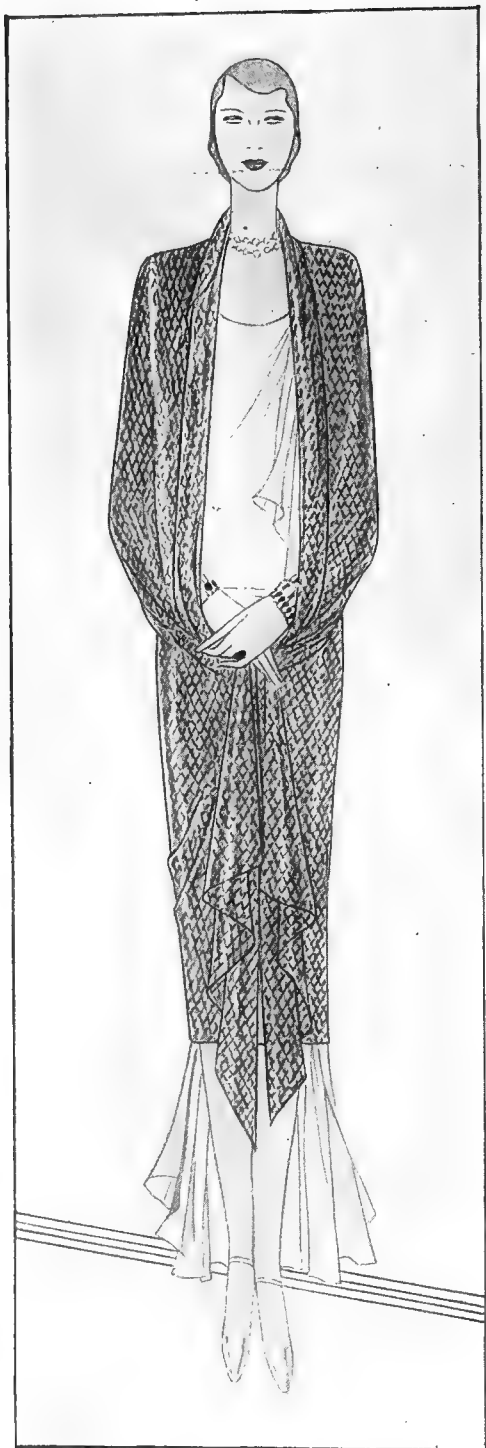
Mary Nowitzky designs for Kurzman this characteristic and charming beach ensemble which she calls "Beaja". Cerise tricot makes the bathing-suit, beige piqué the trousers, the whole topped by a coat of beige and cerise plaid taffeta. The wide piqué hat has a wide sou'wester back.

The upper figure at the right is a Mary Nowitzky design from B. Altman. The knee-length coat is of mixed tweed, the jumper of red flat crêpe. The black wool reps shorts button gob fashion with a square flap. The smart black satin bathing bag is rubber lined. Fisherman hat of jersey.



THE SMART WEEK-END WARDROBE

BY FRANCES ALEXANDER WELLMAN



A brocade cape of dull gold and two tones of green, one light and one of the deepest olive, also charming in velvet. A Vionnet model. H. Jaeckel & Sons.

From Bergdorf Goodman comes this Louiseboulanger chiffon evening dress. The bodice is molded to the figure, and the skirt gathered in cartridge folds.



This leather bag comes in many colors. Its particular feature is a lock and key. Mae and Hattie Green.



SUCCESSFUL clothes are achieved rather like a battle. The plan of attack is usually the most important thing. You know the kind of woman who, for a week-end, brings only a large bag, a smaller hat-box and her fitted bag, and yet always seems to have the right thing to wear, while another woman with twice as much luggage never looks smart.

Let us begin at the beginning. What about your luggage? If it does not all match, it must at least harmonize. Every chic woman must establish a color scheme for her traveling things. These should also include all smaller accessories. A large bag for clothes is essential because then dresses and coats do not have to be folded into a small space. With the present little felt hats, a hat-box is sometimes not necessary in winter, but for straw hats, a small hat-box is, at the moment, almost essential for a week-end visit.

And now for the bottle problem. Many women of to-day have what is called a bottle bag; otherwise a well equipped, fitted bag can have four or six bottles, and that should be enough.

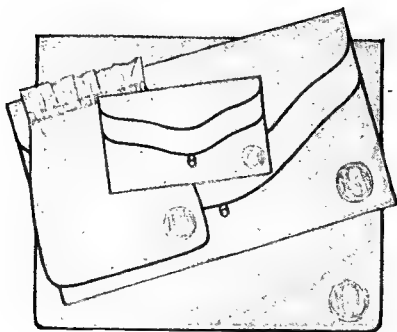
To-day, there are such enchanting, practical things for traveling. For instance, cushions of black or brown silk or leather that contain a tiny silk pillow and coverlet—the whole cushion to be used in train or motor on the trip, the contents on the visit. Also, if you are going on an overnight trip for your week-end, the so-called traveling set is marvelous. A large, but not ungainly pillow, with a zipper fastener contains a pair of crêpe de Chine sheets, two crêpe pillow slips to match, a comforter, a nightgown or pyjamas of crêpe de Chine and a wrapper, the last usually of the dark color of the outer pillow and lined with the lighter shade of the sheets, a pair of folding slippers, and a hair scarf; also a small cushion.

Among the loveliest and most practical things for week-ends are sets of sachets and bags. These are particularly suitable, if you do not take your own maid with you, because then they may be unpacked and still each type of thing kept together. They are often made up in two-colored taffetas monogrammed, and the number of cases and bags depends on the woman's own particular requirements. For instance, there can be a large sachet for lingerie, a handkerchief case, a glove case, and perhaps an extra case for scarfs and belts, or one very large case with several compartments; a washing bag, and soiled clothes bag, both lined with rubber, a hot water bag and cover, and several other things, if desired.

Now about the clothes themselves. The best ensemble for the journey is one that includes a light, warm, wool coat, one that may be used for motoring while on the visit.

If you are a woman with a large wardrobe and many different color schemes, one of the wisest rules is to select only one scheme for each week-end. In other words, take your beige, rose, flesh, peach, crème, and dresses of such related colors at one time. On another occasion you could include clothes of blue, gray, blue violet, and always white. Or perhaps orange, red, yellow and sand, and such warmer shades, if these are more becoming to you. There are so many smart combinations of colors this season, your pocketbook need be the only limit of your wardrobe.

A single color scheme should also hold true of your evening ensembles. If you



Four pieces of a traveling set of sachets and bags, in rose taffeta piped and monogrammed in blue. The colors are, of course, optional. From Mrs. George Howard.



(Left) Wool skirt and coat of soft, grayed azure blue cloth, the skirt wide and practical. The sweater blouse is of jersey shaded from blue to gray. An Agnès turban of woven blue tricot. (Right) A printed crêpe dress, of deep blue, with a small design of lighter blue and dull rose. Matching blue crêpe panties are a practical feature. This lovely double ensemble, including the hats and fur, is from Frances Clyne.

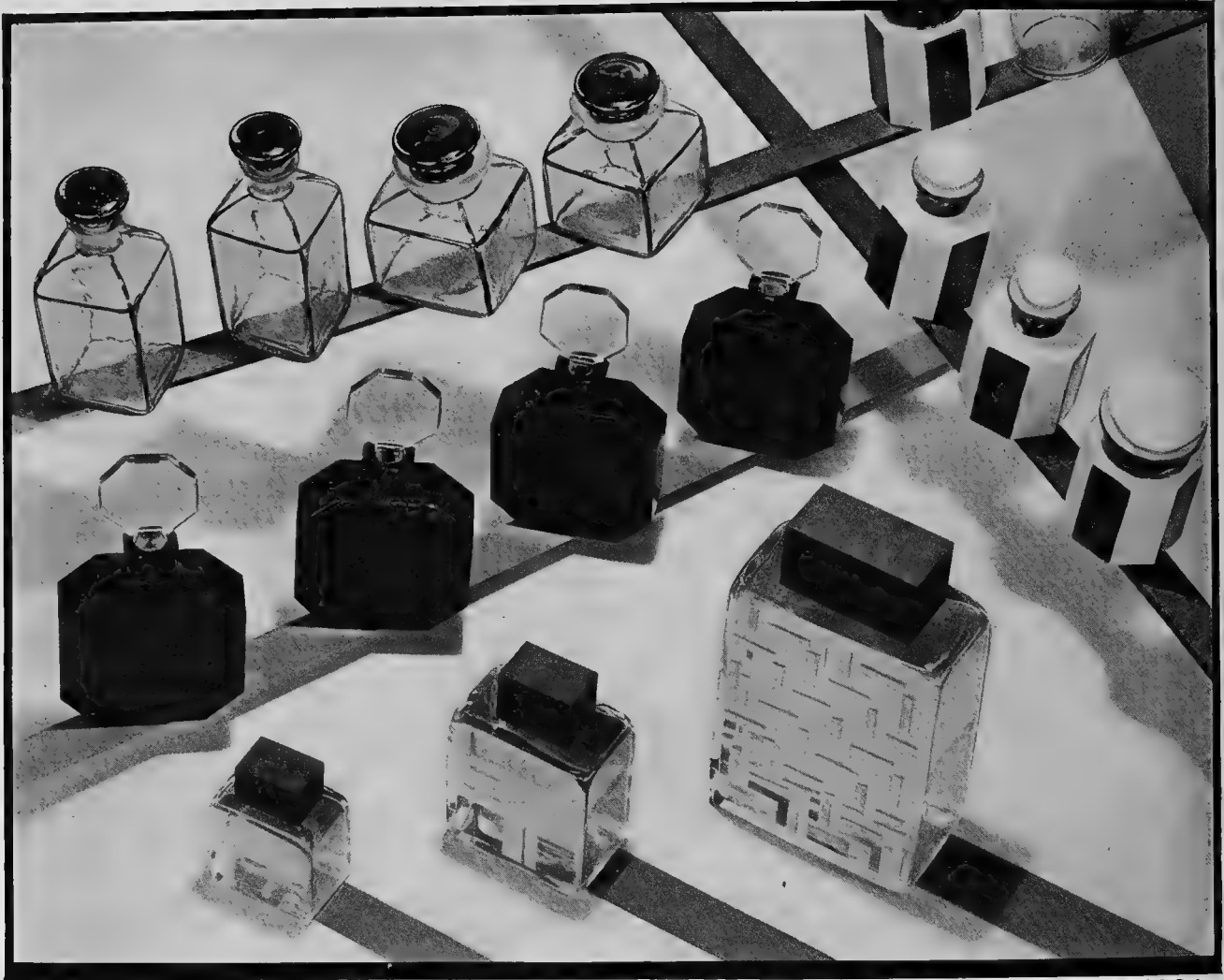


A rosy beige plaited crêpe sports dress. The accompanying sweater is of brown wool, a Vionnet model. Powder-blue sleeveless crêpe de Chine afternoon dress with matching velveteen coat from Chanel. A light dress and warm coat are excellent for summer because they are good for either hot or cold days. Both ensembles from Hattie Carnegie.

take two dresses, select those with which the same jewels may be worn. It does not matter if your choice lies between rubies and emeralds, jade or coral, or even imitation jewelry, but in any case you should not clutter your luggage.

Flowered chiffon this year is very smart and is a delightful material to select for one evening gown, because it does not muss easily; better still is flowered marquisette, for it wrinkles even less. Flowered marquisette gowns are rather hard to find. I saw one particularly charming one at Billie Kaye's. It was a Patou model, snugly fitted, with long pointed ends falling to the floor. The design and colors of the material were large roses with green leaves on a creamy ground. Both these fabrics are flattering, light and never too dressy. Lace is another excellent suggestion; it packs better than any other material. If you are taking two evening dresses, we suggest one rather light in color, the other of a more neutral tone. For certain "homey" week-ends, a tea-gown or pair of fancy pyjamas may be adequate for dinner. If you are going to a smart resort, you will have to take an evening coat, but it must not be too fragile and should have a little warmth, as one can never count on the weather. Another good reason for keeping both evening ensembles harmonious is that the one wrap will then go equally well with both gowns.

The traveling five-piece double ensemble from Frances Clyne, sketched on this page is marvelous for town, country, motoring, flying, yachting, luncheons, teas, traveling, warm weather or cool weather. In fact really everything but evening or active sports. It consists of a grayed azure blue wool coat (Concluded on page 154)

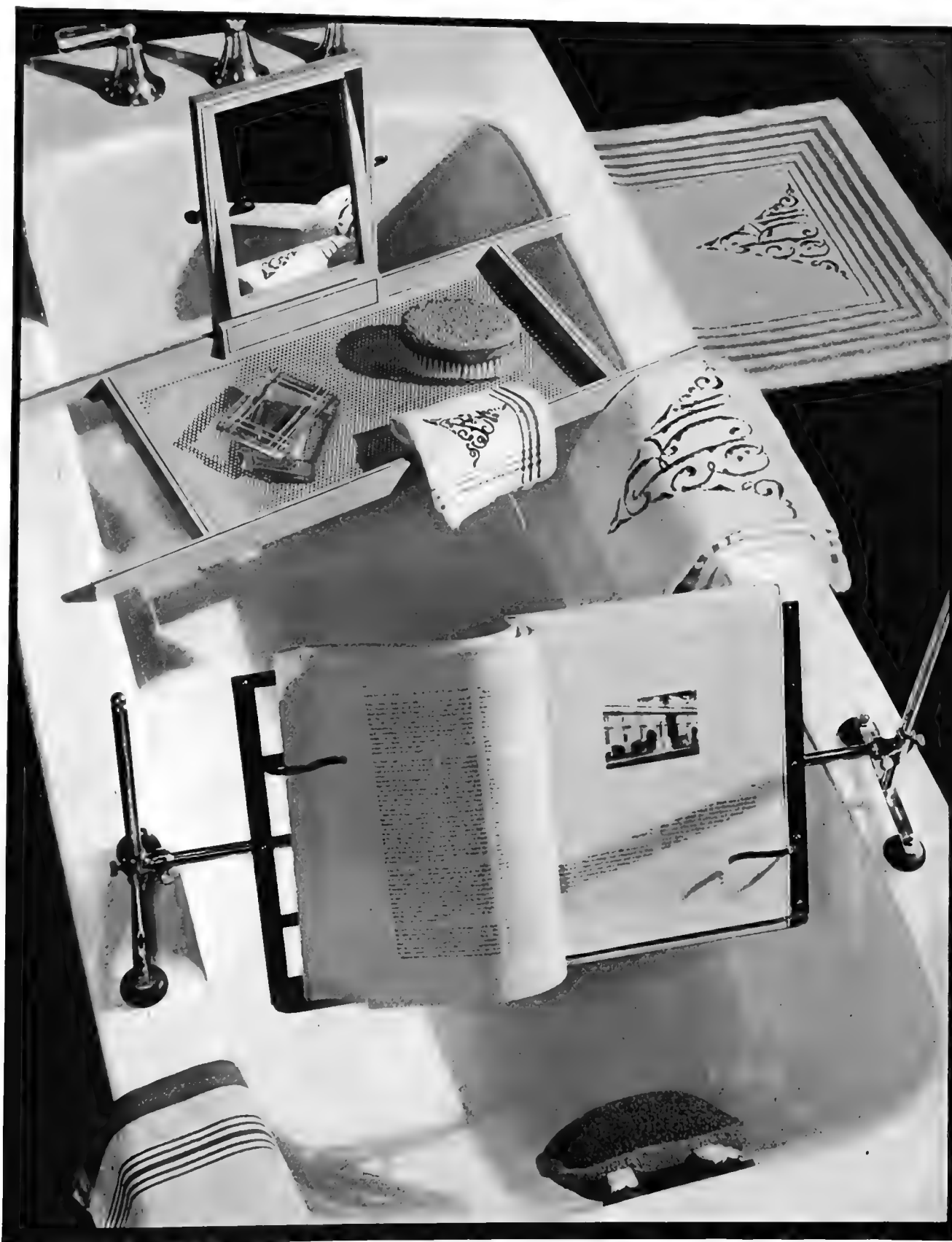


Photographs by Ralph Steiner



A set of very pale sea-green glass bottles, edged with a fine red line and with red glass stoppers, make an effective decoration for any bathroom. From The Bath Shop. Heavy black glass is used for the stunning bottles from Saks-Fifth Avenue which are octagonal shaped, with plain glass stoppers of the same design. Also from Saks-Fifth Avenue are the very modern bottles with geometric designs etched into the glass. The rectangular stoppers are made of wood. A set of black and white bottles is attractive for the white tile bathroom. R. H. Macy.

From B. Altman comes this minute dressing-table with swivel mirror attached and matching stool. They are made in white wood and colored porceloid. Also from B. Altman are the bottles and powder-box, which are of very thin glass with fine black lines and black stoppers. The monogrammed hamper comes in various color combinations. From The Bath Shop. The unsightly hot-water bottle can be concealed attractively in a colored moire case with a zipper fastening. The Bath Shop. The towels are striped in yellow and white. From B. Altman.



A most ingenious invention for the bathtub is this perforated metal tray with a painted wooden frame and mirror. From Mrs. George Howard. The striped-glass soap-dish and the large brush with a sponge back are from The Bath Shop. The bath mat, towels and wash cloth, from Mosse, are striped and monogrammed in dark green. Reading in the bathtub is made easy and delightful by a metal rack which is held firmly in place with rubber suction pads. This same method is used for fastening the little sponge pillow to the end of the bathtub. The rack and pillow are from The Bath Shop. All the bathroom fixtures from Crane.

ACCESSORIES FOR THE BATH ARE LUXURIOUS AND MANIFOLD

A Novel by Nancy Hoyt:

BRIGHT INTERVALS

Wherein the Romance of a Girl with a Gypsy heart and a New England Minister's Son goes Gaily On

Illustrations by Everett Shinn

Résumé of the Story so far:

LYDIA was the child of a dour Scotchman, Donald Graeme, and the exquisite Athene, who had been one of the famous trio of Stephanyi sisters. Since Donald disliked girl children, and Athene, because of her disappointment in Donald, could find no interest in brunettes, Lydia had been reared by her grandfather, Andrew Stephanyi, head of the firm of jewelers which bore his name. At twenty, Lydia mournfully feared that the watering-place where she and her grandfather lived would be her life-long fate. She thought of her mother and two aunts, Athene, the poet, Alix, the dancer; and Lissa, the singer—at twenty they had all been famous.

Then had come an extraordinary meeting with Camellia Tarleton, dazzling favorite of the London theatre, the result of which was a journey of escape to London. There Lydia found herself easily taken up by the amazing circle of people that revolved about Camellia. She attended the opening of Camellia's new show, and after the performance was swept along, with the rest of the actress's retinue, to a party at Ronald Grant's.

It was in Ronald Grant's drawing-room that Lydia first saw John William Norton, of New England. He stepped in from the balcony and they danced together—as if they always had been meant to dance together. And just as surely as Lydia knew that she loved him, she knew that he loved her.

Bill was secretly upset by Lydia's family. He contrasted the hectic plans for their wedding with the well-ordered way these things were done in New England. However, he was self-controlled and very much in love. The days passed quickly and, before either of them realized it, they were in the end coupé of the Golden Arrow, heaped with new pigskin luggage, and off on their great adventure.

Bill's firm decided to keep him a year in Paris, and they found an adorable flat on the Quai Bourbon. Sometimes the flat, glowing with sunset light and full of Lydia's songs and the *bonne's* religious chanting over the soup pot, seemed to Bill a pleasant earthly paradise. They had plenty of money, between Bill's job and Lydia's allowance, for living well, with enough left over for thrilling nights out together once in a while. Then they would dine at the smartest restaurants, in their best regalia, with mutual pride in one another's charm.

One night in the Caveau Muscovite, a newcomer seated himself opposite Lydia and stared at her fiercely, announcing that he believed she was his daughter. Lydia was attracted by this curious parent, while Bill was horrified. He proved to be charming, and when Bill discovered a mutual interest in racing cars, he was completely won over. They parted at mid-

night, having arranged to go out with him in his new car the next day.

"He's not really a veterinary, Lydia?" Bill asked, a trifle uneasily.

"Bill, my great oaf," Lydia retorted, "he's the most famous surgeon in Scotland!"

Which only proved to John William that of all crazy families, this one he was connected with was the craziest.

Part Four:

THEY had six weeks of heaven when spring came back to Paris, refreshing it, touching it up like a lady coming back to her vacant house, providing fresh chintzes and curtains. For surely spring belongs to Paris, even if she is in such demand in other places that she is obliged reluctantly to move on.

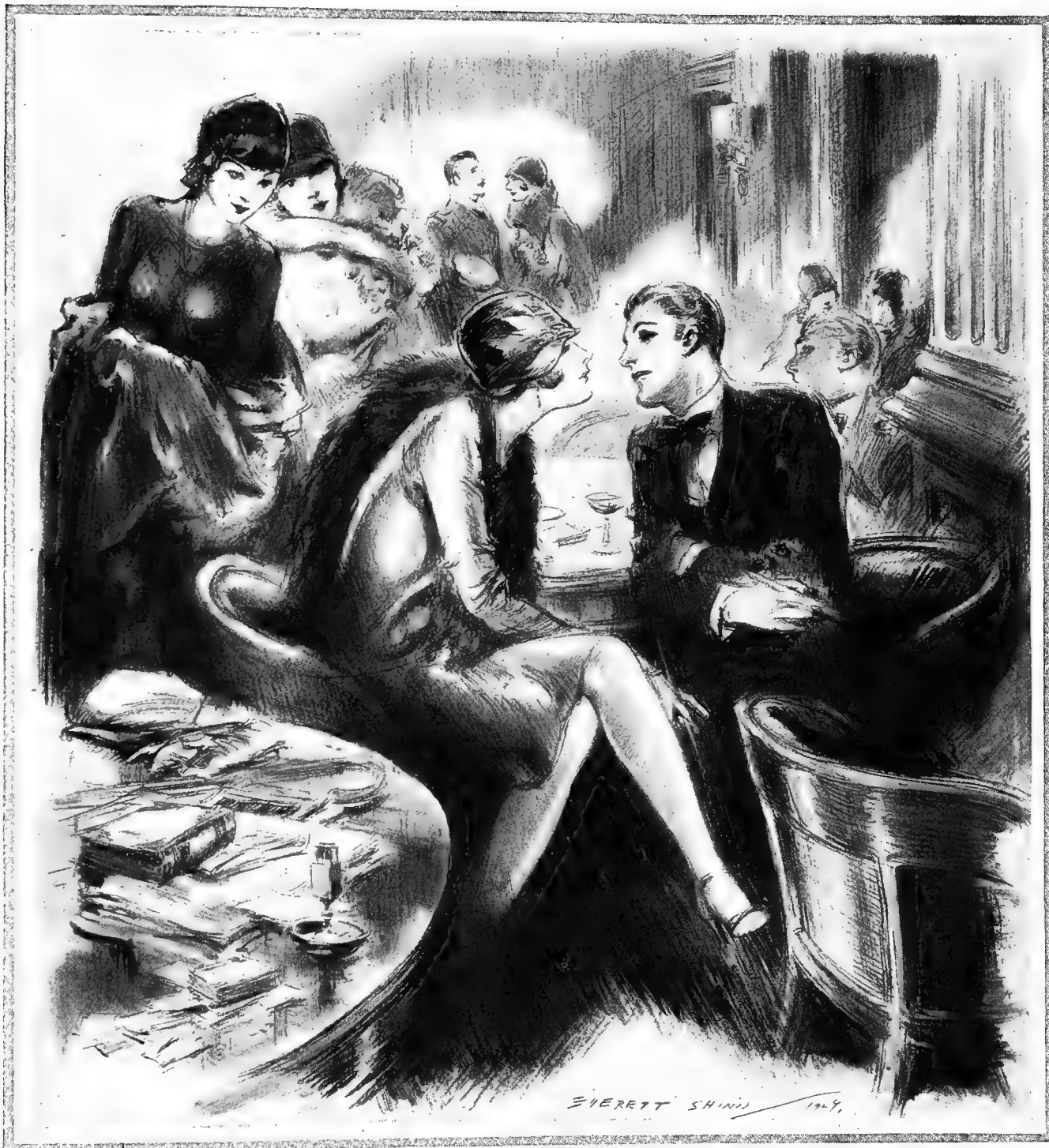
By this time Bill was used to Lydia's va-

garies, particularly her marked preference for swooping around Paris to paying calls on other American wives. He was in fact so used to finding her in the flat, waiting for him, with nothing more to relate than her usual nonsense about the tobacconist's new twins or a domestic difficulty caused by the Persian kitten who was now quite old enough to know better, that he felt faintly aggrieved when some rare occasion found her gone. There was a sinking hollowness, a flatness about a home-coming unattended by the usual explosion of Lydia and cat at the front door.

Sometimes they went to the races on Sunday, or to tracks not far from the city, where Bill knew quite a number of the competitors, young men with quick white smiles flashing in faces thickly coated with dust, some short, *commun* little swarthy fellows with bright, dark eyes who cracked jokes in French slang which had



"Lydia sat on a trunk and prayed. She prayed that God should make her seem pleasant to Bill's people; prayed that she should show no ribaldry or levity displeasing to them."



"For the first time Lydia examined the young woman talking to her husband. Imagine worrying about such a girl who, as a golf partner, might suit, but as a charmer failed lamentably!"

to be explained hours later to her in the bedroom with a carefully lowered voice to avoid shocking Berthe. There was a blond Breton Count who looked like an Englishman, talked French with an English accent, though he spoke no English, and was the only man as good-looking as Bill, Lydia had ever seen. All these dashing creatures, rather like Martians in their whitey-brown overalls and helmets, were charming to Lydia whether their manners were of the Jockey Club or the corner *bistro*.

Lydia enjoyed her life so vividly that she considered it a little stupid the way other people made messes of theirs. This complacent attitude was much encouraged by being an appreciated Eve in an Eden populated by Adam and his men acquaintances who, if they knew Lilith, kept her fairly well hidden.

She awoke one May morning about six. The blue of dawn had been melted by gold sparkles of sunlight which splattered through the transparent green of the new leaves. The branches, alight with this tender green fire, almost brushed the windows when an early

morning wind rushed through the trees, fluttering the leaves until a rustling and sighing like waves on a beach came from them, a symphonic background to the seven song-birds who had found the Quai Bourbon a sympathetic home site. The wild and startling hoot of the first river steamer squealed suddenly as it went under the bridge, ducking its funnel like a polite gentleman's top-hat. But so accustomed had they grown to this discordant alarm clock that, glancing over at Bill, she saw that he had not moved from the infantile abandon of sleep which cradled him. Through the wide open window a delicious mixture of clear fresh smells poured in, a bouquet surpassing Coty or Houbigant, for besides the sweetness of early morning, perfumed with sticky new linden leaves, hyacinths and recently-watered pavements, there were more human smells of hot bread and fresh coffee.

Bill lay sleeping on the extreme edge of the huge double bed where he always rolled fearing to rob Lydia of her fair share, shorn of his masculine independence, his carved composure

made suddenly defenceless and heart-breakingly vulnerable by sleep. His thin, well-cut mouth was tenderly open, small as a child's, and the hollowed nervous temples were contradicted by tired eyelids with sweeping pale lashes whose length no one would ever have dared guess at during waking hours. He always flung up one arm in a wrinkly white pyjama sleeve, as if to ward off various nightmare terrors. Lydia got up cautiously to push him back a little farther from the dangerous edge his slim body balanced on and he woke up, lazily smiling with a confidence of happiness that neither New England, Harvard, aviation nor New York had ever been able to give him.

Presently Berthe came in with the tray, and not till they saw her peevish countenance blotched with tears did they realize that this was their last day in the *cadre* which had held their happiness like a shining unset jewel.

Instinctively they clutched each other, frightened of the future, frightened of everything except the view out of the window and the big, rumpled bed (Continued on page 160)

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Printed chiffon—
black ground
with design in
rose and green
worn by Comtesse
de Castellane.



Patou



Chantal

Dark blue crêpe de
Chine with crenellated
collar and cuffs in
white linen. Worn
by Lady Carlisle



Worth



Chantal

Worn by Mrs
Frelinghuysen
in black reps
with pointed
incrustations
of the same
material.

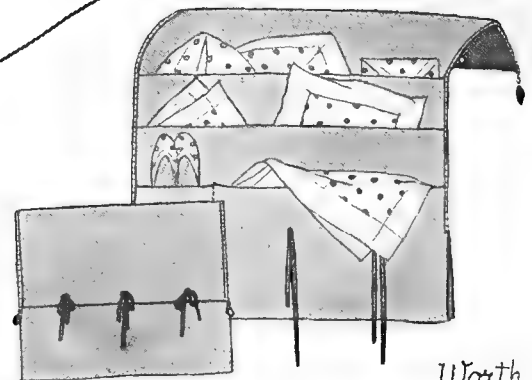
Printed chiffon—
two grays, white
and pale blue.
Rose design
Worn by Comtesse
de Robilant.



Reboux

Black straw
worn with
painted satin
scarf in black,
white and
beige from
Mannati.

Last-Minute Sketches
from Paris



Worth

Sleeping-car case of heavy
brown calf, with sheets, pillow
cases, pyjama and dressing-gown
in pink crêpe de Chine.



Chéruit

Light navy
woolen with
buttoned cape.
Worn by
Baroness
de Meyer.



Agnes
Felt hat in navy
trimmed with scarf
in three blues
Scarf in four blues
from Mannati.



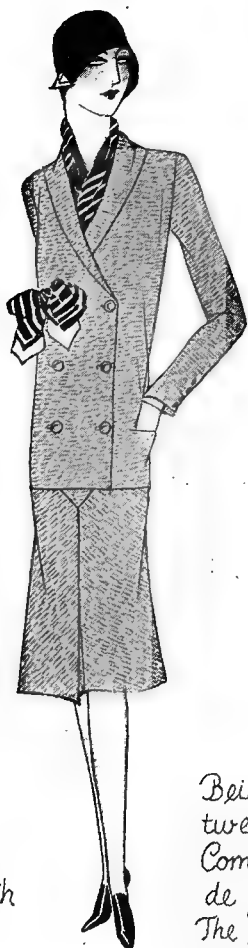
Chanel

Black lace gown
with lace pantalettes,
worn by Marquise
de San Carlos.



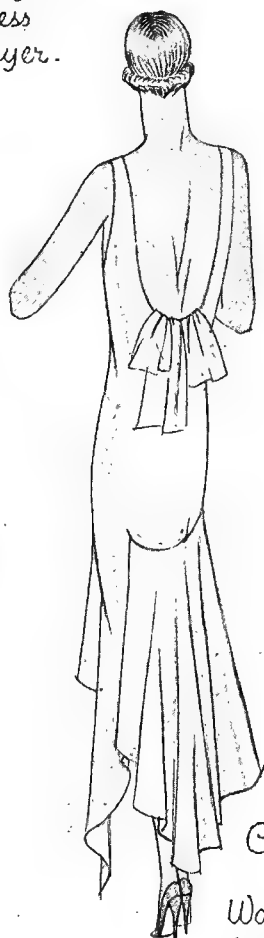
Patou

Black crêpe
romain, worn
by Comtesse de la
Rochevoucault.



Worth

Beige and brown
tweed, worn by
Comtesse Pierre
de Jumilhac
The scarf is drawn
through a slit
in the jacket.



Chéruit

Worn by Lady
Abdy. Heavy
white satin with
characteristic
Chéruit bow
in the back.



Lelong

Scarf and bag in red
beige, two yellows
and black tussore
Worn with beige frock.

A Story by Robert Emmet Sherwood:



"Bill suddenly discovered that he had been addressed by Miss Jane Pell. 'Hello, Bill,' she said, and he was relieved to observe that Wally Fenning still attended her."

COMMENCEMENT

*And how That festive Day Taught one young Man
The sad Truth about Women*

Illustration by R. M. Crosby

CYNICISM is born in the heart shortly after the Christmas vacation of freshman year. It develops from a suspicion into an overpowering passion in sophomore year. During junior year, it is subjected to mature scrutiny, and weighed and analyzed. When senior year comes around, it has assumed the proportions of a complete and enduring philosophy.

A senior in college may be somewhat deficient in Math. 5, Economics 28, Fine Arts 2a and Semitic 12; he may confront the necessity, after commencement, of spending two boring months in summer school in order to make up the points necessary for the acquisition of his degree; he may, indeed, be so hopelessly far behind in his studies that he has given up all thought of ever adding the initials A. B. to his name. But whatever his scholastic standing, one thing is sure: he knows all there is to know about life. Four years in college have enabled him to solve a riddle that the Sphinx has been

pondering for fifty centuries, more or less.

It should be said of William Emerson Ames, of the class of 1928, that he was not exactly like other seniors. While he was commendably typical in his dress, his mode of speech and his tastes in musical comedy, he was exceptional in that he felt that his knowledge was not quite complete. He had one more small thing to learn—one minor cavity in the mosaic of his wisdom to be filled. That missing segment of information had something to do with women.

On the eve of commencement, he sat in his room, reviewing with tolerant amusement the events of the past four years. Nothing had as yet been packed, although he was to leave that old town (perhaps forever, he thought) the day after to-morrow. The numerous pictures that he had collected in four years' time still hung on the walls; he would get the janitor to crate them and ship them, later. On one side of the room was a tremendous panoramic view of the stadium, taken just before the kick-off of that

memorable 17-0 victory over the traditional rivals, way back in the fall of 1925. Bill had bought this, at considerable expense, as a patriotic duty. On the other side of the room was a duplicate of the same panoramic view, which belonged to Bill's roommate, Gus Falconer, who had also been stuck for it by the official college photographer. Gus had played in that game for a few minutes. Bill had watched it from the cheering section (you could just see him, with the aid of a magnifying glass, in the massive group photograph) and had lost his hat over the goal posts afterward.

That had been sophomore year. Bill indulged in a smile of patronizing reminiscence as he recalled it. What a child he had been then! And how cock-sure! He had thought then that he knew it all. What a goofy idea! Why—he had never really known anything before his senior year, and then the whole, entire mass of knowledge had come on him with a rush.

(Continued on page 168)

How the hostess gives charm to her table!



Look for the
Red-and-White Label

— and nourishing too!

In the subtle art of entertaining, Campbell's famous French chefs are valued lieutenants. Especially when the hostess delegates to them the blending of a Pea Soup which will give the exact note of dainty charm.



Delicate and exquisite in flavor, yet splendidly nourishing as such a soup should always be, Campbell's Pea Soup is a favored social selection.

Puree of the sweetest little peas is enriched with nutritious creamery butter and seasoned to an irresistible perfection in Campbell's Pea Soup.



Prepared with milk or cream instead of water, Campbell's makes the most delicious Cream of Pea Soup imaginable. And there are 20 other Campbell's Soups listed on the label for your selection. 12 cents a can.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

Delman Sways the Mode

THE CLASSIC SHOE FOR SUMMER.



Delman's "DEAUVILLE" a smart creation for summer days—combines white suede with brown calf and adopts the new high cuban heel. It is a model whose simplicity makes it appropriate for many costumes. Like all Delman shoes, it is made entirely by hand in Delman's own workrooms—\$26.00.

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A corner of "Lélu's Clinique de Beauté" at Saks-Fifth Avenue.

THE COSMETIC URGE

By REBECCA STICKNEY

JEAN STUART Cosmetics, Inc., is a new name on the market but one which is attracting widespread attention. We all know that the package doesn't count at all in comparison with its contents, yet here is a case where the packaging is so beautiful and strikingly effective in its cobalt blue-and-silver or crystal-and-silver simplicity, that were the jars and bottles to hold nothing, we would exclaim over them *en passant*. When they are found to contain really excellent creams and lotions, the combination is irresistible.

The idea behind this line originated in Scotland where the bonnie lassies use oatmeal, either dry or mixed with water on their skin, much as we use soap. The apparent result is the famous pink and white Scotch complexion. This same oatmeal is the basis of all the Jean Stuart preparations and consequently there is a wonderfully clean, wholesome feeling in using them. The treatment sets of preparations are briefly: For normal or dry skins, Almond Cleansing Cream, Almond Skin Food, Finishing Cream, Muscle Oil, Astringent and Powder; for oily skins, Almond Lemon Cleansing Cream, Almond Lemon Skin Food, Finishing Cream, Muscle Oil, Astringent and Powder. Besides these fundamental preparations there is a wide line of special products, some of the most excellent being Freckle Cream, Pore Cream, Acne Lotion, and Honey Almond Lotion for the hands.

Jean Stuart Romany Tan, formulated at Nice, is not featured as a Sun Tan preparation, but as a color which is to be part of that concern's permanent make-up. It is believed that there are some types that find this shade more becoming to them than any other make-up and should wear it accordingly the year around. You can't tell until you have experimented. One coat of Jean Stuart Romany Tan Lotion gives a warm glow to the skin; a second application, a deeper bronze tint. To go with this are special powder, rouge and lipstick, the last two with an orange cast, and, finally, special cream for removing this tan make-up easily.

OCCASIONALLY, one hears the remark, "Oh, I like the effect of these artificial tans, but I haven't time to bother with them." Armand Bronze Powder, which is called "Glory of the Sun", should be the solution to this state of mind, for its cold cream base makes it possible to apply directly to the skin without a separate foundation. Simply spread the powder evenly over the surface of the skin, rubbing it in well, and brushing off the extra grains. Presto changel! You've acquired a sun-tanned look about you in the time it usually takes to powder your face. This effect will not come off, except with the good old standbys, soap and water. Coty has also created special powders to blend with tawny skins; Coty tan, a liquid powder, and a new loose powder.

DENNEY AND DENNEY, that old reliable firm, which enjoys the prestige of thirty years in the cosmetic field, have a delightful preparation for summer in their Herbal Oil Blend Cream. This is a blend of anti-wrinkle, muscle and tissue oils, and is marvelous for the unusually dry skin. So many women nowadays are troubled with this condition and this Herbal Oil seems to take hold of the skin and remedy this deficiency in short order. Denney and Denney are also among the number of those catering to the vogue of Sun Tan preparations and have two powders in the brown shade, a liquid powder base and a loose powder for finishing.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE have been fortunate to secure the expert services and advice of Madame Carrier-Belleuse, who divides her time between New York and her Paris salon on the rue Saint Honoré. She specializes in the art of make-up and studies each client carefully, blending rouge, powders, lipstick and eyeshadow with meticulous attention. Then your individual requirements are jotted down in a large prescription book, and all that is necessary ever again is to call and have your prescription refilled.



Some of the new Jean Stuart cosmetics showing the complete Romany Tan group.



LATEST CREATION OF *Caron* PARIS



OBTAINABLE ONLY AT PLUMMER'S—Exact reproduction of OLD CHINESE FAMILLE ROSE SERVICE, first produced for the French market. Now being MADE BY THE FAMOUS ADAMS FACTORY IN ENGLAND. HAND-PAINTED ON ITS CELIDON BACKGROUND IS A TESSILATED ROSE COLOR BORDER AND FLOWERS IN GAY NATURAL COLORS. Dinner plates \$15 per doz. Teacups and Saucers \$15 per doz. All open stock.

FOR THE DEFINITION OF "EXCLUSIVE"—SEE WEBSTER'S OR PLUMMER'S

WEBSTER went in for lexicography and made good. Plummer's saw more promise in China and Glass and is getting on nicely. Yet you can go to either one for the meaning of "exclusive" and be happy with what you find. For here at Plummer's are beautiful patterns in China that cannot be bought at any other store in America! They are "exclusive" with Plummer's! The purpose, of course, is to enable patrons to avoid duplication in the gifts they make and the services they place upon their own festive boards. Incidentally, Plummer's is a five-floor shop given over to perhaps the most beautiful array of china, glass, earthenware and pottery ever brought under one roof.

Wm. H. PLUMMER & Co., Ltd.
IMPORTERS OF

Modern and Antique China and Glass

7 & 9 East 35th Street, New York

Near Fifth Avenue

NEW HAVEN, CONN.
954 Chapel Street

HARTFORD, CONN.
36 Pratt Street



RALPH STEIN

Modern reproduction of a tea and coffee set inspired by originals done by the famous Boston patriot-silver-smith, Paul Revere. From International Silver Co.

JUNE . . WEDDINGS . . AND SILVER

By CURTIS PATTERSON

SILVER is the most permanent of gifts. Silver, moreover, is a thing most married couples are very reluctant to buy for themselves. There are so many other outlets for the family income, things more practical, more immediately necessary, from spare tires to electric ice-boxes.

Silverware on the American market falls into three groups, the antique, reproductions from the antique, and contemporary design, either conservative or radical. It is by no means essential, but is just as well to make a decision before the first silver is purchased. Are you going modern, or are you not? A certain underlying harmony in your various pieces of silver is helpful to unharassed enjoyment.

Decorators are emphasizing the importance of silver as a unit in any well-considered decorative scheme. The theory is: eighteenth-century designs for the eighteenth-century dining or living-room. Colonial for the early American. Florid baroque designs for the Spanish, or Italian, or Palm Beach background. Modern in extreme patterns for the extremely modern. Silverware can be all things for all tastes.

The giving of flatware is felt to be the prerogative, or duty, whichever you prefer, of the immediate family. But the former sacredness of the dozen or half-dozen is no longer recognized. Chests of table silver are now available in units of four and eight, on the sensible theory that young married couples are not likely to throw big dinner parties. And a wide array of fours is better than a limited assortment of dozens.

The intelligent bride-to-be usually takes advantage of the ensemble habit of most silversmiths. She picks a flatware design in which there are also various other things ornamental or useful, from elaborate tea and coffee services, worth as much as an automobile, down to small occasional what-have-you's, hardly more expensive than a box of candy. Then she tactfully arranges that knowledge of her choice percolate through her family, friends, and circle of acquaintances. Father and mother give a chest of knives and forks and so on. Friends, chums, and acquaintances, those of them who think

presents in terms of silver, add other pieces in the same pattern. Result, the bride's table in gala is a blaze of scintillating harmony.

The most exciting patterns in silverware, as in all the current decorative arts, are done in the modern manner. There are two schools in contemporary production, the conservative and the radical. One shows respect for craftsmanship, the other the desire to emphasize the machine-made quality of life to-day.

The conservative school found their work on past accomplishment. They derive their design from the late eighteenth, the early nineteenth century, the Adam and Directoire. William Morris is the god of their idolatry. Ruskin was his prophet. Hand workmanship is their fetish. Outline is consciously graceful, easy flowing, like a lily pad swaying in the backwater of a river, or a grape-vine tendril in the spring. Art nouveau, cleansed of its original absurdities and brought up to the moment. It is not in the least a copy; it is a new inspiration.

The modern tea and coffee service shown from Reed and Barton, is a good example, as is the Rhythm pattern from Wallace. The romanesque silverware from Rogers, Lunt and Bowlen is according to the Scandinavian version of the same theory.

The radical school says we are living in a machine age and we should never forget it. For suavity and grace read strength, drama, movement. The dynamo, structural steel, engineering forms, outlines reminiscent of a problem in geometry, are preferable to the casual grace of a plant form. More suited to a city civilization of the year 1929. Reed and Barton have developed a pattern obviously modeled upon the steel skeleton frame of the skyscraper. Towle have, in their Ritz pattern, used series of concentric conic sections which look like an illustration from a book on spherical trigonometry. Which is an amusement of civil engineers—of the men who make dynamos.

Have your choice. Do you want your silver a snappy sports model roadster, or a sober family limousine with Meadows in maroon livery? Modern, both.



*Beauty of
ivory skin
and amber eyes*

Beautiful Mrs. Allan A. Ryan Jr. was Miss Janet Newbold, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fleming Newbold of Washington, D. C. She was recently married to the grandson of the late Thomas Fortune Ryan.

MRS. ALLAN A. RYAN JR.

FÊTED as loveliest debutante in Washington last season, this spring she is its loveliest bride—Miss Janet Newbold, whose wedding to the grandson of the famous financier, the late Thomas Fortune Ryan, was a brilliant society event.

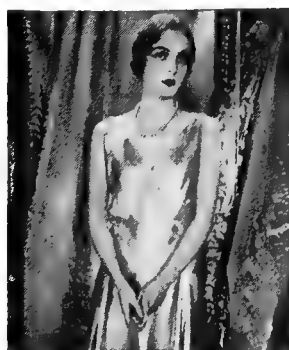
Young Mrs. Ryan is enchantingly beautiful with wide set amber eyes, soft amber hair and wonderful smooth pale skin like ivory. She dresses simply but charmingly, and she is very feminine, shy and sweet and gently bred.

Two years before her debut she was sent to school in Paris. She learned to speak a perfect French, to wear her frocks with inimitable chic, to guard the beauty of her delicate complexion. For the lovely young French girls were already using the famous Two Creams to keep their skin exquisite.

"I envied them!" confesses Mrs. Ryan. "One night I was going to a party. I stole into a classmate's room and helped myself to her Pond's Creams.

"How happy I was that evening! My cheeks were smooth as satin and pink as roses. Ever since, I've been devoted to Pond's Two Creams.

(left) Her evening gowns are simple in line, of flat crepe or satin in amber shades like her hair and eyes.



Her sports suit is brown and chartreuse



Mrs. Ryan is fond of white for summer

"And now Pond's two new products delight me," adds Mrs. Ryan, speaking of the dainty Cleansing Tissues to remove cold cream and the fragrant Skin Freshener to banish oiliness and tone the skin.

"All four are wonderful," she sums it up, "to keep your skin at its loveliest!"

Use Pond's four preparations daily as follows:

First—for thorough cleansing, amply apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, morning, evening, and always after exposure. Wait a few moments to let the fine oils penetrate every pore.

Then—with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, ample, absorbent, wipe away cream and dirt.

Next—dab Pond's Skin Freshener briskly over your skin. It closes the pores and banishes oiliness.

Last—smooth in a little Pond's Vanishing Cream for protection and powder base.

(right) Pond's four famous products—Cold Cream, Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener, Vanishing Cream.



SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 PRODUCTS

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122 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

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BRAND CHATILLON

JEWELERS and SILVERSMITHS

announce
the appointment of
GERTRUDE CHASE
as
Shopping Counsellor
to their patrons



Miss Chase will give her personal attention to those desiring assistance in their choosing of jewelry and silverware.

If you are unable to visit Brand-Chatillon, write Miss Chase, telling her the nature of the articles you desire and the amount you wish to spend. She will immediately advise you regarding the character, suitability and price of the pieces you have in mind and, when instructed, make your purchases for you.

We suggest that you communicate with Gertrude Chase, Brand-Chatillon, Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Avenue, New York, for counsel when making the following selections:

WEDDING GIFTS	COMMENCEMENT GIFTS
GIFTS for the BRIDE	BIRTHDAY GIFTS
GIFTS for BRIDESMAIDS	ANNIVERSARY GIFTS
GIFTS for GROOMSMEN	CHILDREN'S GIFTS
WEDDING STATIONERY	BRIDGE PRIZES
SPORTS TROPHIES	

MARRIED MONEY

(Continued from page 71)

heart, so I can't breathe. I thought love was a gentle and friendly sort of thing."

"Gentle and friendly!"

"Those words don't quite seem to fit," admitted Wee.

"I knew more about love than you did," he said. "But I thought it made people sad and depressed and gave them such awful stomach-aches they couldn't face their food. You ought to have seen the lunch I ate to-day! I feel as strong as a bear."

"A grizzly bear," said Wee. "That's what I'm going to call you. You're such a shaggy old thing."

"Shaggy!" Jerry's tone was aggrieved. "I'm the very picture of a snappy young banker and bond peddler. I get all my clothes in New York and have my hair cut there, when possible. I study the movies, and try to combine the virility of John Gilbert with the well-oiled surface of Adolfe Menjou. And you call me a shaggy old thing!"

"Grizzly!" she repeated, stroking the furry back of his wrist.

"All right for you," said Jerry. "What am I going to call you?"

"My name is Wee."

"No, it isn't. That's a nickname that was wished on you in the nursery, and you're a big girl now. I've looked you up in the Social Register to see if you're sufficiently fashionable to marry the heir to all the McCoys, and your name is C. Lowell Legg. What does the C stand for?"

"That," said Wee, "is one of the things you shall never know."

"But I can't marry a girl and not know what her first name is. It isn't done."

"Well, it's going to be done," said Wee. She laughed, and then she felt Jerry's arms around her, and had no breath to laugh more. They clung together. The baby rabbit stared at them in placid incomprehension from the lane.

Jerry's mind was not wavering now. A comforting word had come into it. Why had fate allowed him to work for four years in Boston, in the bond department of Carr & Daland? There had been other offers; a chance to go to China for a great oil company, a chance to enter the "banking school" of the Federal Union Trust Company in New York, even the ghost of a hint that he would be welcomed by the lordliest bank of all. He had put all these aside, and had gone to work for Mr. Elliott Daland, his father's friend. Kismet! If he hadn't made that strange choice, if he hadn't met Wee Legg from time to time at dinners and dances, the dark road of destiny would never have led him into this.

INTO this! He looked at Wee's small, sleek head. What a patrician nose she had, as straight as if it had been ruled with a draughtsman's pen. He looked at her tiny ear, set so flatly against her head, and he caressed her cold, slim-fingered hand, buried in the flesh of his own great paw. He felt that great waves of charm spread outward, all around her. She had lived with old people; she needed sympathy and love from a man of her own age. And what a return she would make for it! His doubts died. He knew he was gaining strength from this subtle fusing of their personalities, their souls. She was one of those dream-girls a man meets so often in legends, so seldom in life; a girl who can bring out all the fire and energy in a man, all the inner powers that will bring the world to his feet.

"We are wonderfully alone, in this lane," said Wee.

"Haven't you ever been wonderfully alone before?"

"Not with a man. Yes, I have—once. With Caleb Spinney, your boss at Carr & Daland. We were lost all day in the fog off Marblehead. It was even more private than this lane."

"How old were you?"

"Seventeen," said Wee. "He was teaching me to sail."

"Caleb is sufficiently chaperoned by his face," remarked Jerry, without jealousy.

"By his character, too," said Wee.

"He is the most thoroughly good young man I know."

"Do you like good young men?"

"In their place."

"This isn't their place."

"Did I call you good?"

She laughed, and then lay quietly in his arms till the sun sank. At last she sat up, full of energy.

"It's time to make a few plans," she said.

"They're all made," said Jerry. "Early this afternoon I mentioned marriage and you thought well of it. All we need is a floral arch, and the wedding march, and a few drunken reprobates for ushers, and some absolutely beautiful girls for bridesmaids. I wish I didn't have to go through life with a woman who uses an alias."

"Your own name is extremely queer. Who gave it to you?"

"My sponsors in baptism, wherein I was made a child of God—" began Jerry, glibly.

"And my sponsors gave me my name," sighed Wee. "Uncle Roger, and Uncle Jonas, who is dead, and Aunt Abigail, who is dead, too. There are two historic names for girls in the Legg family. One is Free Love, and the other is mine."

"If it's anything like the fine old Puritan handle you've just mentioned, I'd prefer you kept it dark."

"I'm going to," said Wee.

HE KISSED her, more softly this time. His own name was dreadful enough, but it could be pleasantly shortened to Jerry. That was genial; it made friends. Could the usual Puritan names have genial diminutives? Praise-God Barebones. Cotton Mather. Try to make clubby little nicknames out of those!

"Grizzly," she said, "when you mentioned marriage, you said you had loved me for a long time."

"Since earliest youth," said Jerry. "You see, I've always had an ideal girl in my mind, and it was just a question of catching up with her. Somebody about five feet three inches, with hair as black as ink, and extremely pretty—in fact, the prettiest girl who ever lived."

"You like making catalogues, don't you?" said Wee. "Later, you'll have time to remember that you wanted somebody with six toes on her left foot. Just now, you must help me make plans."

"What sort of plans?"

"For the future," said Wee. Her voice was firm. "You have been kind enough to propose to me—"

"Kind enough? I absolutely couldn't help it."

"It was sweet of you," she said seriously. "I'm not like you. I didn't make up an imaginary somebody to love. I have loved you such a long time."

"You have loved me?"

"For years and years." She nodded her head four times. "It began at the Nuttages' ball, the year I came out. You were introduced to me, and you said you liked my pink frock."

For the first time that day, he looked at her frock, and it was pink.

"This isn't the same one," said Wee. "But I've worn pink ever since. Jerry, I used to go to football games just to see you play. And I went to New London three times on yachts belonging to people who bore me, just to see you row. And all that time you were so awfully cold to me. You would scarcely speak."

"I like that!" exclaimed Jerry. "What could I do, during the races? Bow to you, as we rowed past your yacht?"

"You beat Yale by three lengths in your senior year," said Wee. "You could easily have spared a few seconds for a bow."

"And Yale trimmed us by six lengths the year before," said Jerry. "It couldn't have made things any worse if I'd kissed my hand to you, and called out yoo-hoo!"

"It would have made me much happier if you had."

"You're ridiculous," Jerry said. "I'd much rather kiss you than my hand. Let's spend every afternoon this way, and never mind your old plans."

"I see you need constant management," said Wee. "I'll begin by taking you out of here."

(Continued on page 122)

A LETTER FROM ELIZABETH ARDEN

There are no

Beauty secrets



VENETIAN ARDEN'S SKIN TONIC

Tones, firms, and whitens the skin. Use with and after Cleansing Cream.
85c, \$2, \$3.75, \$9.

VENETIAN
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Melts into the pores, rids them of dust and impurities, leaves skin soft and receptive. \$1, \$2, \$3, \$6.

ARDEN'S VELVA
CREAM
A delicate cream for sensitive skins. Recommended for a full face as it smooths without fattening.
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MYSTERIOUS, and meaningless, rites—in the name of beauty—are distinctly out of date. There is only one means to skin loveliness—and that is *skin health*. Soap and water cleanliness is not enough. You must use Cleansing Cream which is specially prepared to seep into every pore and dislodge impurities. Exercise must be by means of definitely helpful manipulations. Every lotion and cream should be thoughtfully selected to promote skin vitality. Every one of my methods and Preparations has been planned with just one idea: *The scientific promotion of skin health*. I am constantly supervising the manufacture of every cream, lotion or powder which I offer you. There is no real beauty except *natural* beauty. Achieve it by making faithful and confident use of those treatments and preparations which are as accurate and healthful as nature herself!

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A pure, vaguely scented powder, made for those who demand the extreme of quality. In light tints.
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VENETIAN SPECIAL
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For flaccid cheeks and neck. Lifts and strengthens the tissues, tightens the skin.
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MARRIED MONEY

(Continued from page 120)



JUNE introduces the blushing bride . . . graduates the toiling student, both worthy of a flattering gift. Richelieu Pearls are the *inspired* selection. Exact reproductions of the finest Oriental pearls, they are not to be confused with ordinary, imitation pearls. Lustrous . . . iridescent . . . perfectly matched for graduation, color, and texture. In a word precious for those very qualities that make the originals priceless. On display at smart shops, everywhere. Priced from \$5.00 to \$5. With complementing jeweled clasps beautifully matched, if desired.

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**RICHELIEU
PEARLS**

SHE backed the aged touring car expertly out of the lane, and drove it carefully down an almost equally bumpy road toward the highway.

"There are all kinds of things that must be done," she said. "There are many people we must tell about this, before the formal announcement in the *Herald* and *Transcript*. My own family is rather complicated, in a way. A lot of people are tremendously interested, Jerry. I suppose you didn't know we were being looked at this afternoon."

"By a bunny," Jerry said. "A little baby rabbit—and he's welcome."

"Ah, not here," said Wee. "On Beacon Street. Jerry, you'd be surprised if I told you that at least fifty people noticed us, and have surely been talking about us. Boston simply adores a love affair. Old Mrs. Easeman and Colonel Shackley—and Mrs. Ammi Nuttage, in her bow-window. She's stone deaf, but she knows everything. And Molly Doggett, and Cousin Lizzie Skillings, and ever so many others."

"They can go and bite themselves to death," said Jerry. "What does it prove, anyway?"

"That we are becoming News—News with a capital N."

"Well, we're engaged, aren't we?"

"Certainly not."

"Disgraceful!" said Jerry. "I thought all this petting was entirely legitimate, but if you've only been trifling with me, I'll speak severely to your Aunt Caroline."

"We aren't engaged," said Wee. "We have what is known as an understanding. Until you have seen Uncle Roger, we can't tell anybody."

"Can't we?" asked Jerry, looking around in the dusk.

A squint-eyed farm boy came shuffling toward them down the lane, with a string of very dead, very dusty fish in his hand.

"Yea, bo!" called Jerry, with an ear-splitting whistle. "I want to announce to you that this young lady and I are engaged."

THE farm boy gave Jerry an unclean look.

"Give 'er a squeeze," he advised, and spat copiously on the running-board of the car.

"Now that we've been so nicely congratulated," said Wee, "suppose we find a place to eat."

"Would it be proper to take a lady who isn't engaged to dine at the Concord Inn?"

"Absolutely not," said Wee. "And we can't go to my house, because we have only one servant and she is rather old. I told her not to expect me. So we'll just find a roadside place, somewhere."

"Disgusting," groaned Jerry. "I'd like to take you to Ciro's, or Sherry's, or Pierre's. The idea of taking my fiancée to a hot-dog stand is—"

"Is entirely suitable," said Wee. "I don't want much to eat, but I'd like some hot coffee. What would you like?"

"Champagne," said Jerry. "Did you ever see a jeroboam of champagne? It's a double magnum, and I'd like to drink your health in it—at one gulp."

"Listen, my dear," said Wee. "You are sweet and generous, but you mustn't have these extravagant ideas. We will have to be very simple. You aren't going to waste your money on me. I see a place that looks clean."

The motherly woman in charge of the stand put her simple foods on the table, and quacked around them like a maternal duck while they ate.

"Not such a bad supper at that," said Jerry, at last. "To think that we'll have supper together every night of our lives! Wee, let me drive."

He settled himself behind the steering wheel, and started the engine with difficulty. There was a special valve that turned on gasoline for the start, and then switched to kerosene, cheaper by four cents a gallon.

"One of Uncle Roger's ideas," said Wee.

"Ingenious," said Jerry, coaxing the balky car out on the highway, where it jogged along like an elderly horse.

"Don't humor it," said Wee. "We've got twenty miles to go. Go on, Jerry, step on the gas."

"I can't. This car burns kerosene."

Wee gave a laugh that sounded perilously like a sob.

"It does," she said. "And I've joked about it all these years as if it had been—a joke!"

"Never mind. Tell me about the ghastly details of getting engaged."

BUT Wee was silent for some time, nestling against Jerry's arm as he drove. The east wind blew in their faces, and he looked back in the tonneau for a rug in which to wrap her. There was none. Her coat seemed thin, and he stopped the car, took off his fur coat, and buttoned it over her shoulders like a cape. She protested a little, but she felt like a baby in his arms.

"The principal difficulty," she said at last, "will be Uncle Roger. He manages everything for Aunt Caroline and me. He doesn't live with us, but he is my guardian and takes care of all business matters. I know he will insist on seeing you alone."

"I'll beard him," said Jerry. "I'd beard anyone for you."

"He hasn't got a beard."

"You surprise me," Jerry said. "You've been so many different girls this afternoon. You've been a correct young Boston girl, bowing to Mrs. Joshua Easeman on Beacon Street. You've been a sternly practical young matron, advising me to buy you a hot dog instead of a partridge. You've been a low comedian, turning my most sacred remarks into loathsome jokes. And you've been—"

"What else have I been, darling?"

"You've been Helen of Troy," said Jerry, softly. "You've been Iseult and Marguerite and Heloise; you've been all the dream girls ever conceived by the heart of man."

"I like you best when you are serious," said Wee. "But this isn't the place for it. We are now rushing along a dangerous road full of second-hand cars with second-hand drivers. Please put your mind on your driving, Jerry."

"You made one failure, my lass," said Jerry.

"What do you mean?"

"The nickname Grizzly hasn't stuck. You forgot all about it before we had supper. Let's be truly original, and call each other by our right names, even after we're married. I know one perfectly sickening couple who call each other Pups and Poodle."

"And I know one," said Wee, dreamily, "who call each other Woof Dog and Pudd'n Pie. Jerry, you wanted to know my real name. My real name's one of the things I can't stand."

Jerry put his foot down hard on the accelerator, and succeeded after a race lasting three minutes in passing a truck.

"There are many things you won't have to stand," he said. "I'm here to take care of you now. Tell me about this uncle of yours. If he's rotten to you, I'll make him jump in the Charles."

"He isn't rotten to me. He's just rather old, and set in his ways. But he's very thoughtful. In fact, some people might think him a little too thoughtful about money. Some Boston men are like that."

"You bet," said Jerry. "I've tried to sell bonds to them."

"Every Monday morning, at ten sharp, I go to his office," continued Wee. "He looks over my accounts, and approves or rejects any expenses I have in mind."

"He does, does he?"

"There were five brothers," said Wee. "Uncle Roger, Uncle Lothrop, Uncle Griswold, Uncle Jonas, and my father, who was Pickman Legg. They all died years ago, except Uncle Roger, so he is the trustee for the estate, and he often says that five men's work has fallen on him. I'm the only member of the younger generation. Uncle Roger has arranged for my upbringing from the start. He's really a wonderful housekeeper. He knows the wholesale prices of all foods."

(Continued on page 125)



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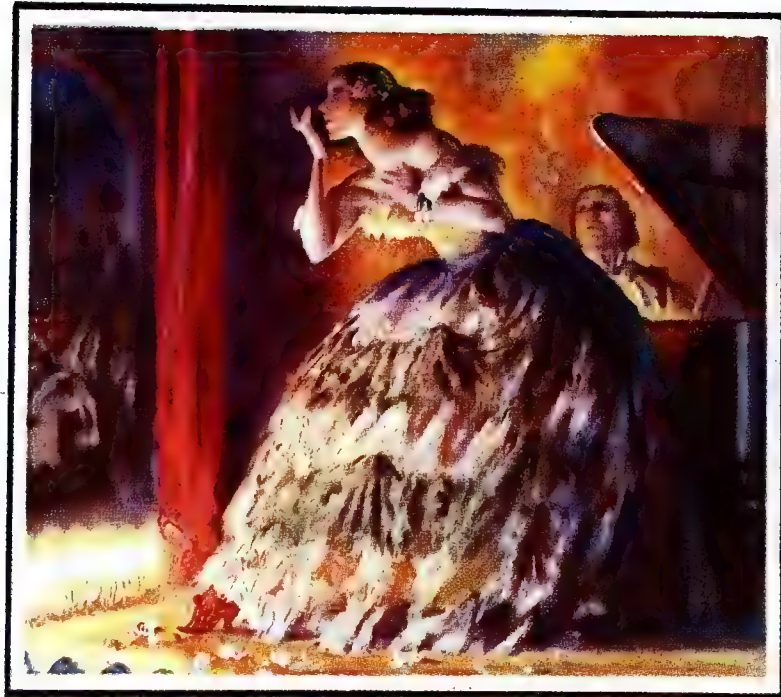
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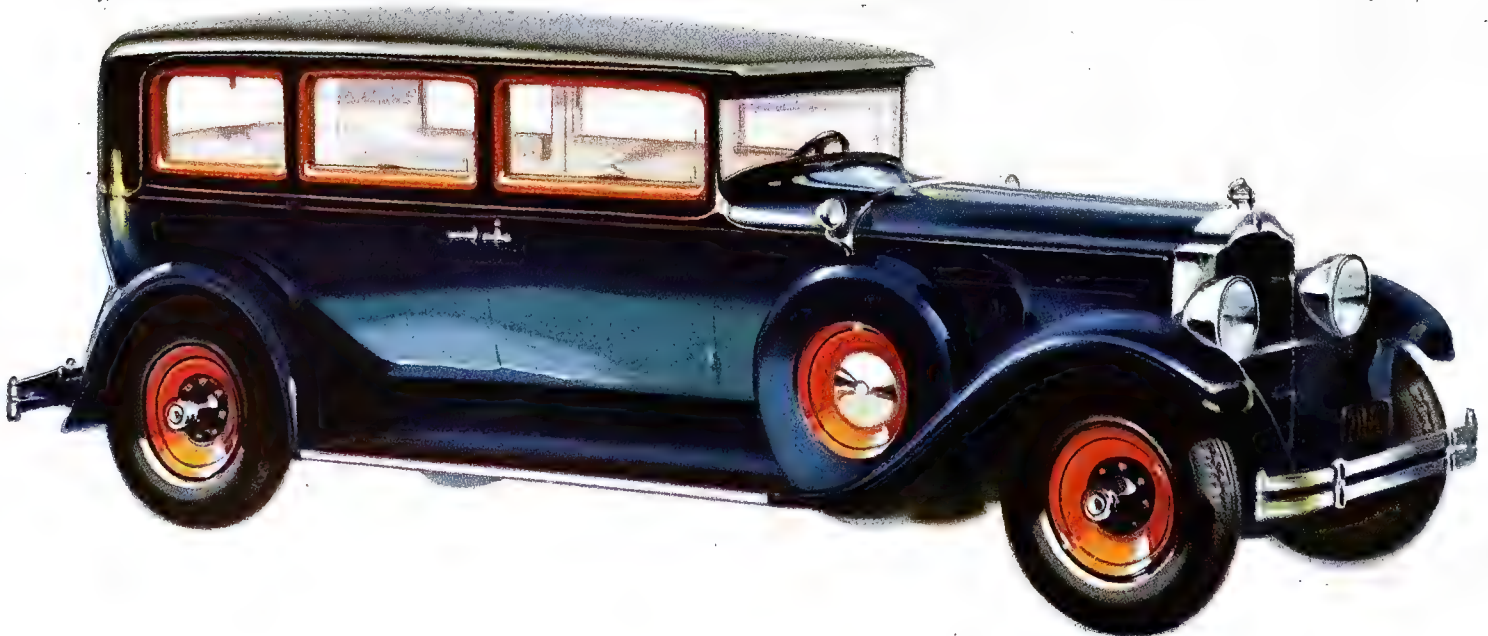
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Bottled at the Springs, Waukesha, Wis.

White Rock



*Pale Dry
Ginger Ale*

MARRIED MONEY

(Continued from page 122)

and tells me when to buy, and when not. He noticed this car in a collision, and bought it on the spot. By using fish at the right time, instead of meat, I can—"

JERRY put his weight on the rusty steering gear, and twisted the car through the traffic in Harvard Square, while Wee went on with her description of Uncle Roger. He had never set foot in a taxicab. He had resigned from all his clubs, except the League of American Wheelmen. Jerry formed a mental picture of him—a reserved, proud old aristocrat, doling out the last crumbs of the family estate, and succeeding through bitter economy in keeping a patched mansard roof over the heads of his sister-in-law and niece on Marlboro Street.

Such an uncle, beyond question, would welcome a young man who would strive hard to provide for his girl. Perhaps Uncle Roger was a genial old fellow, who missed the cheery good fellowship of his clubs. Those business meetings with Wee, on Monday mornings, sounded rather dreary—those meetings in which he counseled her to choose haddock and not beefsteak. But she was the light of his life, of course. Jerry looked forward to entering the family circle; a young man can bring so much warmth into an old one's life.

"Do you spend much time with your uncle?" he asked.

"He likes to be alone," said Wee. "Aunt Caroline and I dine with him once a year."

There was a pause after that—a long one.

"I told you Uncle Roger would be difficult," said Wee. "Aunt Caroline is a dear. She is not very well, because she is seventy-three and has phlebitis, but she's a dear. She comes from Providence. She says she likes you because you have a demon in your eye."

"I wonder if Uncle Roger will notice the same attraction."

"He won't," said Wee. "He has always thought I needed some extra discipline because of my father. My father was the black sheep of the family. He ran away from the Legg home when he was sixteen, did you know?"

"I didn't know," said Jerry, impressed. "Where did he run to?"

"To Shanghai. Perhaps our piratical blood was too much for him. It's a great joke, you know, about the first Legg having been a pirate, but Uncle Roger doesn't appreciate it. Then, when he came back from Shanghai, he ran away again—to Costa Rica, to grow coffee."

"Didn't he go to college?"

"Only for a year. Then the family decided he would have to sow his wild coffee in his own way. He discovered that bananas are more profitable than coffee, and he interested some people in them, and came back with a little money. Then he married mother—she was Ellen Parnham, of Brookline—and they had just four years together. They spent them mostly at Newport and abroad. In fact, they died at Monte Carlo, and Aunt Carrie went over and brought me back. I suppose they were interested in me as the last of the line."

"They had a right to be. Thank you for telling me so much."

"I have some pictures taken at Newport. Father drove horses very well, and he had a coach. Uncle Roger is still talking about that coach; I can't tell you how he hates it. He says that Newport life is suitable only for spendthrifts and debauchees. He also says that my father's love for the gaming tables shortened his life. I can't begin to tell you all the things he says."

SHE sighed, and he patted her arm, thinking how small and pathetic she looked in his enormous coat. "Perhaps this strangely sportive father of hers, this devotee of coaching and roulette, was not a Legg at all. Perhaps he had been left on the Legg front steps in a basket. Where did Wee's dark beauty come from, her gaiety, her independence of spirit? She was not one of those blonde-haired Boston girls, as placid as cows. She had

fire. He remembered how she had surrendered to him in the lane. It had been like kissing a nymph—but a nymph aflame with desire. If there were a bar sinister in her coat of arms, he decided that it would be no bar, but a blessing.

"I'm a Legg, all right," said Wee. "Oh, you needn't look so surprised. People who love each other can read each other's minds. Even in this poor light, I can see queer expressions chasing themselves over your dear, foolish face. People used to wonder if father was a genuine Legg, but he was. Uncle Roger and Uncle Jonas sat right outside the door while he was born, and Aunt Carrie was in the room. I made her tell me that. I've always wanted to be sure. But he ran away to Shanghai. I've often wanted to do the same thing."

"Everybody feels that way, sometimes."

"Yes, but how few ever go! And now, look what has happened. I'm going to marry a Harvard crew captain, with offices in State Street."

"I won't be much of an escape for you. I'm in a groove, too."

"But there's a demon in your eye," said Wee, hopefully. "And there's a demon in me. Why is it, Jerry, that among the oldest New England families there are people who look like Portuguese pirates, or the daughters of tobacco merchants in Greece?"

"A lot happened in the seventeenth century that hasn't yet been reported in the *Boston Evening Transcript*."

"Shiploads of wives from Europe," said Wee. "The early Harvard graduates buried at least three wives. And those early Salem ship-owners may have had some fun in foreign ports that hasn't got into the *Transcript*, either. I've been raised to think about ancestors so much that maybe I've got a right to think about ancestresses, too. Jerry."

"What is it, my dear?"

"There's a gypsy in me, somewhere, and I don't believe she was a sternly moral gypsy, either. Isn't that a hideous confession for a member of the Junior League, and the Chilton Club, and the St. Botolph Lend-a-Hand Society? All my uncles were so upright they might have been strapped to boards. And they were strapped to boards—to boards of directors and school boards, and so forth. They stayed here in Boston, and managed cotton mills, and passed the plate in church every Sunday. They were trustees. They did all the conventional things. Grandfather used to say that the conventions were established to make us comfortable."

JERRY drove slowly through Cambridge, amazed by the tremor in Wee's voice.

"Well, it's no use wishing," said Wee. "I'll stay here, and be a conventional Boston dame."

"The devil you will!" said Jerry, gruffly. "I'll run away with you tomorrow."

"That would be nice," said Wee. "But it wouldn't be fair to Uncle Roger. He has done everything for me—he has consulted with Aunt Carrie about schools, dentists, tonsils, Sunday-school, psychiatry, suitors, charities and everything else a girl needs. Every Thursday, at four o'clock sharp, he consults with her."

"It sounds a bit stiff, now you mention it."

"Uncle Roger is a receiver for so many things, including me. Aunt Carrie is only the woman who brought me up. That's a much less serious thing. Well, we'll go home and tell her the news."

"Will that make everything legal?"

"Far from it."

"Do the banns have to be read?"

"You must be thinking about those classic novelists you are so keen about," said Wee. "Anthony Trollope or Hugh Walpole. Nothing will be legal till you see Uncle Roger."

She laughed so dismally that Jerry knew all his suspicions must be right. This girl had been deprived, by her family's poverty, of everything that makes life



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MARRIED MONEY

(Continued from page 125)

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worth living. There had been no warmth, no cheerfulness in the little family group that met on Mondays and Thursdays at such and such an hour, sharp. There was no money to buy flowers, or interesting food, or pretty new furniture to brighten the somber horrors of Aunt Caroline's drawing-room.

He knew what he would do. He would take her out of it, and give her the things she deserved. He stopped the car with a jerk.

"I'm not fit to kiss the sole of your shoe," he said. "But I know courage when I see it. We call it guts where I come from. You have it, in the highest degree. You are suffocating here. We'll get out of Boston. We'll go abroad. I've got two thousand dollars saved up, and I'll spend every cent of it to give you the kind of trip you deserve. Your father went to Shanghai, did he? Well, we'll go there too. Though I think I'd rather like the Aegean Islands. Would you like them, Wee?"

"I'd love them," she said, eagerly.

Jerry chuckled. "It will be fun," he said. "We'll have to go in some old hooker that doesn't generally take passengers. A Portuguese cattle boat, or a Greek tobacco steamer. Maybe you'll have to sign on as stewardess, and I'll be assistant purser. But we'll make it, somehow. I'd walk round the world with you, and after our shoes wore out, I'd walk barefoot and carry you on my back. Does that sound fantastic? Well, it's true."

"Thank you for understanding a little, Jerry," she said.

"A little! Why, I understand a whole lot."

He started the car again, and drove over Harvard Bridge in a purposeful way.

"YOUR childhood must have been awful," he said. "I suppose they psycho-analyzed you at school to see why you didn't show the amount of group spirit suitable to a good little Boston girl. Uncle Roger supervised your suitors, did he? Would you tell me more about them?"

"I've had more than fifty offers," said Wee, calmly. "Some of the men were sober and some were tight—but you're the first of all of them who really wanted me."

"What?"

"How you can possibly have lived in Boston and not known about Uncle Roger," said Wee, "is more than I can imagine. But I suppose you are just divinely dumb. What do you think these men wanted?"

"They wanted you."

"No, they didn't. I never heard a man say 'I love you' and mean it, until you said it to me."

"Well, then," asked Jerry, "what did they want?"

"I don't know how to tell you," said Wee. "But when you spoke of my going as a stewardess on a cattle boat—"

She paused, catching her breath.

"Jerry," she said, "tell me something on your word of honor. How much money do you think I've got?"

"I've never stopped to think about it," he said.

"I know that's true," said Wee. "I knew you weren't pretending, yesterday and to-day. Darling, you will keep on loving me, won't you? I've been so lonely and frightened all my life."

"I wish I was good enough for you."

"Oh, Jerry, it's the other way round. You've made a place for yourself. Everybody likes you. Girls are fascinated by you. Again and again, I've wanted to show you how I cared for you—but I couldn't do that. Come on, Jerry. How much do you think I've got?"

"Must we talk about money?" he said.

"Yes, right here in the blinding publicity of Marlboro Street we have got to talk about it," she insisted. "Old Mrs. Gibbins is staring at us from her bow-windows, and probably the other windows are full of eyes, but I don't care. Come on, Jerry darling, guess."

He looked at her. He knew nothing about girls' clothes, but something told

him that her hat and her shoes were low priced, and old. He looked at the battered dashboard and fenders of her decrepit car. He looked slowly up at the small, ugly brick house with its patched mansard roof.

"I should think," he said, at last, "that you may have, or will some day have, about five thousand dollars a year."

She gave a scream and sprang out of the car. The scream was not quite a shriek and not quite a sob, but it had a hysterical note that made him wonder if she was laughing or crying. He followed her out of the car and she turned around and put her hands into his on the doorstep. She was laughing now in a strange, proud way and her eyes were bright with pride.

"I love you, Jerry," she breathed. "Whither thou goest I will go, and thy people shall be my people. Come along in."

She fumbled for her latchkey, failed to find it and rang the doorbell.

"While the maid is coming," she whispered, "I've just time to tell you that the Legg estate is more than seventy million dollars, and it's all coming to me."

Stupefied, Jerry stared at the shabby old walnut doors, with their glass upper panels and carved bosses of wood below. Then he followed Wee into the hall.

"Norah!" she cried to the aged maid. "Norah, please congratulate me. This is Mr. Jerry McCoy, and I'm going to marry him."

"Glory be to God, Miss Wee!" piped the servant, in her thin old voice. "I'm sure you have my prayers for health and wealth and children in herds and droves, glory be to God!"

Wee gave the old servant a kiss.

"We were just talking about wealth," she said. "We haven't arranged for droves of children, yet. Norah, dear, please go and tell Mrs. Legg that I am coming to give her some very important news. Now Jerry! I'm sorry I deceived you. I'm sorry you got engaged to me under false pretences, thinking I was so poor. I am poor, Jerry. Uncle Roger has all the Legg money in trust. If we go to the Mediterranean, that dear, dirty little steamer full of Portuguese cows will be just our style. But some day you can have the *Mauritania* for your very own, if you want it. I'm sorry I had to talk about money. It has been my curse so long. Jerry, let's never mention money again . . . But I forgot. You'll have to mention it to Uncle Roger to-morrow. Better go early and get it over. I'll make an appointment for you now."

She smiled at him, and whirled upstairs like a leaf in an eddy of wind.

HE WALKED home to his room on Revere Street an hour later, still dazed by the events that had crowded in upon him. Wee's surrender was one unforgettable, almost incredible fact. Wee's seventy million dollars was another. He tried to put it out of his mind, even while he said to himself that it was one of those facts no human young man could forget.

Fifty proposals! Fifty men, some sober and some tight, but all with that glittering fact of the seventy million dollars in the front of their minds. Jerry was the only one of them who wanted Wee entirely for herself. She could tell the shade of difference in the words "I love you" when spoken by a man who really meant them. He had won Wee, and he had won an enormous fortune, too, by thinking she was poor. He had offered—how grimly fantastic it seemed now!—to snatch her away from poverty!

He found himself dancing a sort of jig in his bare feet, on the bathroom floor. Seventy million dollars! No more cheap lodging-houses. No more trudging around Boston to sell bonds to tight-lipped investors. Tight-lipped tightwads! Jerry repeated this phrase. It pleased him. Then he stopped dancing. It was unseemly to dance at such a moment. Men with seventy million dollars don't caper around in their bare feet. The tryst with Uncle Roger was to be at eight o'clock sharp next morning. Jerry went soberly to bed, setting his alarm clock for seven.

(Continued on page 128)



CARAVAN

IN THE great bazaars of Cairo and Jerusalem he chose from precious stones spread before him on russet velvets and lemon-colored silks. . . . In Colombo, black-bearded merchants brought copper trays of winking jewels for his selection. . . . In Bombay, redolent of musk and sandalwood, they showed him pearls worth many elephants or belts full of silver.

And later, in Agra and Delhi they opened teak-wood boxes and turned back folds of saffron cloth to disclose lovely ornaments of an older India . . . exquisite anklets, necklaces and wrist chains that had brought smiles to the scarlet lips of favored Maharanis of another day.

Here he saw the blue-white spurt of a diamond from old Sambalpur . . . the flash of a ruby that came from Burma . . . and ancient emeralds that reflected all the magnificence of the reign of Shah Jahan.

And from these notable collections of the East, Mr. William Elder Marcus, Jr., chose those jewels that pleased him most, returning to New York with cases filled with the rarest of antique Indian ornaments, handfuls of loose pearls, carved emeralds, star sapphires, zircons and ruby beads and carved leaves . . . a collection which Marcus & Company take pride in presenting for the inspection of their friends and patrons.

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JEWELERS

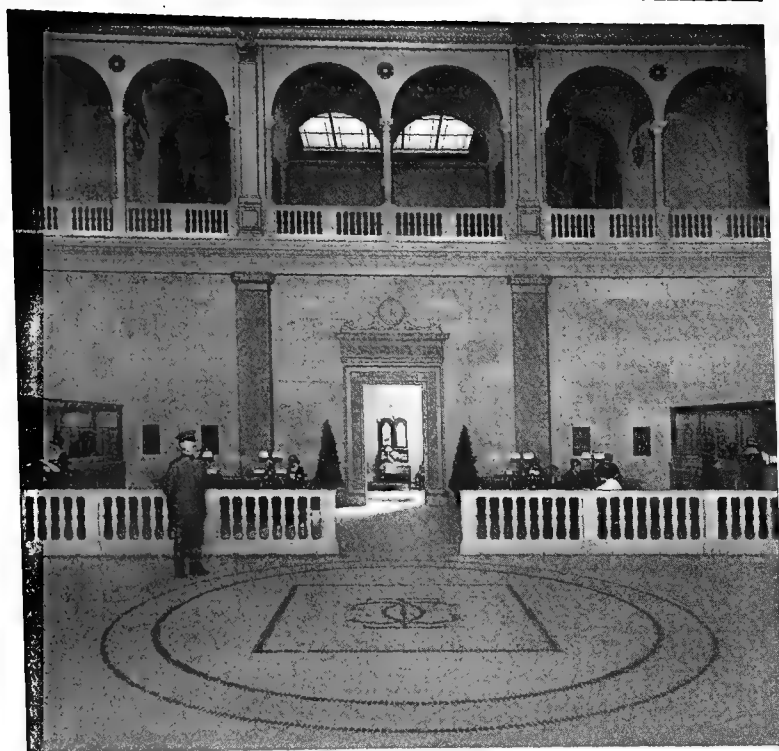
WM. ELDER MARCUS, JR.

CHAPIN MARCUS

Fifth Avenue at Forty-fifth Street, New York; London; Paris; Palm Beach; Bombay

MARRIED MONEY

(Continued from page 126)



A view of the Women's Banking Department, showing entrance to the lounge in background. The facilities and appointments of this Department are exceptional.

Why So Many Women Bank Here

THIS Office numbers several thousand women among its customers. We find they like this bank for many reasons: central location, completeness of facilities, fine appointments, and the personal interest shown by our officers and clerks in seeing that their business receives proper attention.

We invite inquiries by mail, telephone or personal call.

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COMPLETE SAFE DEPOSIT AND SILVER STORAGE
FACILITIES ARE AVAILABLE IN THIS BUILDING

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When the clock sent its jarring reveille through his drowsy brain next morning, Jerry's mood was still chastened. He felt ashamed of his moment of exultation. Wee's money was her own, not his. He despised those wretched married men who go meowing and yowling for money to their rich wives. The fact that Wee was so rich would only inspire him to harder effort. Why was he awake so early? To go to see Uncle Roger, of course. He yawned, stretching his arms. It was a wonderful thing to be alive on such a fine, sunny morning. It would be interesting to meet this old Boston aristocrat. A little advance information about him would be worth while.

There was a coin-box telephone on the floor below. Jerry looked through his clothes for a nickel, failed to find one, and tapped on the janitor's door in the basement. The woman lent him a nickel, and he went up-stairs and called up George Hamill, his best friend.

"Cripes!" said George, his own sleepiness vanishing at the mention of Mr. Legg's name. "Don't you know all about him? Why, among all the trustees of Boston, he's the old he-coon. Rich? He's been draining all the Legg money for fifty years, the way the Mississippi River drains the Middle West . . . Seventy millions? . . . More like eighty, and he doesn't let a cent of it leak away through negligence! . . . It's in bank stocks, and Chicago real estate and things like that . . . He's in business, too . . . President of the Cupsuptic Steam Cotton Mills & What Cheer Company of Pawtucket . . . Amesbury Buggy Corporation . . . Boston & Aroostook Steam Packet Line . . . Why, he is Old Man Boston Business himself . . . Rolling along! . . . Has he asked you to call?"

"Deposit five cents, please, for three minutes' additional conversation," interrupted the operator.

"I haven't got five cents," said Jerry, and hung up. The day felt colder and darker, and he nervously warmed the cold sole of one foot against the shin of his other leg before going back to his room. He dressed thoughtfully, putting aside the Persian orange tie he had meant to wear, and selecting a dark blue one instead. This pillar of Boston enterprise, this old he-coon among all the Boston trustees, would doubtless disapprove of a flashily dressed young man. A certain drabness and bagginess would appeal to him. Jerry walked down the hall, after dressing, intending to breakfast at the Shawmut Sanitary Kitchen, on Charles Street.

BUT an invitation for eight o'clock must be an invitation to breakfast. It would be interesting to break bread in Uncle Roger's splendid old Bulfinch mansion, facing the Common. Jerry pulled its old-fashioned bell handle, producing a faint tinkle of sound somewhere in the bowels of the house. He was admitted to a dark brown hall, hung with engravings of Sir Edwin Landseer's paintings. He had time to study the titles: "The Stag at Bay," "Dignity and Impudence," and "The Swannery Invaded by Eagles." Then he was shown into the dining-room, where Mr. Legg sat at breakfast.

Jerry expected to see a tall, burly man. The figure at the head of the glittering mahogany table was so small that it looked like a gnome. Mr. Legg sat in a high-backed Italian armchair covered with crimson Venetian velvet. Between its seat and himself was a bound volume of Littell's Living Age for 1873—but Jerry did not notice this until Mr. Legg stood up.

He was in no hurry to stand up. He slowly finished his fish-ball and cup of coffee substitute. Then he looked at his watch, rather than his visitor, and said: "You are ahead of time."

Meanwhile, Jerry looked around the room. The woodwork, with its lincrusta ornamentation, was painted dark brown. The chair legs were rubber-capped, to protect the Axminster carpet. Jerry was not sensitive to furniture, but he could not help noticing a magnificent Goddard highboy, and three great wall cabinets

of mahogany. Behind their locked doors glimmered some of the family Lowestoft and Crown Derby china. Mr. Legg had been breakfasting frugally off Cantonware. There was no silver on the table, nor on the Duncan Phyfe sideboard; Jerry was to learn later that Mr. Legg had loaned the family silver to the Boston Art Museum, thus providing a safe place for it without storage charges.

But there was a wonderful lot of loot left in the room, Jerry knew. That crystal chandelier, and the ancient Coromandel screen, and the inlaid knife boxes—what would they cost, in New York?

"I see," said Mr. Legg, at last, slipping to the floor, "that you are interested in my belongings."

It was an ominous beginning. Wee was one of his belongings, no doubt. But the old man looked friendly, in a quavering, nervous sort of way. He advanced across the carpet, and put a cold, scratchy little hand into Jerry's big paw. Jerry thought it was like a sea-gull's foot. Mr. Legg wore a little gray beard, and a little gray cutaway coat. Around his stand-up collar was a little gray bow tie.

"Your niece telephoned you about me," said Jerry.

"Or you would not be here," squeaked Mr. Legg. He had the sea-gull's accents, too.

"It is a great pleasure," said Jerry, "to see all these beautiful things. I wonder if Gilbert Stuart painted that family portrait on the wall. The old gentleman with the telescope and sextant. Wee told me that some of her ancestors were sea captains. I—"

Mr. Legg dismissed the subject of art with a frown, and said: "We will come to business at once."

He sat down on a Sheraton settee, placing his square-toed boots together and folding his little hands in his lap. A twitching muscle made him grin weirdly from time to time. He grinned now.

"There are three kinds of love," he said.

It was an unexpected way of coming to business, and such a long pause followed that Jerry could hear the hall clock ticking great, luscious ticks that sounded like large drops of water falling heavily into a pool.

It would be absurd to say: "And what are the three kinds of love, if you please, Mr. Legg?" But the temptation was almost irresistible. The old man was marshalling his thoughts.

"We will dismiss at once," he began, "the kind of love that is unmentionable; and we need not refer to the ordinary sort of love between a man and his wife. It is his business to protect her, and her business to make him a home in proportion to his income."

Again Mr. Legg paused. The effort of speaking seemed to tire him. But he stood up, and took the financial section of the *Boston Herald* off the dining-table, and then sat down again, crossing his knees. The corner of the paper seemed to have got caught between them.

"There is a third kind of love, Mr. McCoy," he said. "It considers the property aspects of the union. It brings large family fortunes together, adding to the wealth of both families."

"But I haven't any large fortune," said Jerry.

"What is your business?"

"I am in Carr & Daland's office. I am in the bond department where I—I try to sell bonds."

"How much do you earn?"

"I am averaging about eighty dollars a week at present," said Jerry, looking at the blackened portrait of Captain Bezael Legg on the wall. What would that sturdy old privateersman have said to a beggarly eighty dollars a week? He did not pull an oar for fun in a racing shell. He hired men to pull oars for him in all the rivers of the Orient. It seemed humiliating to confess in his presence that a young man of spirit could slave for eighty dollars a week. Jerry wished he had not confessed. His income was his own affair. It would grow, of course. It would grow amazingly if Uncle Roger gave him some business, bought some of his bonds.

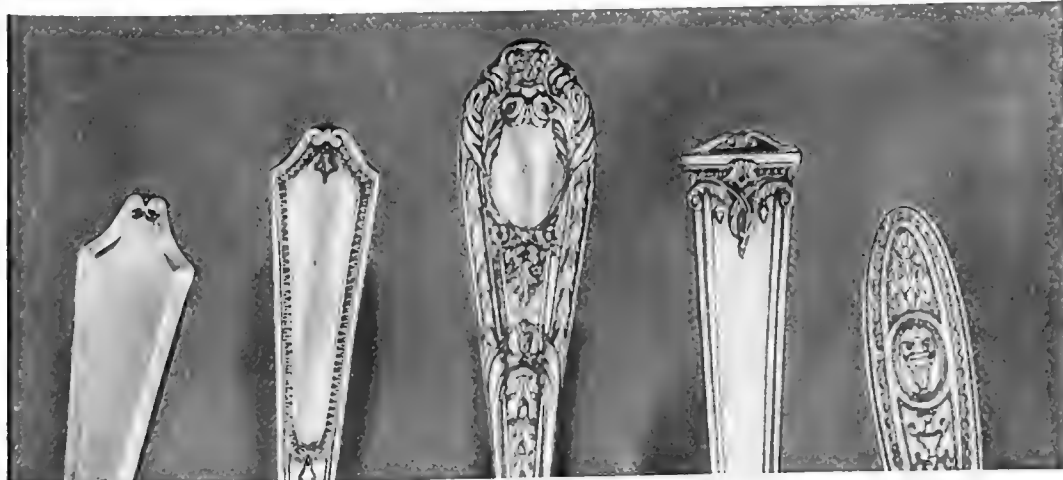
(Continued on page 130)

INTERNATIONAL STERLING

THE PINE TREE
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EACH PIECE

PINE TREE

PICTURE EACH WITH YOUR HOME AS THE BACKGROUND. THEN CHOOSE!



Minuet

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FINE ARTS DIVISION

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

MERIDEN, CONNECTICUT

DON'T...
if it's any other pattern
DO...
if it's Pine Tree

PINE TREE—delightfully original new pattern in sterling—entails a whole new code of etiquette.

For though one wouldn't—for worlds—be caught peeping at the back of any other pattern, one may—one *should* look at the reverse side of Pine Tree.

It delights one's hostess. Therein lies part of her joy in her silver. For not only does the pine tree symbol on the reverse side of this pattern say "sterling"—unmistakably—but it permits the hostess to tell such a quaint old story.

"Long, long ago, when America was but a group of colonies, her first silver coin was to be minted. The Mintmaster sought a distinguishing mark for the new money.

"And thinking, sketching, he drew a pine tree—primitive and sturdy. That pine tree image came to be known throughout the colonies as the symbol of sterling on the Pine Tree shilling.

"Today, on this very modern silver, the pine tree image means just what it did, so long ago."

Confess... If you possessed Pine Tree, wouldn't you, too, be eager to have guests look at the back of your silver?

▼ ▼ ▼

6 teaspoons in this smart new solid silver are but \$11. — or a 26-piece "beginner's" set but \$73.35. Matching hollow-ware is particularly distinctive.

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What pieces will you need first? The progression from a beginner's set all the way to an elaborate service is discussed in the most helpful of silver booklets—"Correct Table Silver—Its Choice and Use." It shows various International patterns, with pieces and prices on each.

With it will come the PINE TREE booklet, giving PINE TREE's charming history. Send 30c—a fraction of their actual cost—for both.

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Enclosed is 30c, for which please send me "Correct Table Silver" and PINE TREE booklet.

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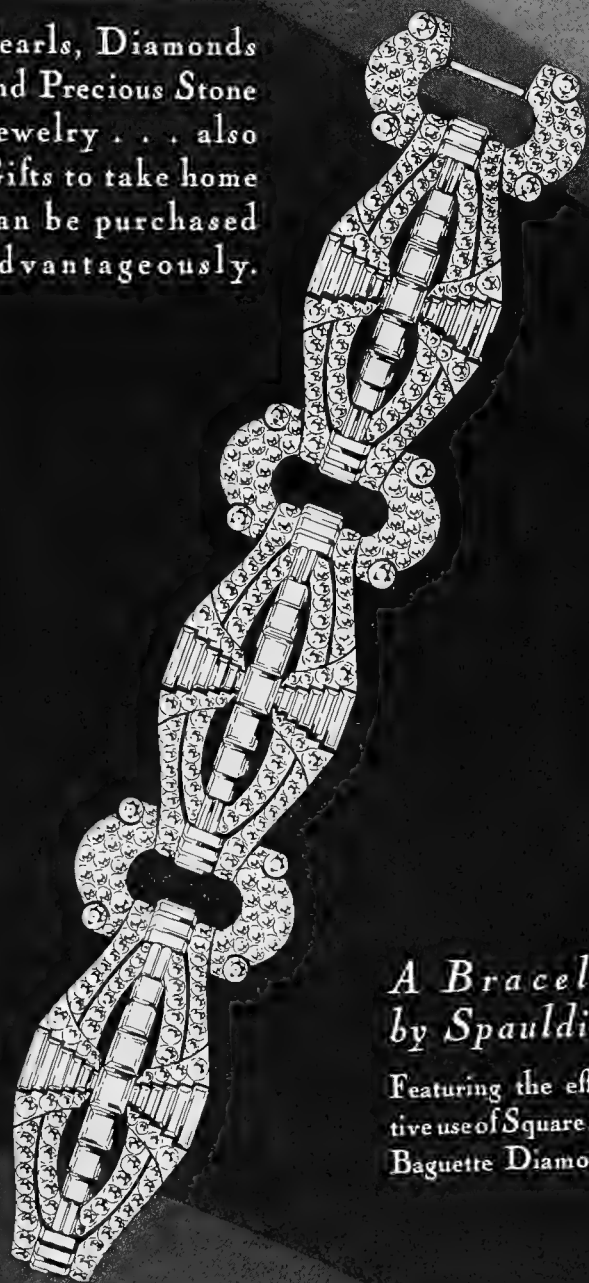
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European Travelers
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Pearls, Diamonds
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But Uncle Roger was apparently harboring no such happy thought. His fatigue had vanished. His eyes were snapping as brightly as black beads.

"What is your father's position?"

"He lives abroad—at Cannes, France."

"I mean his financial position."

Mr. Legg's mouth locked itself into a tight little line. Jerry explained that his father was a retired lawyer, with a weak heart; that he advised his friends on the purchase of paintings and old furniture. Mr. Legg made it clear, without moving a muscle, that he considered it trifling, even faintly dishonorable to do this kind of thing, and live at Cannes. There are gaming tables at Cannes . . .

"What allowance does your father make you?"

"He sends me money from time to time," said Jerry. "When his investments are good, he sends something. But I really hate to take money from him. So I've had the fun of making my own way."

"Humph!"

Mr. Legg's next question came with the sharp, unexpected force of a blow on the back:

"What are your expectations at your father's death?"

"He—he isn't dead yet?"

"But you say he has heart trouble?"

Jerry gulped. He could picture his father stricken in a foreign hotel, attended by a bearded and bored French doctor.

"I hope and believe he will live for many years," said Jerry.

"I see," said Mr. Legg.

It was quite plain what he saw. He saw a fortune hunter. He saw a penniless young man making a thrust at the Legg fortune—a fortune hunter's thrust.

"You have been happy-go-lucky," said the old man. "If you marry, you will know what financial worry is. You may have plunged into college life without counting the cost. But you cannot plunge into married life in that spirit. Instead of saying that you earn 'about' eighty dollars a week, you will have to know every penny of your income and your expenditures. A married man is never for one instant free from anxiety about money; it is his first thought in the morning, his last on going to bed at night."

Mr. Legg delivered these comfortless words with such a jerk that the newspaper fell from between his legs. Jerry stooped and picked it up, and Mr. Legg clamped it back in position again.

"You wonder why I do this," he said, when he regained his breath.

"Yes, sir," said Jerry.

"It is a wrinkle my father told me," said Mr. Legg. "Your father would not care for it. He is a hedonist."

"No, he is nothing of the sort."

JERRY wished that Mr. Legg was his own age and size. But that was absurd. Fathers-in-law or uncles-in-law are never your own size. They enjoy perfect immunity, while they are torturing you . . .

But Mr. Legg did not look like a torturer any more. He was smiling weirdly, wagging his little gray beard.

"You have crossed your legs," he said.

"So I have," said Jerry, startled.

"There is no harm in that habit if you remember to place a piece of paper, a napkin, or even your hand between your knees. If cloth touches cloth, the tiny filaments interlock and your trouser legs soon grow shiny. This little wrinkle has prolonged the life of my trousers over whole periods of years."

Jerry put his hand between his knees, slipping it in and out with the air of a studious boy performing an experiment.

Mr. Legg smiled still more broadly. Jerry's interest had melted him.

"You are wearing a folded collar," he said. "A stand-up collar will stand fifty more washings. Mark one with indelible ink, and you will see. I have one dozen collars, am careful to wear them in rotation, and they have lasted me for ten years!"

"Well, Mr. Legg," said Jerry, "I would never have thought of that."

Mr. Legg beamed.

"Does Wee know about such things?"

"She is a child of her family," smiled Mr. Legg. "Her stock pot is the best in Boston."

"Her what?"

"Her stock pot, in which all scraps are boiled. The swill pail of an average American family holds enough nourishing food to feed a French family for a week."

"Does Wee boil her swill in a pot?"

"A thrifty family," said Mr. Legg, severely, "has no swill."

"I'm sure Wee is very careful," said Jerry.

The master of millions burst into thin, cackling laughter.

"My niece can show you hundreds of money-saving wrinkles. She has been taught to know the value not merely of a dollar, but of a dime. Unless she has the better of the bargain, she never spends a cent. You may count yourself lucky, Mr. McCoy!"

"I do," said Jerry. "But not for that reason. I'm lucky because Wee is so sweet, so patient, so—" He searched desperately for words. "She is the girl I have dreamed about all my life."

MR. LEGG was not listening. "Upstairs," he said, "I have a room which she and I decorated together. By collecting free samples of wall-paper, ever since she was old enough to ask for them, we finally secured enough to paper a room in the modern style. It makes an admirable setting for my grandmother's patchwork quilt. We call it the Patchwork Room."

In spite of himself, Jerry smiled.

"Such things appeal to you," said Mr. Legg. "It is a point in your favor. You will make my niece happy, perhaps."

"Then I have your consent?"

"My niece is more than twenty-one. I cannot forbid her to marry you. You will live frugally—but I will help you."

"Thank you, Mr. Legg."

"A company of mine has built some excellent little English-type homes in Newtonhurst, some single, some semi-detached. I will make the terms so advantageous that you will be able to purchase one, over a term of years."

"Would—would Wee like that?" asked Jerry, nervously. "I thought we'd take an apartment somewhere, first."

"Wretched management!" said Mr. Legg. "At the end of each year, you have nothing to show for the money paid for rent. You must buy your own home."

He leaned forward, and put his thin little hand on Jerry's knee.

"Save the pennies," he said. "This newspaper costs two cents. That is excessive—but my next door neighbor and I club together. Pyam Blowers receives his copy at seven, and puts it on his hall table when he goes out. My Abigail finds it there, and leaves one cent for it. By dividing the cost we each save six dollars a year—and that is the annual interest on \$120 at five per cent!"

The old head was so near the young one, now, that Mr. Legg and Jerry had the air of conspirators when Wee came in.

"You seem to be hobnobbing," she said, nervously. "I told you that Jerry was a pleasant young man."

Then the blow fell. Uncle Roger drew himself up; he stood five feet one in his What Cheer cotton socks.

"He is an almost penniless young trifter," he said. "Neither his prospects nor his habits are satisfactory at all. But there may be some hope for him. He is interested in sensible thrift. Are you still sure you wish to marry him?"

"Quite sure," said Wee.

She slipped her arm into Jerry's, and they stood silently, side by side.

"Very well," said Mr. Legg, "I have decided to settle upon you jointly the sum of ten million dollars at once."

Wee swayed against the wall; Jerry gulped, and found his tongue.

"This is unexpected—this is typically generous of you, Mr. Legg."

"You are not to touch the money," said the old man. "Not one penny of it shall be squandered by you. Both principal and interest will be held in irrevocable trust for the heirs." (To be continued)

IT IS NOT uncommon to have purchasers frankly express surprise that Valentine-Seaver Furniture is so moderate in cost. Personal appraisal of the designs, materials and craftsmanship, together with the reputation of the maker, had led them to expect much higher prices. As a matter of fact, this exquisite furniture is quite easily within the means of the average family.

We illustrate two attractive Valentine-Seaver pieces. A sofa of very smart, long lines, finished in a rich piece of damask in which green and gold predominate.

In addition to down-filled cushions, this sofa

has the "Valuxsea" type of down-filled back and arms. This is a Valentine-Seaver invention which, while providing the buoyant comfort of down, also insures permanent beauty of line, free from sagging.

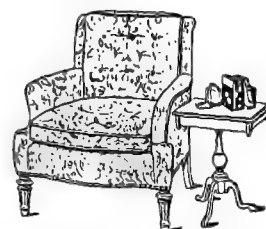
The modishly tailored English chair, with loose, tufted back and down-filled cushion, is covered with a most fascinating bit of fine damask in deep orange, with an all-over figured pattern. Linen frieze of the same orange tone is used on the arms and outside.

Valentine-Seaver Living Room Furniture is featured by the better stores and furniture departments. If you do not know where to see it in your vicinity, please write us for directions.



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Beginning with this summer season, the Franklin group of shops will number eight . . . including two new resort branches to be opened late in June—the first in Southampton, the second at Watch Hill. New versions of the Franklin, knitted sweater suits will be emphasized . . . with other sports clothes casual in effect and exquisite in detail, and a distinguished collection of prints in the filmy floating frocks of Summer afternoons and evenings.

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It's a new face powder—
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have ever used



Consider: a face powder keyed so exactly to present day fashion and conditions of outdoor living that its formula demands several newly discovered ingredients never before used in a face powder . . . A powder with new, unusual protective properties . . . A powder with a texture and range of tone that make it blend so perfectly with the tone and texture of your skin that it becomes a very part of your face . . .

POUDRE Le Début

There's a decided reason for the creation of *Poudre le Début*. Modern out-

door living—in the sun and wind—has brought new warmth and color to the skin. Tan is fashionable . . .

Then, too, more than ever a powder must be *safe*—it must *protect* as well as beautify. *Poudre le Début* is distinctly a product of modern fashion and modern science—the result of two years of intensive research and experiment in scientific laboratories as well as constant consultation with authorities on Fashion and modern style.

A smooth, velvety texture

You'll like *Poudre le Début*—decidedly. You'll like the *feel* of it between your fingers—the velvety texture of it . . . smooth . . . fine . . . spreading with a delicate translucence and adhering indefinitely. You'll like the protective properties of it that make it not only safe, but actually beneficial. . . . And above all, you'll like its range of tone . . . and the way its subtle tone and texture harmonize with your natural skin tones and blend with the texture of your skin. No mask that merely "covers up," but a powder that becomes a very part of your face. . . . *Poudre le Début* comes in an unusual range of colors . . . to match the most subtle gradations of skin tones.

FOR LIGHT

COMPLEXIONS:

- "Pearl"—for the fair skin with color.
- "Pearl with glow"—a warm tone for the fair skin with little color.
- "Naturelle"—to match the medium-toned skin.
- "Sun-lint"—a tan for the fair skin.

FOR BRUNETTES:

- "Rachel"—for the brunette with color.
- "Rachel with glow"—a warm tone for the brunette with little color.
- "Ocre-rose"—a warm tone for the olive skin.
- "Sun-tan"—a tan for the brunette skin.

—and with so delicate a fragrance!

A fragrance, typically *le Début*—smart—feminine—a blossomy elusive *odeur* that could come only from Paris. . . And you'll *adore* the box. It's colorful and modern as you please—and quite as lovely as the powder itself. . .

Poudre le Début is keyed to the smart active world we are living in today—as near a custom-made powder as you'll find anywhere. It will come to you as a revelation of beauty and protection . . . At any of the better shops.





STILL STEPPING...STILL SMOKING...STILL COOL

Three o'clock in the morning . . . hours of dances and cigarettes . . . cigarettes and dances. Bless the hostess for providing Spuds!
 Because Spud is the perfect inter-dance cigarette . . . a crisp, cool-mouthed smoke for those moments of cherished confidence, those
 snatches of necessary on-the-wing banter. Smoke Spuds through the season's festive evenings. Keep a comfortably nimble tongue
 with which to pay your parting respects . . . not a woolen something-or-other which mumbles. Smoke Spud, the new freedom
 in unlimited old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

MENTHOL-COOLED

SPUD

CIGARETTES



for JUNE 1929

WE LIVE ONLY ONCE

(Continued from page 85)

raillery, "and now that you've cussed me out good and proper, would you mind telling me where I am?"

"In a private ambulance," the churlish voice continued. "At least it was private until you horned in."

"Oh, what I wouldn't give to be able to get out of your rotten old ambulance," Anne retorted with spirit.

"I don't know what you've got, but I'd raise the ante," he added in a voice that was almost a growl. "A fellow can't even have appendicitis in peace nowadays," he continued mournfully.

"Oh, is that all that's the matter with you?" Anne blazed. "I thought for a moment you were really sick, you looked so white and funny. I caught myself feeling almost sorry for you. But I guess it was just bad temper that made you go gray that way," she concluded.

"Go gray," he almost shouted, "now I know you've done for me. You've killed me with your old collision, if that's any satisfaction to you."

"All I can say is that for a dying man, your voice leaves nothing to be desired," Anne replied with conviction.

"I'll bet it's burst," he quavered; "the doctor said the slightest shock would do it."

"All of which only proves how mistaken doctors can be at times," Anne murmured aggravatingly.

"Oh, shut up," he retorted, as the ambulance pulled under a portico, and came to a gradual stop.

"Doctor," she said ingratiatingly to the white-robed attendant who stepped inside, "attend to this—gentleman first: I can wait."

"I won't have it," he fairly shrieked with rage. "I won't be under obligation to you for anything. Take her out, doctor," he pleaded, "she's driving me crazy."

"Someone did that long ago, and I'm having to suffer for it," Anne replied faintly, as she was lifted out and for a second time that afternoon drifted into oblivion.

A FULL fledged family quorum focused itself before Anne's returning consciousness. She brushed it fearfully aside; just another bad dream, she thought; but no, it persisted. Then furtively she peered out of her cornflower blue eyes, and as quickly shut them tight again.

"It's all right, Anne," her father had admonished comfortingly, "you can open them; we won't discuss anything but how you're feeling, for the present."

Anne pulled his head down to hers, and pressed her cheek against his ear. "What are they going to do to me—the police?" she questioned tremulously.

"I wouldn't worry about that for the present," he cautioned. "We want to give all our thought and attention to getting those ribs of yours mended."

"How many of them, father?" she rejoined with interest.

"Not any more than you can spare," he replied jocularly, and patted her hand . . . for he was that sort of a father.

"Oh, Anne, how could you be so wantonly careless," Mrs. Winfield began querulously. "You've—"

"Now, mother, if you begin that, I'm going to faint again," Anne rejoined canily; and as her mother's tears began to flow in profusion, "Oh, won't you stop that blubbering? There's nothing to cry about."

"That's all you know," Mrs. Winfield retorted. "You've never been a mother."

"I won't argue with you on that score, mum; for once in your life you're right," Anne asserted with conviction.

"I shouldn't think you'd be so flippant, Anne, with that poor boy you ran into in a dying condition," she continued dolefully.

"Oh, did he tell you that, too?" Anne fairly gurgled with amusement. "That seems to be his favorite line."

"He wasn't in a very talkative state when we saw him, was he, Henry?" Mrs. Winfield replied, wailing anew.

"Hush, Emma," he warned emphatically, but not forcefully enough to silence

Babs, who continued with relish.

"Indeed not," Babs began with unction. "He was stretched out on an operating table—a wheeling one, all swathed in bandages, simply steeped in ether, and whiter than anything I've ever seen; and as they pushed him into his room, just across the hall," she continued, fairly wallowing in the gory details, "I heard one nurse say to the other, 'if he pulls through—'"

"That will do, young woman," her father ordered harshly, but not until after the damage had been done.

"No, Daddy, let her finish," Anne added quietly.

"If he pulls through," Babs repeated with pride, "it will be nothing short of a miracle."

"Oh—" Anne managed to gasp, "no one ever told me an appendix could be so serious."

"It isn't, ordinarily," her father amended, "but this one seems to have burst, and gangrene's set in," he concluded.

"And now, let's go home," Babs suggested, having successfully emptied her packet of news. "I'm starved."

"I think perhaps you had better," Anne echoed. "I'm beginning to feel awfully tired, and I'd—I'd like to rest, if you don't mind."

"Come, Henry," Mrs. Winfield moved with alacrity. "We shouldn't have stayed this long. I'm afraid we've tired poor Anne out completely."

"We'll come the first thing in the morning," Mr. Winfield promised, as he picked up his hat and stick and accompanied his wife to the door.

"Sleep well," Babs urged, as she followed her parents out, and Anne wanly smiled her thanks.

"It burst—it really burst," she sobbed, when the nurse had closed the door silently behind them. "Oh, what have I done?" she cried. And for the first time since she had been a small child, she prayed. Feverishly, fervently—and effectively. For in three days, each of which seemed possessed of a thousand hours, he was quite out of danger, though still a very sick boy. Poor Bonnie (who had started out a highly starched and glacial Miss Bonbright, and who had melted beyond recognition under the Winfield régime) had been run ragged combining her natural nursing talents with a hitherto undiscovered gift for eavesdropping; to her fell the unpleasant duty of bringing Anne half-hourly bulletins concerning the grave condition of one Bobbie Briggs, whose chart stated convincingly, if unromantically, that he had been born some twenty-six years ago, white, and under no unusual circumstances, but with a decidedly bad temper, Anne would have augmented, had she been consulted. But no such meager information satisfied Anne, and in this connection she insisted that Bonnie cultivate the mouse-like little person who was ministering to Bobbie's wants with more diligence than she had been known to exert in years. Not that you could blame her, for Bonnie reported the victim to be possessed of a face that hundreds besides a mother could love. This, however, was quite likely to be an exaggeration, so Anne decided to exert the prerogative usually accorded solely to natives of the state of Missouri—and take what expert engineering it might—to be shown. But how to bring it about?

HOBEY had sent her some exceptionally scarce champagne, vintage of something or other that was dreadfully expensive. She'd send him that. Besides being good for him, it might make him realize that she wasn't altogether devoid of human feeling, and that if she had been responsible for his serious condition, she had at least the good grace to be sorry—and how terribly sorry he would never know.

Bonnie did it up ever so attractively. It looked a small Bacchanalian feast by the time their combined talents had arranged fruit, flowers, candy and wine, (most of which he wouldn't be permitted

(Continued on page 134)

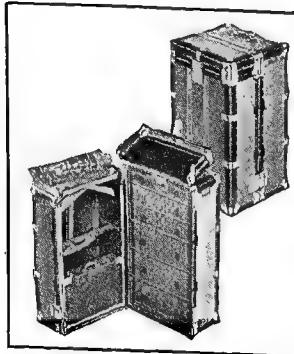


Of Course, a Honeymoon is a Honeymoon

even if you go in a PAPER SACK!

BUT IT'S so much nicer to own a swagger-looking sporty Hartmann wardrobe trunk. It adds so *much* to the trip. You can tell a Hartmann at a glance. It's as smart as a racy roadster—as right as a Paris hat—a thoroughbred you're proud to own and be seen with. Marvelously convenient, easy to travel with, holds everything you'll ever need without crowding, and it will last practically forever.

You'll love a NEW Hartmann. Nice people always have them.



The Hartmann Family offers distinctive luggage in matched groups in 50 sizes and models. Priced \$27.50 to \$225

HARTMANN

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THE SMARTEST WAY TO TRAVEL

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

Marie Earle

Her Smartest Patrons Adopt This Sunburn Make-up

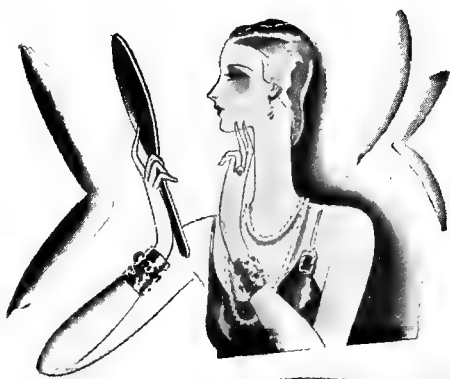


RADIANTLY perfect inspired by lazy summer suns and fresh sea breezes the smartest women adopt Marie Earle's Sunburn make-up. In two shades it is charming for the woman with no natural tan as well as the one who wishes a flattering make-up to enhance a sunbronzed skin.

Essential to the sunburn vogue is a petal smooth skin. So follow the Marie Earle Basic Treatment. Use the essential Cream to cleanse, then to nourish with the Cucumber Emulsion to increase absorption. Tone and freshen the skin with Soothing Freshener Lotion.

Now the skin is satin smooth and fair, ready for the make-up. Choose the Ochre shade for white skins and daytime use; Sunburn for the evening and skins with a natural tan. The Liquid Powder for neck, arms and back. The Finishing Cream for the face. Finish with Marie Earle's exquisite new Face Powder in the same shade. Now your skin keeps the even glowing color of smart outdoor life until you remove the make-up with Essential Cream.

You will find Marie Earle preparations at all smart shops.



A Special Mid-Season Treatment at the Marie Earle Salon will give your skin the rejuvenating care it needs right now. Especially sensitive from winters inroads and springs capriciousness how gratefully it responds to this special nourishing and freshening with warm soothing oils, chilled and bracing tonics. Expert smoothing motions soothe and relax tired nerves and muscles... quicken the circulation without slapping or pulling your tender skin. You emerge to face the world serenely fresh and lovely. The salon is at 660 Fifth Avenue, between 52nd and 53rd Streets, New York.



WE LIVE ONLY ONCE

(Continued from page 133)

to do more than look at) in a straw basket. Armed with instructions to leave his door wide open, Bonnie started boldly across the hall. Anne propped herself up as close to the crack in the door as she could manage, and awaited results. What followed proved conclusively that she needn't have shifted to this decidedly uncomfortable position to gather the full significance of what was going on in the enemy camp, for something resembling a shout more nearly than anything else beat against Anne's sensitive ear-drums—ear-drums that had been specially attuned to react to a grateful, a mild, an apologetic word; and now—

"Take the stuff back and tell her I don't want any part of it. And tell her this, too, while you're at it—that she needn't throw me any bones and expect me to yap . . . because I'm not that kind of a hound."

"What an impossible person," Anne fairly choked, "but what a truly brave person," Anne really thought, as Bonnie came into the room completely nonplussed.

"Don't you dare bring that stuff back into my room," Anne fairly shrieked, as Bonnie started to drop her burden on the table.

"But what—" Bonnie started, and got no further.

"Throw it out, give it to the internes, drink it yourself. I don't care what you do with it, but get it out of my sight before I throw something at you," Anne fairly spat the words out. "How dare he—the impudence—the humiliation—the—oh, get out," she screamed after Bonnie's retreating figure. Her rancor soon burned itself out and in its place came tears—tears not of sorrow or of woe, but of pure and unadulterated rage. Only one thought, a dominating thought, seeped through the saline haze that blurred her vision—how to get even, how to make him pay; for a blow to her pride was a knife thrust through her heart, and that was no negligible matter to be reckoned with.

A THOUSAND thoughts churned furiously through her brain; her eyes narrowed until they seemed two fiery points darting flame; her tongue felt hot and dry, and her heart pumped with such vigor that she felt each dull thud in her throat. She was feeling decidedly feverish; this cheered her up considerably, for it insured her a longer stay in the hospital during which to put her nefarious plan into effect. She was getting well entirely too quickly to coincide with the scheme that was already taking form, and this aggravation would probably give the necessary impetus to a well protracted relapse.

She pondered as she wept, although the two emotions may not often have been known to mix. However, her conclusions were of such a sage and sound quality that one might well hope that heroines would try this combination oftener; it was in this unique manner that she hit upon the method she elected to try on our unsuspecting male. True enough, the method was hardly original, but then methods didn't get reputations for being tried and true unless they were successful oftener than not. She was getting positively psychological, and that was a bad sign. Bonnie never had even a sporting chance in the face of such goings on. Anne actually had reasoned it out; yes, even during the tempest that was raging in her soul she had succeeded in divorcing her brain altogether from her emotions, and she had figured out the situation something like this: You couldn't possibly hurt a man by anything you did, unless he cared about you. You had to make him care about you a lot before you had the power to hurt him even the tiniest little bit. So from this moment, a newly acquired slogan burned itself indelibly, if invisibly, across her horizon, and if you and I had been clever enough, we might have been able to distinguish a short, terse sentence that looked something like this, "Make him or bust"—and a noble sentiment too.

Bonnie made her reappearance, forti-

fied with the knowledge that she was flanked on both sides by two of Anne's doting swains; not far behind, two of the girls had Hobey in tow, and before long a good, if slightly noisy party was in full swing. Everyone seemed to be having a thoroughly enjoyable time, and it wasn't long before all of the available internes and nurses on the floor had joined in the merrymaking, during which most things were forgotten, including duty—of which they mightn't have been reminded if Bobbie's powerful voice hadn't made itself heard even above the jingle of glasses and the clatter of dishes.

"I've been yelling my fool head off for the last fifteen minutes," he shouted from across the hall. "Is it asking too much to expect a floor nurse to answer when you ring for her?" he blustered.

"What is it you want, old man?" Hobey answered as the floor nurse took her hasty leave with no little embarrassment.

"Only a glass of water," Bobbie retorted, "and it's none of your business; but I could have died in the meantime, and not a soul would have been here to stop me." He almost blubbered in his fury. "You good-for-nothing spoiled kid," he bellowed, "isn't it enough that you run into me and smash my appendix without trying to keep me from getting over it?"

"I'm sorry, really I am," Anne answered in her most sweetly modulated tone, much to everyone's surprise.

"You're not," Bobbie contradicted. "You think you own the earth, the floor nurse included, but I'll show you you're wrong," he continued fractiously. "I'll have you put out of the hospital."

BY THIS time doors were seen to pop open in rapid succession and complaints were being registered from all sides; the supervisor came up in high dudgeon. What did they mean by carrying on in this fashion? This was a hospital, not a clubhouse, and would they be good enough to leave immediately so that some semblance of order could be restored. Needless to say, they did. And for once, without a parting wise-crack.

Bonnie and Anne found themselves alone once again.

"How dared he speak to me that way before my friends?" she asked of Bonnie. "They've been waiting all their lives to see someone put me in my place. They haven't had such a good time in years," she continued disconsolately. "I could have forgiven him anything but that," she rambled on, "but I'll have no pity for him now."

"Don't be too hard on the poor young man, Miss Winfield," Bonnie replied kindly. "There hasn't been a soul to see him all this time he's been laid up, and the sheer loneliness of it is getting on his nerves."

"Lonely, was he?" Anne mused. Why hadn't she thought of it sooner? Anne pondered gravely for a moment then fairly rocked with mirth. She had found it, his vulnerable spot, and, by heaven, she'd cater to it. Most likely he could grow pretty fond of someone who could make his two remaining weeks in the hospital bearable, and she'd be the good fairy who'd do it.

"Give me a pad and pencil, Bonnie," she cried, "I'm about to write a letter—a series of letters to be quite exact, and you've got to see that they're delivered without anyone's knowing where they've come from."

"What are you up to now, Miss Anne?" Bonnie pleaded. "You'll get me my walking papers yet with your foolishness."

"Bonnie, I'm about to take you into my confidence," Anne continued. "I'm going to write Mr. Briggs a letter each day to cheer him up; what you've told me concerning his lonely state has touched me considerably, and I'm going to see what I can do to alter his condition."

"That's a kind thought, Miss Anne," Bonnie brightened at the suggestion. "But why don't you want Mr. Briggs to know that it's you who are doing it?" she queried.

(Continued on page 138)

London now possesses the FIRST HOTEL OF EUROPE



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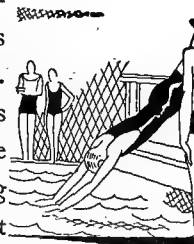


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Mrs. WILLIAM H. KINGSLEY JR. of Philadelphia

Chose these superbly beautiful
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Mrs. Edward Cortlandt Parker, of Washington, the former Miss Charlotte Riggs, in her exquisite wedding veil of rose point lace.



"I selected the Fairfax pattern," Mrs. Parker tells us, "because I admire its exquisite simplicity. What a magic touch this Gorham artist had to create such perfect things as are these Fairfax pieces!"



Mrs. Cornelius de Ronde Dosker, the former Miss Elizabeth Sanders, one of Louisville's loveliest brides.



Mrs. Dosker says, "The grace and rich finish of the Etruscan pattern are irresistible. I think it extremely smart, too! It takes a truly great artist to achieve such a combination."

IN WASHINGTON, Mrs. Edward Cortlandt Parker, a bride lovely as a storied princess and by birth a member of one of Baltimore's oldest families . . .

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for JUNE 1929

BRIDES *of a brilliant* SEASON



Mrs. William H. Kingsley Jr., whose recent marriage was one of Philadelphia's smartest occasions.



"I decided on this new Dolly Madison pattern of Gorham Sterling because I love the graceful sweep of its delicate lines," says Mrs. Kingsley.

North, South, East, and West, America's most prominent brides—her most entrancing, patrician brides—are choosing Gorham Sterling!

These brides, having in common that exquisite taste of women of inherited position and culture, all find in Gorham Sterling the most distinguished of all silver.

Each of these charming but distinctly different women selected for her own the pattern that most appealed to her individual taste, the pattern which perfectly expressed her particular personality. Mrs. Kingsley chose the suave, graceful Dolly Madison; Mrs. Parker the dignified but delicate Fairfax; Mrs. Dosker the Etruscan, mystic with age and tradition.

The Gorham designers are a group of rarely gifted artists-in-silver whose delicately precise hands bring into being all the subtle beauty of this most elegant of metals,—all its sweeping grace, its fluid loveliness!

That is why those of discriminating taste prefer Gorham Sterling to all others, recognizing upon each perfect piece the indefinable touch of genius.

So Small an Investment

The surprising thing to learn is how small an investment purchases this most beautifully designed of all silver.

Gorham Sterling can be purchased on convenient terms through the Sterling Silversmiths Guild Purchase Plan. Reliable jewelers will gladly explain. Many

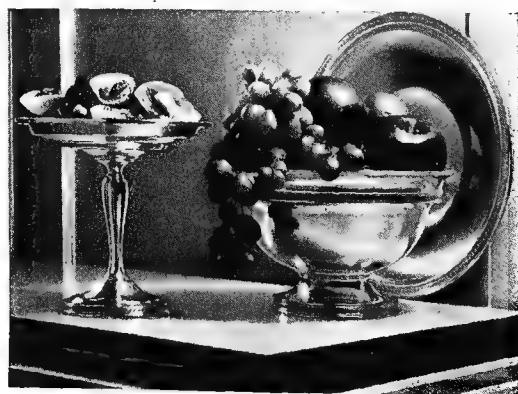
sets of flatware, with hollow ware to match, may be had at amazingly low cost.

Six teaspoons in the smart Etruscan pattern of Mrs. Dosker's choice are but \$9.50. Six dessert knives, \$21; six dessert forks, \$20.

Six lovely Dolly Madison teaspoons cost only \$9. Six dessert knives, \$21.50; six dessert forks, \$21.

In the Fairfax pattern, teaspoons for six cost only \$12; six dessert knives, \$20; six dessert forks, \$21.50.

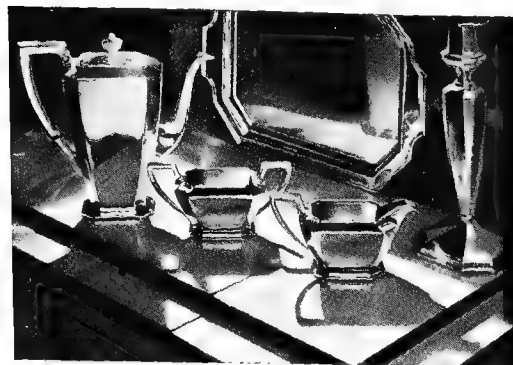
Your jeweler will be proud to show you the Dolly Madison, the Fairfax and Etruscan patterns as well as many other designs by the unparalleled Gorham artists. The Gorham Company, Providence, R. I. and New York City.



These beautiful Etruscan pieces suggest many uses. A bowl for fruit or flowers, with a handsome pierced flower holder, \$65. A plateau, \$45. A compote, \$35.



Hollow ware in the new Dolly Madison pattern! A lovely water pitcher, \$125. An entrée dish, \$95. A small bowl, \$45.



This handsome sterling coffee set in the Fairfax pattern, with tray, costs but \$250. Fairfax candlesticks, \$60 a pair.

G O R H A M



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"Because I'm naturally very shy and diffident," Anne retorted mockingly, "and because I think Angele's a much more romantic name, don't you? How shall I start?" she asked quite to herself. "I know, Bobbie Briggs, dear. No, I'd better not start off so affectionately, it might frighten him," she conceded. "Dear Bobbie Briggs," she started more formally. She surveyed the result and decided that it was much the better beginning.

"I HOPE you won't think me forward in addressing myself to you this way," Anne scribbled, "but I felt that after the shameful way you were neglected this afternoon, I simply had to tell you how sorry I felt when those people across the hall irritated you so, and treated your illness so lightly. I'm just getting over appendicitis myself (in the room next to yours) and I know just how painful it can be, and how it must have gotten on your nerves to have had to listen to that incessant chatter. I know it upset me, but then I'm not used to a very great deal of excitement even when I'm well, for you see I live in Paduca and was just passing through New York when, as you New York folks say, I came near 'passing out.'"

"I know that writing you this way isn't at all the thing to do, but I'm so alone and so miserable, and you sounded so depressed and blue that I thought perhaps I might be forgiven for taking the liberty. Tell me, are you angry with me?"

"Angele."

Anne dispatched her opening wedge with an almost diabolical smile playing about her lips. It was in something less than half an hour that Bonnie handed her a note that read:

"Dear Angele:

"As if I could be angry with a girl whose name sounded like my favorite cake. If ever a child was rightfully named, you were, for you were a dear blessed angel to cheer me up, and to give even one little thought to what I must have gone through this afternoon. As I see it now, I guess I acted like sort of a poor sport, which is kind of a paradox seeing that I earn my living writing sporting stuff for a newspaper, but a fellow can get to the end of his tether if he feels rotten enough, and is blue in the bargain."

"So you come from Paduca? Won't you tell me some more about yourself? I have a hunch I'd like to know you awfully well."

"Bobbie Briggs."

Anne contemplated these lines with no small degree of satisfaction; it was working! It was a shame to do it, in a way, but he had brought it on himself, and he had it coming to him.

The next day found another note on its way to him, a little more provocative, a little more appealing. She ended it like this:

"If ever I had any misgivings about writing a boy to whom I had never been presented, you've dispelled them all, and I wish (yes I must say it because it's true) that I had known sooner that you were as lonely as I've been, for I should have written you days ago. You've a hunch that you'd like me? Do you know, I believe in hunches and . . . well, I think Bobbie Briggs sounds as if it belonged to a terribly nice person, so we're quits."

"Angele."

IN THE days that followed many were the letters that passed between the fast-falling Bobbie and a remorseful Anne. There was no going back, that was certain, but he did seem terribly nice, and sort of helpless before her volley of insidious sweetness. Anne had learned to her complete mortification that Bobbie's gruffness was only a cloak that hid a very tender quality that kept creeping into his letters in spite of his apparent effort to seem callous and cold; which made her feel all the more a villain for continuing with her reprehensible plot. But con-

tinue she would, for she had sworn an oath, and her pride would permit no retraction.

She was getting frightfully restless in spite of the diversion this escapade of her instigation offered, and when Bonnie brought her the promise of a visit to the roof on the following day, it was a welcome relief. She could scarcely wait to write the news to Bobbie, whose progress, strangely enough, ran parallel to hers; and not very long after, she learned to her distinct gratification, that he was scheduled to make his initial appearance on the roof on the selfsame day. Then for the great denouement, she thought. What a blow when he found that the girl over whom he had become positively soft was none but the loathsome Anne Winfield herself! Revenge—but somehow its very anticipation had lost its sweetness.

The sun finally rose on this day of days; Anne thought it took its own time doing it; she had spent an uncomfortably wakeful night, and had never seen a dawn take so long to break.

BOBBIE awoke thoroughly refreshed by a night's unbroken slumber, to find to his chagrin that he was still clutching in his hand a letter that hinted rather broadly that a pair of blue eyes would make a diligent search for him on the morrow. What a lark it had been! What would she be like, this sweet, clinging creature who had wormed her way into his heart. What if she disappoint him, be old, ugly or plain! But no, it was unspeakable to harbor such an idea even for a moment. She would be divine. He knew it, he felt it; and he was a man of successful hunches.

He found the wheel-chair that carried him skyward an intolerably slow affair. Would the elevator never come? She would be waiting.

And wondering, too. Could he possibly measure up to the standard his letters had created for him? If he didn't, Anne reflected, she'd never believe in anything or anybody again; yet if he did, wouldn't it be even worse? To have to hurt him once she'd found him, to laugh at him, to find the courage to tell him that he'd played the fool for her amusement! Why, this wasn't revenge, Anne reasoned, this was self-inflicted punishment!

"Leave me now, Bonnie," she said in a subdued tone, as the chair reached its destination, "I want to think."

No sooner had Bonnie started off in the direction of the elevator than Anne spied a mouse-like little person wheeling a man whose steel gray eyes peered anxiously about as if in search of someone; it must be Bobbie. Anne's heart fluttered dangerously; she peered out from her position of vantage behind her woolly blanket, and awaited results. He was directing his nurse to take him to her chair. He had spotted the great blue bow she promised to wear in her hair, and was coming toward her. Oh, the wonder of it, he was big, and broad and handsome, with an up-curve to his mouth that made him look absurdly young, and a twinkle in his dark, gray eyes that persisted in direct contradiction to their steeliness. He was coming closer, he was beside her now, her heart seemed to miss a beat. The nurse was gone, he spoke, she heard:

"Angele?"

"Yes," she whispered without knowing. "You cheat," he barked at the sound of her voice. "You're not my Angele, you're the fresh kid who ran me down."

"Suppose I were to tell you that I was both," she answered a little humbly, vainly trying to control the tremulo that insisted upon creeping into her voice. "You wish you were," Bobbie retorted. "She was the real thing, with a soul, and a thought or two for someone beside herself. She wasn't a self-centered little fool chasing thrills for the want of something better to do; she was—"

"Me," Anne retorted, her ire now fully aroused. "Me," she reiterated incisively. "Suppose I were to tell you that I set out deliberately to make you care, and that having succeeded, my one thought was

(Concluded on page 141)

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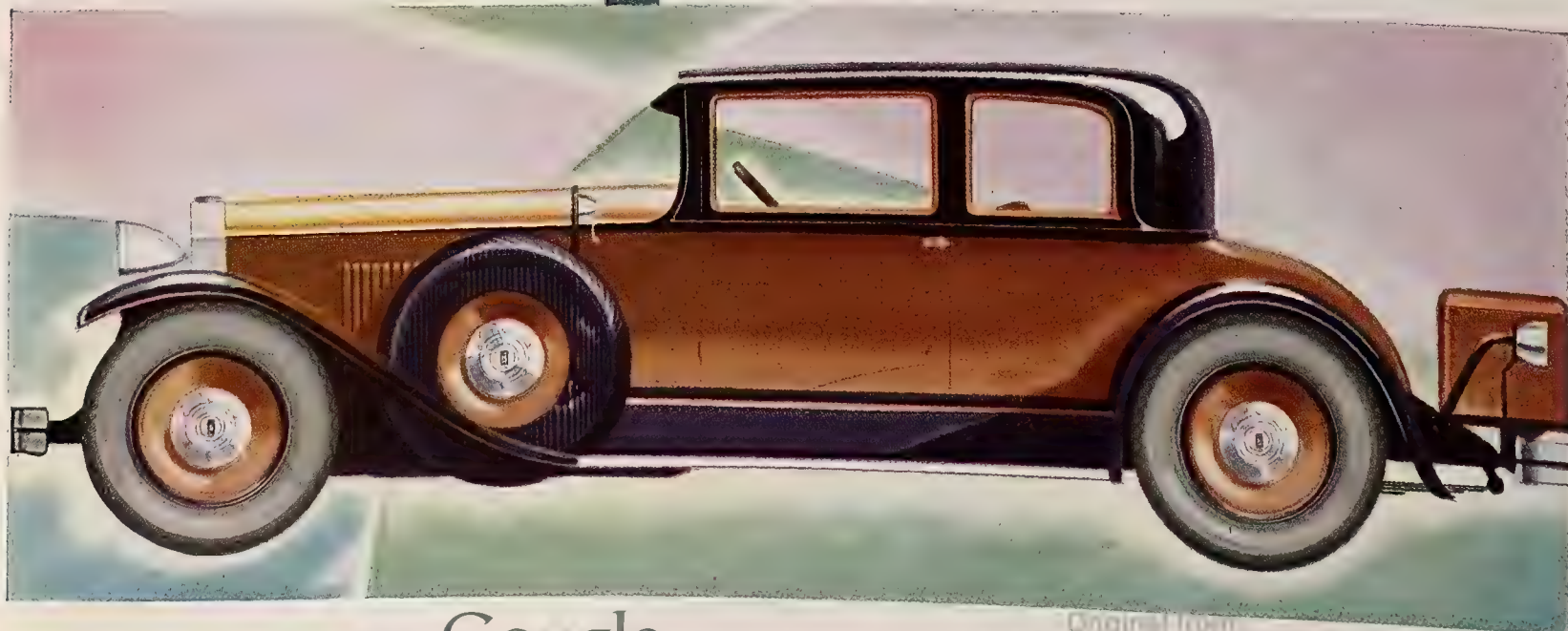
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WE LIVE ONLY ONCE

(Concluded from page 138)

the satisfaction it would give me to tear down what I had built up, so that I could gloat over the wreck, and get even with you for making a fool of me before my friends. What would you say then?" she cried.

"I'd say that those sentiments were wholly characteristic of you, Anne Winfield," he replied.

"But—but don't you feel a bit badly, aren't you heart-broken or anything?" Anne asked, completely baffled by the turn affairs had taken.

"Certainly not," Bobbie taunted. "I'd be upset if my Angele gave me that sort of deal, but you—you can go drown yourself for all I care."

"But—but I tell you I *am* Angele," Anne pleaded, now beside herself with confusion. "I wrote those letters, I sent those gifts. I even knitted that tie you're wearing."

Bobbie actually laughed. "If you told me you had bribed your nurse to intercept them, it might come nearer the truth," he back-fired.

"How can you be so dumb?" Anne almost shrieked. "Can't you see that I'm Angele—that I answer her description in every detail?"

"I can see that you're crazy," Bobbie answered, "and that if you start getting violent I shall feel called upon to yell for the keeper to take you away." Bobbie drew a book from under his covers, and started to read.

Anne watched him speechless; when she was once more able to regain the use of her voice she ventured, "Mr. Briggs, I—"

"Can't you see that I'm busy?" he blurted.

"I thought of something I wanted to tell you," Anne begged. "I can prove I'm Angele, I really can. Here," she said handing him a fragment of paper, "you can compare it with the letters if you want to, it's a sample of my handwriting."

"I'm not interested in samples," he answered without looking up from his book. "I'm not in the market for anything."

"But," she started, but got no further. "If you must have your chair next to mine," he was saying, "for heaven's sake keep quiet, won't you?"

THIS was too much; her eyes filled, and soon hot tears were coursing down her cheeks; she looked vainly about for Bonnie to wheel her away, but there was no sign of her; she couldn't keep even a vestige of self-respect and stay where she was. Well, if there was no one to push her out of his loathsome sight she'd do it herself; she lurched forward heavily, then set the slim rubber-tired wheels in motion with the palms of her hands. In a moment the chair was rolling aimlessly in another direction. It was gathering momentum as it went. Oh, the horror of it, what had she done? It was making straight for the edge of the roof and she was powerless to stop it. If she was to die, she wouldn't watch herself do it, anyway, so she shut her eyes tight, and suddenly, all was black, serene, and ghostly quiet.

"So this is heaven," Anne thought with characteristic conceit. "Well, it's not so bad," she concluded, and opened her eyes to look around her. It was, but not the variety we're most familiar with. Bobbie was kneeling at her side, looking

anxiously into her eyes.

"Are you all right?" he inquired soberly.

"What do you care?" Anne asked. "Only a minute ago you told me for all you cared I could go kill myself."

"Drown yourself," he corrected, "but I didn't intend you should take me so literally, at least not when I was around, anyway; I've always disliked death scenes." He rose painfully to his feet.

"I suppose I should thank you for saving my life," Anne went on.

"I should think you should," Bobbie replied, "I've probably ruptured my appendix all over again, walking before I had any right to."

"I don't know why you did it, anyway," Anne found herself saying. "I wish you hadn't. I wish I were dead," she concluded dolefully.

"You're crazy," Bobbie interjected gruffly to hide his embarrassment.

"If I am, it's about you," Anne hurled at him defiantly.

"You—"

"Don't say it," Anne replied wearily as Bobbie started to speak. "I know what you're going to say—that it's not much of a compliment; maybe you're right," she added with a catch in her voice, "anyway, I haven't the strength to argue about it. But I couldn't bear to have you go out of my life thinking I wasn't any darn good at all," she wailed.

"Anne," Bobbie began.

SHE disregarded him completely and continued her tirade.

"It's true, I started out to make you suffer; I wanted to see you squirm so that I could laugh at you."

"Well, then, why don't you?" Bobbie finally managed to ask dead seriously.

"Because—oh, can't you see? The laugh's on me," Anne sobbed. "I dug a ditch for you, and fell into it myself."

Bobbie tendered a large white handkerchief awkwardly; the gesture passed unnoticed, so he shyly wiped away the tears that kept flowing in profusion.

"Go away," Anne muttered, "I may not have your love, but I won't have your pity."

"Oh, Anne, you can have anything I've got, if only you'll stop crying," he pleaded. "I'm not offering you pity, I need it myself."

"What for, I'd like to know," Anne managed to gasp between sobs.

"For being the bone-head of the world," he answered humbly.

"You're not," Anne defended hotly.

Bobbie took her tiny, damp hand in his, "Oh, yes, I am," he answered quietly, "I almost passed up a prize package because I didn't have sense enough to see beyond the wrappings. Angele, it's asking a lot, but can't we begin all over?"

"Then you really believe that I *am* Angele?" Anne questioned happily.

"No one could convince me that you weren't," he added to her entire satisfaction.

"When first did you know?" Anne whispered ecstatically.

"On the day that Angele was born," Bobbie returned.

"You mean—" Anne began.

"That it was a simple matter for a bright young man to discover that the room on either side of him was empty."

AN OLD WOMAN TO A YOUNG GIRL

O, THE cherry bloom in the full of the moon
Is froth from the brew of May,
And it bubbles from branches whose roots harpoon
The depths where her earth-pots stay!
So you'd better go on, my lass, away—
You'd better go on away—
For the old frogs down in the glen, they say
That a bit of a sip will make you fey!

O, my own thin hair and eyes are gray
Since I lost the taste of the broth of day,
So be off with you now to sweetly lay
On your curtained couch; and softly pray
That you will not wake till the last white ray
Of the full moon dies in the cherry spray!

Sonia Ruthile North

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HAPPY RECOLLECTIONS OF A TRAGIC EMPRESS

(Continued from page 87)

Monsieur Pietri, who had been secretary to the late Emperor and was now the faithful companion of the Empress. We all loved him for his unflinching kindness and cheerful nature. He was a rugged little Corsican, with twinkling eyes and a gray beard, and enjoyed the company of all the young people who came and stayed in the house, as well as that of the older guests.

It was wonderful to see the Empress and Monsieur Pietri, walking out together every morning, both so old and so gray, and yet so full of mental vigor; with unfathomable depths of historical souvenirs between them, that are now lost to us forever. They bickered quite a little, too, for Monsieur Pietri was perhaps the only person who argued with the Empress.

Often on going into the dining-room the Empress would stop short on feeling someone treading on her long train, and, wheeling round, would exclaim: "*Ça, je sais d'avance, c'est Pietri!*"

And he would grumble as his only apology: "*L'Impératrice fait cela exprès.*"

He died at Farnborough during the war, and before the end came his mind had given way. I am told his charming nature completely changed and he would lurk behind the armchair in his room with a paper knife in his hand, waiting for his enemies, like a true Corsican brigand.

As soon as luncheon was over, the Empress encouraged her younger guests to scatter and play games, and several neighbors, including officers from Aldershot, used to come over daily and join in them. Her instructions were delivered beforehand with gravity. She had enormous respect for British customs, and was always terribly afraid we wouldn't take games with sufficient seriousness; in fact, she doubted our ability to stick to the rules.

She would say with great firmness: "In a country where the Prime Minister plays lawn-tennis," (this was in Balfour's day) "games are a very serious affair."

ONE day when several neighbors were expected to dinner, she gave us other instructions:

"In this country," she informed us, "general conversation is not the custom. People talk quietly to their neighbors. I must request you, *mes enfants*, not to shriek at each other across the table. *Cela ne se fait pas.*"

We promised we would be good and converse in a typically British way. So we did . . . till the fish! Then someone broke loose and a cross-fire of jokes began. The dear old Empress threw up her hands and exclaimed tragically: "*Ça y est! je ne les teins plus!*"

Being young and light-hearted, the Spanish cousins and I used to indulge in the silliest of jokes. Once at luncheon I served one of them—I think it was Isabelle Metternich—with a catch that had been invented that year and has now sunk into the oblivion it deserves.

"Have you seen Arthur?" was the question. (This joke does not come off in a house that really contains an Arthur.)

Instinctively everyone answers: "Arthur who?"

"Our thermometer!"

There was such a roar from our end of the table that the Empress wanted to know all about it. "*Je veux entendre la plaisanterie de Vittoria.*" Her English had always been very limited, and of course it was impossible to translate the joke into French. I struggled to explain, all the cousins tried to help, but it was no good!

"*Je ne comprends pas ce que Arthur ait à faire avec un thermomètre. Arthur . . . et qui est Arthur? Non, c'est vraiment trop bête!*"

There was a small building known as the Museum in the park at Farnborough, and I suppose, of course, it still exists, now that the place belongs to Prince Victor Napoleon. In it was a most interesting collection of Napoleonic relics—the famous gray coat and cocked hat of the great Napoleon, his coronation robes and those of the Empress Josephine, and many other fascinating souvenirs.

Monsieur Pietri was showing us everything one day, and he finally opened a cupboard drawer and pulled out the last tragic relic of the French Empire: a saddle, with a broken stirrup strap. It will be remembered how the young Prince Imperial's life would have been saved in South Africa when he was surrounded by hostile natives, had he been able to mount his horse. But the stirrup leather gave way and his horse was a big one and maddened by fright. The men he was with escaped without stopping to help him, and he died, desperately facing the enemy, alone. All the hopes of the French Imperialists were broken with that leather strap.

While we were looking at it a shadow fell across the open doorway, and there stood the black figure of the Empress. She saw what we were looking at and covered her face with her hands. "*Cachez cela,*" she ordered.

Then when the saddle had been hurriedly bundled back and the drawer closed, she joined us and walked quietly round the room pointing out the various objects of interest in the glass cases.

AMONG the neighbors whom we saw most of all was the celebrated Miss Ethel Smythe, the composer, who has spoken charmingly of the Empress and the Farnborough Hill milieu in the memoirs she has published.

We all delighted in her, for she was always entertaining and cheered us up with her great vitality and ready wit. Her friendship with the Empress was most curious as two more different natures can scarcely be imagined, but the Empress appreciated her clever brain though she sometimes shook her head and murmured: "*Elle est vraiment trop bataillière.*"

Ethel Smythe often dined at Farnborough Hill, and it was her custom to bicycle over from her cottage, take up a good strategic position behind some bushes when once in the park and proceed to change into evening clothes, after which she would walk up to the front door and ring the bell. After this had gone on for some months, the Empress got to hear of it and was rather upset, so in future a carriage was sent for her guest. I am sure my old friend will forgive my saying—and will also agree with me—that this innovation did not make any difference in her personal appearance, her great charm being an utter lack of feminine vanity.

I remember once she turned up rather late for dinner and the Empress was already in the drawing-room. This was contrary to Farnborough etiquette, which demanded that all the guests should be assembled before the Empress made her appearance. Ethel advanced toward her hostess, running and courtesying at the same time, the result being a series of kangaroo leaps. A minute later my aunt beckoned to me and whispered: "*Emmène Miss Smythe et arrange un peu sa robe.*"

Whereupon I obeyed and a certain amount of hitching up went on in the long gallery outside.

"My dear," said the great musician, still breathless and wriggling, "I'll tell you what's the matter. I bought a new pair of corsets at the grocer's and I believe he sold me a bird-cage by mistake."

Later on she neglected her music for a time and became a militant suffragette, which thrilled us much more, as none of us were particularly musical and we all preferred excitement. We never tired of getting her to tell us her experiences; how she was arrested and what prison was like. I can still see her sitting on the grass under an oak tree on a golden summer evening, surrounded by an admiring ring of young Spaniards and Italians. She invariably wore a rough tweed skirt, a man's shirt with a stiff collar and a red tie, and a hard straw sailor hat, and smoked like a chimney.

"I was in Berkeley Square," she told us, "and I said to the policeman, 'Which is Mr. Harcourt's house?' He answered, 'I don't know,' and I said, 'Don't you! Then I'll show you!' and I threw the stone."

(Continued on page 144)

UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

In HOLLYWOOD, Center of Beauty

Mme. Louise Zollars

of the well-known Gainsborough Beauty Shoppe

recommends this treatment for skin beauty



Camera portrait of Mme. Louise Zollars, head of the Gainsborough Beauty Shoppe, where many of America's lovely screen stars come for beauty treatment. Madame Zollars is regarded with affectionate respect by her many famous clients, who depend greatly upon her advice in matters of beauty care.

HOLLYWOOD! Where beauty and success are more closely related than anywhere in all the world! Where beauty experts must know, unflinching, the great rules of skin care. Here, in the salons frequented by many of America's loveliest women, a famous treatment is recommended for home care of the skin . . . a treatment advised by every great beauty expert in ten capitals of Europe . . . by hundreds of experts throughout America! This internationally recommended method is based on the twice-a-day use of Palmolive!

Advisor to Hollywood's celebrities

"Every day—in the Gainsborough Beauty Shoppe—can be seen America's famous faces—the lovely faces of moving picture stars known the world over. To this shop—for their beauty treatments—come at least a third of the outstanding stars of the screen," says Mme. Louise Zollars, well known head of the Gainsborough Beauty Shoppe, in Hollywood.

"To all these stars, among whom are many of the best known feminine figures in today's moving picture world, as well as to my distinguished patrons of the society world, I recommend the regular use of Palmolive Soap," Mme. Zollars says. "I agree with Fontaine, of Brussels, Cavalieri and other European beauty specialists that Palmolive should be used twice a day as the perfect home beauty treatment. Its ingredients, palm and olive oils, are



Fontaine, of Brussels, beauty specialist by appointment to Her Majesty the Queen of the Belgians, is only one of the many great beauty experts of Europe who recommend the twice-a-day use of Palmolive Soap as the best home beauty treatment.

harmless to the most delicate skin. They gradually penetrate the pores—free the skin of collected impurities."

Hollywood learns this fact not only from Mme. Zollars but also from Hepner, from the celebrated "Jim," and dozens of its great beauty experts. Just as, in scores of American cities, this same advice is given daily by others.

The 2-minute complexion treatment

In Europe, every capital has its great beauty specialists . . . and every one recommends Palmolive. Bock, of Berlin; Jacobson, of London; le Brun as well as Cavalieri, of Paris; Attilio, of Rome; Pessl, of Vienna—one can't mention all of them in so limited a space.

Until you have begun this simple twice-a-day home treatment you cannot know how easy it is to keep a naturally lovely complexion. But the smart world of Hollywood knows. And so do millions of women in Europe and America where Palmolive is a favorite.

Mme. Louise Zollars

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HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA



When you enter the reception room of the Gainsborough Beauty Shoppe, in Hollywood, you are greeted by signed photographs of many of your favorite screen stars, who come to Mme. Louise Zollars for beauty treatments regularly. To these stars, as well as her patrons of the social world, Mme. Zollars recommends "the regular use of Palmolive Soap as the perfect home beauty treatment."



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HAPPY RECOLLECTIONS OF A TRAGIC EMPRESS

(Continued from page 142)

Villa Cynos,
Cap Martin.

3-4-7.

Mon cher neveu,
Je suis désolée de l'accident qui me prive du grand plaisir de vous avoir à Cynos, j'espère que Vittoria ne fera pas d'imprudences en voulant aller plus vite que de raison en chemin de fer; j'avais bien vu dans le New York Herald qu'elle s'était faite une contusion à l'épaule mais je ne me doutais pas que cela ait été aussi sérieux. Il faut fait usage de votre autorité pour la faire se soigner; vous me dédommerez en venant plus tard à Farnborough.

Croyez, mon cher neveu, à mes sentiments bien affectueux.

EUGENIE.

At Cap Martin life was more or less as at Farnborough; the same "Empire" atmosphere pervaded both houses, full of souvenirs of the Napoleonic period, and portraits of the Empress and her ladies, in the full flush of their youth and beauty, painted by Winterhalter.

The Casino of Monte Carlo took the place of tennis and hockey, and the Empress, with her wonderful understanding, was always ready to send the young people off in her automobile for a little flutter at the tables. Needless to say she had never been there herself. Moreover, though we often tried to explain to her the rules of roulette and trente-et-quarante, she couldn't grasp them in the least. She occasionally presented us with a *louis* to put on for her, but as we invariably lost it she failed to understand the charm of the Casino. All the same she would gaily call out: "*Eh bien! on a gagné!*" every time we came back, and enjoyed hearing all the details of the expedition.

I once arrived at Cap Martin, having lost my luggage and, being extremely young, was depressed at the prospect of visiting Monte Carlo in my traveling clothes.

The Empress wished to lend me a hat. She always possessed three, that were distinguished by name—"Troisplumes" was the morning hat, and "*Va-t-en-ville*" the afternoon one, while "*Le Glorieux*" was reserved for very special occasions. She wished me to wear "*Le Glorieux*" at Monte Carlo, and was rather vexed at my refusal. "*Tu ne veux même pas 'Le Glorieux'?*" *Mais il a trois plumes!*" I still regret not having been able to overcome my self-consciousness; it would have been far better to have appeared in the Casino crowned with the Empress's three nodding plumes than to have hurt her feelings. She had been the supreme leader of fashion in Paris in her day, and all that remained of that period of glory were a few old dresses which one day she amused herself by making me try on. The crinolines were charming and made one feel like an animated flower, but the quaint little bodices were quite impossible to squeeze into, at least for me. "*Et pourtant Dieu sait que je ne me serrais pas,*" said the Empress proudly.

THE war came and swept us all apart, upsetting our entire existences. I saw her in the Spring of 1915, when part of Farnborough Hill had been turned into a hospital for officers, and I lunched with her and a few of the convalescent patients. This was just before Italy entered the war. I then went back to my own country and we met no more.

A friend of mine called on her some time afterward. She asked about all her Italian relations and especially about me, saying how grieved she was at my marriage having turned out so unhappily after having seen us both so often, gay, lighthearted and devoted to each other, in her house.

My friend, rather at a loss for something to say, murmured: "*Les hommes valent bien peu . . .*" The old Empress straightened herself up and grasped her visitor's arm. "*Mais nous sommes seules, n'est-ce pas, Madame?*" Her sight had almost completely failed. "*Eh bien, alors je vous dirai; ils ne valent rien.*"

(Continued on page 148)

I had in my muff and smashed a window to smithereens." (We all gasped with delight.) "The policeman said, 'I felt it coming! Will you go quietly, Miss?'"

We were all rather disappointed to hear she *did* go quietly.

In prison Ethel was put to sewing policemen's trousers. As she had never held a needle in her life she pointed out to the authorities that it was pretty rough on the policemen, but she had to do it all the same.

ALL this was long ago. Now women's votes and women members of Parliament form part of everyday life in England, and one is already forgetting the desperate fight made by a group of plucky women to obtain these results. No doubt during the war women drew attention to themselves in a nobler way, and had it not been for that, the Militant Suffragettes might have gone on striving in vain for years.

Public opinion was against them and they were nicknamed the "unenjoyed". I remember once at Newmarket the latest Suffragette outrage was being discussed before King Edward. They had done something particularly iniquitous that week, but the King didn't take any part in the conversation till the end, when he said one word, with quiet decision. It was "Beasts!"

The Empress loved the sea and owned a yacht called "The Thistle," on which she often went for long cruises, usually accompanied by my uncle Prospero Colonna and Conte Guiseppe Primoli, but as I am a bad sailor I preferred her Farnborough and Cap Martin hospitality.

She was one of the first to possess a gramophone when they were first invented, and told with glee a little anecdote of how once when she was sitting on the deck of "The Thistle" at Cowes she put on a record of a rather vulgar comic ditty, and a sailor nearly fell overboard with astonishment, thinking that the Empress herself was breaking into song.

I enjoyed staying with the Empress at Cap Martin even more than at Farnborough, perhaps on account of the fascinating neighborhood of Monte Carlo and its Casino; but there seemed a fate against my going there so often. Twice in one year we had to put off our visit. Once just when we were ready to leave my father-in-law did not allow us to start as he wished my husband to attend to some business for him. I wrote very sadly to the Empress of my disappointment, and she answered at once with one of her charming tactful letters.

Villa Cynos,
Cap Martin.

8-3-7.

Ma bien chère nièce,

Je suis désolée du motif qui vous a empêché de venir mais je comprends que le premier devoir de ton mari est d'aider son père dans les difficultés qui ont surgi dans ses propriétés de la campagne romaine. Je serai heureuse si les choses se rétablissent et vous pouvez vous absenter en Avril d'avoir votre visite. Je ne puis, dès aujourd'hui fixer une date parce que j'attends du monde mais dès que ce sera possible je te dirai le moment où je suis libre, espérant qu'il coïncidera avec vos plans.

J'ai eu la grippe et je suis encore souffrante. Le temps n'est ce qu'il devrait être dans cette saison.

Je t'embrasse de tout cœur.

Ton affectueuse Tante,

EUGENIE.

J'attends aujourd'hui Prospero mais comme il n'a pas donné son adresse à Milan, la lettre lui disant qu'il pouvait venir a du passer par Rome: ce n'est pas très pratique.

A MONTH later, when I was hoping to bring off our deferred visit, I had a very bad accident while riding on the Roman Campagna with my cousin Marcantonio Colonna.

This time the Empress wrote to my husband:

Original from

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At all toilet goods counters—Regular Glazo 50¢, Perfumed Glazo 60¢. Or send 6¢ for generous trial bottles of new Perfumed Glazo and Remover. Just send the coupon below.

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Exemplified in the lovely Sams' home at New Rochelle, N. Y.—designed and woven to order on the looms of Mohawk



The foyer in the Sams' New York home. Observe the exquisite symmetry of stairways and balcony and the perfect harmony of line and tone in the Mohawk Chenille carpeting.



Detail of one of the graceful stairways in the Sams' home. This study shows particularly well how the Mohawk Chenille carpeting was woven to fit the irregular floor outline. The architect of the Sams' home was Mr. Frederick G. Frost, who also directed the interior decoration.

DEEP-PILED, lustrous, softly beautiful, Mohawk Chenille carpets are setting the standard of good taste in homes of charm and individuality everywhere.

Quite apart from their impressive luxury Mohawk Chenilles have a special property which recommends them to the discriminating. This property is their perfect conformability. They can be woven to fit exactly the most irregular room outlines, as is shown in the accompanying studies of the home of E. C. Sams, President, J. C. Penney Company, Incorporated.

Mohawk has looms equipped to turn out Chenille carpeting seamless up to thirty feet in width. It has experts ready to advise on color, pattern, pile depth and cost, and to aid in taking precise measure-

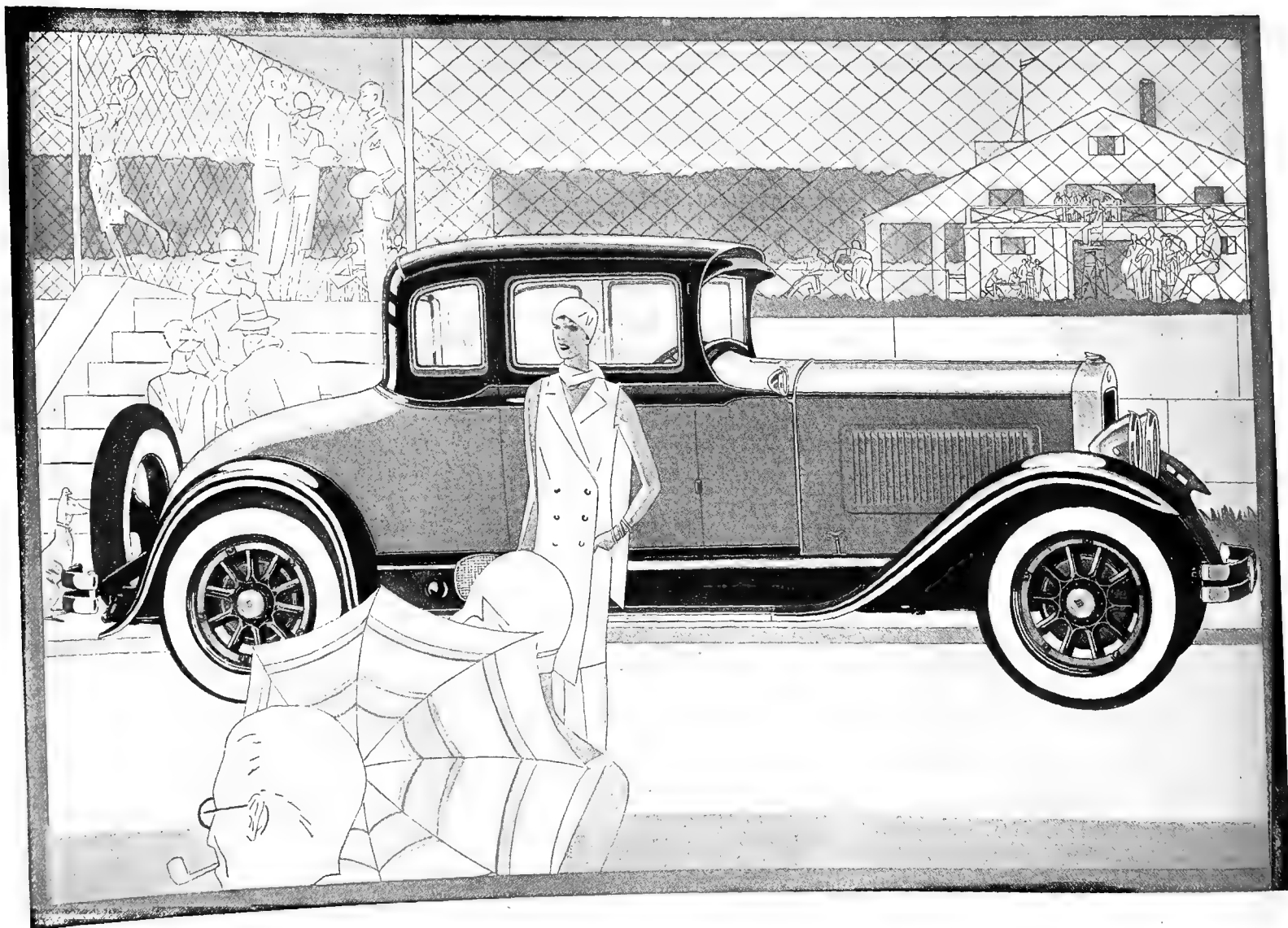
ments. It has Chenille distributors strategically situated throughout the country to insure prompt service.

Chenille is a fabric practically without technical restriction. It can be woven to order in any color or gradation of tone. There are few limitations in design. Thus, coats-of-arms and other insignia can be effectively introduced or special patterns created to insure home harmony and complete individuality. For this purpose Mohawk maintains a special Chenille designing staff.

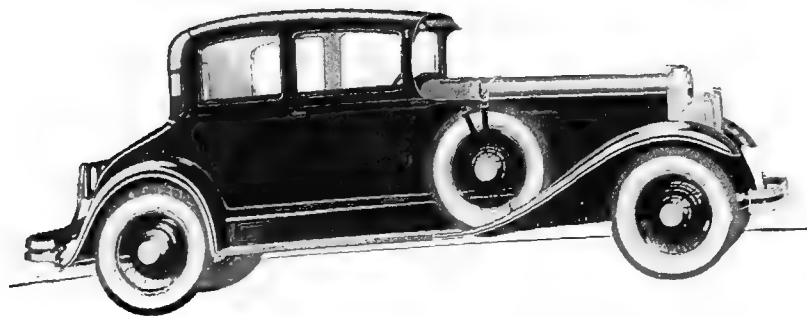
The Mohawk Carpet Mills, of Amsterdam, New York, produces Chenilles in quantity. More Chenille carpet flows from its looms than from all other American looms combined. Mohawk invites inquiry concerning its fine Chenilles, both ready woven and woven to order.

BY THEIR STYLE YOU MAY KNOW THEM

... for artist and craftsman have truly interpreted the very spirit of Studebaker's champion motor cars



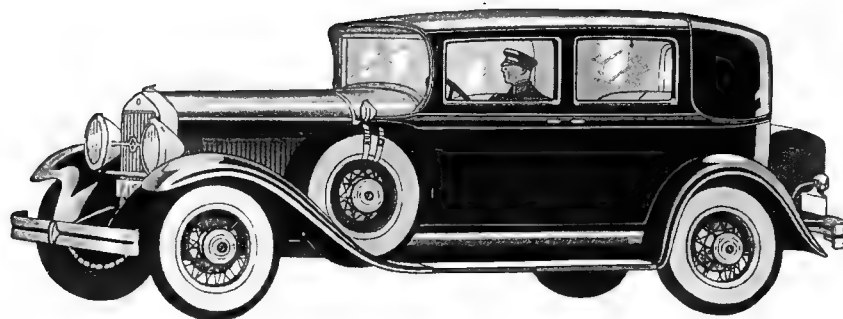
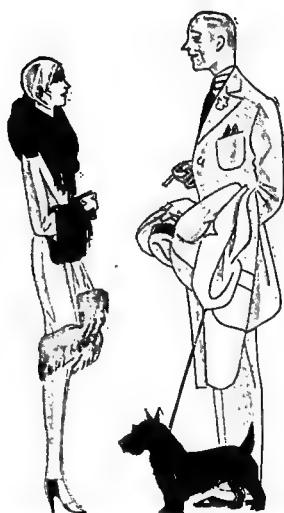
The Commander Coupe, available either as a straight eight or six, offers a choice of two body types—for four or for two passengers. The four-passenger model has a comfortable rumble seat, while the coupe for two affords generous luggage space in the rear. The Commander Six Coupe for Two is \$1350, the Eight \$1495. The Six-cylinder Coupe for Four is \$1425 and the Eight \$1550.



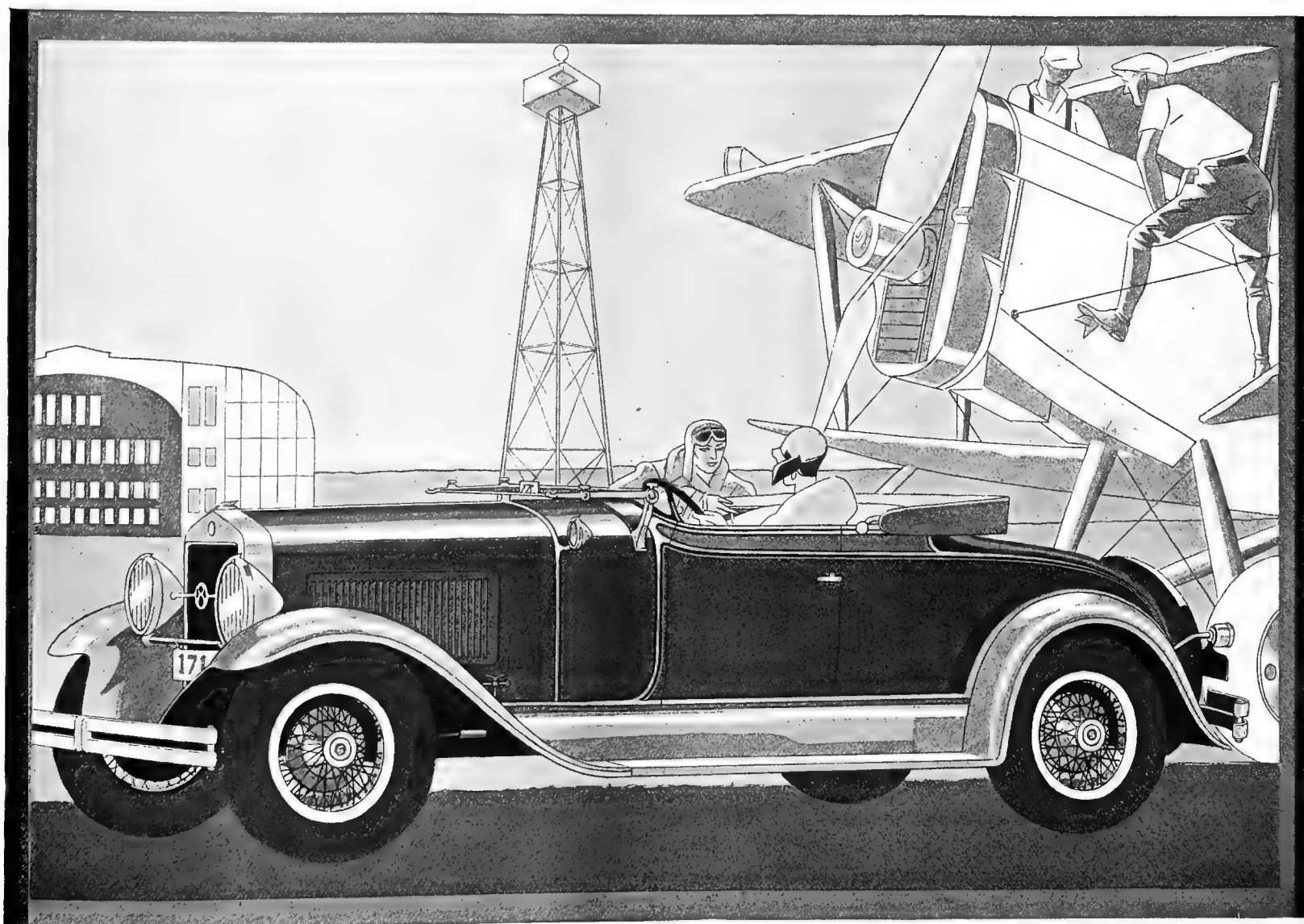
The President Eight State Victoria seats four in the utmost comfort. A very popular car for social or business use. Wide windows afford excellent vision. Six wire wheels and trunk rack are standard equipment. Priced at \$1895. The Commander Eight Victoria is \$1525, The Commander Six \$1375.

LOOK for the sinewy grace that betokens fleetness and stamina . . . you will find it in motor cars by Studebaker, clothed in beauty befitting the holders of every official speed and endurance record for fully equipped stock cars. And the world has rewarded this championship performance and style with sales leadership among all the eights.

Look from the curb, from a passing car, from where you will—there is no view from which a glance does not reveal the low-swung beauty which sets these champion Studebakers apart from traffic.



The Commander Brougham. Companionable, roomy, beautifully appointed. Available as a straight eight or six. Upholstery is of broadcloth or mohair. Folding center arm rest in rear seat. Adjustable steering wheel, pedals and driver's seat. The Commander Straight Eight Brougham is \$1675; the six \$1525. Six wire wheels and trunk with three cases standard equipment.



Look from within, as you glide at ease. While your eyes rest upon perfect appointments, thank Studebaker engineering for riding comfort unknown until Studebaker introduced ball bearing spring shackles and added hydraulic shock absorbers.

Your every impression will be of a very costly car. Yet Studebaker's One-Profit manufacture results in prices which are surprisingly moderate.

The President Eight Roadster is a splendid interpretation of championship performance. Restful comfort for four—seating two in the spacious lounge seat and two in the commodious rumble. Built on the famous 115 horsepower world champion chassis. Ball bearing spring shackles and Houdaille hydraulic shock absorbers. Priced \$1785, with five wire wheels.

All prices at the factory, bumpers and spare tires extra

STUDEBAKER

Builder of Champions

HAPPY RECOLLECTIONS OF A TRAGIC EMPRESS

(Continued from page 144)

Flavor-Sealed HAM

an Indispensable Vacation Companion

Now—you can always enjoy a perfect ham dinner no matter how far from a source of supply—for Flavor-Sealed Ham keeps fresh, flavorful, tender in its vacuum sealed container. Convenient and quick to serve. Thoroughly cooked, it is ready to use cold. Grill in 3 minutes—bake in one-fourth the usual time. A favorite reserve food for vacationists—and a flavor favorite among increasing thousands of homes and hotels. By the exclusive Hormel process all those natural flavors and savory juices lost by usual cooking methods are saved—for Flavor-Sealed Ham is first vacuum sealed in its individual container and then vacuum cooked. Economical—no bone, no skin, no waste. At leading stores, or write Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minnesota



A sad conclusion to arrive at after a long life which had been fuller of experience than that of most human beings.

In her young days my grandmother had met the famous Contessa di Castiglione and apparently not liked her. So many books have been written about this lady that it is almost unnecessary to recall that she was supposed to be the most beautiful woman of her day. She was Cavour's niece, and came to Paris during the Second Empire, sent, so they said, by her uncle on a secret political mission, her first task being to make the conquest of the Emperor Napoleon III, and in this, at least, she succeeded admirably.

The Empress, whose jealousy made her anxious to catch a glimpse of the famous beauty, with the connivance of a lady-in-waiting, was concealed in the house of a friend when the latter was entertaining all Paris with a fancy dress ball.

Thus she saw Contessa di Castiglione, a most exquisite vision, robed as Diana the Huntress, and even the embittered Empress had to admire. But she noticed that the Contessa wore a tiny heart on a bangle around her slim ankle, and said sharply:

"Oui, elle est bien belle, mais son cœur est placé trop bas!"

"La Castiglione's" beauty was only equaled by her conceit. She used to say that it was impossible for her to walk in the street without wearing two or three thick veils to avoid being mobbed by the admiring crowds; but my grandmother said this was nonsense, for her beauty was of a very delicate description, with small features and pale complexion, so that it did not attract immediate attention and required closer observation to be thoroughly appreciated. My grandmother remembered when Contessa di Castiglione came to London and a dinner was given in her honor, I believe at Holland House, to which all the English beauties of the day were invited, among others my grandmother. She said that "La Castiglione" kept them all waiting half an hour, an unheard of thing in those days, and finally floated in looking a perfect dream, with a dress of snow-white tulle over an enormous crinoline, and a wreath of purple pansies in her hair. My grandmother said regretfully: "None of us could hold a candle to her!"

Unfortunately she did not tell me the names of the other beauties present at the dinner.

She said that Contessa di Castiglione sat near Frederick Leighton, the painter, afterwards Lord Leighton, and almost at once held out for his inspection her hand and arm, as a model of perfection! Leighton said afterward that she was the most beautiful and also the vainest woman he had ever met.

THE Empress Eugénie died in Madrid in the house of her nephew, the Duke of Alba. He told me that when she arrived she drove from the station to his house in an open carriage pointing out rapturously to her faithful maid, Aline, all the principal buildings on the way. When begged to put on her dark spectacles, she answered proudly: "*Le soleil d'Espagne n'a jamais fait mal aux yeux.*"

I am thankful she lived to see Germany defeated and the war of 1870 avenged. It was also wonderful that the end came when she was in her own country, Spain, that she loved so passionately and had not seen for so many long years.

AFTER the death of my dear grandmother, in the autumn of 1906, the house in Eaton Square which had been my English home for so many years was dismantled and shut up, and for the first time I felt a lonely foreigner in London. It was then that I realized the value of English friendship, for all my friends had only one idea, that I should continue to come to London yearly, and kind invitations reached me from all sides. But it was the late Mrs. Wilfred Ashley, with whom I had become acquainted during the gaieties of the London season, who wrote me the most charming letter of all,

as she guessed how lonely I was, and asked me to consider her home mine whenever I came to England. This was the beginning of a very deep friendship between us, that lasted until her tragic death from consumption, in 1911, at the early age of thirty.

The several long stays I made in her charming house in Bruton Street and at Colonel Ashley's beautiful family seat, Broadlands, are among the happiest recollections of my life.

Mrs. Ashley was the only daughter of the great financier, Sir Ernest Cassel, and had in a great measure inherited his keen intellect. She was a delightful companion, with a great sense of humor and *joie de vivre*. She was not so beautiful as her daughter, Lady Louis Mountbatten, has become, but she had the most exquisite complexion I have ever seen, clear hazel eyes, and very pretty hands and feet. She was very popular wherever she went and frankly enjoyed society, though her health was so delicate that she got terribly overtired. I think she enjoyed a good game of bridge, and now and then some poker, as much as anything, and, for those days, played rather high stakes. It was very bitter that she who had so much in life to make her happy should have been denied the one essential—good health.

Owing to my great friendship with his daughter I saw a good deal of Sir Ernest Cassel, with whom I became very intimate. He was not an easy man to get on with, and his temper was somewhat alarming. I often wondered what his servants felt when he began to clench his fists at the dining-room table, a sign of some furious comment soon to follow; but they were evidently so accustomed to it that they remained quite unperturbed. Even with his only daughter, whom he adored, there were occasional flare-ups, and sometimes even I got a snubbing, but on the whole he was the soul of kindness and I think he was very fond of me.

He certainly liked to have us both run in and out of his beautiful home, Brook House, which now belongs to his granddaughter, Lady Louis Mountbatten.

I was Cassel's guest in Egypt for quite a long while. My husband had planned a journey in Syria on his own account, and it was decided that I was to accompany him as far as Egypt and await his return to Cairo. But when Cassel heard of this arrangement he would not allow me to be alone there and insisted on my joining his party, which consisted of the Wilfred Ashleys, an old business friend of his, Mr. Jacob Schiff of New York and Mrs. Schiff. Both Cassel and Schiff were, of course, of German origin, and each had made an enormous fortune by banking, one in England and the other in America. Mr. Jacob Schiff was very proud of being an American citizen; he spoke exactly as though he had arrived from Frankfurt the day before, in spite of forty years in the United States. He was a charming old man, the soul of honesty and honor, and deeply attached to his religion. I developed a sincere regard and friendship for him, and also for Mrs. Schiff, during our travels together.

We were all Cassel's guests in Cairo for about six weeks, after which he took us up the Nile on a steam dahabiyeh for a delightful three weeks, when, of course, we visited all the lovely places on the Nile as far as Wadi-Halfa. Once there, he asked us to decide whether we preferred visiting Khartoum or Jerusalem, as he hadn't time for both. We all chose Jerusalem, so we steamed back to Cairo and then took a steamer from Alexandria to Jaffa.

While we were lunching at Jaffa, Cassel was handed a telegram from Mrs. Bishoffsheim, begging him to return at once to London as her husband was dying. I believe that it was in "Bish's" bank that Cassel began his career as an office boy, and a very deep friendship united the two men. Though he had a great desire to see Jerusalem, he didn't hesitate for a moment, and decided to return on another ship that was just about to start.

(Continued on page 150)

ALL ITS FLAVORS SEALED IN



IMPERIAL ROADSTER (with rumble seat), \$2895 at factory. Wire wheels extra.

ULTRA FASHIONABLE

A New Imperial Custom Roadster

CONNOISSEURS of motor car beauty have accepted the new Chrysler Imperial as the most beautiful roadster on the road. It is self-evidently today's masterpiece of style and symmetry—a sports car different from all traditional designs. The new custom body is the finest expression of the sophisticated taste and masterly technique of Locke, who designed it. The sloping silhouette and the curve of the bas-relief modeling which sweeps with graceful flourish across the lower

section of the body are new notes in roadster appearance—focal points of charm and distinction. The rumble seat compartment has a door on the curb side and a separate windshield, fitted, like the folding windshield in front, with non-shatterable glass. Beside this alluring newness of custom-body treatment, the new Imperial Roadster possesses that smooth, animated, sparkling performance which instantly typifies the masterful genius of Chrysler engineering. Price \$2895 at the factory. Wire wheels extra.

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL



CHRYSLER



MOTORS PRODUCT

BIEN JOLIE FOUNDATIONS



Solo-ette

*The ideal summer foundation for wear
beneath sheer frocks. Gently restraining,
exquisite in design and fashioned of ma-
terials caressingly soft and cool.*

At all good stores

Write for illustrations
of the newest Bien Jolie models

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FOR SALE IN LONDON BY MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

Loveliness in Every Line

CORSETS · BANDETTES · GIRDLES · BRASSIERES
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HAPPY RECOLLECTIONS OF A TRAGIC EMPRESS

(Continued from page 148)

It was arranged that we should proceed on our journey as Mr. Schiff's guests instead. He proved himself the kindest and most considerate of hosts and I remember being overcome with confusion on discovering that he had ordered a special train to convey us from Jaffa to Jerusalem, simply because I had said I disliked making an early morning start!

MR. SCHIFF and I did a lot of sight-seeing together, and as we were of two different religions we were very careful not to hurt each other's feelings. He came with me to Roman Catholic ceremonies, which interested him a good deal, and I accompanied him to see the Jews wail at the wall of their ruined Temple, rather nervous lest he was going to wail too. But he was only a reverent spectator, much grieved that there should be so many curious onlookers at a ceremony which had such a deep significance for him. I tried to comfort him with the assurance that it was nothing compared to the tourists who crowd into St. Peter's in Rome during the singing of the "Miserere" in Holy Week.

Mr. Jacob Schiff and I went to Bethlehem together in a victoria drawn by two horses, with an imposing looking dragoman seated near the coachman. It was a charming drive, in ideal weather. When we got there the dragoman leaped off the box and pointed to the village with a dramatic gesture.

"Sir!" he exclaimed, "this is Bethlehem."

Schiff looked very serious and thought for a moment.

"Ach!" he said, "and vere can ve have our tea?"

Another day we drove down to the Dead Sea and the Jordan and spent a night at Jericho, and I loved the road through the olive trees and the brilliance of the poppies dotted in the grass. Coming as we did from Egypt, where everything that is shown dates from several centuries B. C., I felt that our Lord's period was not much further removed from us than the French Revolution.

I spent some happy hours painting in the Garden of Gethsemane, with a distant view of the gate of Jerusalem through which Christ rode on his ass on that first Palm Sunday of the world. A dear old Italian monk kept me company, and showed me a photograph of his picture painted by John Sargent.

Mr. Schiff's charity toward his co-religionists was unbounded. The last evening we were in Jerusalem he spent all his time after dinner writing checks for various Jewish charitable institutions, all for very considerable sums, and when we left the hotel next morning we were nearly overwhelmed by the thanks of the grateful old gentlemen who were waiting outside.

The hem of my coat was humbly kissed by them, who were under the false impression that I was also their benefactress, and I passed through the crowd of rabbis with a halo of merit round my head that was entirely undeserved.

Cassel was a more worldly and polished type of financier, honored by King Edward's friendship and in a way, I suppose, more run after than any man in London. I was devoted to his elder sister, Mrs. "Bobbie" Cassel, who kept house for him and was the dearest soul alive. Sir Ernest's Scotch wife died when she was very young, leaving one tiny baby, and Mrs. Bobbie brought up little Maudie with as much love and tender care as she gave to her own children, even more, so she told me, because she was so delicate. She never lost her strong German accent and worshipped her "bruzzer", of whom I think she was also rather afraid.

Her "Spoonerisms" were proverbial, and Maudie Ashley and I delighted in them and collected them carefully. She would greet her guests with a cheery invitation to "come to their hair and tidy their rooms" before luncheon, and I have known her to affirm that Cambridge was forty miles away "as the cock crows", and also that "it is a long worm that has no turning!"

AFTER King Edward's death, Sir Ernest Cassel led a more retired life and gave up business altogether. I think his daughter's death broke his heart. He struggled to save her life with everything that science could invent and money could procure. Nothing was too much trouble or too expensive. At the Assouan Hotel he engaged three floors to insure her not being disturbed by the slightest noise, and chartered a private steamer to bring her back to England. During the last months of her life, when she lived in a bungalow in the gardens of Broadlands—a last desperate attempt to combine the open-air cure with her wish to be in her own home—he showered gifts of jewels, furs and money on her, but she was too ill then to care for what would have given her so much delight a few years before.

I went several times to stay at Broadlands during those sad days, and Maudie with her unflinching sense of humor would show me feebly her father's gifts. "And all I need now are a few nightgowns . . ." she would murmur. He even gave her a most valuable Pekingese, who rather bored her, and who—according to her account—disliked her so much that he had to be chained to the bed-post during "Papa's" visit, not to hurt his feelings.

After poor Maudie's death, Cassel was a broken man, and it was pitiful to see him sitting alone at Brook House, surrounded by everything that money could buy, and yet so utterly miserable.

"Money never brought me any happiness," he said to me the last time we met. That was before the war, which came to crush his soul more utterly. I did not see him during those years, but I know he led the quietest of lives, giving most generously to every possible fund and utterly loyal to his adopted country. But he suffered greatly, and the end was one which I am sure he would have chosen—to be found sitting at his writing-table at Brook House, sleeping the eternal sleep, and at peace at last.

It was during the war between Italy and Turkey that I had rather a curious experience.

I was in Rome at the time, when I received a letter from one of the members of the Government, asking at what hour I could receive him, as he had to speak to me on an important matter that was strictly confidential. I fixed an appointment, and I confess I never felt more curious in my life.

He turned up, punctual and pompous, and all doors being carefully closed he explained the motive of his visit with carefully chosen words. It had come to his ears that the great British financier, Sir Ernest Cassel, was arranging a loan for Turkey. There could be no doubt as to the ultimate result of the war, but this loan to the Turks might prolong it a few months, which was undesirable. He happened to know that I was an intimate friend of Cassel's. Was I a good Italian? Did I want a place in history? Did I want to go down to posterity as having done a really fine thing? I was to prevent this loan being made to our enemy, at all costs.

He was so earnest that it seemed hopeless to explain that my influence on Cassel was not unbounded, and in any case could have no effect on his financial plans. So I took the attitude of looking solemn and saying I would do what I could, upon which my important visitor left, satisfied at having, as he thought, arranged the whole matter!

As far as I can remember, I wrote to a woman friend of mine in London, who was also a friend of Cassel's, and as a PS. to my letter, added:

"I hear Sir Ernest is lending money to the Turks. Tell him for me that he's a wretch!"

I do not know whether the message was ever delivered, but anyway Italy won the war, and I hope my poor member of the Government, who now has also joined the Great Majority, went to his grave fondly imagining that his Machiavellic scheme had worked satisfactorily.

(To be continued)

Why Women Prefer this Fleecy Soft Sanitary Protection

*It is softer than ever before; more comfort-giving
and designed to relieve a vital feminine problem.*

THE fleecy, delicate folds of Cellucotton absorbent wadding (Kotex filler) offer a type of softness that no substitutes can equal. Because of its downy white cotton-like structure and its correct absorbency, surgeons in 80% of the country's leading hospitals insist upon Cellucotton absorbent wadding, to give patients the greatest possible degree of hygienic comfort.

Rounded, tapered corners

Because corners of the pad are now rounded and tapered it fits unobtrusively . . . fits with greater comfort, too. It is disposable, as you know, just like tissue (reason enough for women to prefer Kotex). Layers of the filler are adjustable. They can be changed to suit your needs.

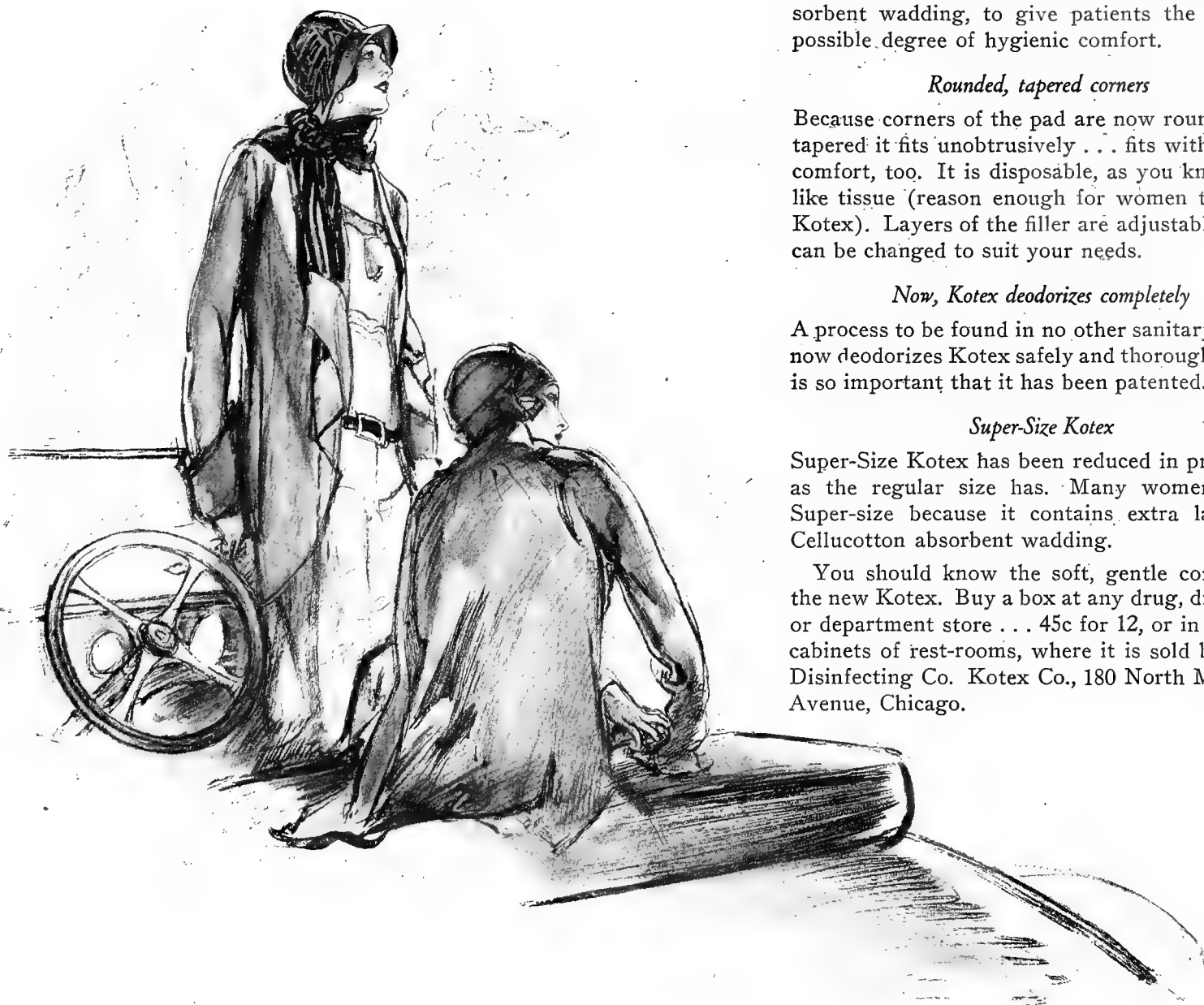
Now, Kotex deodorizes completely

A process to be found in no other sanitary napkin now deodorizes Kotex safely and thoroughly. This is so important that it has been patented.*

Super-Size Kotex

Super-Size Kotex has been reduced in price, just as the regular size has. Many women prefer Super-size because it contains extra layers of Cellucotton absorbent wadding.

You should know the soft, gentle comfort of the new Kotex. Buy a box at any drug, dry goods or department store . . . 45c for 12, or in vending cabinets of rest-rooms, where it is sold by West Disinfecting Co. Kotex Co., 180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.



KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad Which Deodorizes

*Patent No. 1,670,587,
granted May 22, 1928.

[[Prices slightly higher
in Canada]]

SHALL WE GILD THE LILY?

(Continued from page 89)

which powder base is best suited to your type of skin, and then select the shade of powder which will modify the coloring and give you the exact synthetic tan you wish to acquire. There are six Elizabeth Arden Sun Tan powders: the Bronze group, and the Rosetta group—which, as might be expected from the name, has a more rosy tint—and both come in a light, medium and dark shade.

In addition, there is a marvelous new preparation, Ardena Bronze, which is a clear liquid for darkening the skin and is ideal for the neck and arms and legs. Simply soak a piece of dry cotton with this and rub it quickly and evenly over the surface. The result is an enthralling natural tan which will not come off on your partner's dinner jacket or ruin the neck-line of your white satin evening frock. This is a very quick, easy and realistic sunburn make-up, coming off readily with cream or soap and water. Miss Arden particularly recommends her Velva Bath Mitts, which are very efficient for removing all traces of yellow and which leave the skin soft and smooth. Ardena Bronze may be diluted one half with Velva Lotion and used to darken the face before putting on one of the bronze powder bases.

I watched Miss Arden herself make up most effectively a girl with brown eyes, and a brown cast to her skin. She used Bronze Lille Lotion for the face and neck as a base, and light Rosetta powder. A touch of medium Amoretta rouge on the cheeks, lots on the lips, darkened lashes and some of Miss Arden's new green eye shadow, and we observed a rather drab type transformed into a strikingly lovely person. Other models, with blonde, brunette, red and even white tresses demonstrated that Sun Tan preparations could be used entrancingly on all types.

CHEZ HELENA RUBINSTEIN

HELENA Rubinstein has three shades of sunburn make-up, all three to be used on the face as well as the body. Gypsy Tan, a yellow tan; Huile Gypsy, a coppery tan; and Gypsy Liquid Powder, a pure dark brown. Gypsy Tan is the most conservative and is a cream which should be spread evenly on a wet skin; Huile Gypsy, an oil which should be massaged into the skin with the finger tips; and Gypsy Tan Liquid Powder, the darkest tan, must be applied very quickly to a dry skin. All of these preparations should be allowed to dry fifteen minutes before applying powder, for then they do not rub off easily.

After you have experimented and decided whether a yellow, copper, or brown tan base is the most becoming, there is the Helena Rubinstein Sun Tan powder, in one shade only, which carries out your particular effect; or French Ochre powder, a deep pink which also goes with all of the shades but gives a more glowing quality to the skin.

Madame Rubinstein advises the use of her vivid Geranium rouge and lipstick, as her Raspberry shade is killed by browns. Also, she believes that dry rouge blends better with this make-up than cream rouge and emphasizes the importance of the eyes and the lips. Her eye shadow comes in gray, blue or green.

From experiments on many models in the Salon, Madame Rubinstein believes that the copper tan (Huile Gypsy) is best for blondes; yellow tan (Gypsy Tan) for brown-eyed brunettes; and the real dark brown (Sun Tan Liquid Powder) for the in-between types with medium brown hair and gray-green eyes.

She has even carried the interest in Sun Tan make-up so far as to cooperate with Cheney Silks in determining the exact colors which harmonize with a tanned skin for blondes, "mediums" and brunettes, feeling that it is not accurate enough to assume that all pastel colors are becoming to a tawny skin. Briefly, Madame Rubinstein, in conjunction with Cheney Silks, discovered that the off-whites and rose tones are unusually flattering, as are the light green-blues, greens and soft yellows. In fact, this group is

the perfect summer tan range. "The lavender-blues and tawny tones form a group that is especially suited to the brown hair and brunette, but is not for the sun-tanned blonde. On the other hand, this vivid yellow-green may be worn by the blonde or brunette but is a little dramatic for the medium person. A soft lavender is very exciting on the woman with brown hair, but should be avoided by the blonde or brunette." It was also found that the color of the eyes is important to the brown-haired girl, especially the tanned complexion heightening the effect of blue or gray eyes and making the blue and lavender color ranges most effective; with brown eyes the tawny tones are preferable. Darker colors, of course, may be combined with these lighter colors, to attain the color contrast which is so desirable this summer.

For those who are silly enough to get an ugly red sunburn, Madame Rubinstein's Sunburn Cream is miraculously soothing, and to prevent this deplorable condition, her oil is excellent for rubbing all over the body before taking a sun bath. For the China white skin devotee, Eau d'Or, a fragrant lemon lotion, will bleach sunburn and freckles, as does Complexion Bleach, a cream to be applied at night.

CHEZ ANGELA VARONA

ANGELA Varona has simplified her tan preparations to Varona Sun Tan, a harmless caramel stain in liquid form with a slightly oily base to be applied with a piece of absorbent cotton on a dry surface. Miss Varona's two powders are Extra-dark Rachel, a brown brown, and Sunburn powder, a reddish brown. Varona's Spanish Balm in the extra-dark Rachel shade is better for the face and neck. This well-known favorite, of course, comes in all shades, so may be used by the woman who wishes to keep her skin fair. Varona Mask is excellent for bleaching purposes and also for relieving an oily condition of the skin which is often prevalent in the summer. Varona Sunburn Oil is a pleasant oil intended for use on the beach to prevent peeling and real burning. Miss Varona has a clever little Sun Tan Week-end Box which contains a bottle of cleansing cream and tissues, nourishing cream, bronze Spanish Balm for the face, a bottle of Varona Sun Tan for the body, bright rouge and divine blue eye shadow. This small box may be slipped easily into a week-end bag and holds all the necessary equipment to make one's friends in the country believe you have been spending hours in the sun like themselves.

CHEZ DOROTHY GRAY

DOROTHY Gray brought out, some time ago, a splendid Sunburn Cream in liquid form, which prevents the skin from burning and allows it to tan gradually. This is quite different from the usual oils, as there is no greasiness about it and its strong floral odor is unexpectedly pleasant. The skin absorbs it readily and it has been very popular and successful with people who have used ultra-violet ray machines this winter. Dorothy Gray's Finishing Lotion, in the bronze shade, is for the woman who wants to give her skin a darker velvety finish (although a blonde could use it for an artificial effect). It harmonizes perfectly with a normal tan and is a good powder base. Copper-tan is created to produce an artificial effect of tan, and is a powdery lotion which must be spread on evenly and quickly, and leaves a soft natural finish. Powder isn't necessary over this lotion, as the skin looks less artificially bronzed without it. However, you can use the bronze Dorothy Gray powder and Tawny rouge created specially for this make-up. A nice healthy effect may be obtained by using Tawny Finishing Lotion on a normal skin. It does not give an artificial look, but just a suggestion of being in the sun, and at night, it is startlingly exotic with a black frock plus much lipstick (Dorothy Gray evening shade).

(Concluded on page 154)



TO WOMEN who would observe the formalities and the fashion, No. 4711 Eau de Cologne is a daily essential. A mildly astringent base for cosmetics, a refreshing adjunct to the bath, a lotion superb, a gently stimulating restorative when one is fatigued—a priceless aid to feminine allure! And, for gentlemen, the perfect conclusion to tub or shower, and an exhilarating yet soothing complement of the morning shave!

No. 4711
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(In the bottle with the blue-and-gold label)

Made in U. S. A. by
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NEW YORK

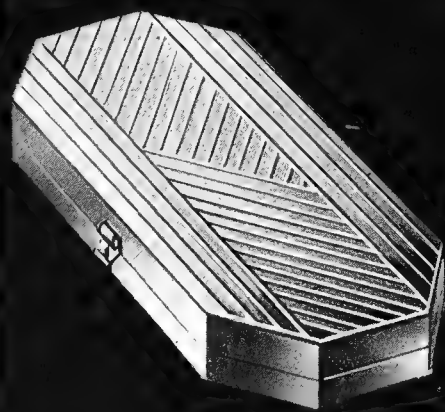


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UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

IN THE MODE MODERNE....



TRIPLE VANIT
POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK
\$2.00

DOUBLE VANITY
POWDER AND ROUGE
\$1.75

A new compact by Houbigant that is a superb exemplification of the moderne. In its sophisticated platinum toned case, it is more than merely beautiful. It is eminently practical, embodying a beveled mirror of a really usable size, with a disposition of contents that is conveniently ingenious.

HOUBIGANT PARIS

SHALL WE GILD THE LILY?

(Concluded from page 152)

CHEZ MARIE EARLE

MARIE EARLE has a splendid artificial tan make-up. Blanc Gras, her finishing cream in the sunburn shade is worked into the face, a touch of light paste rouge for the cheeks and lips, and a finishing coat of her new powder, which is smoother in texture and slightly heavier than the old. Marie Earle liquid powder in the same sunburn shades should be used for the neck, shoulders and arms and protect the skin beautifully. For the woman who doesn't want a dark make-up and yet would like a slightly sunburned look, Blanc Gras and liquid powder in Ochre would be excellent. Marie Earle Special Nourishing Oil permits the skin to tan normally if rubbed all over the body. Incidentally, the active sportswoman will be enchanted with Miss Earle's Country Club Beauty Box, which is a perfect size to keep in your locker, or slip into the side pocket of a car. It has a large mirror in the top and a unique pink rubber apron attached to the front of the box, which ties at the back of the neck—thereby protecting the clothes from creams and powder. In the kit are the Essential Cream and Cucumber Lotion (which are always used together), a bottle of the Soothing Freshener Lotion to remove all traces of cream, a bottle of special lotion for irritations such as mosquito or fly bites, and a box of powder. Everything the fastidious woman could need to care for her skin quickly after exercise. Another novelty of this house is the make-up head-band of pink rubberized material which has an elastic inset, and snaps securely in the back. This is marvelous for protecting the hair.

CHEZ PRIMROSE HOUSE

THIS house has brought out a new Sun Tan group consisting of four preparations, Foundation Cream for the face and Petal Bloom Liquid Powder for the arms and neck, and their famous Chiffon Powder in a harmonizing shade. They strongly recommend no rouge, as they feel that it gives an unbecoming shadow on the cheeks, but emphasize the importance of blue eye shadow and a vivid lipstick. Their Smoothskin Oil is an

exquisitely perfumed oil to be used before and during exposure at the beach and keeps the skin smooth and supple. This salon recommends it for use after the bath to relieve roughness and chapping, and also for face molding, used alone or in conjunction with a nourishing cream.

SALON BERTIE

AT THE new Salon Bertie is a sun lamp, under the supervision of a New York M. D. If you can only obtain your natural brown on week-ends and do not want to lose it in between, this should prove a source of comfort and joy. Also, if you are later in starting your tanning process than your bronzed compatriots, and do not wish to appear among them with a white skin, Lait Solaire will give you an instant tanned appearance, and the oils remain on top, protecting the skin from burning and allowing it to tan naturally. Lotion Solaire, on the other hand, is an artificial Sun Tan for the body, an amalgamation of creams with a make-up quality, which goes on smoothly and does not come off except with soap and water. For the face, Crème Solaire should be applied before the powder as a base. There is an amusing Bertie lipstick, of vivid orange hue, which is surprisingly attractive with a tawny appearance, and produces an entirely different effect from any other on the market.

CHEZ KATHLEEN MARY QUINLAN

FOLLOWING the vogue for artificial tans, Miss Quinlan has created three interesting preparations. Gitano Tonic is a clear bronze liquid with a slightly oily base, to which Gitano powder adheres nicely. Take a piece of moist cotton and blend into the skin evenly, smoothing and working in the color with the finger-tips. On the other hand, if you don't like any oil on your skin, Miss Quinlan's Skin Lotion (Sunburn Shade) is an excellent liquid powder for the face. It comes in other shades and keeps the texture of the skin fine and protected throughout the summer months. Miss Quinlan emphasizes the antiseptic qualities of both these preparations and advises them for sensitive skins with minor troubles.

THE SMART WEEK-END WARDROBE

(Concluded from page 107)

of a warm but light fabric, a matching wool skirt, a jersey sweater, a two-piece harmonizing printed crêpe dress, crêpe panties, the latter essential for aeroplaning and excellent for yachting, and a printed crêpe scarf. The crêpe waist may also be worn with the wool skirt. Sketched on the first figure is one of the woven tricot turbans that fold like a handkerchief and are perfect for flying, and on the other figure a large-sized straw hat. This affords an infinite variety of combinations and allows a single pair of shoes and one bag to be right with them all; also the same jewelry will always be attractive. Two ensembles that may be interwoven, as in this case, serve as a perfect backbone for the week-end wardrobe.

For active sports a couple of real wash frocks should be taken, the exact type depending on the kind of activity you expect to indulge in. Again, a single cardigan should be harmonious with both dresses. Of course, a bathing ensemble, with perhaps two suits if you are likely to swim twice a day, is essential. White dresses are such a wise choice for country clothes, particularly if you have a limited wardrobe, because they may so happily be combined with any color. White has been popular for tennis dresses for several years, but this season it is also smart not only for both day and evening dresses but for shoes, bags, and accessories. Black is definitely smart, although it is sure to look more chic abroad in darkish weather than here on our merry bright summer days.

Mae and Hattie Green have a remarkably large and excellent selection of real

sports ensembles. Here many smart women select their entire wardrobe for active sports, because at this shop one finds not only that ideal combination, frocks that are both chic and serviceable, but lovely scarfs, smart cardigans, delightfully pretty and useful bags, bathing costumes, sports parasols and all such things.

White or beige wash gloves are correct and useful. Choose whichever is better with your general color scheme. Socks are often worn with stockings for golf, and sometimes without other stockings for tennis.

If you are going to a resort like Newport or Southampton, a more formal day costume may be necessary. Perhaps a plain or flowered chiffon dress or a pale crêpe frock and matching coat. The latter combination was particularly smart at Palm Beach last winter.

One should be prepared for changes in temperature. American summers are so variable that a light dress and warmish coat, such as this ensemble, form a particularly good combination.

Four Rules in Review:

1. Take things that do not wrinkle easily.
2. To conserve space, both for day time or evening, select ensembles that harmonize, so that a moderate number of accessories are sufficient and yet every costume makes a perfect whole.
3. Choose clothes that can allow equal comfort for warm or cool weather.
4. Be sure that your luggage contains the proper things, now easily obtainable, to simplify the problem of packing and traveling.



... all the same face ... but you don't know how pretty it can be, until Golden Peacock Bleach Creme refines the skin to the purest, most flawless white



LIFT off the veil of muddiness which the years inevitably have laid over your skin, and rejoice at seeing your youngest, prettiest self once more!

This is all you have to do... just sleep a few nights with a rejuvenating film of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme on your face . . . and you'll awake each morning to find a younger, lovelier self revealed in your mirror. Quickly this wonder creme brings your skin back to the natural, soft, smooth *whiteness* of radiant youth.

No matter what other cremes and lotions you use, you need Golden Peacock Bleach Creme as your basic beautifier. There is nothing else like it. It works on an entirely new principle.

Develops Natural Beauty

Instead of harshly bleaching and drying the skin, it uses a famous healing and purifying agent to neutralize the dermal elements that naturally darken and age the skin as a woman grows out of her teens. As it restores the natural

whiteness which is the criterion of feminine beauty, Golden Peacock Bleach Creme also vanquishes all these other enemies of loveliness . . . freckles, blackheads, out-of-season tan, blotches, blemishes, moth patches, and enlarged pores.

Do you wonder that beautiful women the world over now regard Golden Peacock Bleach Creme as their dearest complexion secret? On face, and hands, and neck, and arms, it restores and protects the velvety, fine-textured, natural *whiteness* of the skin that men adore.

Your Guaranty

Get a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme at any drug or department store. Use it a few nights . . . and if you are not delighted with the way it brings out your natural beauty, your money will be refunded without question.



Golden Peacock Bleach Creme

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Note the simplicity of design and the beautiful emphasis on the quality of the silver itself

Decorative expressions of today, these tea services in the modern manner are ideal from the practical point of view for use in dinettes, breakfast nooks, on little tables, or for tea wagons. They are easy to care for and take up little space. The tea services above and below are made by the Wilcox Silver Plate Company Division.



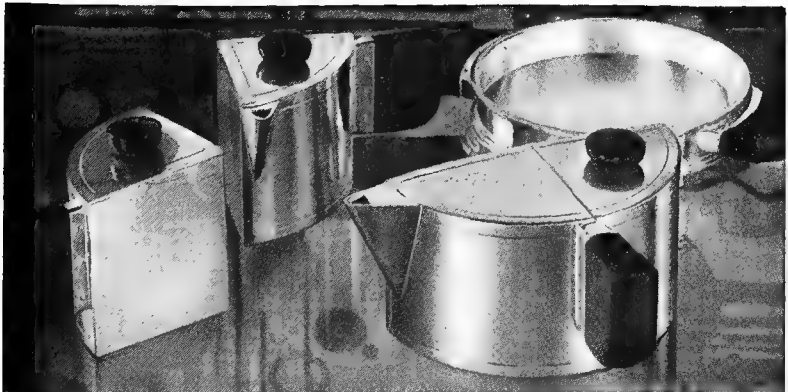
With the return to elegance established by the mode, this gracious and formal new pattern has been created by the Barbour Silver Company Division (above)



This silverware with the charm of the old and the significant freshness of the new is admirably made to serve its purposes



Compact to fit into the scheme of daily living, this service



shown (above) in its tray, and (here) with teapot, sugar and cream holders separate, forms a striking and efficient unit

new SOPHISTICATION in keeping with fine old traditions of SILVERSMITHING

A SIMPLICITY at once classic and modern marks the new hollowware in International Silverplate. Whether your taste dictates the sophisticated severity of the newest silver, or the gracious elegance and formality of Period designs, you may choose International Silverplate not only with certainty you will secure harmony of shape and pattern, but also a service thoroughly in keeping with the fine old traditions of silversmithing.

Twentieth century craftsmen have simplified silverware to suit the needs of today, making it beautifully appropriate for modern apartments with smaller rooms, where an effect of spaciousness is desired, although space is at a premium. New designs of International Silverplate are in no sense "experimental." They are creations of practical designers who have sensibly studied the decorative trends of our times.

International Silverplate does not go out of fashion. Platters, vegetable dishes, tea services are ideal gifts. They last and are in style for a lifetime. They are guaranteed by a maker whose name has long represented high quality and fine workmanship; yet they are not costly.

When the dealer tells you that silverware is an INTERNATIONAL brand you are assured of value. Should he not have the particular piece or pattern wanted, he can get it for you. For illustrations of a wider variety of such goods, as are shown on this page, write for booklet No. HW-146 Address Dept. E, International Silver Company, Meriden, Conn.

Matching the well-known flatware patterns

In addition to designs as illustrated, special patterns are made to match the knives, forks and spoons of the well-known brands of 1847 Rogers Bros., Holmes & Edwards and Wm. Rogers & Son.

INTERNATIONAL SILVERPLATE
TRADE INTERNATIONAL S. CO. MARK

Phoenix

G L O R I F I E S

Beautiful Legs



*by knitting stockings
to the measurements
of this glorious
Ziegfeld Girl*

EVERY woman—whether small or tall—will find greater satisfaction in the exquisite new hosiery of Phoenix. Patterned after the proportions of Barbara Newberry, whom Florenz Ziegfeld declares the possessor of America's most beautiful legs—and knitted by a newly invented process—Phoenix stockings distinguish themselves from all others by their exceptional beauty and fit... Nearly 300 girls in five of his Broadway productions—each a beauty chosen from thousands—submitted their measurements in Mr. Ziegfeld's recent search for a perfect pattern for Phoenix. After viewing the entrants and averaging their proportions, this famous judge of feminine loveliness pronounced Miss Newberry's legs not only ideal but also most typical of the majority of attractive women... Following the symmetrical lines of these faultless legs, Phoenix full-fashioned hosiery is now woven by the *Accurator* process. Patented and used only by Phoenix, this new device, which gauges every thread with the greatest precision, creates stockings of lovely quality, more subtle coloring and better shape. Whether you choose them in sunburn, suntan, flesh, gray or all-occasion shades, you will be charmed with the becomingness of these stockings. Fashion-correct and flattering, they increase the smartness of wearer and costume alike. Summer colors are now in the shops. \$1.50, \$1.95, \$2.95.



THE PHOENIX GIRL—BARBARA NEWBERRY

Florenz Ziegfeld's booklet, "How I Selected America's Most Beautiful Legs" will be sent you for the asking. Address, F. Ziegfeld, Ziegfeld Theatre, Fifty-fourth Street and Sixth Avenue, New York City.

PHOENIX

S I L K

Hosiery

ACCURATOR PROCESS
PATENTED MARCH 12, 1929

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uests expect you to have *Frigidaire*



They expect the abundance of ice cubes and those delicious Desserts and Salads made possible by the "Cold Control"

FRIGIDAIRE has created a new standard in entertaining. For through the introduction of the Cold Control with its six freezing speeds, you can regulate the temperature of the freezing compartment. This makes it possible to freeze dozens of delicious new salads and desserts that require extreme cold. It enables you to make more ice and make it more quickly with the same size refrigerator.

It is one reason why the electric refrigerator you buy should be a genuine Frigidaire. There are many other reasons.



The Frigidaire Cold Control... makes possible dozens of new desserts... speeds the freezing of ice cubes.

Frigidaire is the quiet, automatic refrigerator. You don't hear it start, or stop, or run. It has the power to keep the food compartment below 50 degrees... the temperature so vital to health... regardless of how hot the kitchen may become. It can be moved from one place to another in your home, or from one house to another. No space need be reserved above it or around it for all the machinery is concealed and there is nothing to catch dust or dirt.

Frigidaire cabinets are beautiful. Interiors are finished in gleaming porcelain enamel; exteriors in Tu-Tone porcelain enamel or



Duco. Food shelves are elevated to eliminate stooping.

And the cost of operation is so low that Frigidaire users find that it quickly pays for itself.

What else could you buy for your home that would give you the health protection... the convenience... the satisfaction or the value offered in Frigidaire? New models are now shown at display rooms everywhere. See them. Learn about the low prices and convenient monthly terms. A catalog and recipe book will be mailed on request. Frigidaire Corporation, Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation, Dayton, O.

Frigidaire Corporation, Dept. U-100, Dayton, O.
Please send me a free copy of the Frigidaire catalog and the recipe book of frozen delicacies.

Name.....

Address.....

If you live in Canada, address Frigidaire Corporation, 1604 Sterling Towers, Toronto, Ontario.

FRIGIDAIRE

The QUIET Automatic Refrigerator

The Smarter Shops are showing Paris-inspired
BATHING ENSEMBLES in

CELANESE

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

PERMANENT MOIRÉ...TRICOT

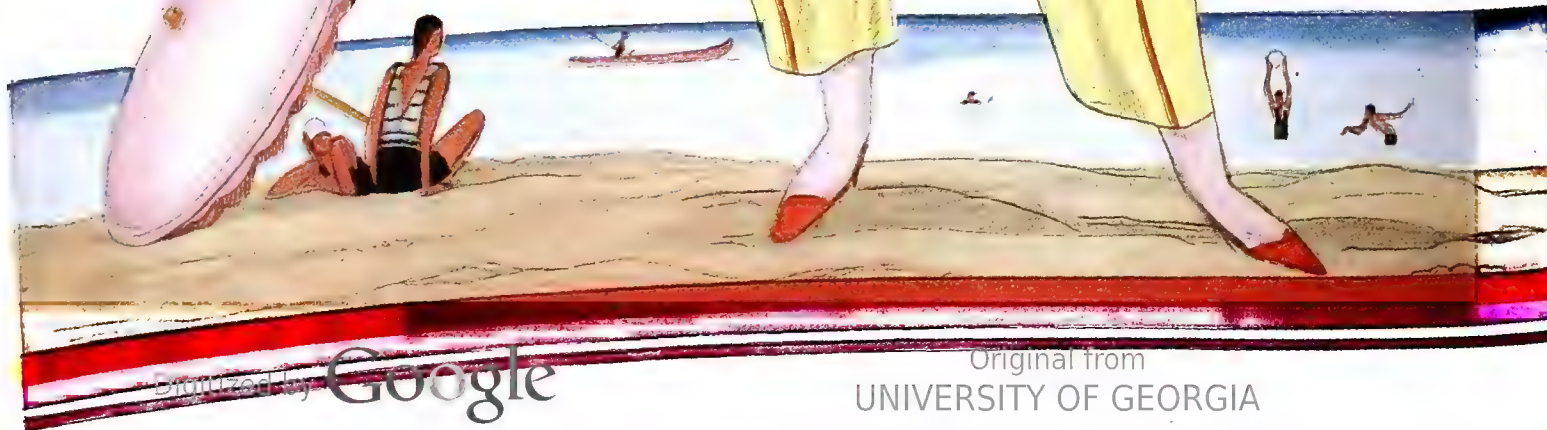
The bathing-costume specialists of Paris have done captivating things in these marvelous modern Celanese fabrics.... Inspired by a beautiful *permanent moiré*, whose fine ripple-pattern and rich color are *unaffected by water*, Mary Nowitsky created the startling beach ensemble shown on this page.... In the smart shops you'll find bathing ensembles of Celanese Permanent Moiré, and (if you prefer knitted swimming things) interesting Celanese Tricot suits-and-capes inspired by Schiaparelli.... Celanese Fabrics are simply ideal for wear in the water or on the sand—for they neither shrink nor sag, they dry amazingly fast, and they feel just as light in the water as ashore.



*A Mary
 Nowitsky
 model*

*Celanese yarns, fabrics and articles
 are made of synthetic products manu-
 factured exclusively by the Celanese
 Corporation of America, 180 Madison
 Avenue, New York City.*

The model sketched in Paris by M. GEORGES LEFAP



THE GIRL WHO WAS THE MOON

(Continued from page 91)

for his gift of making impromptu fairytales. Consequently, no one believed that there was a word of truth in what he had been saying. We regarded it as a whimsical answer conceived on the spur of the moment to our question as to how and where he had discovered Jeanne.

"THAT is quite in your best manner, Pierre," said one of us. "I suppose we shall see it in your next volume of prose fantasies."

Pierre shook his head.

"I should have been proud to have invented it," he answered, "but I swear to you that it is literally true, true as I stand here . . ."

"Two hundred and twenty-five pounds in his stocking feet," got in Jeanne, who was fond of teasing him about his growing waist-line.

"Be fair, Jeanne," suddenly spoke up a pretty brunette American woman at her side, "you know it's quite true, and if you won't help Pierre, I will."

"Do, do!" we all cried out.

"Yes! Madge, you shall tell the rest of the story," cried Pierre, "or rather the beginning of it. For Madge has all the corroborative evidence," he went on, turning to the company. "She knew Jeanne years before I did, and the very day that . . . but no! as you Americans say, Madge has the floor," and he sat down and began refilling his pipe.

"Shall I, Jeanne?" said Madge, turning to her friend. "But I'm going to anyway," and she began.

"Well, you must know that Jeanne and I were schoolmates together in Virginia in a highly proper young ladies' seminary in a highly proper little town near Richmond. Oh, how proper everybody was! You have no idea nowadays what it was like. We called it the young ladies' penitentiary. Such rules, such restrictions! Naturally all of us who had any red blood in us rebelled, and consequently we were always getting into trouble. But stone walls did not a prison make, and so my imprisoned Juliet had her Romeo, and there were wonderful carryings-on. Ah, Jeanne, you remember, don't you? And, yes, Jeanne was always the ring-leader. Three of us, particularly, were the black sheep, and, to make a long story short, we got at last what we had been working for. We were sent home in disgrace—expelled!

"Jeanne was the luckiest of us, for her parents decided that the best thing to do with her was to take her to Paris and put her in charge of some good nuns whose business it was to tame such incorrigible young ladies. It seemed awfully romantic, and I envied Jeanne with all my heart, as I saw her off on the steamer bound for France. Fancy sending Jeanne to France to tame her! So Jeanne started off and a year went by. Then suddenly a dear old maiden aunt of mine, who was something of a sculptor, a rare thing for a woman to be in those days, persuaded my folks to let her take me on a trip to Europe, to finish off my education in the French and Italian art galleries. So I saw Paris for the first time, and naturally my first thought was to visit Jeanne in her convent.

"One August afternoon, my nice old aunt, who was, and still is, very much of a human being, took me to call on the good sisters in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs. You all, of course, know the long, low gray stone building that takes up nearly all one side of the street, with endless discreet windows, with big doors here and there with little grilles in them, not a sign of the life going on inside, not even a nun's bonnet visible, till we pulled at a hanging chain at the side of one of the big doors. A bell tinkled inside, and then one of the grilles opened and a sweet-faced young nun looked out at us, and we told our business. The door opened and we followed the young nun across a small stone courtyard, and presently we found ourselves in a severe white-washed room, with wooden forms running round the walls, a large crucifix for its only ornament. There we waited for a few minutes, while the young nun went off to announce us. Then presently a door opened and in rushed Jeanne ahead of a

sweet rosy-faced old nun, and threw herself into my arms. My aunt did the formal act with the good sister, and after some little talk the sister rose and said that we had better come and take tea in the garden. The opening of another door revealed a wonderful vision of old trees, and bright flower-beds, and narrow old brick walks. Here and there nuns in their pretty gray-blue and white costumes, and their head-dresses like big white butterflies, were walking to and fro, or were seated on stone benches making lace, and sewing on certain white garments so dainty and frivolous in design that I couldn't help whispering to Jeanne: 'I never thought that nuns wore such improper things under their heavy serge skirts!'

"They don't," Jeanne whispered back. 'You ought to see them!'

"But I forgot everything else in the beauty of the garden, so lovely and secluded, a scene of enchanted greenery so unsuspected from the street.

"Why, Jeanne!" I exclaimed, "it is like a fairy-tale. How romantic it must be to live here. It's like a picture in some old medieval manuscript."

"You think so?" replied Jeanne, rather glumly; and I was surprised to see how bored and discontented she looked. "Then I noticed the high walls, trellised with vines and climbing roses and fruit-trees laden with pears and plums, and great sycamores and plane-trees and poplars casting long shadows in the afternoon sunlight.

"At one side of the garden was a broad marble basin on which floated white and yellow water-lilies, and, as we walked arm-in-arm around it, for my aunt was engaged with the old apple-cheeked sister, I nudged Jeanne, and whispered: 'Have you forgotten the fountain in—?' mentioning the little town where we had been to school, and where in the public square had stood a great circular fountain with sculptured figures in the center. The horses used to drink there, and there was quite a lot of water in it.

"Have I forgotten!" and Jeanne's face lit up with mischief, and she was quite her old self for a moment. That fountain, indeed, had been our undoing. For we had been dared, the incorrigible three of us, to bathe there one summer at dawn, with nothing on—and we had done it!

"And now you are in Paris! Think of it!"

"To my surprise, her face clouded again.

"Paris! Do you call this being in Paris?"

"Why, what's the matter with you, Jeanne?" I said. "I call this perfectly lovely. I'd give anything to be in your place."

"You would?" she said. "Then listen. I know that all this is very beautiful and romantic, and some of the sisters are darlings. But then . . . well, I didn't come to Paris to be a nun! And that's just about what I am. When we used to talk about Paris, we thought of theatres and frocks, and cafés and Montmartre, and the Bois Maxim's, the Opera Ball and the Bal Boullier, and the Moulin Rouge—didn't we?"

"I had to confess that we had thought of Paris in some such way.

"Well," she continued, "all I have seen of Paris is Notre Dame, the pictures in the Louvre and the Luxembourg. We never go out for a walk without the sourdest old sisters in charge. And once in a while we are allowed a spree to see Racine or Corneille at the Comédie Française, and the height of our frivolity is a comedy at the Odeon . . ."

"I tried to comfort her. 'But surely,' I said, 'it must mean a lot just to know that you are in Paris—it would to me, I'm sure, when—think of it!—you might be in Tomato-Can City, Ohio, or Chewing-Gum Center, Minnesota, or some such horrible place.'

"That's true enough, of course," she answered, "but then, don't you see, it's all the worse to be in Paris, to know all the good times everyone is having on the other side of that pretty wall, and to be

(Concluded on page 158)



Nuda... the Shade that brings Sophistication to Summer Costumes

To clothe the leg invisibly — except for that subtle sophistication that fine silk brings to the natural skin tone. This the rôle of Nuda—McCallum's new contribution to hosiery smartness. Styled to accord with the costume colors of the moment, it furnishes neutral background for vivid colors. The pale summer tints blend with it too, as they would with natural sun tan. A shade beautiful in itself and beautiful with the famous McCallum sheen that is parallel-knit into each exquisite pair.

Nuda is but one of many style-tested McCallum shades for summer — shades that offer an unflinching guide to hosiery smartness.

Always available in the best shops at prices ranging from \$1.65 to \$6.00. McCallum Hosiery Company, Northampton, Massachusetts. McCallum Hosiery may be had in Paris at Bayard, 12 Rue de la Paix.

McCALLUM HOSIERY

"YOU JUST KNOW SHE WEARS THEM"

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

THE GIRL WHO WAS THE MOON

(Concluded from page 157)

locked in here in a sort of beautiful refrigerator with stained-glass windows. I tell you what, Madge, if I don't get a bit of a fling soon, I'll burst—

"How would it be," I laughed, "if we changed clothes, and you slipped out with my aunt . . . she's a good sort, and wouldn't give us away; or, suppose, next time I come, I bring you a file, a mask and a rope-ladder hidden in a basket of fruit?"

"Laugh all you want, but I mean business, Madge." Then, after a moment's thought, during which, I remembered afterward, her eyes had gone roaming up the walls with their strong net-work of vines and across the roof beyond, she added, "What will you bet me that I don't escape to-night?"

"Suppose you did," I countered; "what would you do next?"

"I might have to take a lover!" she answered nonchalantly, "or pretend to, and I should be free anyway, and I'd get him to take me to all the gay places . . . I could dance with the students in Montmartre and drink absinthe, and—"

"Generally raise the devil."

"Exactly what'll you bet I don't do it? And what's your address, on chance I need it. Be quick, your aunt's looking our way . . ."

"I mentioned our respectable little hotel, and just then my aunt beckoned, and we had to get up and say good-by. As she kissed me, Jeanne whispered, 'Don't be alarmed if you hear from me tomorrow. Try and shake your aunt tomorrow afternoon, and be in front of the Mona Lisa at three-thirty.'"

"And was she there?" we all asked eagerly.

"To be sure she was there, right on time, and with a gallant escort at her side, both laughing and as much at home to-

gether as if they had known each other all their lives. 'My friend, Pierre Amyot!' she said quite calmly, adding, 'We were married this morning by the *maitre* of the sixth arrondissement, a darling Frenchman with a square black beard, who made quite a pretty speech, ending with the hope that we would invite him to the christening.'"

"You're as bad as Pierre," said Jeanne, laughing in spite of herself.

"But you know it's true," answered Madge.

"And how on earth did you do it, Jeanne," we all exclaimed. "Come, be a sport, you've got to tell us."

"Oh, it was easy enough, if you must know," said Jeanne at last. "You've seen the roofs all around here, how they all fit together. I'd often studied them, and watched the French workmen, with their funny knotted rope-ladders, and scaffoldings, and I was always fond of climbing. Our dormitory was on the top floor, so when everyone was asleep, I managed to get up through a trap-door onto the roof; and up the next building to ours was one of those iron ladders set into the stone you see all over Paris. I'd often wanted to climb them, and my idea was that I'd find a trap-door open in some other house, and so get down to the street. I had my satchel and a little money, and so I climbed and scrambled along, but all the trap-doors were closed fast, and there was nothing doing that way . . . and then at last I saw the light from this studio, and as I hung to a chimney, I saw a great big brute of a man looking at me, and for the first time I was afraid, and wished I was back in my little iron bed in the convent. But it was too late . . . and well, well—he isn't such a brute as he looks—are you, Pierre?"

COTTON'S CRISP CHIC

(Concluded from page 95)

may be dressed in cotton from top to toe. With the sandals are worn lisle, fish-net or plain stockings, or youthful practical socks of plain or mixed colorings.

Ginghams are used in all sized squares, some combining cotton with rayon in a lustrous, sympathetic freshness of weave.

In a country setting cotton is at its best. I remember last summer getting out of a hot train at a country station. I was dressed in a smart Paris frock of black crêpe, and I remember thinking how infinitely cooler, fresher and more appropriate to the surroundings my hostess looked, sitting in her sports runabout, dressed in a pink and white, crisp calico frock.

At Saks-Fifth Avenue they recently showed me a long-waisted, full-skirted frock of white-dotted pink Swiss. It had an oval organdie vest and little puffed sleevelets at the wrists, both masses of narrow lace and tiny tucks. It was so beguiling in its youthful picturesqueness that an elderly actress, who should have known better, ordered it on the spot!

These lingerie touches are featured in all the more important collections. There

is nothing so becoming, or so welcome on a hot day, as to see a dark frock break into a foam of white at neck or wrists.

Organdie is made into wide sashes that tie once more at the old waist-line, admired, if we are to believe elderly bachelors, so extravagantly in days gone by. This same organdie is sometimes tied in a wide cravat at one side of the neck, with two ends, instead of a bow, perking out in smart silhouette.

Black organdie has suddenly had a renaissance, and indeed it is lovely for summer evening wear, combined with *écru*, or left in all its alluring sobriety.

Accessories are also to be found in cotton. Bags of calico and gingham, beautifully made flowers, parasols, belts, even men's neckties are all to be had in this delightful product.

The latter are often shown made in plain colors. They wash time after time, as the scarlet, gold, beige—the myriad colors—are fast dye and the lustre unchanging.

Beach coats, pyjamas, even hats—all are found in the cotton family, all smart, all practical, and all our very own.

A GREAT LADY DISCUSSES FASHION

(Concluded from page 67)

several smart women, myself among them, wore them. Though never blinded to the fact, I've made it a point to forget that such hats were trying. I wore them because I knew they were chic. But now, since cooks and parlor maids, as well as every other woman boarding a street car, have made this same brimless hat their headgear, why continue making a guy of myself?

"By the way, before you leave me, Madame Adrienne, do give me your professional opinion on one of my pet theories:

"I assert that the brim of a hat should be considered only after the crown is quite perfect. I consider the crown to be all important in a hat, for the crown conveys intelligence, the brim merely balance."

Milady goes on telling us about the ultra-modern method of making as many seams in a hat crown as are necessary to make it fit the head very snugly, rather than respecting the felt that hatters have blocked on one mold by the thousand.

Madame Adrienne tells us she entirely agrees, and adds, "Milady knows more about hat-land and its philosophy than many a modiste in business for years."

It is now past eleven o'clock. I remember an appointment made at my studio: illustrations for the next issue of Harper's Bazar.

Alice whispers, "Will you let me stay on?" adding, "I will meet you at lunch, later on."

I take my departure. My respects and thanks to Milady.



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She looked exquisite as a June Rose

~but they left
her alone



You can't tell when a temporary deodorant will cease to protect you

JOAN was lovely looking! Every gay group at the Country Club greeted her enthusiastically.

But before the afternoon was over she found herself just an onlooker—she felt that they were actually avoiding her! What was the reason?

This inescapable fact—that no one can ever tell when a temporary deodorant will cease to protect!

Only by the regular use of Odorono, which a physician developed 19 years ago to check perspiration, can you be certain of continuous protection. Odorono frees you forever from the worry of offending by unpleasant perspiration odor and stained frocks! Doctors recommend it where perspiration is annoying.

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Odorono Regular Strength (ruby colored) used twice a week at night. Pat on freely after bathing. Allow plenty of time to dry.

Odorono No. 3 Mild (colorless), for sensitive skins and frequent use. Use daily or every other day. Pat on freely. Allow plenty of time to dry.

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BRIGHT INTERVALS

(Continued from page 111)

where they lay together. Each could hear the other's heart pounding in his breast. Bill jumped out of bed with an assumed cheerfulness whose brittleness showed danger of cracking any moment.

"I've got to hurry shaving and bathing this morning. The boat train leaves at eleven," he said, and she heard him, as the water splashed, whistling various old war songs he never finished, for each time they were broken by the first bars of that painful Slav melody which, ever since their first hearing of it together at Ronald Grant's party, had bound them closer than a wedding-ring. For all Bill's pretence of cheerfulness, this he did not dare to whistle or sing.

The little leaves outside pattered and rustled in a sudden light rain. It was Paris weeping a few facile tears at their departure.

SHE had never been a good sailor of the kind that rushes to breakfast, sniffs the steam of eleven o'clock broth gratefully, and has no objection to the man in the neighboring deck chair smoking a good rich cigar. Hers had always been rather precarious sea-legs which managed gingerly to ascend for a stroll around the deck or wobble down to dinner, but never with the sprightly gusto those same legs showed on land.

This utter abject surrender was, however, new, this succumbing to every swoop of the boat, wincing at every light, gagging at each new smell. She wondered if perhaps she had not added to the complications of sea-sickness the possibility of maternity. She was not sure and cared not at all. Having passed that stage when she cared whether her hair was combed or not, she had no interest in any life of her own or within her.

Bill, alas, who moved her to a sort of aching tenderness, almost unbearably tender, every time he was at all ill, down and out, made defenceless by fatigue or sleep, seemed to react rather differently to her collapse. He did not smoke cigars in the cabin or make jokes about corned beef and cabbage. But he did suggest that a good stiff turn around the deck and a few games in the gym might improve things. She felt like Mrs. Dombey who would make no effort. Bill took to absenting himself, for hours at a time, engaging himself in such rugged amusements as the ship afforded, playing deck-tennis till his finger-tips ached, walking his three miles, winning countless games of shuffle-board and dropping in once or twice during the day to record these triumphs and straighten his tie. For some reason or other the very innocence and heartiness of these amusements annoyed Lydia who, with that distorted Latin point of view, which so disgusts the right-minded, would have preferred him flirting on the sly with a new girl if he would only have spent half of his time below, bathing her head in Cologne and holding her hand while he talked to distract her mind from the imminent peril of that disgusting surrender, sickness, which threatened her.

ONLY two things persuaded her to rise from her berth, one, the pitifulness of the Persian cat, Augustus, who having first proudly ignored the motion, then tried playfully to forget it, finally gave in and turned tortured eyes to ask her what could be the matter with a thoroughbred Smoke-Blue whose tummy was behaving so queerly. She thought Augustus might like an airing on the deck. Also, she was faintly annoyed by the reproachful glances the Scottish stewardess gave to Bill who had formerly been designated as "that wonderfool man, Mr. Norrton." The stewardess, who adored the cat, advised fresh air for "Auntie's doll," as she crooningly called Augustus, and seemed to suggest at the same time that a wifely eye might be kept on John William.

Lydia, feeling wretched, got up and put on her best Chanel copy, a fuzzy angora jersey as soft as Augustus. She resented the stewardess's unspoken reproaches on Bill's behalf; poor lamb, he was so obviously incapable of guile. Guile, she felt,

lay dormant within her, but John William was almost too painfully upright.

She found him, very absorbed but still upright, in the smoking-room, making the fourth at a bridge table whose other three occupants were unfamiliar to her.

Bill looked up from his hand, slightly preoccupied.

"Hullo, darling," he said.

"Feeling better? Filthy sensation, ain't it? Always kill my own qualms by masses of drink. You get drunk, my dear, listen to little Lizzie!"

Little Lizzie half whispered this to Lydia in a smoky voice, full of laughter, and thrusting her cards into the paw of an indeterminate youth, rose to greet the newcomer. Little Lizzie was a full six feet, but as slender as a fashion plate and as pliable as whalebone. She grinned and held out a hand—long, slim, yellow with nicotine and adorned with one enormous emerald which the Stephanyi eye in Lydia immediately recognized as exceptionally beautiful.

"Nice, ain't it? Rather sweet—waves of sin and all that sort of muck. My poor sweet of a Tubby thinks it's a fake—don't give me away!"

At this a plump cherub of thirty-five, obviously kind, well-bred and a confirmed alcoholic (Lydia suspected him of being yet another in the Harvard brotherhood of gold pig fanciers) turned and groaned.

"Aw, can it, Lizzie, and me busting myself at Stephanyi Brothers for that bauble!"

Lizzie shrieked like a macaw and bore Lydia off to the corner of the smoking-room, while the second woman at the bridge table annoyingly mumbled something about Tubby having made a gaffe in mentioning the trade which Lydia's ancestors some hundred years ago had founded. It happened that the Stephanis were proud of the business.

This Lizzie looked twenty, immediately confessed to thirty-one, had ash blonde hair unmistakably natural which she swore was dyed, one eyelid which drooped in a continual wink, and a preposterous farouche charm of manner which was quite inexplicable.

"Swallow this," she commanded, forcing a papery cachet into Lydia's hand and pouring champagne from a newly-opened pint. "That's a good child. Now we can play."

HER voice stopped for a moment. Lydia saw that her tongue, which spiritually was most certainly in her cheek, appeared to be stuffing out her mouth and chin, giving her the expression of a small boy making a naughty grimace at the world. Suddenly it occurred to her that this long, lean creature with the eyes of a reckless child, was the irritating phenomenon so often published in the illustrated papers as "the chic Mrs. Hariman Churchill." Impossible that anyone should so belie the camera. A hundred times she had groaned against that oversophisticated pouting countenance photographed at the races, smoking some kind of cigarette, recommending vanishing cream, standing with the team at the International Polo. And now she liked the woman, bingo, just like that!

"The cherub is your husband. Who's the not very exciting lady rather like a heavy-weight miller moth?" asked Lydia.

"Oh, don't underrate her, my child. Never underrate her. That is Janet Baldwin, champion lady rider of the Eastern seaboard, eleven million in her own right, seven of the nicest saddle horses ever foaled, one Rolls, one Lincoln, a deathless determination and a rotten disposition. Also my sister-in-law, my husband's half-sister, to be exact. I hate her like poison but have got to stay friends. To put it plainly, I might like you awfully and loathe her, but would probably do you dirt if she forced my hand. She's a great little hand forcer, that girl. Nice sort of lass, beats her horses back of the stables when they fail to get a blue. I've seen her throw a red ribbon in the tan-bark and stamp on it."

"But she looks like some of the milder breeds of cattle!"

(Continued on page 162)

Time cannot destroy ~ ~ ~ ~ But neglect can obscure your youthful skin texture

THE beauty of flawless skin—smooth, velvety, firm—the perfection of YOUTHFUL SKIN TEXTURE—should not fade with passing years. It is a lifetime heritage; time cannot destroy it, but neglect can *obscure it*. The dewy freshness of youth is still there at forty—hidden beneath unlovely shadows of neglect! Weary lines, relaxed muscles, coarse pores—obscure YOUTHFUL SKIN TEXTURE unless you guard against them.

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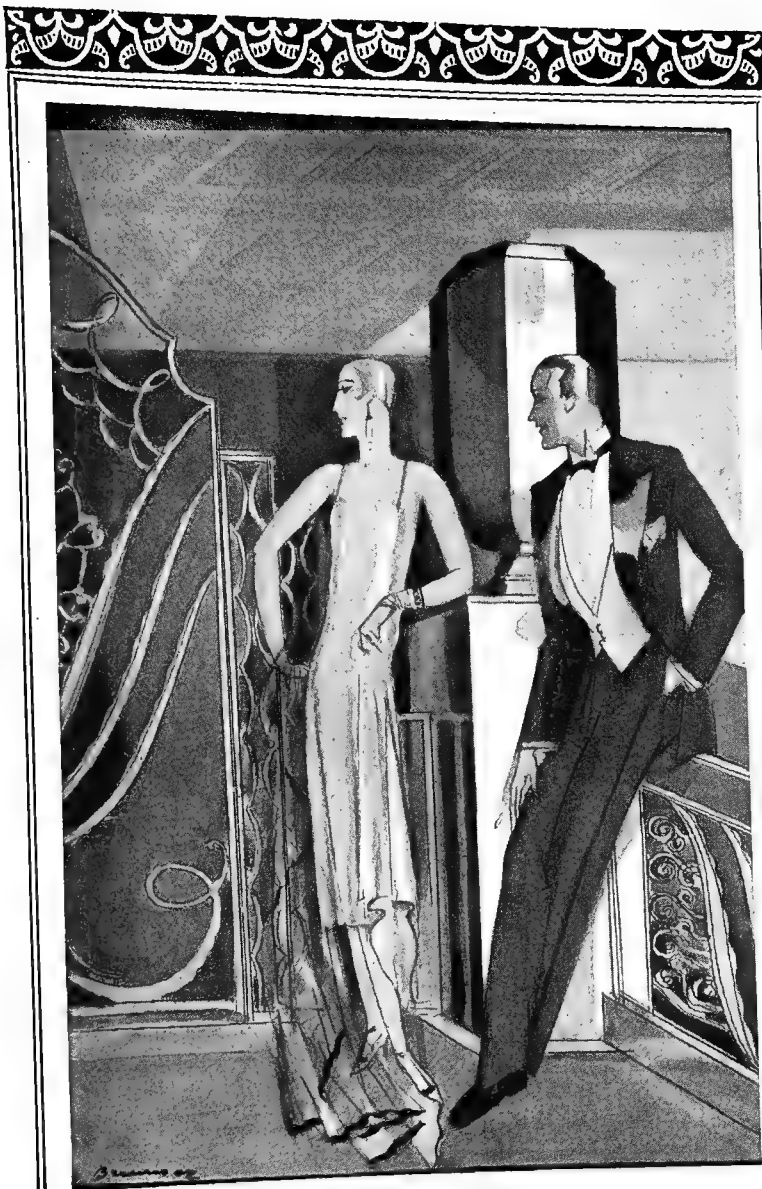
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BRIGHT INTERVALS



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Lizzie shook her head at this and swallowed a large glass of champagne.

"Been indiscreet, haven't I? Always am."

It took some courage, dressing in the stuffy confines of their stateroom. She threw a longing look at her berth upon which Augustus, much refreshed by a long outing on deck, slept peacefully. But it was fun to go in to dinner with Bill, hanging on his arm, slightly wan but very dressed up.

"Lizzie is as mad as a hatter. I've known Tubby and her for years. Don't pay any attention to her outrageous remarks, sometimes she's impossible, really. But the sister-in-law seems a very good sort."

"I like Lizzie," said Lydia, controlling a shudder at the sight of a rich entrée.

"What did you think of Miss Baldwin?" Bill asked.

"I didn't."

"She seems a good sort," he repeated. "Good sort, good sport, fine pal—thickish ankles, though, Bill."

Bill was not amused.

"You mustn't always be so cattish, Lydia. Janet Baldwin doesn't go in for being alluring, I admit, but she's got something else."

"Yeah, eleven million dollars," said Lydia thoughtfully, spearing a few green peas on her fork.

"Lydia!"

The room was so hot and Bill seemed suddenly alien. Oh, where were the pleasant faces of that feverish family of hers, whom sometimes she had cursed but always amused and was amused in turn by them!

Why did he have to call her "Lydia," as if she were some disagreeable acquaintance, instead of that part of him which he usually called "Baby" and who was so much his wife? A large hot tear fell on the green peas and was followed quick and fast by several others.

"I feel rather sea-sick," said Lydia, gathering the remainder of her dignity about her and making for the door at a pace which only pride held back from being a run. Instead of going to her cabin and collapsing, however, she made for the smoking-room, applying fresh powder and lipstick en route.

BILL continued his dinner because, in the first place, he was hungry; in the second, he believed that if one was going to be sick it was better to be sick alone; and in the third, he thought unreasonable women should be left to their own devices. His adored Lydia had quite suddenly become part of an indeterminate mass labeled "unreasonable women." Whether it was a slight headache due to the rough seas, his losses at the bridge game, or a suggestion of the Stephany sisters in her receding figure which kept him from following her, he did not know; but he was slightly chagrined at finding her in the smoking room, radiant with vivacious talk, chattering away with Lizzie Churchill as if they were old friends. Vaguely he had planned to descend later to their cabin and finding there a pulpy and dishevelled Lydia, forgive her almost immediately for her unspecified crimes.

Later when Janet Baldwin came in with a suggestion that all the occupants of the room were frowsting and she, the authentic and veritable West Wind, fresh from the ocean, had come to clear them up, he discovered a certain relief from Lizzie's and Lydia's ribaldries in moving to her side and discussing dog-breeding. He knew next to nothing of this subject, but at least it was clean and wholesome.

"Listen!" whispered Mrs. Churchill fiercely, "I'm called 'Lizzie the trouble machine,' but if I wasn't manacled for life to that cat I wouldn't hurt a flea. She makes the trouble, I get the blame!"

"Cat? Her? I mean—she?" Lydia was incredulous.

"Yes, don't let her fool you. The queen of cats!"

For the first time Lydia examined the young woman talking to her husband. The examination so stilled any fears she might have had, that she turned back to the amusing Churchill woman, with a

smile. Evidently an *idée fixe*, due to too much propinquity, for the girl was not too young (twenty-seven seemed a great age to the wife of John William), rather ponderous, had a fairly good white skin, heavy white eyelids, dusty eyelashes and hair like a faded moth. She had capable white hands and a disagreeable mouth. Her movements and speech, compared to the limber Churchill's, seemed like a slow-motion film. Imagine worrying about such a girl who, as a golf partner, might suit, but as a charmer failed lamentably! Lydia grinned again.

"Oh, let's talk about New York," she said. "How much is the smallest rent your poorest friend has ever paid for a tiny flat? Work that out in your mind, divide it by half and I'll have some idea of what's the least at which Bill and I can expect to find a humble hovel."

The minimum appeared to be two hundred dollars a month. She was disquieted by this, and would have spoken of it to her husband but he had passed on from dog-breeding and was now deeply involved in an argument about the respective merits of the cavalry or English saddle. Which was as well, for John William flinched at public mention of such private facts as personal incomes. His method was to pretend to have at least twice the real sum and never be definite. Lydia preferred an exaggerated depreciation and, if further pressed, a frank statement involving a long description of its various sources.

Although, when their party broke up after midnight, she descended to the cabin cured of her sea-sickness and well amused by both the irrepressible Lizzie and her agreeable Tubby, she took off her clothes slowly and a little thoughtfully. The evening had been good—yes. By eleven a pleasant party of seven had formed in their corner of the smoking-room. But she had a queer flash of feeling which told her that they were, Bill and she, at last definitely committed to a "gang," and she somehow believed that this commitment was not to be only for the voyage.

THERE was no doubt about it, the family-in-law, toward whom she had been looking with more than a little trepidation, now offered a means of escape from the arduous duties of a young and popular member of a gang. For they were arduous, the things you were expected to do! The complete idiocy which was attributed to you, did you show any desire to be alone with yourself or your husband! Lydia, finding it impossible to hide from the members of their cheerful group, gave in, and even made feeble attempts to join in their pastimes.

"Do you hunt, Mrs. Norton?" Janet Baldwin asked her one afternoon when she had been making rather a fool of herself by trying to play deck-tennis and shuffle-board. It was one of the first direct remarks the lady had ever given her.

"No," said Lydia, with a certain crispness caused by a bruised finger, a reply which evidently caused the other some anger. Bill looked a little ashamed. Lydia wondered just how well he rode himself. Ah, well, John William did all things with skill, even with *panache*, her prejudice assured her.

"Ride?" pursued Miss Baldwin. "No," again without apologies. Bill fidgeted with the gray ring used in the game.

"Nor play tennis? or golf? or bridge? What do you do with yourself all day?" "Smoke. Enjoy myself. Watch other people sweat." Bill gave a perceptible wince and Lydia ignored it, turning from the companion-way door with a touch of insolence to watch the involuntary grab for a powder-puff which was stopped before it could be produced from Janet Baldwin's pocket.

This meant a row with Bill, later, she supposed.

"Je m'en fiche," she thought, and for the first time in her life really relished the whisky and soda Lizzie soothingly suggested.

"Ah, I told you!" remarked that lady, (Continued on page 164)

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By DOROTHY FITCH

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BRIGHT INTERVALS

(Continued from page 162)

limply recumbent like an enormous cabaret doll on the leather lounge.

Gingerbread crumbs in the bed, pebbles in the shoe, grit in the spinach, this business of belonging to a cheery gang! Fancy quarreling with Bill and letting this preposterous fashion plate know about it!

SHE had visualized long rows of intimidating relatives awaiting them on the dock, and, behold, there was only one young man and he very personable!

Bill, who had groaned to her of the necessity of visiting the family rather than hurrying down with the Harriman Churchills to Long Island, forgot his boredom and gave a long piercing whistle at the sight of his brother, who responded from the dock by waving a straw hat adorned with the claret colored ribbon of his old school. John William, usually so urbane, yelled like a little boy, while his "a's," never very broad, grew flatter and flatter every moment, until he turned to Lydia and said, "Theeah's Tom, the best paaat of the family!"

Tom, who met them in the surging crowd around the foot of the gang-plank, proved to be a nice-looking boy of twenty-two, fresh-faced, golden-haired, armed with a wide smile in which any number of conspicuously fine white teeth were crowded.

"Of course, Amy meant to get here, but she's staying with a couple of other girls at the Junior League and they've got a lecture this morning on 'Child Psychology' or something she thought would help her at Smith," he shouted above the din of hand trucks and the grinding scream of the baggage crane.

Bill shouted back and Lydia realized that his New England accent was a pale, thin imitation, much faded by years in Europe and New York, of Tom's native syllables.

"Of course, Amy will be down here before we get you through the customs. I guess she may be around now. She wants to take the two o'clock train home."

He turned to Lydia.

"They've sold the Simpkin's house and built a filling station on the lot, great big gasoline signs all over the place. You'd hardly know it."

This amused Bill.

"She would hardly know Hilltop, even if these drastic changes had not taken place, Tom."

"Why, of course, that's so." Tom, always amenable to a reasonable argument, nodded and for the first time really looked at Lydia, this curious person his brother had married who did not know Hilltop.

She appeared to be no older than himself. But a foreign look about her made it difficult to calculate her exact age. Were she a standard American girl of the same age and general pretensions to looks, her clothes would have been more expensive, more garnished with swinging furs, but less affected. He did not know why, but he found Lydia's beige garments theatrical, although they were plain enough. He thought it strange that the usual combination of hard and snubbing eyes and smiling lips should in this young person be reversed, so that an annoyingly aristocratic arrangement of mouth, painted almost as brightly as those of his more frivolous friends at Smith and Vassar, was belied by indecently friendly and interesting gray eyes. However, she was Mrs. Bill Norton, and as such would be accepted tentatively by his sister and himself, even if she dyed her hair green. Besides, Bill appeared to like her.

LYDIA sat on a trunk and prayed. She prayed that God should make her seem pleasant to Bill's people, prayed that she should show no ribaldry or levity displeasing to them, and hoped that the chemists of Hilltop might stock Lait Innoxia, without which her complexion would soon be ruined.

A handsome young woman in a very smart afternoon frock approached her. She wondered if by some mischance she had chosen a trunk which was not one of their own, but presently a gelid kiss upon the right cheekbone assured her it was the intelligent and, according to Bill, very

highbrow Amy. Somehow she had thought American college girls wore tweeds and flannelly things. Miss Norton was in sapphire crêpe de Chine, which on a French girl at Longchamps might have looked exaggerated, but now appeared the only suitable garment for a dock.

Lydia deprecated and was lost. She was sure she should have been more arrogant, but Amy's slightly patronizing manner was not, as a matter of fact, anything but the result of her nature and a sincere, astonished relief that William, who had married "out of meeting", should have brought home so presentable a bride. At the same time a faint disappointment filled her, for she had been prepared to welcome a prostitute of thirty and while leading her gently to frequent baths, discuss many interesting points from her psychology class, about which the prostitute (reformed though she was) would naturally have more concrete data.

Lydia and Amy, without feeling any warmth, got along all right, Lydia, never forgetting to pray to God, expunging any traces of condescension which her position as an attractive married woman of twenty-one might lead her to assume toward a handsome and well-educated girl of twenty-three, while Amy, remembering how sketchy Bill's letters were, changed her opinion of Lydia's former profession from street to puppy-walking, and asked her if she had had much tennis in England.

"I'm not English, you know, Amy," said Lydia.

Her sister-in-law gulped at the first name and then smiled.

"No, of course not," she said. "Did you go to Girton?—Er, Lydia?" she added after a moment or two.

"No, I'm almost uneducated—self-educated, except for what slight gleanings I could collect off'n the family." This sounded annoyingly complacent and she was about to change it when she noticed in Amy's blue eyes a zealous gleam of crusading light.

"I suppose it's rather too late now to start? Although there are excellent courses at Columbia. Naturally, it's not the same as four years at a good college."

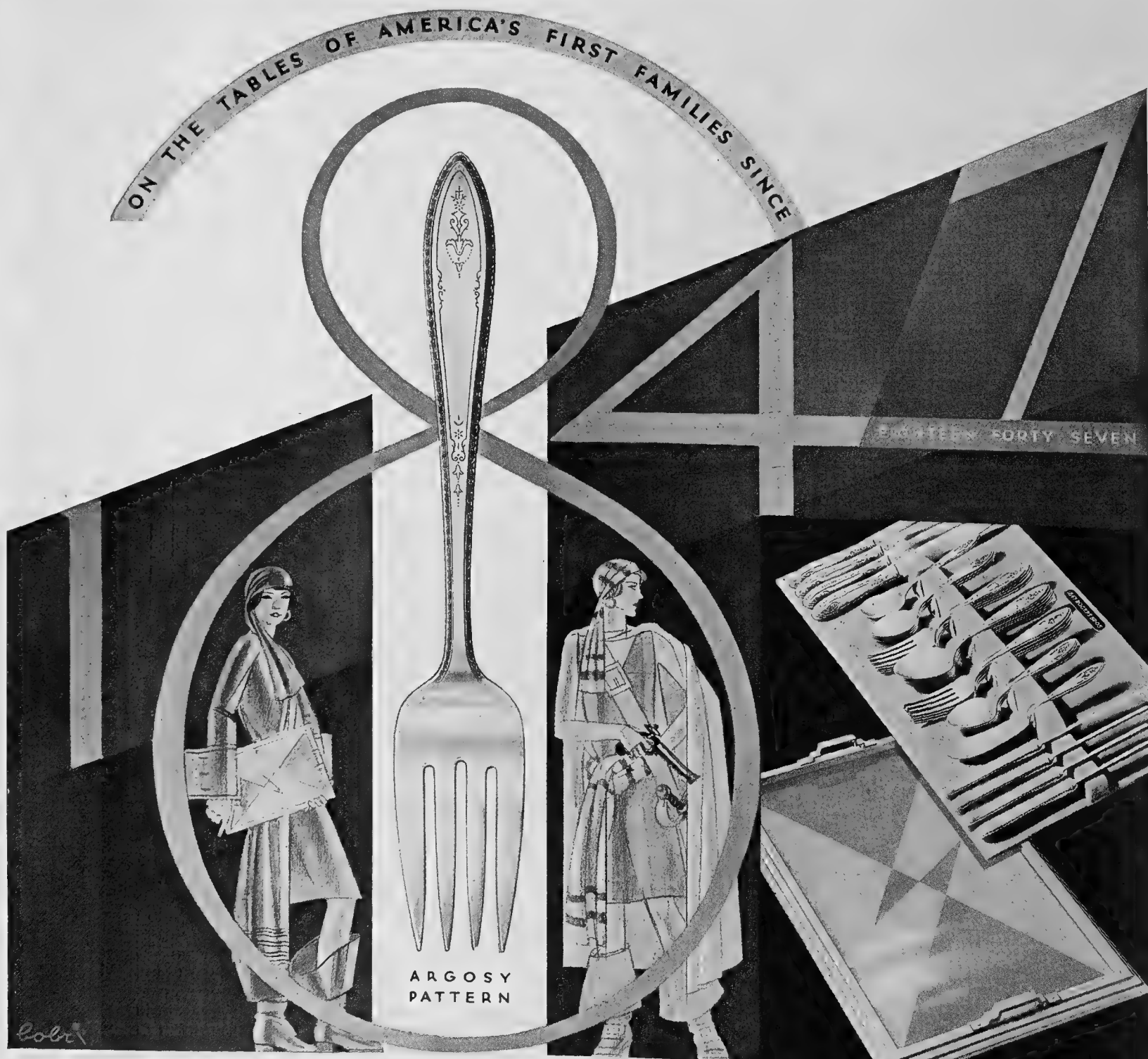
"Naturally not," answered Lydia, and patted her gloves, well pleased that it was now too late to submit to instruction.

ON THE train going up to that legendary homestead, Hilltop, she could not remember whether it was in Northern New York or Vermont or both, she realized how infinitely lucky she was in her in-laws. These two good-looking, fresh-faced, fair-haired young people with disciplined brains and bodies were miles above the depressing vision of clerical-scholastic horrors she had imagined. They were splendid, Tom and Amy, and so intelligent, but Bill across the Pullman car, not to be teased by his brother out of his chamois gloves or malacca stick, was obviously, incontestably the flower of the family, the exotic rose grafted on to a sturdy bush by the heavenly Gardener.

They changed at Thomaston, a beautiful old college town, graceful with wine-glass elms, to a large open touring car which swept them through the night. Amy and Tom shouted village and family gossip above the noise of wind and engine. Bill paid very little attention to them and Lydia, huddled in one corner, changed her prayers from hopes that God would make the Nortons like her to equally fervent prayers that He would lead her into love for the Nortons. For upon this, far more than upon their taking to her, rested the success of the visit.

William Tankerville Norton, D.D., Ph.D. and every kind of big "D" except that one forbidden to members of his cloth, met them at the door to the house, holding an oil student's lamp high in his hand, a twin beacon to guide them up the driveway. He was a magnificently effective sight, Lydia thought, looking at the commanding figure carved by the rays of the lamp in rugged relief, which showed to best advantage a silver beard cut with the impressive solidity of a Michael Angelo apostle.

(Continued on page 166)

ARGOSY
PATTERN

Women everywhere gave three cheers when 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate created the PIECES OF 8 (Trade Mark Registered) idea two years ago. Instead of the usual, short-handed half dozen of each piece, here was a silver service with a full eight of each in the essential knives, forks, and spoons . . . Now, for 1929, 1847 ROGERS BROS. steps ahead again. The new PIECES OF 8 set comes in a Paris designed modern-art silver-and-gold tray as illustrated. . . \$44.75 brings you this famous 34-piece set of the world's most illustrious silverplate, with the tray included! . . . You can see this new 1929 PIECES OF 8 set at any silverware counter, or write for booklet F25 to Department E, International Silver Company, Meriden, Connecticut . . . Salesrooms: New York, Chicago, San Francisco . . . Canada: International Silver Company of Canada, Limited . . . Hamilton, Ontario.



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SIX SALAD FORKS \$7.50 - "EIGHTS" \$10.00

1847 ROGERS BROS.

SILVERPLATE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

BRIGHT INTERVALS

(Continued from page 164)

What rubbing your face with a towel does to your Complexion



The dangers of using a harsh, non-absorbent fabric for removing cold cream . . . one cause of blackheads, pimples, oily skin

HAVE you ever noticed—even after you remove cold cream—that your face does not seem really clean? Do you use a stiff, non-absorbent towel to wipe off face cream? Don't! It is not made for that purpose. Instead of lifting dirt, germs, grease, make-up off your skin, they will be rubbed further in, unless you use an absorbent material to remove them.

Kleenex Cleansing Tissues are made exactly for this purpose. They come in generous handkerchief squares of very fine, very soft, absorbent tissue. You use three tissues for one cleansing, then throw them away like paper. No germs to carry infection, as there are on the usual cold cream cloths. No high laundry bills, no ruined towels from grease and cream. This is the modern way, the sanitary way to remove cold cream. And it leaves your skin healthy, smooth, germ-free!

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Kleenex

Cleansing Tissues

Nor was he only impressive as a silent figure of welcome; when he spoke the *vox humana* of his tremendous chest rumbled out notes as fine as the better pipe organs, round vowels, splendid diphthongs and firm consonants. Lydia, who had expected nothing half so commanding, watched with fascination his treatment of the situation, the comradely arm thrown about Bill's shoulder, the sacramental kiss upon her own forehead which made her feel like a first communicant in a confirmation class. The playful pinch to Amy's pink cheek, the hearty hand-clasp with Tom, his splendid second boy. Why, the old gentleman was in ghostly gaiters, more bishopish than My Lord of Canterbury himself! But not a bad old trout, she thought. In his eyes the while he played so beautifully the game of welcoming his beloved family out of the night, was an intense preoccupation with some loftier subject. She was glad, for preoccupied people seldom bothered one. Perhaps he was thinking of a sermon or the address he would give in September to his assembling students. Did college presidents give addresses, or was it deans? There was that Rural Dean in Dorset who had eaten a wasp in his jam, poor lamb, and the Gloomy Dean and the New York firm who made the steamer baskets of cakes. Deans, deans, deans! She was half-witted with sleep.

Yet she was awake two hours by Bill's side in the large cool bed (one couldn't ask new sisters-in-law for hot water bottles on a summer's night) thinking things over. Was it so much better than the Isle of Wight, even with this miraculous husband lying next to her, asleep like a baby? Did she not ask too much of life and deserve very little? At any rate, being twenty-one and healthy, tears were still a sleeping draught, and morning found her relaxed and happy, looking perhaps sixteen, deep in dreamless slumber.

BILL couldn't mean it, of course he was joking. So far as she could remember it had started with her father-in-law laying his fingers together and booming forth an innocuous remark about the weather.

"Getting hot at last. Ah, yes. A very late summer, is it not? But ninety to-day, I should opine. Nothing is more refreshing than a cool bath under these trying circumstances, which one must not forget, however, develop the corn, maize as it is sometimes called, or Indian corn. Yes, yes," said Doctor Norton.

And Bill had said he was, because of this heat, going to leave her here. Here, where even with him by her side, sleep eluded her, here where the cicadas hummed all day, the mosquitoes all night and three rams with whooping-cough scolded even at that hour of dawn which usually brought relief. He couldn't mean it!

But he did.

"New York in August would kill you, Baby," he told her. "Hilltop is the healthiest spot in the world. The family think you are fine. I wouldn't dream of taking you into that inferno."

She told him five million people seemed to withstand the heat. She reiterated her inability to inhabit the countryside, her ineradicable passion for great cities. John William was firm.

"It would kill you to stay in New York with me," he repeated and meant it.

Just how near death she came that summer he never knew, with what long wistful glances she inspected the valley's only pond. Born and raised on a gentleman's farm, he could not conceive of how she grew to loathe even those pleasant domestic animals which supplied her with nourishment. That a ram with whooping-cough could keep her awake for four hours seemed impossibly silly, and as for being frightened of the mares and one valuable stallion it would have seemed too absurd! Nothing could cure her of such stupidities better than two months of gracious Hilltop.

He came up for several week-ends

and was surprised to find her almost emaciated. With all that good milk and cream, too! Strange girl she was. They borrowed Tom's car and went on picnics because, as the land was most rigorously cultivated without the lanes and hedgerows which interrupt the English countryside, they could not wander forth on walks unless they chose the doubtful pleasures of a macadamized highway or enormous tracts of corn. Lydia tried to explain her *malaise* to Bill. He granted that the place was dull. The family were kind. Very kind, oh, very kind, with dutiful good manners which almost touched the peak attained by the uppest middle-class English country families, who regarding you as an untutored savage fresh from strange lands, yet passed you the plum cake at teatime and allowed you to become engaged to their sons.

Amy, slightly preoccupied by the importance of her venture into Higher Education, tried to interest Lydia in child extravers who, by being taught timidity and shyness, would soon take their places in the normal society of their kindergarten fellows, or perhaps it was the other way around, a scheme to make shy children more brazen; at any rate Lydia wasn't fearfully "enthused" (her fluttering hands and half-foreign expressions seemed singularly out of place to Bill against the shimmering field of wheat) about child extravers and preferred Amy's genteel love affair with a young biologist as a subject for conversation. Tom was an attractive boy, but he regarded her as an aged hag, told her that all her literary idols wrote tripe, lent her Professor Phelps' pamphlet on "Happiness" ("How does Mr. Phelps know that the cow is happy," asked Lydia), and started all his conversations with "of course." Lydia, who began most of her own sentences with "Do you suppose?" found these things trying. She longed for Bill's week-ends and could not see why he minded the recitals, full of parentheses and kisses, of her woes.

She said she did not like the way Doctor Norton and the other two asked about all letters, incoming or outgoing. She sometimes sneaked down to the post office to post hers.

"But you haven't any secret correspondence, dear!" said Bill.

Lydia thought this over.

"But, don't you see I'd like to be able to have it, if I wanted?"

No, John William did not see.

SOMETIMES she ran to the village and ate a solitary ice-cream soda, pretending it was a cocktail, and Amy gave her a funny look once, catching her there, trying to behave as if Thompson's drug store was the Berkeley at lunch time.

"Amy thinks I'm half-witted!" said Lydia.

Bill was hurt. Even when Lydia came to the end of her foolish little tale and threw herself on him, explaining it was all because she could not bear this separation, he did not soften.

Much later, seduced by fireflies and Lydia's newly-washed, black-bronze hair, he felt warmly toward her as in the far-off visit at Thrukey last year.

"Darling," he said suddenly, "you must admit I love you an awful lot. I could have gone on a yacht this week-end instead of coming up here! A nice yacht, too, it belongs to that half-sister of Hariman Churchill's. Do you remember her on the boat?"

"Oh, yes, I remember her easily," Lydia replied.

How funny they were, men. That was the way they measured their love for you. She looked up at the shining path of the Milky Way and laughed inside herself. She, who thought the stars were incompetent and limited to measure their love, she was properly sold! But it was wonderful to have Bill back with her in her bedroom, shutting out the farm noises, and as stars were a subject which bored him, they need not be mentioned.

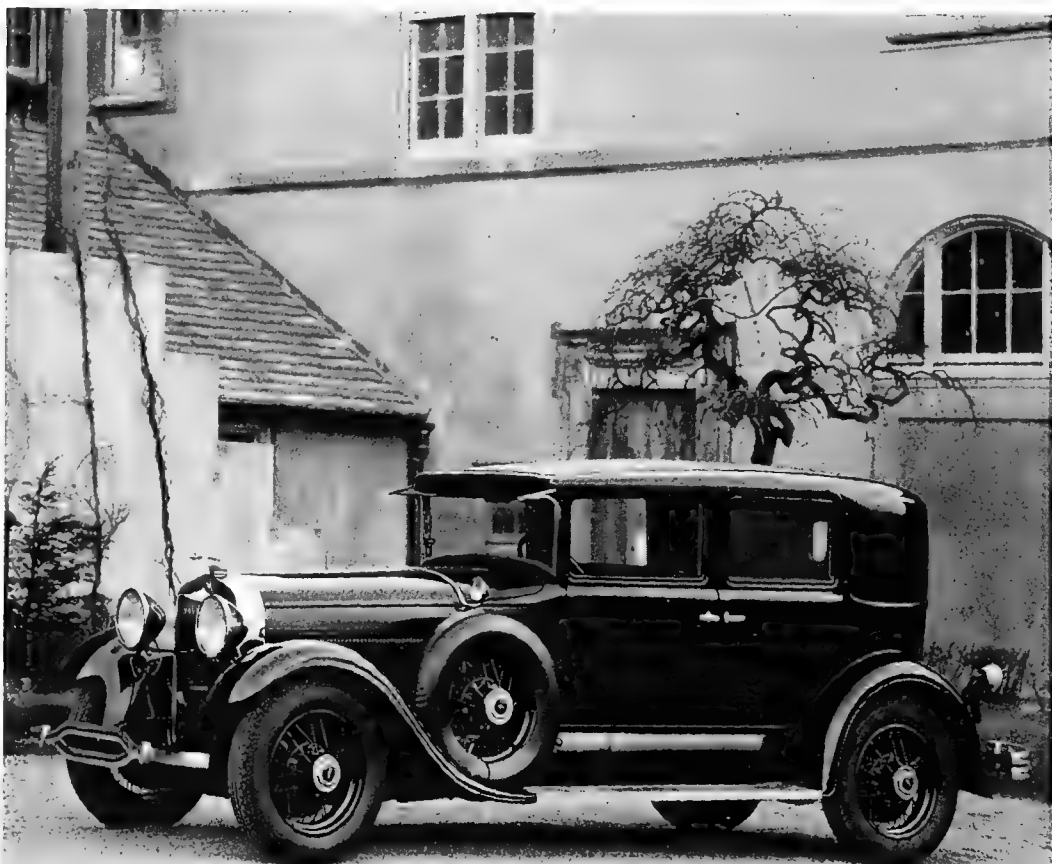
(To be Continued)

*THERE IS A QUALITY ABOUT IT
EASY TO RECOGNIZE, BUT DIFFICULT TO DEFINE*

WHEN you see a Lincoln gliding along the avenue, or standing at rest before a well-known door, you may sense in it a quality which sets it apart, a little, in your mind—a quality which causes you to remember it, and recall its image, long after the more immediate concerns of the day are disposed of and forgotten.

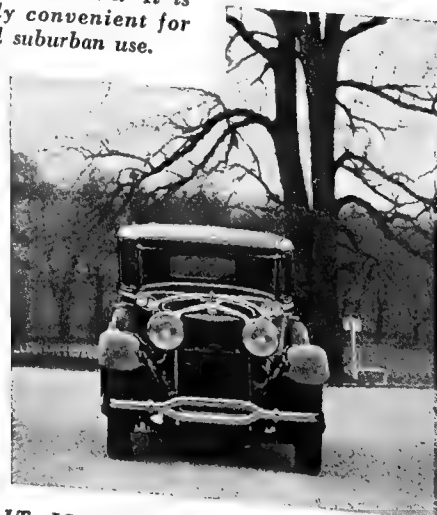
That quality is not easy to define. You might look for it in the grace and balance of the car, its comfort, its smooth and effortless performance. You might see it in the basic design and engineering, or the restrained elegance of its appointments. . . . But as a matter of fact, it is from all these things collectively that the Lincoln derives its character. And the key-note of that character is sincerity.

Sincerity. In this one word is summed up the whole principle of Lincoln construction. To build an automobile without compromise, without concession, in accordance with the highest ideals of efficacy and beauty . . . that is the wish of the makers of the Lincoln . . . “as nearly perfect a motor car as it is possible to produce.”



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“AS NEARLY PERFECT A MOTOR CAR AS IT IS POSSIBLE TO PRODUCE”

THE LINCOLN

COMMENCEMENT

(Continued from page 114)



A New Idea in Luggage

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All the exclusive features that have so long distinguished Mendel Trunx are built into the companionable Mendel Tourist. Interlocking tongue and groove steel moulding make it completely dust-proof and warp-proof. Smartest colors and finest fabrics... sturdy locks and hinges... handles that cannot pull out. Carries 4 men's suits hanging full length... space for 12 women's dresses on hangers... deep trays... shoe compartment. Yet compact beyond belief. Slides under Pullman seat. Lightness for plane travel, extraordinary strength for motoring. Truly the world's smartest expression in personalized luggage.

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MENDEL TOURIST
—the case for every travel need—

He faced the future with the utmost confidence. He would go into business in a big and eminently secure bond house, where they paid you a good bonus every year; he would rise rapidly from the ranks, prosper to a comfortable extent and retire, at an early age, to devote himself to travel and culture. All that was easy. He had seen too many boneheads who had made good in business—friends of his father's and graduates of the college with whom he had caroused at club dinners; what they had done he could do, and in a much shorter space of time. People spoke of the school of hard knocks. Well—he had been through that, too. Hadn't he broken his ankle in the next-to-last game of the freshman hockey season, thereby losing the chance to win his numerals? Hadn't he been kept out of the Pilgrims' Club for a whole year because one of the elder members had nursed a grudge against him? Hadn't he been given a D in History 4 by that old crab Steiner when everyone knew he deserved a C at least? Hadn't he been in love?

Love!

William Emerson Ames jumped up from the oaken easy chair, with the dilapidated upholstery, and strode vigorously into his little cell of a bedroom. He opened a drawer in the bureau, fished beneath a disorderly pile of shirts, undershirts, drawers and sadly mismated socks, and produced from the depths a portrait of a girl. It was a photograph that had been enlarged too many times from a badly focused snapshot, and was very fuzzy and indistinct; but in spite of its imperfections, it reported truthfully the fact that its subject was young, and very, very beautiful, and possessed of knees.

She was sitting at the top of a flight of steps, probably on some porch. Her legs were folded neatly beneath her; her left hand rested on her ankles, her right hand on the brow of a Sealyham terrier, upon whose stupid countenance shone the brilliance of her lovely eyes.

William Emerson Ames gazed with almost ferocious intensity at this photograph, the subject of which contained the one quantity in creation that was even partially unknown to him. The missing segment in his mosaic was here, hidden somewhere in this girl, who had told him that she would be his wife.

THEY were engaged! The very thought of that magical word started the gooseflesh all over the person of William Emerson Ames; it caused a sense of wild, insane but indescribably thrilling joy to surge upward and to suffuse with a vaporous warmth every corner of his being. He trembled. He ached. . . . Engaged! He had told none of his friends of this stupendous development; only three members of his immediate family had been made aware of it, and they were sworn to terrible oaths of secrecy. How surprised old Gus Falconer would be when he heard the news. And wouldn't that pest, Wally Fenning, be sore! Wally had been rushing her for years, and thinking he had the inside track. Oh, wouldn't he be wild. . . . But as that exultant sensation receded, it left behind it a strange vacuum of perplexed bewilderment. There was something there, in that picture, in her, that he could not understand.

He had known her for years—had studied her, at close range, in all of her various aspects. She had always been charmingly frank and honest with him. She had not hesitated to confide in him her most secret ideals, and hopes, and yearnings. But he had suspected, in spite of himself, that she was holding back something. What was it? Why did she hold it back?

The knob of the door in the outer room rattled; the door itself was thrown open and banged against the desk that had been crowded in beside it, causing the little chain on the desk lamp to tingle against the green glass shade.

Bill hastily thrust the photograph back under the heap of shirts and underwear, and pretended to be searching for a pair of socks that matched.

"That you, Gus?" he called, after a moment's nervous pause.

"Yeh—it's me!"

Bill abandoned the search for the socks, closed the drawer and sauntered back into the outer room. He found Gus Falconer slumped down wearily in the battered armchair which had been in use in that same dormitory long before its present occupants were born.

"Tough game, wasn't it?" said Bill, sympathetically. (Gus, playing first base, had made a disastrous error in the eighth inning, thereby permitting the enemy to score the tying and winning runs.)

"It was awful," said Gus.

"We didn't get a break."

"Yes, we did," said Gus, "one break. And I was the one who made it. To think that's the way I had to close my career—with an error that let in the runs that beat us."

"That wasn't an error," Bill was protesting hotly. "That was a hit."

"The scorer called it an error."

"Well, then, he's crazy."

Gus looked up gratefully at his old true friend.

"No," he said, "I ought to have got it easily. But I was bleary-eyed because I'd been standing out there all through the game, trying to watch the man at bat, and all the time those crazy grads in the grandstand were waving and yelling, and getting me all mixed up."

"Oh, for gosh sake, forget it!"

"Forget it! Will you ever forget it? You know you won't. No, ten years—fifty years from now, you'll be saying, 'I roomed with Falconer senior year—he was the one that made that error.' That's how I'll be remembered from now on!"

BILL did his best to laugh heartily at this outrageous statement; but he couldn't deny its validity. There was a certain middle-aged and infinitely pitiful character in his own home town who was always referred to as "the man who muffed the punt." It was saddening to think that Gus—one of the grandest athletes that this man's college had ever known—should have to go through life bearing the stigma of that awful humiliation. But there that stigma was. There forever it would remain. Poor old Gus! What a dirty deal some people get out of life, anyway!

"I'm thankful for one thing," said Gus, with unexpected fervor. "I'm thankful she wasn't there to see it."

She? Bill was surprised. He hadn't known there was any element of that nature in Gus's life. So Gus had a woman, too!

"Who's 'she'?"

Gus stood up. He was obviously and painfully embarrassed.

"I've got to tell you, Bill. I haven't told anybody before—and I promised her I'd keep it absolutely secret. But I've got to tell you, because—well—the fact is, I'm engaged."

"Engaged! Why—why, you big bum! That's swell. I never had the slightest idea. . . . Who is it?"

"It's Jane Pell."

There is one frightful instant, just before the patient succumbs to the anesthetic, when the droning roar that has been resonating through his distracted brain reaches the height of its mad crescendo and then seems to explode, with a final, murderous "pop"; after which, for a period that seems like eternity, he is in that unspeakably horrible state that is neither consciousness nor coma—when his eyes are blinded, his tongue frozen and his muscles mere masses of flab. Voices come to him, drifting, as from a vast height; he knows that he is about to be cut wide open, but he can say nothing, do nothing, to defend himself.

William Emerson Ames managed to gulp forth one word, in a voice that was not his own: "Who?"

"Jane Pell. I had to tell you, Bill, because—well, you're an old friend of Jane's; I mean, you've known her for a long time—and I know she'd want you to know about it, before anybody else did."

(Continued on page 170)

"Nothing Could Be More Beautiful"



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COMMENCEMENT

(Continued from page 168)

because I know she thinks of you just as though you were a member of her family, sort of."

A member of her family, sort of!

That unfortunate phrase had a salutary effect on Bill. It shocked him out of the semi-anesthetic state into which the words "Jane Pell" had knocked him. It restored to him, if not the power to reason, at least the power to speak.

"I'm glad you told me, Gus . . . I'm glad for your sake . . . I'm glad for hers. . . . Congratulations!"

Bill extended his hand, wondering by what miracle of nervous control he was enabled to do so. Gus sheepishly accepted the proffered palm of congratulation.

"Thanks. I had a pretty good idea this news would please you. I mean, we—you and I—we've always got along all right, and I know you think a lot of Jane—and—I think it's always terrible when your friends marry girls you don't like, and then you never see anything of them, and . . ."

"When did all this happen?" Bill asked. There was a note of grimness in his tone which Gus, whose powers of perceptivity were obscured by his terrific embarrassment, failed to notice.

"A week ago Saturday." (A week ago Saturday! She had been engaged to Bill for almost a month!) "It was when we went down to Princeton for the game. She was there—with some Princeton guy—and I saw her at the Ivy after the game . . . Well, I was always pretty crazy about her—I guess you knew that." (Bill hadn't known that, but never mind.) "I got her to ditch this Princeton guy, and we drove back to New York together and . . . well, we got engaged."

"How soon . . . Have you made any plans for getting married?"

"She said she couldn't decide about that, just yet. But when she comes up for commencement to-morrow, I'm going to make her decide. I want to get married right away; I think a man ought to get married as soon as possible after he leaves college, don't you think so?"

"I think," said Bill solemnly, "I think that all depends on the—circumstances."

IN HIS own bedroom, and with the door shut and locked, Bill took forth from its hiding place the enlarged photograph of that false lady, Miss Jane Pell, and stared at it for the last time. There she sat, her little hand, and her enormous eyes, caressing the dumb Sealyham. This small, squat, scraggly, bow-legged animal suddenly seemed, in Bill's disturbed imagination, to assume an extraordinary resemblance to Gus Falconer, who had just closed his college career with a fatal error, and who was about to be united to the dream princess of all creation.

How ridiculous! Gus Falconer is tall, long-legged and wiry. He played tackle on the varsity for three years, and first base on the ball team for two. He doesn't look anything like a Sealyham!

Bill deliberately tore the picture in half; then into quarters, and continued to tear until the wad of scraps was too thick to be divided further. He tossed the fragments under the bed, where they would remain until the aged chambermaid came in the morning to clean out the room.

An episode—or was it a phase?—was ended.

He did not go instantly to sleep. In fact, he is prepared to testify that he did not go to sleep at all. He lay on his back for hours, his hands clasped behind his head, and gazed intently at things which were not in this dark room, nor in the leafy campus beyond the open window. He saw re-enacted, with the detached viewpoint of the historian, the events that had led up to the destruction of the portrait of Jane Pell.

She was a friend of his sister's. That, according to all the laws and traditions, should have put her beyond the romantic pale, in so far as he was concerned. No man was supposed to fall in love with a friend of his sister's. One's sister always seems to associate with the wettest smacks. But Bill had fallen in love with

Jane—reluctantly, to be sure, for he was nothing if not conventional; the thing had just been inevitable. He had asked her up (his sister, too, so it looked all right) to the Spring prom; Gus didn't attend that function, having been away with the baseball squad at the time. While his classmates and their ladies were dancing in the stuffy heat of the Commons Hall, Bill and Jane strolled out into the soft, moonlit May night. Down past the boat-house they went, and across the old, quiet river, to that gaunt mass of concrete which, on a certain Saturday in November, would be jammed to the brim with some seventy thousand exuberant and red-eared fanatics, but which was now as empty and desolate as the valley of the moon.

"Doesn't the stadium look terrifying?"

Jane had observed, clinging closely to Bill's rigid arm. "I mean, I've never seen it before when nobody was in it . . . It looks positively haunted!"

"Well," said Bill, facetiously, "this is about the only chance you'll ever have to get a good seat, right on the fifty-yard line."

That seemed to suggest a worthy idea, so they passed through the great arches into the blackness beneath the stadium; Jane, in apparent terror lest the ghost of some departed full-back should dart at her, managed to remain glued to Bill's side. Bill was very manly, very protective. He felt that all sorts of things might happen on this stimulating adventure, and that he was equal to any or all of them.

THEY emerged from the portal that opened on the cheering section, on the fifty-yard line, and sat down. Two people, together and alone, in that gigantic white ellipse, on a warm night, with the sweet scent of the fresh spring turf drifting up from the field below them, and the moon lolling, in a state of leisurely inertia, above.

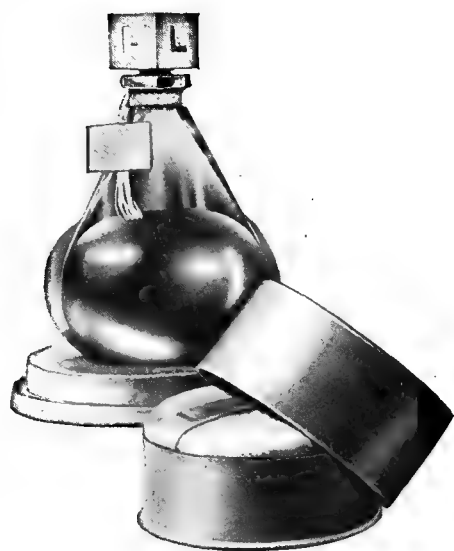
So romance was dead, was it? So the ancient ideals of young love had been crushed by the sordid materialism of the machine age, had they? As Bill kissed her, and became aware that she had kissed him, he knew, in the depths of his enraptured soul, that love had never even been born on earth until this magic instant.

When they departed eventually from this bowl that brimmed with enchantment, Bill turned to utter, silently, one last message of appreciation: "You have seen many great thrills, old Stadium—but never one as great as this."

He rolled over in bed as he thought of that disgustingly inane remark. Thank the Lord he hadn't said it out loud. Oh, what a sap, boob, nit-wit, he had been! She had told him she loved him. She had said yes, she would marry him—belong to him, forever. Once since then she had even written to him (he had written to her every day, but you couldn't expect a girl to do that); she had started the letter "My dear"—not "My dear Bill", but just "My dear"—and had called him "dear" twice more in the course of the subsequent recitation of positively hectic activities. He'd have to remember to get that letter out of the inside coat pocket of his gray suit and tear it up, as he had torn up that hateful photograph.

How had she happened to fall for Gus Falconer—Gus, of all people? Gus was a good egg, but . . . what did she see in him? Bill tried to think back to a week ago Saturday; was there a full moon that night? He couldn't remember. Even if there had been a moon, there couldn't have been much excuse for anyone to get romantic in the course of an automobile ride between Princeton and New York. Imagine getting engaged in the middle of the traffic in Newark, New Jersey! Instead of the exquisite silence of that night in the stadium, there must have been the protesting roars of cheap cars, being shoved into second, and the guttural shrieks of electric horns; instead of the sensuous odor of the new grass there must have been a sickening stench of carbon

(Continued on page 173)



MONSIEUR LENTHÉRIC—amid the gay, glittering pageant of the Second Empire, a man, distinguished—his name spoken reverently in the silken-draped boudoirs of all Europe—*Lenthéric*, Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur, with whose creations royal ladies conquered hearts and kingdoms. Today, the house of *Lenthéric* is new in inspiration—old in wisdom—poignantly expressing the more delicate nuances of the modern personality, yet the secret of this success is old. Again *Lenthéric* casts the ancient spell, creating perfumes,—seductive, alluring—powders and lip rouges which charm the most fastidious. . . .

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WHEREVER FASHION PARADES

SMART people go places and do things. Smart places, smart things. Palm Beach, Pinehurst, Newport, Southampton, Hollywood . . . are some of the places. Wearing sport shoes PLYTEX Soled is one of the things. Naturally, since PLYTEX is the most dashing touch of Fashion, most eloquent quality expression ever given to the footwear fold. Go to any store where smart footwear is sponsored. You find PLYTEX Soled sport shoes not only sold, but *featured!* PLYTEX is offered in black, tan and pure crepe—colors pleasingly contrasted—quality vividly visible. For men and women. Essex Rubber Company, Trenton, New Jersey. *Creators of Sport Sole Styles.*

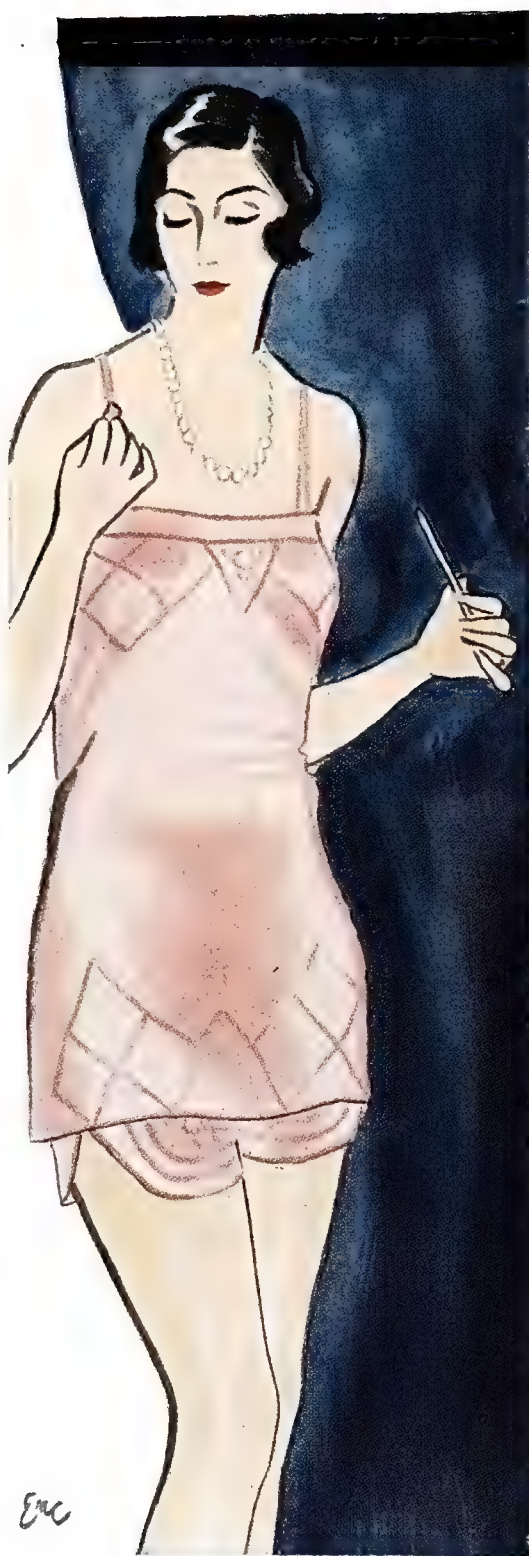
PLYTEX Sport Soles



*Let us tell you the names of stores
nearest you that are featuring
Plytex Soled Shoes.*

This moccasin-oxford is shown
through the courtesy of Saks-
Fifth Avenue. Price, \$14.

Paris fashions her loveliest underthings *in exquisite Rayon fabrics*



Lady Edgerton, head of the Paris couture establishment of Paul Caret, designs this charming set of French vest and pantie in a lovely new knitted rayon.

Underthings from Paris! How lovely they are sure to be—how skilfully fashioned, how feminine, how *modern*.

For nowadays Paris chooses for these dainty garments the new rayon fabrics, fashioned by modern skill into a new beauty and a new durability—smooth textured glove rayons, satin-figured crepes and plain crepes, filmy

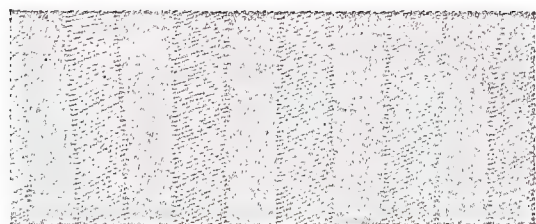
georgettes and printed voiles—soft, lustrous materials knitted or woven in delightful variety, exquisitely devised to meet modern needs.

You will find these modern rayon fabrics in the newest and most fem-

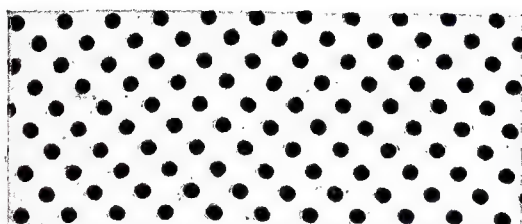
inine of underthings—and in the most sensible, too. For rayon as it is now used lends new life, new strength, new washability to fabrics of every type. You will find that its colors do not fade (nor its whites yellow) through repeated tubbings.

In pyjamas—in negligees—in the new athletic shorts—in panties and brassieres—in bloomers and the one-piece garments that are so wearable—rayon fabrics offer to modern femininity the combination of beauty and good service one should be wise enough to demand.

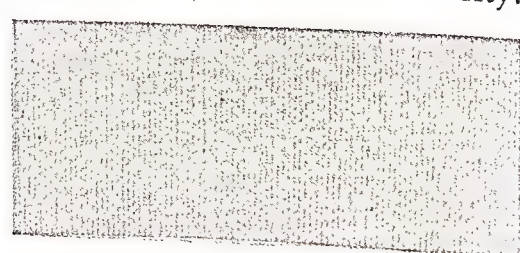
The Rayon Institute of America, Inc., 250 Fifth Ave., New York City.



This herringbone glove rayon strikes a welcome new note in fabrics appropriate for smart tailored underthings. From L. Bamberger & Co., Newark, N. J.



The vogue for polka dots expresses itself in the sports mode, in underthings fashioned in this rayon flat crepe. From L. Bamberger & Co., Newark, N. J.



A knitted rayon fabric (used for the French underwear above) is soft and supple of texture and yet extremely durable. From L. Bamberger & Co., Newark, N. J.

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"FINGER-TIP CONTROL"

One button, in center of steering wheel, controls starter, lights and horn. Simple design; easy operation. No wires in steering post. You can keep your foot on brake when starting or re-starting on hill.



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GREATER BEAUTY AND LARGER BODIES,
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All Willys-Overland sales records are broken as the new Superior Whippet's ever-growing tide of popularity sweeps the country. Thousands of new owners are responding to the appeal of the unprecedented value offered by this finest and most modern of light cars.

The longer bodies, smarter lines, higher radiator and hood, more distinctive colors and one-piece full-crown fenders of the new Superior Whippet make it the style authority in its class.

In sustained speed, dashing pick-up and brute power, the Superior Whippet is so far ahead that it surpasses even its own predecessor. A new higher compression engine gives more than 20% added horsepower. And Whippet's dependable performance and low operating costs result in complete owner satisfaction.

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Whippet Four Coupe \$550; 4-passenger Coupe \$530; Roadster \$500; 4-passenger Roadster \$530; Collegiate Roadster \$595; Touring \$495; Sedan, \$615; De Luxe Sedan \$695; Chassis \$380. Whippet Six Sedan \$760; Coupe \$695; Coupe (with rumble seat) \$725; Sport De Luxe Roadster \$850 (including rumble seat and extras); De Luxe Sedan \$850. All prices f.o.b. Toledo, Ohio, and specifications subject to change without notice.

Whippet
FOURS Original from SIXES

COMMENCEMENT

(Continued from page 170)

monoxide; instead of the sympathetic light of the friendly moon, there must have been the red signal that said "Stop!"

Yet, for all these unpleasant considerations, they had become engaged, betrothed, plighted to each other. Gus had said so—and Gus wouldn't lie about a thing like that.

She had promised her hand in marriage to two unsuspecting men. "Why—why it's the next thing to bigamy!" Bill was pleased that he had thought of that word. Bigamy! That was a crime, for which you could be imprisoned, and jailed. Imagine Jane, in a plain burlap dress, looking out at the moon through the barred window of her cell, and thinking—thinking—thinking of the love she had cast so lightly aside.

BILL wished that he could hate Gus with a bitter, destructive loathing. He wished he could challenge Gus to a duel and shoot him dead . . . No—he wouldn't have done it that way; he would have shot into the air, like Alexander Hamilton, and would have died in Jane's arms, with a smile of triumph on his lips because Gus, less noble than himself, had aimed straight at the heart . . . What was the use of thinking all this rot? He obviously couldn't hate old Gus. Gus was his friend. He and Gus were deeply, genuinely fond of each other. They never said so; either one would have been broken on the rack before he would have admitted his affection for the other.

"I suppose Gus and I are something like those Geste brothers," thought Bill. "Only we aren't sappy about it the way they were," he hastened to add. He pictured himself as the trumpeter Geste, the one who went out alone into the desert to die so that his brother's little caravan might escape from the scavenging Touaregs. Yes—that was the finest thing a man could do; there was a familiar quotation that applied to this form of self-sacrifice, "Greater love hath no man than when he lays down his life for his friend," or something like that.

The apparition of the dying Geste brother faded from Bill's consciousness and was replaced by the more heroic, more inspiring figure of a man who climbed to the guillotine saying, "It is a far, far better thing that I do now than I have ever done before."

As the picture of himself, in this pose, came clearly before him, Bill's mind was suddenly made up. The tortured memories of the past, and doubts of the future, were dispelled with the arrival of a great realization. He was to play the rôle of Sidney Carton! He was to be the one who laid down, if not his life, at least his love, for his friend! Poor old Gus had suffered agonies of remorse—was probably still suffering them now, at this moment—because he had allowed a weakly hit grounder to go through him into right field. Well—Gus would suffer no more. He would have the girl of his heart, and would never know that she had been yielded to him by one who put friendship above self!

Presently Bill, exhausted by so much creative thought, fell asleep—awakening, gradually, to find that a glorious sun was beaming from the clear, clean blue of a northern sky in an effort to brighten the solemn celebration of Commencement Day.

"YET more significant, more important and far more valuable even, than the vast fund of knowledge which you will take with you into the great world beyond, is the priceless treasure of idealism, of sportsmanship and of sublime faith that is the common heritage of all sons of this, our Alma Mater. And so I charge you, my young friends, to go forth to the battle of life with that same splendid conquering spirit of . . ."

The Baccalaureate sermon went on and on and on. Bill wondered, angrily, "Isn't that old gink ever going to stop? Why does he keep on bellowing about 'the battle of life?' The battle of my life is all over with."

The back of Bill's neck was burning uncomfortably, for he was painfully

aware that this portion of his anatomy was visible to a pair of eyes up in the balcony—the same eyes that had once gazed so approvingly at a miserable little Sealyham terrier.

He had seen her before, once, that day. She had been in the crowd of gushing, silly women—mothers and sisters and girls—that had lined the main pathway of the campus as the procession of capped and gowned seniors marched to the chapel where the interminable commencement exercises were now being held. Luckily, he hadn't had any chance to do more than nod to her then. She had appeared to be embarrassed when she saw him—and well she might, the bigamist!

In the same balcony with this disturbing presence were Bill's immediate relatives, his father, his mother and Alice, his sister, but they occupied no more than brief snatches of his thoughts. They had come to see their darling boy graduate, as one's family always seems to want to do. Luckily, Bill didn't have to bother with them to any great extent; his father, a graduate of the venerable class of 1903, was in the midst of a twenty-fifth anniversary reunion, and, consequently, had many plans of his own.

"THIS old world of ours isn't always the gay, friendly place that you have known throughout your bright college years, my young friends." ("That's a hot one!" thought Bill, sourly.) "Sometimes the world may seem slow to respond, slow to appreciate, slow to recognize the fine, serious efforts you are so unselfishly giving it. But all the great men whom we call immortal have known how to be as triumphant in defeat as in victory . . ."

He would have to face her after all this was over. She was coming to the fête at the Pilgrims' Club, and he would have to say something. Oh, well—he'd just indulge in some pleasantries about this and that, and treat her as he would treat any other chance acquaintance of her sex.

He considered the possibility of not going to the Pilgrims' fête at all. She would wonder what had happened to him. She would ask Gus, "Where on earth is Bill?" She might even . . . no, it was hardly likely that she would come up, alone, to the room to look for him. Still, she was impetuous. That was one of the many qualities he had found to admire in her.

IT WAS held on the lawn behind the handsome new brick club-house, and protected from the unwelcome scrutiny of outsiders by awnings, gaily striped in club colors. The Pilgrims' was the smallest and most snobbish club in the college; it may well have been the most snobbish club on the face of this earth. Bill was inordinately proud to belong to it; his necktie and his hatband matched the colors of the awnings.

The expected crowd was there: girls, in scant dresses, sitting about on the frail camp-chairs, and being fed chicken salad and strawberry ice-cream by worshipful young men in double-breasted blue serge coats and white flannels; deliberately gay graduates, in noisy groups; proud parents, neglected but happy. In the big room of the club, which opened out on the lawn, a peppy band of colored jazz gymnasts were making what was known at that time as whoopee.

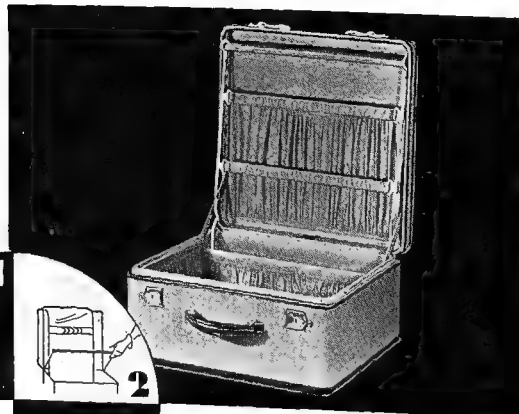
Bill pretended that he hadn't noticed Jane. He looked everywhere but at the conspicuous spot on which he knew her to be standing. He was aware, however, that Gus was at her side and that she was being talked to, loudly, by that offensive pest, Wally Fenning. If it had only been Wally Fenning to whom she had become engaged, Bill could have issued the challenge for that duel without the slightest hesitation; and, what is more, he wouldn't have fired into the air, either.

He had an idea that she was looking at him, questioningly—his neck was again afire—but he couldn't be sure unless he took a quick glance at her. That, however, would be dangerous. He might meet her eyes and be trapped into recog-

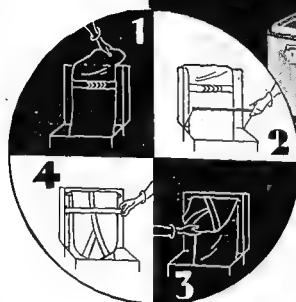
(Continued on page 174)



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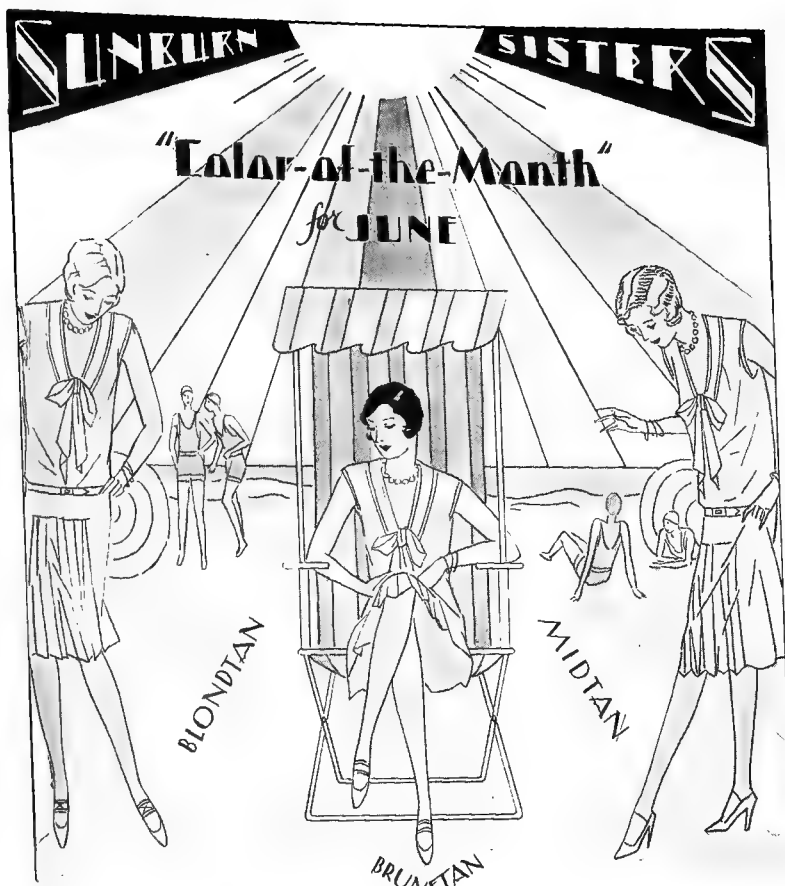
1. Lay dresses over the top.
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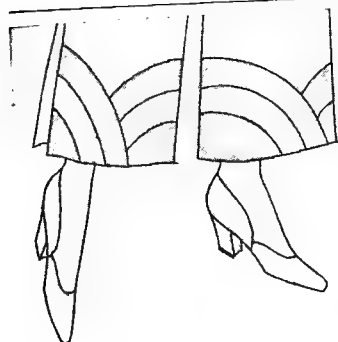


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MAID-RITE

LEATHER SLIPPERS

COMMENCEMENT

(Continued from page 173)

... He turned his head and looked at her. She was laughing gleefully at some fool remark of Wally Fenning's. What a consummate actress the woman was!

For want of any more dignified gesture, Bill walked to one of the serving tables and took a second plate of strawberry ice-cream. He chatted for a moment with his sister, who happened to be at hand; but she was presently swept by her escort into the room where the whoopee was being made. He would cut in on her later, if she should get stuck, as she undoubtedly would.

BILL was again alone, and ill at ease. He took a spoonful of ice-cream, and his mouth was occupied by that and by a fat strawberry that went with it, when he suddenly discovered that he had been addressed by Miss Jane Pell.

"Hello, Bill."

The strawberry was swallowed, virtually whole.

"Oh, hello, there."

He was relieved to observe that both Gus and Wally Fenning still attended her. "Listen!" she commanded. "I've been waiting for you to snap out of it and ask me to dance."

"I've been eating," he explained.

"Oh, come on, Jane," it was the insufferable Wally, "let him make a god of his stomach if he wants to. You and I are going to dance."

"I've had enough food. Come on!" said Bill, and he directed at Wally Fenning a look that was intended to say, "You keep away from this young lady, you—you interloper. She is nothing to me—but she is the affianced of my friend, Augustus Falconer: and if he is incapable, because of his excessive good nature, of defending his own rights, then I am prepared to champion his cause." But by the time the defiant announcement contained in the look had been framed in Bill's mind, he and Jane were dancing, and Wally Fenning was away, butting into some other twosome. Gus was seizing the opportunity to catch up on his strawberry ice-cream.

The inadequate room was jammed with concave youths and convex maidens who danced together as ardently and as imaginatively as the cramped space would allow. Now and then some couple would observe a square yard of open space on the floor and would lunge into it, only to be brought up short by the discovery that six others had observed it at the same time. The orchestra batted out breathless melodies, clapping their hands to emphasize the beat and chanting lyrics which seemed to consist largely of such passionate phrases as "Boo—Boo—Boo" and "Cha—Cha—Cha."

Bill would have preferred to remain at a discreet distance from his partner as they danced, but surrounding conditions compelled embarrassing intimacy. One had to be with and of the mob. He managed to keep his face thrust forward far enough so that he didn't have to look at her; but the extreme proximity of her lips to his right ear made it absolutely necessary for him to listen to her occasional remarks.

"How does it feel to be a graduate?"

Couldn't she think up anything more original than that?

"Oh, I don't know. I don't seem to feel any different than I ever did."

"Don't you?"

What did she mean by that? Was that a leading question? He'd better watch what he said to this dame.

"Well—in some ways I feel just the same; in other ways, entirely different."

He was pleased to note that she was silent for a while; she was evidently thinking that over.

"You're going to start in business right away, aren't you?"

He had told her, in several different letters, that he was to enter the bond house the week after Commencement—"to work for you—for us," as he had expressed it.

"No," he said. "I expect to look around for a while first."

"But I thought you were going to

begin right away on your job with..."

"Oh, I've decided not to take that."

"I'm delighted to hear it. That means I'll probably see something of you this summer."

"I hardly think so. I intend to go out West."

"Out West?"

"Yes—I have an idea that I might take up ranching out there."

Bill had not had the slightest idea of going out west, or of taking up ranching, until that exact moment, but he was glad that he had thought of it.

"Bill! How exciting! I'd simply adore to see you in a cowboy suit!"

"May I have the rest of this?"

It was that obnoxious ass, Wally Fenning, grinning insultingly. He had overheard the reference to the cowboy suit.

As Bill stepped away, thanking Jane in the usual perfunctory terms for the dance, she retained his hand for an instant, leaned over and whispered, "Thank you, Bill, dear—thank you for everything!"

That apparently innocent expression of gratitude upset him dreadfully. Once more he inquired of himself, "What did she mean by that?" Why was she thanking him for everything? What was "everything?"

He was accosted, to his intense irritation, by his mother.

"I'm sorry, Bill," she was genuinely apologetic. "Your father has gone off somewhere with his old cronies and left me stranded. So I'll have to be on your hands for a while."

"All right, mother. I guess you'd like to go around and see something of the college, wouldn't you?"

"Oh, thank you, Bill—but I couldn't take you away from Jane. I'm sure she couldn't spare you."

"Never mind about her," said Bill, curtly. "Come on!"

"Shall we take Alice along?"

"No—she's dancing with Gus. She's being well taken care of."

"I hate to be such a nuisance, Bill, dear. I know Jane will be furious at me."

Deeming it unwise to protest any further on that score, Bill conducted his mother rapidly out past the awning that separated the sacred precincts of the Pilgrims' Club from the common, municipal sidewalk.

"The museum is supposed to be the most interesting place," he observed.

"Would you like to see that first?"

"I should love to," replied Mrs. Ames, who had seen the museum at least sixteen times before.

"All right—I'll take you over there and show you the seismograph."

BILL was preparing for bed that night, amid the wreckage of the room that had been his and Gus's through senior year. The pictures were crated, to be shipped to their respective homes, where their respective mothers would ask, "What on earth are you going to do with these?" (A question, he it said, which would be repeated many times in years to come by their respective wives.)

Bill's sensations of sentimental regret had passed. He felt now that he would be glad to get out of this room, out of this college—never to return. As to the future, he didn't much care what happened. His life was over; from now on everything would be mere routine.

But what had she meant when she said, "Thank you for everything?"

Gus came in, shutting the door quietly behind him. Bill looked at him, and was shocked to observe an expression of utter and disastrous defeat on Gus's honest face. What was the matter with him? Was he still worrying about that error?

Gus didn't wait to be asked. "Say, Bill," he said, in a harsh and faltering voice. "You know that—that thing I told you about last night..."

"Yes."

"Well—it's all off."

For no known reason, Bill's heart started to beat with suffocating vehemence.

(Continued on page 176)



TO-NIGHT

you can laugh at Time . . .



PINAUD, PARIS AND NEW YORK: MAKERS OF FRENCH TOILET PREPARATIONS FOR MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS

Now we can laugh at the insidious weapons
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TONIGHT you can do it! Tonight in your own glass you can *watch* young radiant bloom creep back into your face—*feel* new satiny softness beneath your fingertips!

For here is not "just another cream." Here is a scientific discovery which skin specialists of two continents call "the most important advance in skin care for 150 years!"

A preparation—perfected after fifteen years of research by the famous Parisian House of PINAUD—that actually *offsets* the aging power of those tireless enemies of youth—dust, dirt, roughening winds and drying suns, nervous strain.

One Cream—snowy, silken, tender as a dewdrop—that does three essential things at once—

—*cleanses* the tiny pores more thoroughly than ever was possible before, "floating" all the aging accumulations of dirt and powder gently to the surface—

—*supples* dried out tissues to youthful pliancy—

—then, as you *WASH* it away, *tones* up weary facial muscles to firmness once again!

No complicated, time-consuming treatments now! Just two simple steps—just thirty seconds a day!

SIMPLY smooth on PINAUD'S CREAM . . . then in clear, cool water, wash it away! Before your eyes it *dissolves*, sweeping with it all the clogging particles from deep down in the pores, *never* depositing waxy, fatty traces of itself—to choke them anew—as dermatologists have long been telling us ordinary creams do! Leaving your cheek flower-fresh, flower-smooth, aglow with dawning youth!

You will find PINAUD'S CREAM at leading stores in jars and tubes . . . Remember, too, that after using it you need no astringent, no powder base. Perfectly toned, pores close of themselves. So exquisitely suppled is your cheek, powder clings without a "base"!

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COMMENCEMENT

(Continued from page 174)

"Why—Gus—what . . . ?"
"She just broke off the engagement—that's all." Gus sat down on a trunk.

"But why—what made her do that?"
"Well—I thought at first it was probably on account of me messing up the game yesterday. But it was unfair of me to think that. She's much too fine a person to let anything like that influence her. I found out she didn't even know we'd lost the game . . ."

"Then what was it? What made her—change her mind all of a sudden?"

"She said she realized she was in love with somebody else."

"In love with somebody else! Thank you, Bill dear—thank you for everything!"

Another comparatively sleepless night! More hours of confused imaginings! More tragic dramas, enacted within the darkness of Bill's bedroom.

Bill heard the clock in the Commons tower strike two. It was half-past ten, in the morning before he blinked himself back into consciousness.

He frowned ominously as he strode in to turn on the bath. He had reached a great decision. He was determination itself. The fate of three people was at his disposal—and he would act!

HE dressed carefully, shaved, and then proceeded to a neighboring lunchroom for a breakfast of two three-and-a-half-minute eggs, buttered toast with the trimmings diced, raspberry jam and two mugs of coffee. Then he went to the town's one respectable hotel, and caused the information clerk to announce to the occupants of Room 509 that Mr. Ames was in attendance in the lobby below.

"Miss Pell says for Mr. Ames to come up."

He had been rather inclined to hope that she would say for Mr. Ames *not* to come up. To go to the guillotine voluntarily, as he was doing, required a well-nigh superhuman amount of courage; and while he knew that he possessed the requisite amount, he would have been just as glad to have had the event postponed.

Her mother was there, adding an unwelcome complication to the episode. Jane herself was not in evidence.

"We've just had breakfast," said the mother, indicating a table covered with imitation silverware, crumpled napkins and the shells of grapefruit. "If you'd like to have some coffee, we could send down for it."

"No, I thank you."
"Are you sure you won't have anything?"

Bill was absolutely positive. The unwanted mother talked on, Bill saying, "Oh, yes," "Oh, no," or "Oh, I guess so," at what he deemed to be the right places. Eventually the garrulous old person went into one of the bedrooms, explaining as she departed, "You'll have to forgive me, but I must get Jane's things packed. The car is coming for them any minute."

What car? And where was it going? Bill looked around the room. There were suit-cases and hat-boxes, some closed, some open and half packed. There was one standing open on the couch; it contained a disordered mass of pink stuff—those odd, shapeless and highly unsubstantial garments that women use for underclothing.

HE detached his attention from these objects as Jane came in from another bedroom. She had her hat on—a dark brown hat, which matched her dark brown skirt and did not jar in the least with her pale yellow sweater, her flesh-colored stockings or her tan slippers. She looked very smart. (The adjective that Bill applied to her was "snappy".) But then, she always did. She was one of those girls who knew how to wear things.

"Well, Bill—what is it?"
("You've got to hand it to her," he thought. "She knows I'm coming here to make some kind of rumpus, and she isn't afraid.")

"I want to talk to you," he said.

"Sit down."

She closed up the suit-case on the couch and tossed it rudely to the floor. "Here!"

She sat down beside him. Why did she have to do that?

"There seems to be something on your mind. Spring it!"

If she only wouldn't be so brisk!

"Jane—I—I happen to know something I'm not supposed to know."

She kept staring at him intently—waiting for him to say whatever it was, but doing nothing to help him say it.

"I—hate to break a promise—but I've got to do it. It's—the only decent thing to do."

Still she stared, with a level, untroubled gaze.

"Gus told me about—about . . ."

"What did he tell you?"

"That you and he were engaged and—"

"Well—what of that? It's been broken off."

He was now returning her defiant gaze, with supreme difficulty but with heroic fortitude. His face was red, but he couldn't help it. He was a man, and consequently qualified to dominate this or any other woman.

"Look here, Jane—do you happen to know what it is when someone gets married to more than one person at the same time? It's bigamy! You can go to jail for that."

"So I've heard."

"Well—it's the next thing to bigamy when you get engaged to two people at once. Had you heard *that*, too?"

"No—I hadn't heard that one."

("She thinks she can get away with anything by just being fresh.")

"What made you think you had any right to get engaged to me and then to Gus?"

Suddenly, miraculously, her manner changed. Her hard, fixed gaze melted to one that was soft and inexpressibly appealing. Impulsively, she reached out and took his hand, with which he was gripping the edge of the couch, and held it tightly, warmly, in both of hers.

"Oh, Bill—my darling—I knew it was wrong. I knew it was horribly, terribly wrong. But that night—that night when I drove back from the game with Gus—I don't know what happened . . . I felt so sorry for him, somehow or other."

BILL could understand about that; Bill could understand about that perfectly. For all his athletic prowess, poor old Gus was always a sort of pathetic individual.

"He kept at me so," she went on. "He was so obstinate about it . . . I never really said I'd marry him. But I suppose I did give him too much hope . . . Oh, I know it was wrong—terribly wrong. But I've done the best I could to undo all my mistakes."

Bill was on the verge of emotional frenzy. The rapturous excitement of that evening in the white valley of the moon was surging back to him in a great, overpowering wave of ecstasy. But he had to fight it. He had to resist it. He, not Gus, was the Sidney Carton of this romance. He was the one who was destined to make the supreme sacrifice for his friend.

He withdrew his hand from hers. He stood up, to the fullest height that he could command. This was the consummate crisis of his life. He would meet it.

"Jane," he said, in a low tremulous tone, "there can never be anything more for—between you and me."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean—that our engagement is broken. You have got—to marry—Gus."

She looked up at him. If he had been in any mood to notice subtleties, he would have seen a queer mixture of amazement, questioning curiosity and malicious amusement in her eyes.

"You can write a note to him, now, and tell him you've reconsidered your decision. I'll take the note back to the

(Continued on page 178)



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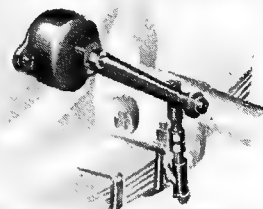
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At no extra cost, you have the Twin Ignition motor, the year's outstanding motor-improvement (more power, more speed, less gasoline).

You have costly car interior finishes, Bijur Centralized Chassis Lubrication, Houdaille hydraulic shock absorbers, bumpers front and rear, even a spare tire lock, and not a dollar added to the price.

Equipment which other dealers (not Nash dealers) charge extra for, at retail prices, is included in every Nash "400" model, as it comes from the factory, at no extra cost.

That is why you will find that "400," fully equipped, delivered prices are so much less than fully equipped, delivered prices of other cars with similar or even lower factory (f. o. b.) prices. Compare the cars, compare the prices, before you buy.



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UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

COMMENCEMENT

(Continued from page 176)



NORINE... Andrew Geller has achieved in this creation a delightful ombre effect by combining beige water-snake with tan and brown kid. Other smart effects are attained by the use of vivid colored kids in three tones.

ANDREW GELLER
exquisite footwear

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Venus may truly be called "a luxurious economy"

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room. It will mean—everything to him." Without the slightest warning, she burst out laughing—the sort of whole-souled laughter that may legitimately be called "merriment" . . . He had heard that women are apt to have fits of hysterics. Could this be hysteria?

"What are you laughing at?"

She managed to suppress her mirth long enough to say, "I was just thinking that anyone who takes things as seriously as you do ought not to be allowed out after dark."

FOR the first time in his life, Bill experienced a sensation of real horror. This person, this mortal *object*, upon whom he was now looking, was actively loathsome in his eyes. She was something to be choked, crushed, mutilated, stamped out. He was unable to contemplate the possibility that this could be the same woman who had earned his love—who had shared the most beautiful, most spiritually blissful moments of his life. He regarded her with shame, as though she were something indecent, unhealthy, vile.

"I'm glad I—can see you—as you are—at last," said Bill, although he was not entirely aware that he was saying anything.

She jumped up from the couch, and faced him. Hostility seemed to flash in her eyes; the threat of antagonism lurked menacingly in the definite lines of her apparently fragile chin. After a moment of tense rigidity she relaxed, stepped easily forward, took hold of his coat lapels, and said, "You poor, sweet, innocent old thing, you. I know I ought to get furious, and stamp around the room, and stage a scene. But I can't do it. I can't get mad at you. I know you too well, much too well." As she spoke, her fingers wandered idly from the lapels, to the waistcoat buttons, to the fountain pen in the breast pocket, to the necktie; he felt as though she were playing a tune on him. "But I'm not going to marry you—or your friend Gus, either. I'm not going to marry *anybody*—now or anytime . . ."

"Look here, you said to me that night . . ."

"Yes, darling—I know. And on that same occasion, you said a lot of things you didn't mean, too."

"I did mean them—every word of them."

"Don't, Bill! Don't spoil a very lovely memory by making it too *literal*. I want to think of you as you were at the dance yesterday, when you let me know, so subtly and so gallantly, that everything was all right and no hard feeling."

"I was just trying to help Gus. I wanted him to have his happiness. I guess you can't understand a point of view like that."

"Gus will have his happiness, no doubt, but not with me. There are ever so many others."

"You've got to go through with your promise to marry him!" Bill was making a last, desperate attempt to fill the heroic rôle to which he had assigned himself.

"Gus is a—great person. He's the finest man you'll ever know. You've got to marry him!"

"Listen, Bill, you seem to think that I'm the one who broke the engagement."

"Gus said you said to him . . ."

"Well, he wasn't telling you the truth. He came to me yesterday afternoon and told me flatly there could never be anything more between us." She laughed. "He used almost exactly the same words that you did."

Bill was unable to speak.

She continued: "He found out that I was engaged to you first, and he wanted to sacrifice himself . . ."

"Who told him?" Bill thundered.

"Who told him?"

"Alice did."

Alice! His *own* sister! And she had sworn . . . Oh, the sneak! The despicable, promise-breaking sneak!

"Alice saw that Gus was hanging around me a lot at the party—and she thought she'd better warn him that I had already been formally claimed."

Oh—she had, had she? How sweet of

her! While she and Gus were dancing, they had probably run out of topics of conversation, and she had idly whispered in his ear the words that shattered his hopes. . . . So both the Geste brothers had gone out into the desert, each to lay down his life for the other; and Sidney Carton, mounting the guillotine, had discovered that his friend had got there first. What a tragic farce it all was!

Bill's vaulting rage could not be repressed. Some of it had to erupt and flow, in a hot, molten mass, over the surrounding landscape.

"Do you fully realize what you've done?" He tried to keep his voice at an impressively low pitch. "You've broken up a friendship between two men, and you've stirred up a bitter hatred between a man and his own sister. I know what you are, all right. You're just a low, contemptible *necker*! You—you're promiscuous!"

"Careful, Bill."

"I won't be careful. If you weren't—a woman—I'd punch your face!"

"What's stopping you?" she inquired coolly.

Fortunately, the mother returned to the room at that moment, removing all opportunity for a fulfillment of the threat.

"I'm sorry to interrupt," she said, archly, "but my dear, you simply must finish packing. You really must."

Jane turned agilely on her heel and walked to the door.

"Good-by, Bill, dear," said she. "Give my love to the family."

"Good-by," said Bill.

She was gone. Bill picked up his hat.

"It is too bad that there has to be such a rush," said the mother, in the belief that some form of consolation might be appropriate. "But the car is coming any minute to take Jane down to the boat."

"The boat?"

"The Fennings' yacht. They're going on a cruise—up to Nova Scotia, I think—and Wally persuaded Jane to go along with them. Of course, she hasn't any *clothes* with her for that sort of trip, but she would go."

Bill escaped from this sordid environment.

THAT afternoon, the four members of the Ames family were occupying green plush chairs in a Pullman car. They were going home, and going with them, for a brief visit, was that dejected athlete, Gus Falconer. He had been "talked into it," at the last moment, by Bill.

Mr. Ames was telling Mrs. Ames how intensely comical old Charley Trumbull had been at the class reunion; it seems Charley had dressed up as Father Time, with hour-glass, scythe and all, and had . . . Poor Gus was being babbled at by the faithless Alice, who was still blithely unconscious of the havoc she had wrought.

But Bill heeded them not. He was gazing out of the window at the red sun, as it descended toward the rim of the dark hills beyond the college town. This train was carrying him forward, toward the front line where he was to engage in what the baccalaureate orator had termed, "the battle of life."

He could see, in the distance, the Commons' Tower, and the jagged Gothic silhouette of the Chapel, and the unsightly gas tanks. As the train rumbled resoundingly across the old river, he could see the massive bulk of the stadium—revealed now as an unromantic structure of concrete blocks and steel . . . An interminable row of resting freight cars shut off his view.

Well, he thought, that was that. College was over. His education was complete. Education? An idea suddenly smote him—and, after its first, stunning effect, promoted in him a feeling of indescribable satisfaction.

Yes, his education *was* complete. He had learned many things in these four years, but it remained for the final day to furnish the most vitally important lesson, to yield the missing segment that would fill the one cavity in the mosaic of his wisdom. He was secure in the conviction that now, at last, he knew all that there is to know about women!



Spring! . . . for everyone but her

In her lovely Newport garden she stood—a bitter, disappointed, lonely woman at 33.

It was spring—for every one but her.

On a branch of apple blossoms a robin poured out a gorgeous proposal in song. Deep in the wistaria, tiny wrens were mating. Beyond the hedge, a curly-haired boy and a sweet slip of a girl walked silently hand in hand. But in her life there was no romance.

Why was she still single? Once she could have picked and chosen from many suitors. Now she had none. Even time-tried women friends seemed to avoid her. She couldn't understand it . . .

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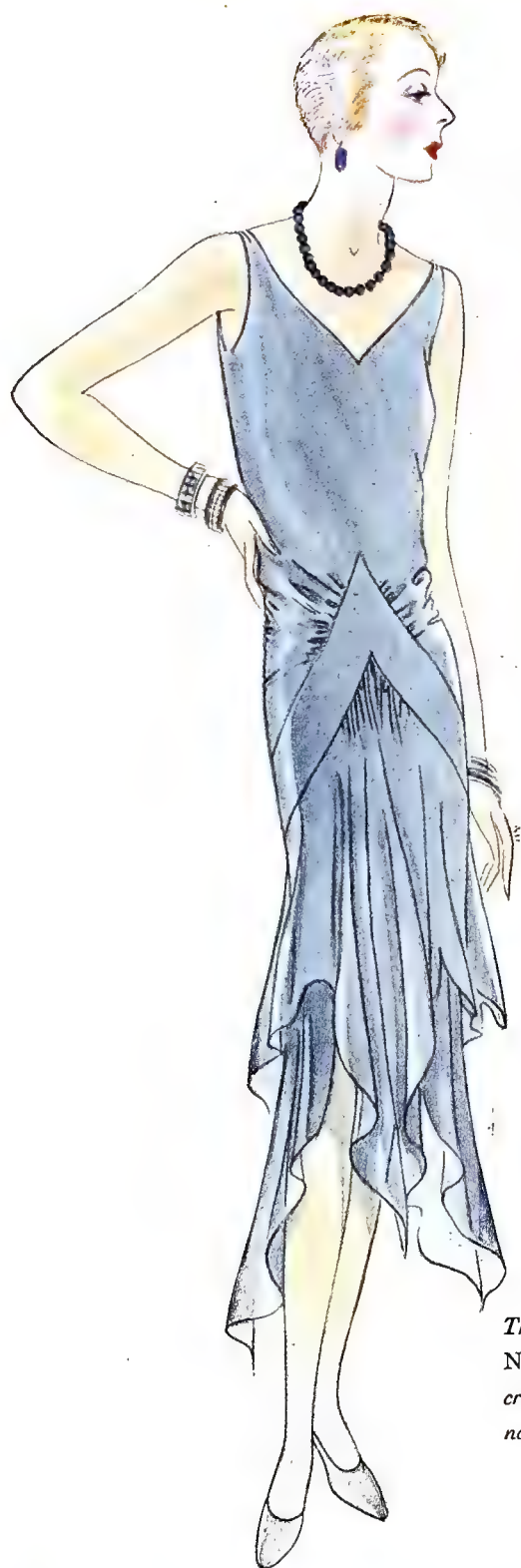
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WITHOUT CREPINNESS STOP OF MOUSSELINE TYPE STOP CREATED TO INTERPRET

THE SHEER FASHION TREND FROM PARIS STOP ITS SHEERNESS AND GRACE ARE



ORANGE MOON
GRAPEFRUIT
POLO RED

The French croquis (fashion sketch) was especially designed in Paris for NUANCIA and represents the very type of frock for which NUANCIA was created. It illustrates the point that chiffon frocks are slender, svelte affairs and not the fluttery, billowy garments of former seasons. The color is "Matins."

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THE new Ford Station Wagon has been designed to meet the needs of large estates, country clubs and families having summer homes in the country or by the seashore. It is particularly well suited to such use because it combines the sturdiness of a light truck with the flexibility and comfort of a passenger car.

Seating accommodations are provided for eight people, including the driver. Baggage is carried on the large tail-gate. The seats in the rear compartment, though securely anchored when in use,

can be removed quickly and easily when the car is used for hauling.

In appearance, the new Ford Station Wagon reflects its sturdy construction. The body has uprights of hard maple, with ply-wood sides finished in natural grain. The sill is unusually rugged. Fenders are full-crown, heavy and capable. Seats are wide, deeply-cushioned and finished in blue-gray artificial Spanish leather. Doors are wide, carefully fitted and substantial, with full-

nickeled handles in conservative scroll design. The side curtains, which can be put up easily and quickly in bad weather, are made in tan-gray to harmonize with the body finish.

The new Ford Station Wagon brings you the same alert performance, ease of control, safety, speed, power, reliability and economy that are characteristic of all the new Ford cars. Its easy-riding comfort is particularly appreciated on rough roads.



FORD MOTOR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan



Black Patou coat. Paquin ensemble with three-quarter coat.

PARIS PREPARES TO TRAVEL

(Continued from page 79)

coat, cut with a flare and three-quarter length, and worn with one of Agnès' new bérets in crocheted silk chenille, mixed black and white making a gray. Her scarf was a very wide one of gray satin, woven with a small self-design, fringed at the ends and tied in front in a loose, careless knot. It takes flair and dash to tie a great bundle of silk like this round a slender neck, but the result is smartness itself if it succeeds, and a tragedy if it doesn't.

Reboux's little sets are worn here in Paris with the tailored type of suit, especially one with a small cap-like hat, the brim turned up in front, made of our old friend, blue serge, trimmed with a band of black and white dots, or small diamonds, the scarf matching, and the bag a big envelope, made of the patterned silk, bordered with blue grosgrain to match the serge.

Agnès is making tiny bérets, exactly like *bérets basques*, but in colored velvets, to be worn with simple sports clothes. She has also a special plaid velvet, in three or four bright colors, out of which she is making these bérets, and a tie to match to wear with white linen, tussore, or crêpe de Chine dresses. In Italy, she has had knitted bérets made of colored chenille and straw—three or four colors—twisted together. With these, she suggests plain colored sweater-blouses woven of ribbed cotton. She declares that she is tired of fantasies in sweater-blouses, and is determined to go in for plain shades, the brighter the better.

Agnès is keenly interested in Spain. She has just shown her summer collection featuring red and yellow, the Spanish colors. She makes a black straw hat with a wide brim, which has silk pompons over one ear under the brim. She also uses pomegranate blossoms such as Carmen wore, and makes points in the back of brims, suggestive of a bullfighter's queue. Brims like the classic headgear of the Picador are also featured by Agnès, for daytime. For evening she has a close cap of a new jersey made of knitted horse-hair, draped with a real mantilla of black lace, falling over the shoulders. This is to be worn with evening dress and is also intended for out-of-door dining, suggesting a scarf. All these Spanish gestures have been received with enthusiasm by Agnès' smartest clients.

On page 80, you see her wearing one of her summer costumes, a grayish-white herring-bone wool jersey, from Louiseboulanger, with a hat of a new open-mesh straw in rose-coral color,

trimmed with a Rodier cotton braid in white and coral. She carries a bag of her own invention, made of the material of the frock, and fastened with a coral silk handkerchief, run through big buttonholes cut in the envelope, and tied in a knot. Her jewels are a chain, several yards long, of small hand-cut coral beads, of a lovely rosy color, coral ball earrings, one before the ear and one behind it, and a striking modern ring from Raymond Templier, a flat plaque of coral oddly set in polished platinum.

OPPOSITE the portrait of Agnès, drawn by Dynevor Rhys, is another of Miss Hallie Stiles, long of the Opéra Comique in Paris, who has just signed a contract to make singing pictures. She is in Paris at the moment, buying her clothes. She is wearing one of Reboux's "pirate" hats, about which I have already written to you. It is in natural leghorn, turned up directly in the front, and held by two tabs of brown and red grosgrain ribbon. The crown is covered with melon sections of cream, brown and red grosgrain. Her frock is a printed chiffon from Vionnet, in the same cream, red and brown, cut with an interesting attached scarf.

To return to Biarritz and what we saw there. There was a great deal of white, combined with a bit of bright color, or with black. Perhaps an entire white costume, with a scarf in red or blue, knotted up close to the throat. Not much yellow and white, but some yellow and black printed ensembles, printed frocks with plain black jackets. Lots of black and white, especially a good-looking costume from Schiaparelli, in white shantung, with a wide black scarf fastened to the front of the V neck-line with three square steel buttons, and worn with a short black shantung jacket, and a white hat with a black ribbon. Her white silk trouser tennis-frock was also worn by Madame de San Carlos. It laces up the front of the blouse and up one side of the skirt with a black ribbon. Some Yteb sports frocks in beige and white check jerseys, with plain beige, fur-trimmed coats.

As to hats, a new sports hat made its appearance on the heads of many smart women. It is of felt, in all sorts of colors, with a rather wide brim, and is stitched into pin-tucks at intervals round the crown and brim, rather in the way that coats are laid in pinches at the back of the shoulders. Another hat in

(Continued on page 182)

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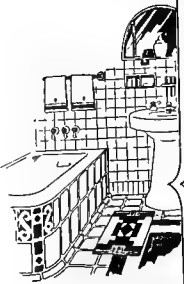
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"Loveliness Restored to Footwear"

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An imitation broadtail coat. A gray
tailleur, a type good this Spring.

PARIS PREPARES TO TRAVEL

(Continued from page 181)

white felt was a modified cloche, with fullness at the back of the crown and at the back of the brim, which was laid in fluted folds, coming almost to the shoulders. This was worn with the new short heavy curls showing at the sides, by those women who are handling their growing hair in this way. The Agnès adjustable toque, photographed by Baron de Meyer in the last number, was seen in black shantung and oyster-white satin. Quite a number of plain-colored crocheted silk bérêts were worn, and some cloth bérêts were made entirely of incrustations of different colors, such as yellow and brown. But most of the hats were of the cloche variety, usually in felt, sometimes in tweed to match the costume, and sometimes in straw.

AS TO hats of the moment in Paris, two of the successes from Reboux and Agnès are sketched on the Last-Minute pages. The Agnès one is a felt cloche, with an incrustated scarf in soft silk, several shades of the same color blended together; this runs across the top of the hat, ties in a knot in the back, and up again to tie in a small bow in the center front. Smart women are ordering this hat from her in several different colors. Reboux's great hit is the hat called "Porte Bonheur," sketched on page 112, in flexible shiny black straw, turned up directly in the back, cut in a sweet-pea sort of line in front, and trimmed with a band and bow of satin ribbon. Some women reverse this hat, wearing the turn-up brim in the front. I see it everywhere. The Agnès two-piece toque photographed by Baron de Meyer on page 66, is a popular favorite.

Evening dress in Biarritz was disappointing. About all I have to say about it is that black and red were the leading colors, and that the printed chiffons, especially Patou's "Mimosa" models, more than held their own. The necklaces that are made of twisted ropes of beads, often held with three loops of black beads in the back, in emerald green or ruby red, were worn both for day time and evening. Here and there, one saw a really unusual gown. The Princesse de la Tour d'Auvergne wore the new filmy gray in tulle with slight silver tracery on the corsage. One of the Guy sisters was a striking picture at a Gala of the Hotel Palais. She wore a princess gown of white lace with a long, square-cut train, and over it a slim spangled and beaded cape, held close to the figure, embroidered in a lovely design

of reed-like leaves in pale green and dull gold. The Guy sisters are actresses, of course, and Revue actresses at that. But they are not the only women who seek out the picturesque and "different" in the evening. I observe a growing tendency among the Famous Forty toward marked individuality in evening dress, when it is to be worn on occasions that demand a really *grande toilette*. Such a gown is the lovely thing in blurred printed taffeta from Chéruit, sketched by Luza on page 76; or the Poiret model, so interesting in its utterly unexpected back, drawn on page 77. Who would think, to see it promenading in the salons, that a smart woman would choose Chanel's black lace trouser gown, with its extended lace skirt? Yet, at Ciro's on a Friday night, I saw both Lady Abdy and the Marquise de San Carlos dancing in this gown. It is sketched on the Last-Minute pages as the latter wears it, lace mittens and all. Lady Abdy leaves off the mittens, and adds a wide scarf of black tulle, which she ties in a bow on one shoulder.

Perhaps you would like to know what some of the most elegant clients of the leading houses, both Parisian and international, have chosen for their own wardrobes. On the Last-Minute pages several of them are sketched for you. Baroness de Meyer, who loves things that look new before other women have popularized them, has adopted with enthusiasm Madame Wormser's idea of substituting a little cape for the ubiquitous short jacket. You see it in her Chéruit navy blue cape suit. With it, she wears the Agnès scarf hat, or a velvet bérêt. Mrs. Frelinghuysen has ordered the black reps coat from Chantal, the interest of which lies in the disposal of the ribbed material. The Comtesse Pierre de Jumilhac has chosen Worth's beige and brown tweed suit, the scarf of the blouse drawn through a slit in the jacket and tied in a bow. Lady Carlisle has adopted Worth's white linen collar and cuffs crenellated white linen collar and cuffs on a simple navy crêpe frock. At Louise-boulanger's, I understand that the beige white line-plaid crêpe ensemble, and white line-plaid crêpe ensemble, with the smartest clients of the house, while several of the Famous Forty have ordered her cape in thinnest creamy white broadtail. I see Chanel jerseys everywhere. Agnès wears her sports ensemble, a four piece, in narrow diagonal stripes of beige, dark blue and brown.

(Continued on page 184)

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The short face veil is one of the high lights of French summer millinery.

PARIS PREPARES TO TRAVEL

(Continued from page 182)

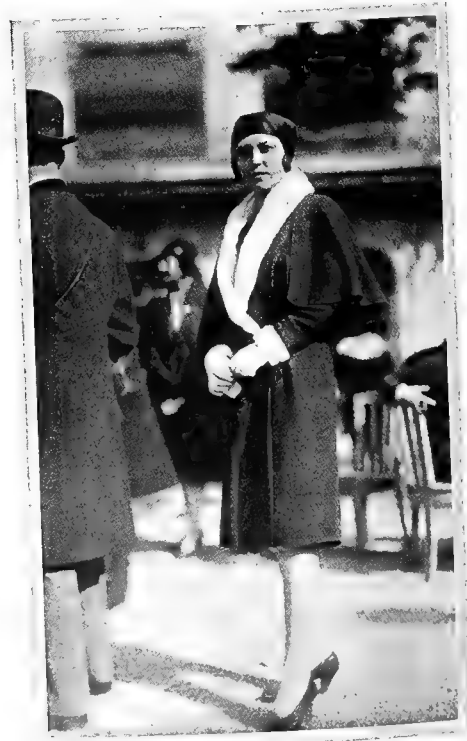
In the evening, I observe many of Patou's slim sheath gowns, in plain or printed chiffon, sometimes in tulle, that break into fulness below the knee. The Comtesse Georges de Castellane has ordered the printed chiffon, a black ground with design in rose and green, sketched on the Last-Minute pages. I see many Augustabernard evening gowns, often in satin, or in printed chiffon, with her characteristic swathing at the hips. Baroness de Meyer has ordered the lovely white satin Vionnet gown, photographed by Baron de Meyer, and Lady Abby chose Chéruit's heavy white satin, with a triple bow at the point of the décolleté in the back, also sketched. The charming Comtesse de Robilant wears Chantal's chiffon, printed in a large rose design of two grays, white and pale blue. This list is perhaps long enough to give you an idea of what is worn here.

As to the higher waist-line, it is now looked upon more favorably than ever before, though I cannot report that its adoption has been general. The sheath-

line, breaking into flare at the knee or below it, is its most serious rival. Nevertheless, I notice that belts are placed much higher, in daytime clothes, often at their natural place, and that the rather short, fitted corsage, with the long trailing skirt, no longer intrigues the eye by its newness. It is an accepted silhouette already. In skirt-lengths I cannot report any additional inches in the daytime. It seems to me that street skirts are as short as ever. Remember, that no well-dressed woman ever wore them to show the knee.

Summer furs continue to interest all smart women. Every chic wardrobe contains at least one coat of light-weight fur, worn on chilly days. Summer ermine, and the flat, smooth so-called sports furs, are the favorites. Because their colors are usually beige or brown, is certainly one of the reasons for the persistence of these colors in the mode. We were invited recently to see the summer collection of Madame Leroy, and very

(Concluded on page 186)



The mid-season collections showed many cape coats. Heim.

UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

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"Suntan" with hose or without
requires utter smoothness of skin



By a total lack of stubble you can feel the difference
between this and old ways

SOLVING THE UNWANTED HAIR PROBLEM



There is true feminine allure in satin-smooth
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A New Discovery that not only removes every vestige of arm or leg hair instantly, but that utterly avoids inviting bristly re-growth

A NEW way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair but delays its reappearance remarkably!

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

WHAT IT IS

It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your

hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt. And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly.

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

WHERE TO OBTAIN

It is called NEET—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors. In both \$1 and 60c sizes. The \$1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size.

179

Neet Cream
Hair Remover

SOCIAL CALENDAR

for JUNE 1929

(Concluded from page 42)



Her Bath....

a Religious Procedure

...it seemed so utterly ridiculous—this idea that she should use a deodorant.

Underarm perspiration isn't stopped by bathing. Nor is its accompanying noticeable odor. The subject isn't a pleasant one, but it must be met frankly, even by the most fastidious and refined, inasmuch as it concerns society—association among others—oneself. Natural evaporation is prevented by the curve of the arm—the same curve that causes excessive perspiration. Offensive odor is the result—it is unavoidable. Use Heck, the scientific, crystal-clear deodorant. Heck checks perspiration, diverting it to other parts of the body where it more readily evaporates. Destroys odor. Simple, easy and safe. A drop or two every other day or two—that's all. Prevents ugly perspiration stains on frocks. No color to stain. Heck is odorless—non-conflicting with preferred perfume. For both women and men who will not risk embarrassment.

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DEODORANT
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INTRODUCTORY OFFER We have prepared a special size of Heck for anyone wishing to try it. We want you to give it a fair test—to prove all that is claimed for it. Heck will bear comparison with any product—liquid, paste or powder—for this purpose on the market.

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I enclose:

☐ 10c (coin or stamp) for trial size Heck. ☐ 50c (coin or stamp) for regular size Heck.
(either of above sent postpaid anywhere)

FRIDAY, JUNE 7—Wedding of Miss Emily Read Alexander, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William F. Alexander of No. 1175 Park avenue, to Roswell Colt Dunn in St. Bartholomew's. Reception to follow at the home of the bride's parents.

SATURDAY, JUNE 8—Wedding of Miss Eleanor Goodwin Brown, daughter of Mrs. Horace Franklin Brown of No. 1235 Park avenue, to Dr. Charles Hawes Evans at the Miller-Goodwin-Brown homestead in Claverack, N. Y.
Wedding of Miss Nancy Newell, daughter of Mrs. Arnold C. Klebs and Ashbel Newell, to Rexford Daniels in New York.

Wedding of Miss Ellen Hallowell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norwood Penrose Hallowell of Readville, Mass., to Irving Pratt, in the First Parish Church, Milton, Mass.
Wedding of Miss Alice Sumner, daughter of Mrs. George Seabury Sumner of Boston, Mass., to Robert N. D. Arndt, in the Church of the Ascension, New York.
Wedding of Miss Frances Weed to Laurence O. Pratt, Boston, Mass.

MONDAY, JUNE 10—Wedding of Miss Ida Perry Black, daughter of Mrs. Van Lear Black, of Baltimore, Md., to Lieut. Alfred Johnson Bolton, U. S. N., in Baltimore.

TUESDAY, JUNE 11—Wedding of Miss Ethel B. Schniewind, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schniewind of No. 8 East Seventy-ninth street, to H. Edward Manville, Jr., in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church. Reception to follow at the home of the bride's parents.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12—Wedding of Miss Edith Woodward, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Woodward of No. 9 East Eighty-sixth street, to Thomas Bancroft in St. Thomas.

FRIDAY, JUNE 14—Wedding of Miss Mary R. Hunter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hunter of Philadelphia, to George Howard Ingalls, Jr., in St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Philadelphia.
Wedding of Miss Sylvia Scott, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Bryan Scott of Chestnut Hill, Pa., to Baron Serge Alexander Korff.

SATURDAY, JUNE 15—Wedding of Miss Henrietta Kempton Dunn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Martyn Dunn of Chestnut Hill, Pa., to Henry Nash, in St. Paul's Church, Chestnut Hill.
Wedding of Miss Marie Louise Gray, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Gray of Boston, to Henry Fletcher Godfrey, Jr., in the Church of the Advent, Boston, Mass.
Wedding of Miss Edith Hewitt Jaffray, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Somerville Jaffray of Ardsley-on-Hudson, to Warner Hoppin, Jr. in the Church of St. Barnabas, Irvington-on-Hudson.

Wedding of Miss Robina Watson Knox, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Elliott Knox of No. 277 Park avenue, to Robert E. Gregg, Jr., in St. Bartholomew's.
Wedding of Miss Helen Loomis Low, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Everts Low of Maplewood, N. J., to Frederick Gordon Eberhardt, in Morrow Memorial Church.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19—Wedding of Miss Elizabeth Neall Gay, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Gay of No. 157 East Eighty-first street and Old Gay House, Bingham, Mass., to William Curtis Pierce in St. George's Church, New York.

THURSDAY, JUNE 20—Wedding of Miss Rosamond Auchincloss, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Auchincloss of No. 12 East Seventy-first street, to Burton J. Lee, Jr., in St. Bartholomew's.
Wedding of Miss Margaret Levering Brown, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore E. Brown of Germantown, Pa., to Horatio Curtis Wood, Jr., in the Memorial Church of the Good Shepherd.

SATURDAY, JUNE 22—Wedding of Miss Katharine Adams to Hamilton Heard in King's Chapel, Boston, Mass.
Wedding of Miss Eleanor Cuthbert Gillespie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Cuthbert Gillespie of Morristown, N. J., to Henry Stoddard Ritter in Trinity Church, Morristown, N. J.

Wedding of Miss Joyce Porter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hopkins Porter of Noroton, Conn., to James Rae Arneill, Jr., in Noroton.
Wedding of Miss Ellen Pfaff, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Pfaff of South Orange, N. J., to Clarence Bush in Trinity Presbyterian Church, Orange.

MONDAY, JUNE 24—Wedding of Miss Susan Dimock Tilton, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Benjamin Tilton of No. 133 East Sixty-fourth street, to Archibald Stevens Alexander in the chapel of St. Bartholomew's. Reception to follow at Sherry's.
Wedding of Miss Theresa Riley, daughter of William Riley of New York, to Edward J. Gorman in the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26—Wedding of Miss Florence Beers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Beers of New Rochelle, to Cadet Oliver Hardin Gilbert in the chapel at West Point.

THURSDAY, JUNE 27—Wedding of Miss Marion Pottle Fergusson, niece of Mrs. Forrest S. Jones of Brooklyn, to Augustus Charles Froeb, Jr., at the Park Lane.

FRIDAY, JUNE 28—Wedding of Miss Thalia C. Bremer, daughter of Mrs. John C. Bremer of No. 39 Fifth avenue, to Henry F. Grieme, in the Church of the Ascension. Reception to follow at the Park Lane.

SATURDAY, JUNE 29—Wedding of Miss Cecilia Casserly, daughter of Mrs. John B. Casserly, of San Mateo, Calif., to Andre Alden Beaumont in Santa Barbara.
Wedding of Miss Georgia White, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Foster White of Brookline, Mass., to Dr. Gerald Dale Dorman in Central Church, Boston, Mass.
Wedding of Miss Elinor de W. Jackson to Augustus F. Doty at St. John's Church, Beverly Farms, Mass.

Wedding of Miss Harriet R. Ellison to William Marsh Ferrisk, Jr., in Grace Church, Newton, Mass.

Wedding of Miss Eliza Woolston, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Joseph L. Woolston of Chestnut Hill, Pa., to Sidney Sayre Quarrier, in St. Paul's Church, Chestnut Hill.
Wedding of Miss Katharine Taft, daughter of Hulbert Taft of Clifton, Cincinnati, Ohio, to James Bell Benedict in Cincinnati.



Madame Julie Thompson
in a striped Chanel coat
and Marie Christiane hat.

PARIS PREPARES TO TRAVEL

(Concluded from page 184)

interesting it was. The sports ensemble that I liked the best had a coat in white tweed trimmed with black astrakhan, and lined with Meyer's speckled black and white tussore. This was worn with a black and white sweater blouse and a straw cloche hat in black and white. A delightful three-quarter coat in beige shaved lamb pleased me very much. It was strictly tailored, with a small turnover collar, and cut with a very doggy flare. A gray shaved lamb was trimmed with gray antelope and shown with a béret and bag, to match of the same supple skin. For motoring, there is a slim coat of natural seal, worked in narrow horizontal stripes of three blurred grays, with a big bag, fastening with a zipper, to match. Another seal coat looked like thick brown moire. This is called *loutre du rocher* and is quite new. Another fur, new to me, is Japanese ermine; this is worked in narrow filets and is darker than summer ermine. It was collared with fisher.

Really good furriers seem no longer to be limited in the slightest degree by the material in which they work. They make skins do anything they like. This was particularly demonstrated in a summer ermine afternoon coat, in which the natural fur, striped white and beige, was actually plaited, so that the white underside of the animal entirely disappears, leaving an unbroken beige surface, all worked in overlapping lines. This plaiting of fur is a real novelty.

On page 82 appear three of Madame Leroy's most striking evening wraps, one in ermine, one in dark velvet and mink, and one in a pinky gold lamé with sable. On the opposite page are three models from Heim, any one of which would be an ideal summer evening wrap.





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Here is the
latest idea for convenience ... a
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A TELEPHONE in one's boudoir, of course ... for here comfort and restfulness are of first importance. And in those other rooms which are most frequently used ... and where a telephone would save many steps and much time.

Among the modern apartments of American cities, and in urban, suburban and country homes all through the land, there is growing this new conception of convenience and comfort: *Telephones in nearly every room*, so calls may be placed and answered with greatest ease.

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Your local Bell company will be glad to help you "custom fit" telephone service to your present home, or the one you are planning. Telephone the Business Office today.



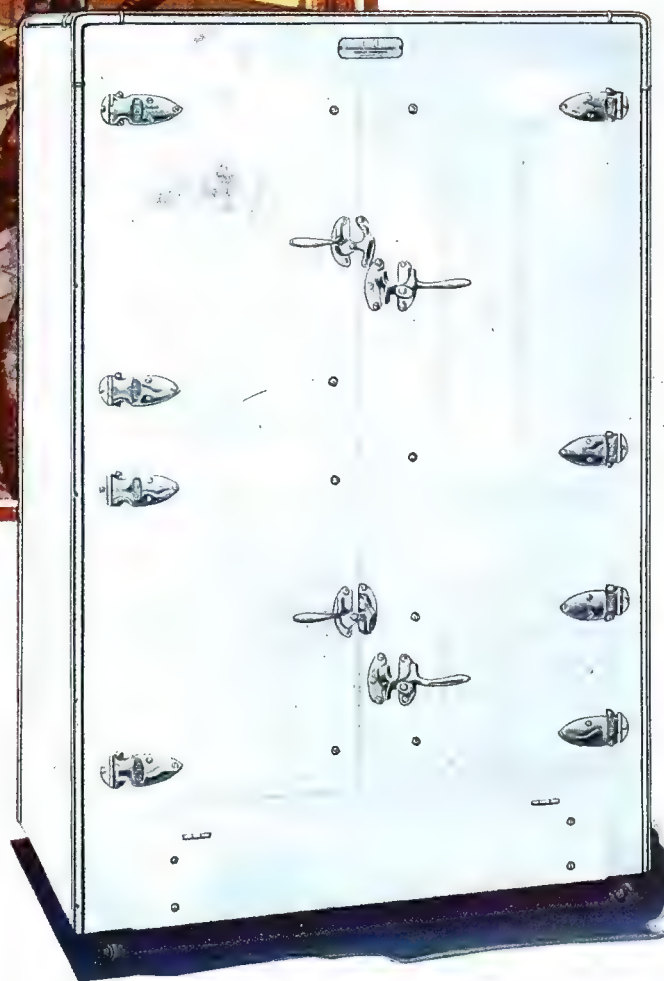


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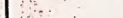
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